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DEFENSE by a hypothesis—to that is the dictator of France reduced. To allay the fears of anxious French financiers desirous of ascertaining the meaning of the serious fall of the franc, the deft M. Poincaré assures them that if France had not taken the Ruhr "our money would be considerably more depreciated than it is and the cost of living increased even more than it has." But only last January he said that he had "no intention to carry out at the present time an operation of a military nature, nor an occupation of a military character. It is merely dispatching into the Ruhr a mission of engineers and officials whose object is clearly defined. . . ." Not a word then about safeguarding the franc, and not a word on March 29 when he assured the Chamber of Deputies that "we went into the Ruhr to get reparations and for no other reason." But the French public apparently forgets all this and much more; in its present state of mind, apparently, it would believe Poincaré if he should explain that the fall of the franc was due to the earthquake in Japan. Of course, in his speech he forgot to say that the franc stood at 7.42 cents just before the Ruhr invasion and that it stands at 5.06 today, a loss of a third in one year. He also forgot to point out that in October the Ruhr crime cost the French 109,000,000 francs and brought in only 79,000,000 francs—perhaps he would argue that this too had nothing to do with the fall of the franc.

GREECE has had another revolution, but it would be naive to assume that the Greeks of Greece were responsible for it. The newspaper correspondents send us

as inadequate dispatches as in 1917, when they described the action of French marines in expelling King Constantine as a "Greek revolution." The aloofness maintained by the wily Cretan, M. Venizelos, in Paris is not convincing, and the suggestion emanating from Athens that M. Venizelos's "angel," Sir Basil Zaharoff, might be made the first republican president, recalls the days when Sir Basil financed and Lloyd George urged the disastrous Greek advance into Asia Minor. To understand the "revolution" one will have to watch London and Paris as well as Athens.

REPRESENTATIVE Frear's proposal for a congressional investigation of the administration of Governor Leonard Wood in the Philippines is excellent, but it will be permanently useful only if it forces a definite statement of our policy and intentions toward the island. Mr. Frear calls attention to charges that General Wood has been using his power to repay the contributors to the enormous fund, some \$1,773,000, that was raised to get the Republican presidential nomination for General Wood in 1920, but it would be drawing a red herring over the trail to allow the investigation to narrow itself to an attack upon the present governor. America, it should not be forgotten, has promised independence to the Filipinos. Richard V. Oulahan, in his current dispatches to the *New York Times* from Manila, confirms the statements of Professor Maximo M. Kalaw of the University of the Philippines in his article in *The Nation* of December 5 that the natives are almost unanimous in their desire for independence. General Wood has perhaps served a useful purpose in bringing the fundamental issue of independence to a head—possibly we ought to decorate rather than belabor him.

HENRY FORD'S coming out for President Coolidge has mightily stirred the political dovescotes. It is variously held to insure Mr. Coolidge's nomination; to defeat Senator Johnson and to clear the road for him; to drive Senator La Follette out of the race and greatly to encourage his candidacy; it is a defeat for the liberals and a victory for them. You pays your money and you takes your choice. The only clear thing is that the politicians have now revealed how greatly they fear the candidacy of the richest man in the world. We want, however, to give them a word of warning: Henry Ford is as unaccountable as an earthquake or a volcano. It would be quite in keeping with his past if next week he should decide to run. He has been for and against war and peace and so many other things so many times that no one ought to wager a cent of money upon his staying put politically a week or a day. We rejoice, none the less, that he has spoken as he has, for he has now revealed himself to multitudes who thought him a champion aching to unhorse the powers of privilege and plunder. Instead of which the rebel West now learns that Mr. Ford is quite content with things as they are, will not return the profits he made out of the war, and is very ready to have business go on as usual under a thoroughgoing reactionary Republican Government. He has painted a bold, clear-cut picture of himself for all to study who care to see.

"KENNELS"—so Mr. Victor H. Lawn described in *The Nation* for December 19 the hovels in which New York City's poor are compelled to live. Governor Smith has just made public a preliminary report of a survey of nine typical blocks which gives a lurid statistical background to Mr. Lawn's picture. While factory wages have decreased in the past three years, rents have risen from 40 to 93 per cent, and the tenements rented have been slipping into worse and worse condition. "In general no repairing has been done for three years"—and where it has been done it brought doubled rents. Sanitary conditions have gone steadily downward. Every block studied showed examples of six people sleeping in two small rooms, both sexes forced to share rooms; bad plumbing, leaking pipes, rotting floors. "The tenant is worse off than ever in things affecting his very life and the health and welfare of his children," comments Governor Smith. We believe that a nation-wide survey would show such degeneration to be general. The cheering reports of building progress refer to high-priced homes; cheap dwellings are not being built. Private capital is not interested; the profit margin is too slight. Is it not plain that housing is as much a matter of public concern as schools, water supply, and sewage disposal?

THERE are two points that interest us especially in the furor that has developed over our proposed treaty with Turkey and the effort to prevent its ratification by the Senate. Speaking in behalf of those who oppose the treaty on the ground that it is unfavorable to the continuance of our religious, educational, and commercial effort, Oscar S. Straus complains that Americans would have only "the same rights in Turkey as the natives." That is all they ought to have. The attempts of powerful and "highly civilized" nations to get special privileges for their citizens in the less developed parts of the world is the foundation of modern imperialism and a most dangerous cause of war. It has led to the long train of aggression of which we have been guilty in Mexico and the Caribbean. Our citizens may rightly claim equality before the law wherever they go—and no more. If that is not sufficient guaranty, they should get out, at no matter what loss to our religious and educational effort—and our trade. The other point of especial interest is the retort by a State Department official that the critics don't know what they are talking about because they have never seen the text of the treaty. Well, why haven't they? To withhold the terms of the agreement from the public until all is over but the shouting is secret diplomacy at its worst. Let us have the proposed treaty with Turkey, Mr. Hughes, and while you are about it, give the public the proposed convention with Mexico as well.

OKLAHOMA citizens seem to possess an inordinate desire to help the Avenging Angel with his job. By their record of 2,000 whippings in a year they were recently in the news from Peking to Cape Town and from Punta Arenas to Nome. Their latest bid for publicity is the murder of a hotel proprietor who had the temerity to hire a Negro porter and then to refuse to turn him over to the first lynching party that came seeking him. The Negro's crime, for which he was to be lynched but was, as it turned out, only "fatally wounded," was that of breaking the "cus-

tom of many years' standing" in Marlow that a colored person must not remain in town after dark. "The situation was not unusual," says the assistant prosecuting attorney, J. H. Long, who explains that "there are many towns of Oklahoma where Negroes are not welcome." Also, we understand, where whites are unwelcome if they are unfortunate enough to be Jews or Catholics. However, Mr. Long is convinced that "no evidence has been found to prove the Ku Klux Klan responsible." "A party of youths constituted the mob that attacked the Birch Hotel, and Marvin Kincannon, a lad of bad reputation who had served in the reformatory, did the shooting." Whether it was the Klan or only the Klan spirit that was responsible is immaterial. The community that cherished this "custom of several years' standing" and provided the moral sanction for this caper cut by "a party of youths" stands self-convicted.

WHEN Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett, director of the Voluntary Parenthood League, attempted to read a paper before the National Immigration Conference in New York City, she was summarily halted and ruled from the platform by Peter Brady, the chairman. "We are not here to discuss birth control," declared Mr. Brady. Mrs. Dennett had been invited to address the meeting and said she had discussed her speech with an officer in charge of the program, but Mr. Brady did not feel that the paper was in keeping with the subject, whether special legislation should be enacted to secure better selection, distribution, and assimilation of immigrants. Mr. Brady was wrong. Fewer children in the families that pack our foreign quarters would certainly make assimilation an easier task. The "100 neediest cases" that fill the newspapers every Christmas season would be largely reduced and much of poverty checked at its source if parenthood were voluntary.

THE full particulars of the British general election now available to supplement the cabled dispatches reveal several points of interest as regards the personnel of the new House. Among the new members is Ramsay Muir, for several years professor of modern history at Manchester, a leader in broadening the program of the Liberal Party and making it more responsive to social ideals. He recently became editor of the *Weekly Westminster*. J. H. Harris, who has won a seat for the Liberals at North Hackney, is secretary of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society. He spent many years in tropical Africa and has rendered valuable service in defense of the rights of the natives of that region. T. E. Harvey, elected for Dewsbury, is a former warden of Toynbee Hall and an authority on unemployment and kindred subjects. He is a Liberal Quaker, while George Gillett, the Quaker member for Finsbury, has the distinction of being a banker who advocates the capital levy. Bertrand Russell, Norman Angell, and J. Howard Whitehouse were unsuccessful. As against the success of Mr. Muir, the profession of journalism has to deplore the failure of the editor of the *Economist*, W. T. Layton, and of that brilliant essayist, Philip Guedalla, as well as of two distinguished Labor journalist-candidates, George Young and Phillips Price.

SOMETIMES when the two-party system is spoken of as the unvarying rule of the British Parliament before the appearance of Labor, it is forgotten that for a long period

the Irish Nationalists were strong enough to need to be taken into account by both the major parties. In June, 1885, the Gladstone Government was defeated by a combination of Conservatives and Nationalists. It resigned, and Lord Salisbury took office. At the general election in November and December, the Liberals were returned with 333 seats, the Conservatives with 251, and the Nationalists with 86. Salisbury resigned in January, 1886, and Gladstone formed a government. His position corresponded to Mr. Baldwin's today, for although his party stood first numerically it was in a minority of the whole House. The electoral results in Ireland, where 85 Nationalists had been returned as against 18 Conservatives and no Liberals, led him to accede to the Irish claim for self-government, and accordingly in April he introduced his first home-rule bill, which led to a disastrous split in his own party. The defeat of the bill in June was followed by another general election, which brought back the Conservatives with 316, the Gladstonian Liberals with 196, the dissentient Liberals with 74, and the Nationalists with 84. The Conservative minority maintained a government for six years.

DECEMBER 16 marked the 153rd recurrence of the birthday of Ludwig van Beethoven. Various societies, including the Society of the Friends of Music, have been, as usual, devoting their recent programs to the celebration of this anniversary. But the most vivid of these events was the Beethoven program rendered at Aeolian Hall in New York by Frederic Lamond, the only virtuoso, we believe, who devotes himself exclusively to the interpretation of the master. Mr. Lamond played with a force that seemed sheathed in velvet. His interpretations were restrained and exquisitely just. He has both poetry and energy, grace, speed, and elevation. We call attention to this concert because we believe it sets an admirable example. Our musicians give programs built to exhibit their skill, and the poor lover of music is left with scraps in his memory and a cloying sense of technical proficiency. Almost never is he permitted to sink himself into the mood and mind and art of a great master.

THERE is a fitness in the decision of the Nobel Prize Committee to award no peace prize this year. There is no peace this year to celebrate. Fridtjof Nansen's brave struggle has already been recognized; Lord Robert Cecil, since taking office in the Baldwin Government, has let his once powerful voice be stilled; no statesman of Europe has raised his voice in any serious plea for a warless world, or has molded the foreign policy of his nation as a world policy. We in America have huddled in isolation. General Smuts spoke out nobly two months ago, but what could the prime minister of an African dominion do when no European leader stood up to join him? Off in Asia, Mahatma Gandhi is still in prison; and the one man who in our time has stirred millions to abjure all force is cut off from his people and vilified by their enemies. When his people, awakened by the nationalism of the West, use force as men—particularly Western men—do, this Eastern saint is blamed. But if there had been a Nobel prize committee sitting in Rome, or Arles, or in the ancient predecessor of Delhi, some nineteen hundred years ago, it would, we suspect, have paid no more attention to a young man then preaching non-resistance in Galilee and stirring up excitable people than our modern committee pays to Gandhi.

Frank I. Cobb

AMERICAN journalism has suffered a severe loss in the death of Frank I. Cobb, editor of the *New York World*. A man of absolute honesty and of great personal charm, possessor of an admirable style, and equipped with a wide knowledge and understanding of American political life, his vigorous writing illuminated many a dark situation with insight and the searchlight of truth. At a time when so many of our chief editorial writers are mere hirelings with little force of character or learning, the loss of Frank Cobb seems well-nigh irreparable. In the first place, there are few men similarly gifted with pungent style and expression; in the second place, he was fortunate in having the freedom of the *World's* editorial page. Thanks to the wisdom and the generosity of the Pulitzers, there was never any doubt that Mr. Cobb's pen was unchained.

In its range it covered a wide field; in its sympathies it was almost invariably on the side of the people against privilege. When nearly all the other New York dailies were silent in the face of corporate wrongdoing, the *World* spoke out. When the public was misled as to those behind the bosses, Mr. Cobb tore aside the masks that hid them. When it came to the tariff fraud, his irony and his direct onslaughts reached the mark every time. He had a way of exposing a sham by a touch of brilliant sarcasm which undoubtedly had something to do with Henry Watterson's declaration that he was by all odds the most brilliant editorial writer of his day. If that estimate was open to challenge, it could be on behalf of only one or two others; above the rest Frank Cobb stood head and shoulders. For one thing, he was a convinced democrat, and when your liberal writes he is likely to do so with a fire and passion which can never be equaled by a defender of stand-pattism and the existing order—the conservative editor resembles nothing so much as a balky mule, with his forefeet outstretched and braced lest anybody try to shove him and his wagon along. Mr. Cobb knew that there was much grievously wrong in the state of Denmark and he dared to say it. He was not afraid to declare that our Constitution, long outworn, had become a straitjacket preventing the normal development of our political entity; nor to point out that the new states formed during or after the World War were careful not to take over our much-vaunted political system or to shape their parliamentary organization after our own.

All of which makes it the more lamentable that when the war came Mr. Cobb and his paper were both stampeded into supporting it. He was one of the first among liberal editors to believe that the leadership of Woodrow Wilson, as voiced in the "New Freedom," gave the best opportunity for the development of a liberal and progressive America that had come in their lifetimes. He could not see that our entry into the World War would not only cure nothing, but that it would be almost a death-blow to every progressive and reform movement in America. During the war he was silent when the Constitution was outraged and the most sacred rights of the American citizen were trampled under foot. Afterward he spoke out, but never with a clear realization of the fact that an alliance of liberalism and war invariably means disaster for the former. His last years he devoted vigorously to combating the dire reaction which our plunge into the war had insured. To that fight his loss is altogether stunning.

Mr. Hughes Says: "Thumbs Down!"

"THUMBS down!" says Mr. Hughes in answer to Chicherin's proposal for the recognition of Russia. It is an old answer—so old, indeed, that it has become tiresome, and Mr. Hughes has felt it necessary to liven it up with a little jazz supplied by the Dime Novel Bureau of the Old Sleuth Division of the Department of Justice. The Secretary of State repeats the hoary old arguments against recognition: Russia's confiscation of American property, the repudiation of her debt, and her support of communist propaganda in the United States. Then seeing that his audience is going to sleep on his hands, he hastily calls on Mr. Daugherty for a saxophone sextette and some black-face artists to introduce an interlude of jazz. Mr. Daugherty kindly obliges, and the country is treated to a tale of alleged instructions recently sent by Zinoviev to the Workers Party of America, calling for the organization of "fighting units" and looking toward a day when it would be possible to "raise the red flag over the White House."

The whole tale sounds like fiction—far too naive to be believed of the Soviet Government in its present situation and mood. Senators Norris and Borah have challenged its authenticity with such insistence that Mr. Lodge has felt obliged to promise an investigation by the Foreign Relations Committee. The public will do well not to swallow the story until this inquiry shows on what base it rests. Mr. Hughes tacitly admits that he knows nothing of the truth of the tale himself, but says he has the assurance of the Department of Justice of its authenticity. If he had the assurance of the Department of Agriculture, of the Director of the Mint, or of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the story might merit at least superficial credence, but in its post-war dealings with "red activities" the Department of Justice has such a record of fakes that it is entitled only to suspicion until it has produced convincing evidence.

Leaving aside for the present, therefore, Mr. Hughes's jazz interlude, what is there to the stipulations which he makes for recognition of Russia? The general demand that the Soviet Government shall not conduct propaganda in this country for the violent overthrow of our Government is reasonable, and not unacceptable to Russia. Yet there are certain difficulties here which need to be understood. Communist doctrine is aimed primarily at achieving a new industrial system. Nobody can predict how the workers of any particular country would carry it out, or how far, even if they were generally convinced of its justice. The assumption that widespread belief in communism here in America would be accompanied by a violent overturn of existing government is a conclusion unwarranted by history and resting largely on the fears of those who profess it. In any event, active propaganda for an industrial and political revolution in the United States does not now and probably never will come primarily from Russia. The convincing arguments against conditions in this country are not in manifestos from Moscow but in the facts which our own press, however unwillingly, is obliged to give us in regard to coal-mine monopoly, insufficient housing, profiteering merchants, greedy bankers, swindling business men, and corrupt politicians. This is propaganda dipped in fire.

And has Mr. Hughes forgotten that our own Government not merely propagandized for the overthrow of the Soviet Government but in common with the other Allies made

actual war against it, although it never had the courage or the honesty to issue a declaration of hostilities? Has Mr. Hughes forgotten that "our boys" were sent to Archangel in the effort violently to overthrow the Bolshevik Government and to raise upon the Kremlin the flag of some scoundrelly adventurer who was willing to lick the boots of the Allies in return for their support?

Beside his fear of propaganda for the violent overthrow of the Government of which he is a nervous part, Mr. Hughes mentions two other stumbling blocks in the way of recognition of Russia: confiscation of American property and repudiation of the old debts. We are not aware that American property has been treated differently from that of anybody else. Confronted with complete ruin and industrial collapse in Russia, the Soviet leaders have been obliged to take many drastic steps, but they have played no favorites. Americans have been treated on a par with other foreigners or with natives. Besides, what right have we to talk of confiscation after our seizure of the chemical patents of private citizens in Germany, or after destroying the property of numerous foreigners as well as Americans by the prohibition amendment?

Russia's repudiation of the foreign debt contracted in pre-bolshevik days has been the strongest and most enduring excuse urged against her recognition both here and in Europe since the Soviet regime began. Is it not time to strip this argument of its humbug and hypocrisy? Russia's chief crime was her honesty. In a burst of open diplomacy the Soviet leaders declared that the Government *would* not pay the enormous obligations occasioned by the Czar or the war—a burden impossible to shoulder. France, Italy, and other debtors to the United States have been more canny: they have said they *could* not pay. But the result is the same. They have not paid, and in all probability they never will pay, either interest or principal.

The repudiation of debts by governments is a wholly familiar fact in history. It is often as necessary and as legitimate as for an individual—for whom we have provided a legal method through bankruptcy. Within even the present century Greece, Spain, Rumania, and Portugal have defaulted on large amounts of their public debt. A large number of our own States, not only in the South after the Civil War, but including Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Minnesota, have been guilty of defaults. Every one of our European Allies in the World War has repudiated large amounts of public debt through the depreciation caused by going to a paper-currency basis. All Americans who bought French or Italian internal bonds during the early years of the war—as many living in those countries did—have had those obligations repudiated by 75 per cent through the fall of the exchange rate.

Mr. Hughes is harassed by fictitious fears and clings to outworn shibboleths. The Soviet Government can no longer be viewed as an accident or an experiment. Russia is the most hopeful country in Europe from the standpoint of the latter's industrial reconstruction and revival. Russia's fields can grow the grain of which her neighbors are in want. But first the barriers must be removed. We have our choice. We can recognize Russia and cooperate with her in reestablishing industry on a basis of self-help or we can ladle out charity to Europe by means of the soup kitchen.

Bok—Peace or Propaganda?

IF there were a Pulitzer prize for the most successful piece of publicity done each year, the prize for 1923 should certainly go to Mr. Edward Bok, late of the *Ladies Home Journal*, now best known for his "peace prize." As publicity it has been an unqualified success. As an effort for peace it is perhaps open to some question.

As publicity it will continue a success. No mere announcement of the award is to satisfy these indefatigable workers. There is to be a national referendum on the plan. Organizations totaling millions of members are to poll their members; every newspaper and magazine in the country is being asked to cooperate in the voting. Never was peace so well advertised; it would be worth while, some suggest, if only because it has turned so many million minds to the problem of world peace. Other voices raise a curious question. What if the whole business were not so much an objective attempt to move the world toward peace as an effort to propagate a particular program for peace? What if it were at root an attempt to "educate" the American people to the League of Nations or to its World Court?

Suspicious men are all too ready to impute subtle Machiavellianism to those with whom they disagree; and it is hard to believe that Mr. Bok and his associates are such deep-dyed conspirators. Yet when one considers the names of the members of the jury of award: Elihu Root, General Harbord, Colonel House, Miss Pendleton of Wellesley, Dean Pound of the Harvard Law School, William Allen White, and Brand Whitlock, one realizes that these are all likely to be sympathetic to the League. One feels that, distinguished and above suspicion as they are, they may have been—well, carefully selected.

It is the form of the referendum which most excites distrust. We understand that well-paid young students did the preliminary reading of the 22,000 manuscripts submitted, and that some two hundred plans went to the jury. Presumably these two hundred included a variety of programs. But only one winning plan is to be submitted to the voters. There is to be no alternative. Readers of the cooperating magazines and newspapers, members of the cooperating organizations, are to give an unqualified yes-or-no answer to one plan. Suppose, as seems likely, it is one form of the World Court plan. Voters cannot express reservations or suggest amendments. They must answer, like a miserable witness in a court room, yes or no. There is no choice. And with their votes Mr. Bok and his able publicity agents will make magnificent propaganda for the winning plan. Was there ever a more perfect method of pushing a political campaign?

There is a fairer way, still open to the committee. Suppose that instead of one, three plans were submitted to the voters. Suppose that beside the one involving some form of participation in the League or the World Court, real alternatives were submitted: a plan involving participation in Europe while remaining aloof from the League, and a plan involving maintenance of isolation. Then the referendum would mean something; the suspicion of propaganda would be avoided. We shall await the announcement of the winning plan and the final decision upon the method of referendum with interest. It would be a pity if the public were left doubtful whether Mr. Bok was more interested in peace or in propaganda.

Politics by Radio

IT may be that in after years men will look back upon the campaign of 1924 as "the radio year." Every important speech will go out on the air to hundreds of thousands, sometimes to millions, who would never dream of packing themselves into tight, stuffy halls to hear the candidates—and many an unimportant speech will reach the same vast audience. More effective than pamphlets, mass meetings, or street orations will be these speeches to the great home audiences receiving through the single sense of hearing. It is something new in politics, something totally, amazingly new, which in two short years has become almost as commonplace a part of our civilization as the telephone, the automobile, and the motion picture—all inventions within the memory of the youngest editor of *The Nation*.

Yet it is possible that radio will never again play so important a part in a campaign. Radio has come to stay, but it is none the less a fad. Like the bicycle, it may have overreached its market—and broadcasting stations may follow the cinderpath into oblivion. There are millions "listening in" every evening this year. Some other fad will hold the attention of most of them in 1928. And as the fad dies, broadcasting will decline.

Eight hundred and fifty broadcasting stations have been licensed in the United States since radio began to conquer the national imagination, but already half of them have ceased operation. They are too expensive. In England the receiver is licensed, and the receipts from the licenses help pay for broadcasting. Here the receiver pays nothing for the music, politics, propaganda, or what-not which he receives out of the air. The dealer in radio material refuses to tax himself to pay for broadcasting. Some of the best broadcasting is done by manufacturers who seek thereby to build up the radio audience and maintain the demand for receiving apparatus. But as the craze dies down (and manufacturers admit that the market already shows a tendency to stabilization), the incentive will decline. Broadcasting is expensive, and when the public ceases madly buying new radio apparatus every week the economic excuse will be gone. Other broadcasting is pure advertising. Many newspapers, particularly in the West and South, have maintained broadcasting stations. But their number is declining; it costs too much. Unless some way is found to finance it, broadcasting must die.

Politics may, for a time, provide such a method. It will be worth while for candidates to pay for the privilege of broadcasting. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is already experimenting with paid radio advertising from its WEAf station in New York City. It does not, of course, accept obvious and direct advertising. It does accept, at the rate of \$100 for ten minutes, radio advertising in the form of lectures or children's stories that have a moral—an advertising moral. And it expects, in 1924, a considerable income from political speeches.

There is an opportunity and a menace in this use of the radio. The big radio companies are frank to say that they will broadcast only the propaganda of the two major political parties. The minority parties will be left in the cold. Perhaps we shall ultimately come to regard the air as something like a public park, and shall provide free concerts and free lectures, and give the various parties as much opportunity to exercise their lungs as they know how to use.

The Russian Communist Party

By LOUIS FISCHER

THE Moscow Control Commission has decided to expel from the Russian Communist Party N. S. Popov for practicing religious ceremonies and H. H. Andreyevitch, keeper of a cafe." A small notice of this sort in an inconspicuous corner of a morning's *Pravda* gives one a correct notion of the exclusive nature and disciplinary strictness of that aristocratic order of approximately half a million members which has been ruling Russia since November, 1917.

The Russian Communist Party combines the secrecy of the Masons and the fanatic devotion of the Jesuits with the worldly adaptability of a modern political organization. The high quality of its membership is attained through a hesitancy to accept new recruits and a readiness to rid itself of old human material which has been weighed in the balance of experience and found wanting. These are the elements that have enabled the Soviet regime to maintain power despite the opposition, active as well as passive, of a hostile world, and notwithstanding the innumerable difficulties inherent in the domestic situation.

Theoretically and constitutionally the Russian Government derives its power from local soviets. Actually it takes its orders from the leaders of the Communist Party, which has neither a mandate from nor a responsibility other than self-imposed to the inhabitants of the vast country. There are, of course, provincial and federal congresses of soviets whose legislative and executive organs do exercise certain prerogatives and perform certain definite functions, but real authority resides with the local Communist groups and, in final form, with the Communist Party's Central Committee of Nine, or Political Bureau, as it is known in Russia. When an important note from a foreign government is to be answered these nine—Lenin, Trotzky, Stalin, Kamenev, Dzerzhinski, Rykov, Bucharin, Zinoviev, and Tomski—decide upon the tone and trend of the reply and then approve its text. On the arrival in May of the Curzon ultimatum, which threatened for a time to cause a rift in Anglo-Russian relations, representatives of the Foreign Office made no secret of this fact. Yet the "Politbureau" is not a government body, nor are Bucharin, Zinoviev, and Tomski officials of the Government. And just as the Communist Party puts its stamp on Soviet diplomacy, its direct authority permeates every department of the state as well as such semi-governmental institutions as the trade unions and the cooperatives. For all of these the resolutions of a Communist Party conference are law.

But the Russian Government is in reality so closely identified with the Russian Communist Party that an attempt to discover where the authority of the one ends and that of the other begins amounts to little more than academic hair-splitting. Most responsible positions in the Government are held by Communists. The tendency to man the state apparatus with Communists to the exclusion of non-party individuals increases as the ideal of communism retreats before the prosaic difficulties of the present. In the army trained officers of the Czar's army are gradually being replaced by pro-Soviet graduates of the Red military academies; in the industries and the ministries the attempt is being made to supplant anti-Soviet specialists with Com-

munist. It was the opinion of the Twelfth Congress of the Communist Party which met last April that the monopoly of Communist government officials ought to be made as complete as possible.

If this is as yet only an aim in the administrative department of the local and federal governments, it is almost a fully achieved fact in the legislative and executive department of these governments—in the soviets. It is inconceivable that the first Soviet of the land, the Council of People's Commissars, over which Lenin presides, should include anyone who is not a Communist. The city soviets do count some non-party members but the number is always small. Furthermore, it must be borne in mind that the nonpartisan, if he objects to the tenets and practices of the Communists, does not often dare seriously to oppose them, so that Communist unanimity remains undisturbed. The Moscow Soviet contains 1,902 Communists and 175 non-partisans. The ratio in most urban soviets will approximate that of the capital. In the villages the number of Communists is comparatively smaller.

Because of the Government's natural desire to intrust responsible, non-technical positions as far as possible to Communists, and because of the scarcity of Communists in comparison to the number of posts, membership in the Communist Party may easily become a straight road to an administrative job with the state. Thus it is that many workingmen who join the party and even many of those peasants who have little fitness for administrative work will probably leave the factory or the field and drift into the office.

Whether this development, now only in its inception, will have the ultimate effect of making the Communist Party identical with a government bureaucracy it is too early now to say. At present government employees constitute only 22.2 per cent of the membership of the Russian Communist Party; peasants, 26.7 per cent; workers, 44.4 per cent; "others," that is, intellectuals, artists, and professional people, 6.7 per cent.

It is the frank aim of the leadership of the party to increase the percentage of factory workers at the expense of other social elements. The annual conference in April resolved that "the Russian Communist Party, being a proletarian party, must systematically increase the percentage of industrial workers and simultaneously regulate and limit the admission into the party of all other elements." The previous conference had adopted a similar decision. During the year 1923-1924 only industrial workers will be accepted into the party; all others must pass the period as candidates under probation.

The preference for factory workers arises from the conviction that the city proletarian is naturally more radical and advanced than the peasant or the official. Time and again at congresses Communist leaders have warned against the infiltration into the party of "petty bourgeois" blood from the villages and elsewhere. For the Communist Party enjoys a growing popularity which was not its portion at the beginning of the bolshevik regime; if the doors were thrown wide open membership would undoubtedly leap to many times the 410,430 of the last census of January, 1923.

From 1898, when the Russian Social Democratic Party was formed, until 1903, when it split into Majority or Bolshevik and Minority or Menshevik factions on a question of program in which the Bolsheviks had a majority of two votes (hence the present name of the party) and on to the end of the Czarist regime, the Communist Party was illegal and underground. To join the party was to incur the danger of death or of life-long exile in the Siberian salt and gold mines. These objective circumstances, together with the strict inner discipline, limited membership to a few tried and tested persons of the most idealistic and intellectual type who lived in foreign exile and to a select nucleus of radical workingmen, so that at the time of the abortive 1905 revolution, for instance, the Communists were only 8,400 strong. And when in 1917 they seized the reins of government, which they still hold, the party was a mere handful of 25,000. Since then membership has increased with impressive leaps and bounds. In 1918 there were already 115,000 enrolled Communists; in 1919, 251,000; the next year brought the total to 431,000; and in 1921 the pinnacle was reached with 585,600.

With so rapid a growth and despite occasional individual expulsions much undesirable material found its way into the ranks. Accordingly a general wholesale cleansing was ordered in 1921 which resulted in the exclusion of 24.1 per cent of the entire membership of the party. Members were expelled because they had not attended the political party courses, because they had not been regular in performing the duties imposed on them by the party, because they had married into bourgeois families or undergone a religious marriage ceremony, because they had submitted their sons to baptism or circumcision, because they had lived in too great luxury, finally because they were known to gamble, take bribes, engage personally in capitalistic enterprises, or to make improper use of their influence as Communists for the benefit of a friend or relative. In this general purification of the party all members, from the most ordinary worker and peasant to the highest personality in the organization, were summoned before examining commissions and subjected to pitiless and often embarrassing third degrees in which intimate, private matters, such as a man's relations to women, were not avoided. Communism involves the negation of the individual and while, in the recent history of the party, practice has strayed somewhat from this theory, it would naturally reassert itself in a process of purification.

Localized cleansings take place as the occasion arises. Any person's doings may at any time become the subject of a public discussion at the meeting of a Communist group. A Communist's political and private behavior is under as close a scrutiny during the entire length of his adherence to the party as it is during the period of probation which precedes his entrance into it.

No person enters the Russian Communist Party without passing through a purgatory as candidate. The period of candidacy is never less than six months, but generally lasts from one to two years and may be extended to even greater limits, as it is this year for persons outside the working class. A person is accepted as a candidate upon the recommendation of several well-reputed Communists of long standing. He is subjected to tests and examinations; he must learn the Communist catechism and perform numerous duties without enjoying any of the privileges that attach to membership in the party. If his political backbone

appears weak the period of his candidacy is correspondingly prolonged; if his case proves hopeless he is dismissed without further ado. At present there are 117,924 candidates in Russia, making the total number of declared Communists 528,354. In addition the League of Communist Youth, functioning as a stepping-stone to the senior party and consisting of persons between the ages of 18 and 21, has close to 300,000 members.

Heavy duties and irksome tasks increase rather than decrease when finally the candidate has been promoted to full-fledged membership. Likewise the responsibilities and the dangers. A Communist may any day be ordered to proceed to India or to Spain, or to go to the Caucasus or into a factory for secret political work, and his only choice is to obey. On the other hand, if he desires to quit Russia for personal reasons he cannot do so without the party's consent. Where the fire is hottest and the risk greatest a Communist is dispatched to stand guard. This was so in the civil wars, when the Communists constituted special shock companies always thrust first into battle. The same was true of the storming of Kronstadt; in 1919 and 1920, when many villages were resisting with armed force the attempts of the Government to requisition their grain, picked troops of Communists were detailed to cope with the situation. For the Communist on duty is never subject to disaffection. Where an ordinary Red Army detachment occasionally conceived a sympathy for the cause of the recalcitrant peasants—in certain cases the soldiers permitted themselves to be disarmed—the Communist groups suppressed ruthlessly every revolt they encountered. A Communist with an order in his pocket ceases to be a person and becomes a machine to execute that order. It is this military discipline to which every Communist subjects himself voluntarily that has made for the success of the Communist regime in Russia. I once addressed myself to a member of the G. P. U.—the peacetime successor of the dreaded Cheka—and asked him whether the work he was doing was not repulsive to his nature. He replied: "I am a Communist. This is the task to which I have been assigned." Nor is it merely a child's obedience to a higher will. The Communist is convinced that discipline is the strongest pillar of the party, but more important than this, his agreement with the principles and tactics of the person, also a Communist, who gave the order leads him to a belief in its justice and necessity. What remains is the effacement of self if the duty is unpleasant. For this he is prepared—it is the Communist's first commandment.

The standard which the Communist Party sets for its members is much higher than any that in ordinary life is expected of the average individual. The leaders present an example of disdain for luxuries, fine dressing, and high living which has become a code of honor for the whole organization. A Communist holding one of the highest positions in the Government who had probably grown accustomed to physical comforts through earlier experience in America was recently called to task by his colleagues for living in too high a style. Bucharin, dressed in simple Russian clothing, jogging the streets of Moscow when he could easily have an auto, is a well-known figure, while Lenin's and Chicherin's indifference to new clothing has become proverbial. Lunacharski, seen several times during the better part of a year in Russia, always wore the same threadbare jacket and trousers of different color and texture. Naturally there are exceptions when one is dealing with a body of

half a million persons of varying antecedents and training, and whereas gambling and drinking, for instance, are offenses to be followed by expulsion from the party there are not a few who indulge.

When a Communist commits a wrong he is the loser for being a Communist. Last winter there were several interesting cases in the Moscow courts of officials tried for taking bribes. The non-Communists were sentenced to imprisonment and fines; the Communists were shot.

But just as the *lex talionis* never prevented murder, and as punishment never deters the criminal, so human frailties are not altogether to be eradicated by the high moral code of the Communists, nor the tendency to misuse power by the knowledge that Communist vengeance awaits the sinner. Moreover, neither the strict discipline that obtains within the party, nor the added duties and dangers, nor the constant surveillance, periodic examinations, and occasional purifications to which every member is exposed, prevent the entrance into the party of a class that assumes the cloak of communism merely because it opens the road to a career and success. In the course of time many of these persons will be discovered and eliminated, but there is certainly an appreciable remnant which avoids the weeding process and remains to discredit the organization as a whole. The presence of these careerists in the party, reinforced as it is by a fairly thick sprinkling of "petty bourgeois" individuals most of whom have sprung on to the band-wagon since the Communists seized power in 1917, has made for considerable demoralization within the party and has lowered it far below the level of purity which was maintained when Lenin was still a scribbler in Zurich and Trotzky a poorly c'ad lecturer in various parts of Europe and America.

The rule limiting admission to industrial workers is an attempt to bring back part of the quality which vanished from the party with its rapid growth. Individuals, furthermore, are encouraged to leave the party and many do, for membership is a bar to those who are ambitious for wealth through participation in private enterprise.

Communists constitute a privileged class in Russia. The real Communist, to be sure, expects nothing in return for the extra burdens and responsibilities he carries except the satisfaction of knowing that he is working toward his ideal, and that he, only a few years ago downtrodden and pursued, is now part of a great workers' government. But objective conditions force upon all Communists advantages which certain of those who sit atop the pyramid are eager to add to. All things being equal, or even when many things are unequal, the Communist will be chosen for a job above the other candidates. Because, after the experience that Soviet Russia has passed through with sabotaging specialists, devotion is often preferred to knowledge and expert training, the Communist worker will receive more rapid advancement than his colleagues not enrolled with the party. If a pay roll is to be shortened the Communist will probably be kept longest on the staff. In Moscow the housing problem is very acute, but the Communist is always certain to be accommodated; elsewhere in the provinces he gets the choice of the best dwellings. If a gubernia must send a representative to the capital, or Moscow must delegate someone abroad, a Communist will be first in line for the trip. Under the hard and trying material circumstances of present-day Russia these are considerations not to be underestimated.

[A second article by Mr. Fischer will discuss the treatment of national minorities by the Soviet Government.]

An Import of China

By WITTER BYNNER

NEWARK, New Jersey, is too near New York for New Yorkers to realize how large a town lies across the Hudson River—the twelfth or thirteenth largest, I believe, of American cities. At the moment, however, it will be well worth the while of New Yorkers and of others within easy reach of Newark to realize that such a city exists and to understand how large-minded a director is shaping the policy of the Newark Museum Association. John Cotton Dana and members of his staff, notably Mrs. Theodora Rhoades, have been at work for many months assembling from all over the world an exhibition designed to convey to the attending American mind a rounded sense of the spirit and activities of China. Until January 1 that exhibition is on view at the Newark Public Library every afternoon and evening; and during 1924 the exhibits, lacking only some of the valuable art objects, will go on tour among twenty cities.

The scope of the exhibition is wide: detailed evidence of Chinese life, ancient and modern, agricultural and industrial, public and domestic, educational and religious, aesthetic and utilitarian. There are clothes, furniture, toys, musical instruments, implements of shop and field, maps, charts, photographs, an actual illustration of silk culture, from the worm to the brocade; a multitude of practical objects and at the same time a rich display of ornaments, of jades, of bronzes, and of masterly paintings. A mere enumeration of the persons, firms, corporations, and officials contributing to the exhibition makes a pamphlet of twenty-six pages.

Art and daily living are closer bound with the Chinese than they are with us; and Newark has done well to give us a combinedly practical and aesthetic revelation of our Pacific neighbors: a reminder of the history of China, its vast extent, population, and endurance, its absorbing conquest of its conquerors; a reminder that these Orientals are not sinister barbarians but a race founded in deep wisdom and culture; a reminder that the Chinese were a practical people long before American civilization began and that they may remain an artistic people long after American civilization has perished. The present political chaos in China is nothing compared to that in Europe. Mechanistic industrialism is bending the edges of China, but has not as yet, as it has done with us, warped the whole body of national life. Perhaps it will be the Chinese who will teach us what to do with this perilous monster we have created, how to change him from a deadening to a quickening dragon.

Forgetting culture for a moment, thinking merely in terms of commerce, exhibitions like this one at Newark and the internationally cooperative spirit behind such exhibitions are likely to correct a deplorable American error familiar to many travelers in China. Chinese after Chinese has said to me, speaking of Americans: "We like you best, best of all the peoples. You have been kindest to us. Nation to nation, you have treated us honestly. We know that Britain, as a nation, has treated us dishonestly, and continues to do so on every occasion. And yet we have to trade with the British in preference to you, because, trader to trader, they deal with us honestly. Your American business men will sell us one thing and deliver another, not

quite what we ordered, and will then refuse to make good. They are not scrupulous with us, because we are only Chinese. We put up with it once or twice, because we like you. Your American business men make us pay on their accustomed dates, instead of on ours, and we do it for a while. But finally we deal with the British, who in trade treat us humanly. Whatever villainies they may practice against us in politics, they are more honest with us than you are in business. Even the Japanese are more honest than you in business and more considerate of our feelings as individuals. When you have learned to do as well by us individually as you have done nationally, it will be a hap-

pier day for both countries. We know you better than you know us. We understand you better. And we'll be ready for you with warm hearts, and with our trade, when you understand us better, not just as a nation, but as people."

Mr. Dana and his associates in Newark are to be complimented upon calling our attention to people whom in every way it behooves us to know and upon encouraging among those people faith in the development of interracial understanding and sympathy, a sympathy which has been instinctively but not as yet very intelligently felt in America's traditional gesture of friendliness toward the oldest of living civilizations.

'Lucky Cal'

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

SOME of Mr. Coolidge's luck he contrives for himself. Some of it just settles upon him like dew. The total of the two sorts continues to accumulate.

When Mr. Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania was engaged in his stupendous attack upon the federal Government in the matter of prohibition enforcement, the ex-Governor of a Western State said to Mr. Coolidge:

"Is this sort of attack going to hurt you?"

"Never has," said Mr. Coolidge succinctly.

Today Mr. Pinchot has little time to press home upon the federal Government his thoroughly substantial charges against the federal Government's highly political prohibition enforcement service.

God on behalf of Calvin Coolidge has raised up great crops of enemies for Mr. Pinchot in Pennsylvania. By act of Providence the Secretary of the Treasury is a Pennsylvanian. The Secretary of the Treasury, by a strange development of historic fate, is the federal official in chief charge of prohibition enforcement. By a freak of circumstance the present Secretary of the Treasury, besides being a Pennsylvanian, is the richest Pennsylvanian in existence and one of the most formidably powerful. Mr. Pinchot, in attacking the federal prohibition enforcement service, was accordingly obliged to sow dragons' teeth for himself in Pennsylvanian soil. From that sowing there now arise enemies who give him large occupation at some distance from Washington.

Simultaneously it happens, through the mysterious mercy which watches over Calvin Coolidge, that the organization chiefly responsible for the highly political character of the federal prohibition enforcement service is precisely the Anti-Saloon League. This organization is supposed to sympathize with Mr. Pinchot. It is obliged, however, still more to sympathize with the nature which it itself has imposed upon the federal office enforcing the Volstead law. The Anti-Saloon League cannot say that the federal prohibition enforcement service is improperly organized. That service is organized in total separation from civil-service rules and in total subordination to direct political influences precisely because the Anti-Saloon League has wished to have it so organized. In effect accordingly the Anti-Saloon League may feel for Mr. Pinchot but in effect accordingly it works for Mr. Coolidge.

Meanwhile Mr. Pinchot, by divine interference accomplished through Mr. Coolidge's own immediate thought and

act, is further engaged in still solving the problem of anthracite coal. If anybody would rather solve a problem than run for the presidency, Mr. Coolidge gratifies him. Mr. Pinchot wanted to solve anthracite coal and Mr. Coolidge accommodately permitted and even urged him to do so. It now begins to be seen that Mr. Pinchot is primarily solving prohibition enforcement and anthracite coal and only incidentally running for the presidency, while Mr. Coolidge is only incidentally solving anything and is primarily engaged in the prime object of politics—namely, the managing and ruling of problem-solvers.

Undeterred by the fate of Mr. Pinchot, Mr. Lowden of Illinois manifested an interest in solving the problem of wheat. He felt that it was a great problem and that it ought to be solved. Mr. Coolidge agreed with him and sent him forth to solve it by bringing together the wheat farmers of America into cooperative organizations which would control—or, at any rate, dominate—the wheat market of America. At the end of a long time Mr. Lowden is still bringing them together. It is reported that in one State he has succeeded in bringing them together sufficiently to insure the organization of an organization committee. It is progress, but small and slow progress. The mass of the wheat farmers of the United States remain thoroughly unorganized. To bring them together will be the labor of years. No shining results will be reported by Mr. Lowden by the time the next Republican national convention meets.

It then further fortunately happened—fortunately for the favorite son of Vermont, Massachusetts, and Chance—that Mr. Ford aspired to solve something. He wished to solve fertilizers. He had to solve fertilizers. His tractors are substituting themselves for horses on the farms of America. Horses, besides dragging plows, are sources of the means of natural fertilization for the farms which they inhabit. Tractors are not. It was incumbent upon Mr. Ford to make amends. It was incumbent upon him to sell to his farmer clients the equivalent of a horse in two sales—first the sale of tractors and then the sale of fertilizers.

Hence he desired Muscle Shoals. From previous administrations he had received only a grudging sympathy. From Mr. Coolidge he received a quite earnest cooperation. Mr. Ford was pursued with a two-tined fork. One tine was the possibility that he might actually get and take Muscle Shoals. If he did, he then would have a great personal

private financial contract with the Government and would be morally and perhaps even legally embarrassed in getting and taking the presidency. This view of the matter may not have occurred to the mind of Mr. Coolidge. It lay, however, in the situation; and Mr. Coolidge's luck in truth is very largely the accommodatingness with which he permits nature to take its course. If a rival of Mr. Coolidge's wishes to debar himself from the presidency by taking a contract with the Government, Mr. Coolidge is not stirred to try to injure his rival by preventing him from having his heart's desire.

The other tine of the fork was that Mr. Ford might be overcome with gratitude and might go to work politically for Mr. Coolidge and that then it would make no political difference whether Congress gave Muscle Shoals to Mr. Ford or not.

By deduction this killing kindness can be regarded as

intentional. By observation it seems to have something to do not with malignancy but even with a certain sort of magnanimity. Mr. Coolidge does not conduct personal feuds. If he had been in President Wilson's place he would have allowed Theodore Roosevelt to have a military command in the World War. He does not involve himself in verbal attacks upon his rivals or implicate himself in official hindrances of them in their personal specialties. He plays the political game with an absolutely professional impersonality.

Not by one word since he became President of the United States has he added one shred of personal fuel to the fire of the forces which seem likely to burn up the Republican Party in the election of 1924.

If he is defeated in 1924 he will be defeated on issues. He will not be defeated on entanglements of personal affections and personal animosities. Now, that's something.

The Great Battle for Amnesty

By ALBERT DE SILVER

THE long campaign for amnesty for the federal political prisoners is over. President Coolidge has had the courage and the common sense (against the advice of his Attorney General, I believe) to release unconditionally the last of the men who were jailed for unpopular speech and writing during the war.

The amnesty campaign has lasted for five years—for a little more than four years after our Allies had released their war-time political prisoners. And the strange part of it is that when it began it did not look as if a long campaign would be needed. The special assistants in the Department of Justice who had charge of the prosecutions, Mr. John Lord O'Brien and Mr. Alfred Bettman, both realized that the cases were war cases in which abnormal penalties had been imposed. In the early days of 1919 they reviewed all of the cases which had then been concluded, and so drastically reduced the sentences in two hundred cases that the prisoners went free in a short time. But then Attorney General Gregory resigned and Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer took his place. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Bettman soon retired, leaving the problem of the political prisoners to the routineers and politicians of the Department of Justice.

Mr. Palmer himself at first seemed encouraging. When an amnesty delegation called upon him, he told us that as a Quaker he understood better than most the motives of the political heretic, and we came away with the feeling that the matter of amnesty was on his conscience. We hoped for reasonably quick action. What Mr. Palmer did not do for political heretics and what he did to them (or to such as were aliens) is now a matter of record. He came and went, but the political prisoners remained.

Then came Harry Micajah Daugherty. He also received an amnesty delegation, but not being a Quaker, he did not understand the motives of the political heretics. In fact, I doubt if he had ever heard of such a thing. He seemed to think that the political offenders were in prison for overt acts against the law, not merely for having spoken or written anti-war or radical beliefs. By way of analogy, he asked whether a Democrat had a right to smuggle dutiable imports into the country because he disbelieved in a

Republican tariff! Clearly he needed considerable instruction. The delegation then went to the President. Mr. Harding, kindly, courteous man that he was, received us in a friendly but vague spirit, but by his very lack of explicitness, it was evident that he too had little comprehension of the questions involved in the political cases.

It may be that Eugene Debs's visit to Washington on parole while still a prisoner at the Atlanta Penitentiary brought some light to the President and the Attorney General. It may be that the picketing of the Disarmament Conference by medal-of-honor veterans asking amnesty made some action seem advisable. In any event the first action by President Harding came just before Christmas two years ago. Twenty-one out of about one hundred and forty political prisoners received commutations of sentence. But it was clear from the President's action that the Administration, although it had learned something of the problem, had not learned much. No line of policy governing the release was evident. Recantation of their industrial philosophy was given as a partial reason for the release of two of the men, although the others, notably Debs, had retracted nothing. Another man was released because "he has now served a sufficient length of time," although thirty-one of his co-defendants had served precisely the same length of time. The amnesty advocates were able to discover no policy governing the choice of the lucky twenty-one; indeed, I do not believe there was any.

The Administration then rested on its oars and was stirred to action again only after another embarrassing public demonstration. Mrs. Bertha Hale White of Chicago had spent considerable time in Texas and Oklahoma gathering information about the cases of a number of tenant farmers who had fallen foul of war legislation. She found the cases so pathetic and the condition of the prisoners' families so desperate that it was decided to form them into a sort of living petition for amnesty, to be presented to the President at Washington. Thirty-three wives and children were brought to Washington under the guidance of Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare. They went to the White House daily, only to be refused an audience with the President each time. But these repeated visits drew a good deal of attention.

Remarks were made even by Republican Senators, and the situation, coupled with the Democratic attack upon the Attorney General's former activities on behalf of Mr. C. W. Morse, caused Mr. Daugherty to recommend the release of twelve more politicals, including a majority of the men whose families had been making the daily call at the White House.

Meanwhile amnesty sentiment out through the country had been growing and was making itself felt in Washington. The educational campaign conducted by the American Civil Liberties Union under the vigorous and dramatic leadership of Roger N. Baldwin, its demonstrations and its work with the Department of Justice, were beginning to tell. Senator Borah's active support was enlisted. The General Defense Committee of the I. W. W. had secured and sent to Washington an enormous amnesty petition. Delegations of disinterested citizens had been calling on the President urging amnesty. Finally on July 19, 1922, the President gave one such delegation to understand that action would be taken within sixty days. Then came a time of industrial unrest. The sixty-day period passed and no action was taken, the President deeming it unwise to release radicals at such a time.

Then began the drive which culminated in the release of the last of the federal prisoners. Most of the amnesty activity throughout the country was fused in a Joint Amnesty Committee in Washington, headed by Gilson Gardner and conducted by Miss Mary Gertrude Fendall and Mrs. Abby Scott Baker, both of whom worked with tireless energy and with extraordinary tact, ability, and political shrewdness. In Washington they kept forever on the trail of the Department of Justice and the White House, and they enlisted the support of scores of senators and representatives. Throughout the country they organized amnesty committees which had as members bishops, governors, supreme court judges, leaders of thought in their communities. They secured statements recommending clemency from the judges and prosecuting officials who had tried the most important cases. The political pressure which they thus focused was more than enough to force action. On June 19 President Harding issued an order which resulted in the release of sixteen men, and on December 15 President Coolidge completed the task by unconditionally commuting the sentences of the rest.

It must be said that this result was hastened by Senator George Wharton Pepper, who, becoming interested in the I. W. W. cases as a disinterested lawyer and citizen, made an exhaustive study of them and concluded that not one of the defendants in those cases should ever have been convicted. Senator Pepper's brave espousal of the cause of justice for the despised and unpopular is a distinguished exception to the general lack of interest in the subject on the part of the American bar.

The federal amnesty campaign is over, but there are still more than a hundred political prisoners in jail under State statutes, and in California the number is being increased. The governors of New York and Illinois have shown the way by pardoning the political prisoners in their States. The amnesty sentiment must now be directed at the governors of the States where political prisoners are still held. The longer political prosecutions flourish in our country, the more abjectly will we be ashamed when in the future we look back upon the history of these troubled times.

In the Driftway

THE allurements of Hunt the Slipper are as nothing compared to the joys of Exposing the Drifter and bringing him into the blushing light of day. So far he has been able to resist queries, polite or pressing, as to his age, color, social status, and weekly stipend—not to mention his Favorite Color of Hair, Favorite Girl's Name, Address, and Motto. Indeed, there seems to be no real need for an answer to any of these interrogations. By his works he may be known, as the following letter, which he prints with a humble and grateful heart, plainly shows:

SIR: For several months I have been reading your column in *The Nation*, and at the same time wondering what sort of man the Drifter was. The inquiry appeared hopeless until I ran across Taine's introduction to his "History of English Literature." "Eureka!" I shouted, "I will now proceed to walk up one side of this indifferent Drifter and down the other and tell him right to his face just what sort of person he is." For, as I read the paragraphs of the Driftway (they remind me of Lamb, by the way) I say, with Taine, these pleasing sentences were not created alone. They are but molds, like fossil shells; an imprint, like one of those shapes embossed in stone by an animal which lived and perished. Under the shell there was an animal, and behind In the Driftway there is a man.

* * * * *

READING this far, the Drifter's interest rose to fever heat, his forehead grew damp, his pulse registered 110; and his excitement was well rewarded:

Here, then, is the Drifter:

Sex: Male; shown by masculine tone and subject matter.

Age: Forty-five or thereabouts. Thinks, therefore must be over forty.

Appearance: Prepossessing.

Wealth: Little, if any. Has not the smug cocksureness of the rich.

Education: Self-taught. No doubt has a degree but has shed most parrot-knowledge.

Religion: Mildly Protestant.

Is either a bachelor or a widower. Gentle natured and gently bred men are usually unfortunate in their love affairs; are seldom, if ever, loved by women.

In common with most men is defeated but in what I cannot make out. Perhaps along literary lines.

A slender man (have you ever noticed that most men of violent expression are not thin waisted?), smooth shaven; of aristocratic bearing. Takes pleasure in thinking.

You may address the prize for unmasking the Drifter to STEPHEN SEPTEMBER, New Jersey.

* * * * *

THIS is a flattering and romantic picture and the Drifter is not disposed to alter a tittle of it, particularly the reference to his figure. The next time any one of his associates calls him crabbed or violently and irrationally partisan or old or young or blasphemous or sentimental or any of the extremely varied epithets that have lain in wait for him in the past he will, while maintaining a dignified silence, merely wave the maligner to Mr. September's kind and obviously just remarks. He will not even suspect Mr. September of being a practical joker, though his choice of a pen-name might point in that direction. No, hereafter the Drifter will never be without a character, a past, or a person. Let all who have yearned to pierce his anonymity or make him pay his debts or talk with him over the telephone read, mark, and forever hold their peace.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

[Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.]

The Government Put to the Test

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There have been surprising developments in the Sacco-Vanzetti case in connection with recent hearings on motions for a new trial. It will be remembered that the case for the Government, based originally on identifications, proved disappointing, and that the Government came to rest its case largely upon a so-called tell-tale scratch upon the "mortal" bullet which, it was claimed, proved it to have been fired by Sacco's gun.

Recently, this bullet and the other similar exhibits which were in evidence at the trial have been examined under a compound microscope and photographed by a camera equipped with a micrometer so delicate that it registers measurements to a scale of one hundred-thousandths of an inch. The results are astonishing. And unless they can be somehow discounted, they demolish the Government's case by a physical demonstration.

For one thing, the photographs show that the scratch on the mortal bullet supposed to have been fired from Sacco's pistol does not correspond either in character or in position with the markings upon the trial bullets which had been fired from Sacco's pistol shortly before the trial.

Second, the measurements of the lands in the barrel of Sacco's pistol do not correspond with the land marks which were cut in the "mortal" bullet. When photographs of the two objects were made on transparent disks, the one did not fit the other.

Third, the marks of hand-made filings on the face of the breech block which give individuality to every pistol do not correspond between Sacco's pistol and the impress of the breech block upon a shell which it is claimed that Sacco had fired in the act of committing the murder of which he stands accused.

Of course the Government would not concede the above assertions. The district attorney had his own set of photographs, taken, he it said, under a camera which lacked the proper adjustment for micro-photography, and taken moreover without a soul present to represent the defense—which it would seem should be quite outside the code of professional ethics. Be that as it may, these photographs showed certain marks which did not correspond with those on the photographs of the defense, and which did not correspond with the objects themselves when scrutinized by William G. Thompson, counsel for the defense, through the microscope.

However, one discrepancy revealed by the defense photographs was not disputed by the district attorney, and it led to a dramatic situation. The dent of the firing pin on the base of the shell which it was claimed by the Government had been fired from Sacco's pistol was in the exact center, whereas in every one of the trial shells which had been put in as exhibits the firing-pin dent is twenty-three degrees off center.

At the trial, the Government expert had asserted that the firing-pin dent of the shells under comparison was in the same "general area." When a wide discrepancy was revealed by the micro-photographs, the district attorney argued that it was not important, and was to be accounted for by a "tolerance of the firing pin" or a "shifting of the breech block." And he claimed that, had a larger number of trial shots been fired, it would undoubtedly be seen that the firing pin would strike sometimes in the center and sometimes off center within a "general area" of twenty-three degrees. Having made this astonishing argument, the district attorney put the pistol in the judge's hands and told him to see how the breech block rattled.

Thereupon Mr. Thompson observed that the pistol was *uncocked* when its parts rattled; so he cocked the pistol and gave

it back to the judge, and asked him to observe that its breech block was perfectly firm. "I was formerly a student at the Worcester Polytechnic," Mr. Thompson commented upon this incident, "and I would like to know what would have happened if its graduates had gotten employment at the Colt factory and had turned out pistols with 'shifting breech blocks' and with a 'tolerance' in their firing pins." Such pistols could not be sold. And then he threw down a challenge to the Government.

"This issue need not rest on speculations and violent assertions. It can be put to a practical test. The same mechanical forces act the same way under the same circumstances. They are not erratic. The district attorney claims that if a larger number of shots had been fired, it would have been found that in some of them the firing pin would have struck in the center. Why didn't he fire some more shots to prove his assertion? Why don't he fire them now? Let him try it on one hundred shots, try it on one thousand—we will supply the cartridges. Let's go out in the lot and fire the shots as quickly as they can be fired. We will pick up the shells and put them in a basket and bring them here to be filed as exhibits. Let's see if in one single instance the dent in the shell is in the center. That's the way to put this thing to a test."

The Government has not yet accepted this challenge. But meanwhile, one of two things is certain: If a new trial is granted, these shots will be fired and the accused will be set free. Or, if a new trial is denied, until these shots have been fired, it will be very difficult for the judge to pass sentence and send Sacco and Vanzetti to the electric chair.

Boston, December 21

ELIZABETH GLENDOWER EVANS

[A pamphlet on the Sacco-Vanzetti case verifying these statements, which the New England Civil Liberties Committee has in preparation, can be obtained for ten cents in coin or stamps from Anna N. Davis, Secretary of the New England Civil Liberties Committee, 44 Edgehill Road, Brookline, Mass., or from the League for Democratic Control, 16 Carver Street, Boston.]

Greek Letter Patriots

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The national organ of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity has recently printed articles from which I have taken the following passages—typical but not necessarily as inspiring as some others:

"Calvin Coolidge, who was initiated into Alpha Chi Chapter of Amherst College, in his undergraduate days, is the man of destiny, whom a swift stroke of fate elevated to the leadership of the great nation within whose boundaries the college fraternity . . . was born. . . ."

"Let Communism lift its head among the cloisters of college or university and as long as there's a Greek letter man left on the campus there will be somebody to stamp upon the reptile, though he spoil his tango pumps."

"Mrs. Mary Love Collins represents the sorority world in assuring Mr. Burns [William J.] that he may look to the Greek letter world for aid in combating radicalism. She is not only president of Chi Omega, but also head of the National Pan-Hellenic Congress, composed of all sororities in America.

"Patriotic," she declared. "Indeed they are! Fraternities and sororities are but a part of the great group movement of the middle class. The middle class is a stable one. You find no radicals therein. Hence, in my opinion, these school groups are bands of clear thinking young people already organized to uphold the United States Government in any crisis."

The sad fact, of course, is that Mrs. Collins's remarks are probably true, surely true in the great majority of cases. A "liberal college" only means that there are a few intelligent undergraduates in the upper two classes and a professor or two who dares teach.

Amherst, Massachusetts, November 20

W. L. B.

For the Athletic Recognition of Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is the economic blockade against Russia as practiced by Messrs. Hughes and Coolidge to be applicable to athletes of Russia?

Will the athletic committee of the coming sesqui-centennial invite the Russians or will they be excluded?

In defense of the Russians let me say that I have played soccer with them and that they are as good sports as ever dribbled a ball, and for clean playing they are equal to the players in the Philadelphia Cricket League or the Intercollegiates.

This year they have played games with Germany and with Sweden and each time the Russian team was victorious.

The Russians under the Czar were not allowed to take part in sports other than at colleges and in the army. Since the revolution they have organized sport centers in various cities. In 1922 when I was in Minsk, the center sent the Minsk Soccer Club trunks, discus, shot, and hammer. At that time the Quakers were in Minsk and they supplied the soccer balls. The players had no regular shoes but they played in spite of them, and with smooth soles we won the championship of White Russia.

The government to encourage us gave us free transportation on the railroads, for they recognize the benefit that youth derives from taking part in athletics.

Athletics are international, and how will the American team be able to say they have won the championship if the Russians are not present? Let not politics enter into the discussion but bring together the best athletes from the whole world.

CLEAVER S. THOMAS

Buzuluk, Samara, Russia, October 14

Anent Evolution

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an address delivered at the First Baptist Church of Albuquerque, N. M., October 17, T. T. Martin, Baptist evangelist of Blue Mountain, Miss., admitted the following:

1. That William Jennings Bryan is the greatest statesman the world has ever known.

2. That the evolutionary theory was responsible for the World War.

3. That not even liquor has been as great a curse to the country as the evolutionary belief.

4. That the present divorce rate is due to the acceptance of the evolutionary theory.

5. That the Bolsheviks (who are spending five million dollars for propaganda within the United States) are all evolutionists.

6. That even the Catholics are superior to the evolutionists.

7. That a belief in evolution makes impossible any standard of right and wrong (for if there is no hell there is no incentive for morality).

8. That the anti-evolutionary fight soon will be carried to Kansas.

9. That the State universities and normal schools, by their instruction in the evolutionary doctrine, have poisoned the public school teachers, whose salaries are paid by taxes upon the common people.

10. That the authors of the most frightful of German atrocities were angels in comparison with the teacher of evolution.

11. That evolution is the greatest curse since Adam.

12. That the speaker is the author of "Hell in the High Schools," an anti-evolutionary booklet selling for seventy-five cents.

Albuquerque, November 1

ELIZABETH DICKENS

Florida's Bosom and W. J. B.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is too much! I rise to protest that Florida did not take "William Jennings Bryan to her bosom with the instant mutual recognition that they were made for each other." It is true that Miami—that glorified Main Street, if one dare call her so—"ate him up," but Miami is, as Mrs. Stillman says, 75 to 85 per cent Northern, a fact which she impressively emphasizes in speaking of the intolerance Miami shows toward the Negroes.

When W. J. B. coyly let it be known that he was willing to wear the senatorial toga of Florida if it were forced on him, the genial welcome Florida accords celebrities was disturbed. Good Democratic editors through the State agreed that Bryan, as "the Senator from Florida," would serve the great god Publicity, and "advertise" the State, but they, strangely, preferred to sacrifice the publicity. Said one in his paper: "Florida does not care to be represented by a man who has not been in Florida long enough to know the difference between a kumquat and a razor-back hog."

Although Mrs. Stillman's article is excellent, from one who evidently knows only a small part of Florida, there is one statement which, were it known, would cause a broad, broad laugh up and down the length of the peninsula. Our State geologist would be amazingly excited to know of her discovery of potash in Florida, and might inquire why she kept her knowledge hidden during the war, when potash was almost unobtainable, and citrus growers were forced to go without the quantity they needed. Hard as it is to deny any possibility to Florida, it must be admitted that her geological past has not been conducive to deposits of potash. Especially would the owners of our phosphate mines laugh—long and loud. In regard to naturalists, Mrs. Stillman omits, among other names, that of Dr. J. K. Small of the New York Botanical Garden, an indefatigable explorer of southern Florida, and a most interesting and accurate writer.

The school question presents unusual difficulties in Florida, as we have to accommodate and educate the large and rapidly increasing number of Northern children whose parents are winter residents, in the majority of cases boarding or renting, and paying no taxes. As is wise in a warm climate, the school year is usually a month shorter than in the North.

I wish that Mrs. Stillman had mentioned our State prison farm, to which very high praise was given in an article in a recent number of the *Century Magazine*.

Winter Park, Florida, November 7

M. F. BAKER

For Sheepmen's Wives and Others

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the suggestion of Mr. Hartley H. Hepler, of Shiner, Texas, writing in *The Nation* some months ago, I have been sending such magazines and reviews as I had on hand to a list of persons furnished by him. In each case I have had a grateful response, and I write to ask if the system cannot be extended?

I do not know how Mr. Hepler obtained his list of persons who would like to have literature sent to them, but have no doubt anyone seeing this letter and sending his name to him, with an indication of the kind of reading matter desired, would be taken care of through Mr. Hepler's "clearing house." One young mother of four children living in Idaho writes me that she is a sheepman's wife, and that they are just now unable to pay for subscriptions. They live fourteen miles from town, and she hopes that I mean her to hand the magazines on to friends rather than to return them. This is pleasant work. If you don't believe it, try it!

New York, November 7

BERTHA W. HOWE

Books

Man and Woman

Janet March. By Floyd Dell. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THE merits of Mr. Dell's "Moon-Calf" and "The Briary Bush," genuine as they were, were not strictly novelistic in their nature. Something of the autobiography, the essay and the sketch clung to them both. In "Janet March" Mr. Dell has become an authentic novelist. He has grasped things and characters quite objective to himself; he has absorbed people and events and has projected both plastically. "Janet March" is a very imperfect book, but at its best it represents the highest point that Mr. Dell has yet reached.

I call "Janet March" an imperfect book because I do not think that Mr. Dell himself could have been happy over its structure. He evidently had two stories to tell, that of Janet March and that of Roger Leland. Neither was full-bodied enough in his conception of it for a novel. The novelette, that useful and fascinating form, is discredited among us. Mr. Dell had to produce a novel. He yielded to the temptation of uniting his two fables by a device that is clever, suggestive, not infelicitous in any way, and yet quite unconvincing.

This structural looseness is the only reproach to be brought against "Janet March." It is a very thickly peopled book and has this constant mark of fine creative work that very minor and incidental characters—the friends of the March couple, Roger's relations, the professors at Herald College—stand forth from the few passages that are given to them human, authentic, three-dimensional.

The attention of readers will, of course, be centered on Janet March. Roger Leland is as important a figure. But Janet is controversial. She is the young girl of the period studied and portrayed very seriously and very closely. And there is no doubt that she is fascinating and profoundly interesting if altogether true. One hopes that she is. Such essential reasonableness, such a use and yet subordination of instinct, such courage, coolness, clarity is superb. Doubtless, too, all these characteristics are to be found among the young girls of Janet's generation. But was there one, is there one—I ask this question sincerely and hopefully—so wholly, so magnificently released from superstition, moralistic terror, ungenerous tenacity, social confusion? I hope that Janet is a fact; there is no question concerning her splendor as an aim and an ideal.

The second part of the book which deals with the life, the inner and outer fortunes of Roger Leland, has in it no element of the problematic. We have had many accounts of the development of an American youth of intellectual instincts from the dust and clamor of Main Street. We have had, I think, none that is better or more veracious than this. Nor have we had anywhere else so frank, serene, and understanding an account of the sexual seekings and frustrate adventures that are typical of the youth of the country. In this part of Mr. Dell's book episode follows episode in rapid succession. And each of these episodes has compactness and finish, inner truth and brilliant surface execution. Nothing could in its own way be much better than the account of Plainsburg, of Herald College, than the strong and tragic and finely handled brothel scene, than the whole episode that begins in "Fancyland" and reveals the inner facts in the lives of Pansy and Cecile or the story of Sally and her fate. Here there is a blending of wealth and precision, of truth and delicacy, of insight and feeling that are very rare indeed. Pansy and Cecile and Sally, poor things, are much less questionable than the gallant and splendid Janet. They are little masterpieces of direct characterization through action and passion alone. Their creator has broken new ground in the practice of his art. He has left behind him vagueness and mere sophistication. He shapes people.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

History by Personality

The Chief Ministers of England, 920-1720. By the Hon. Clive Bigham. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$8.

MR. BIGHAM'S book should prove especially acceptable to the large number of readers who like to take their history in the form of biography, or who in any case care less for the "course of events" than for personalities. The volume deals with the chief ministers or advisers of the English Crown from Dunstan to Godolphin and Harley, thus bringing the story down to the point, 1720-21, at which the author's earlier volume, "The Prime Ministers of England," began. The difference between a chief minister and a Prime Minister is, of course, more than a difference of name, the former designation attaching to those early advisers whose influence depended actually upon either the will or the acquiescence of the sovereign, while the office of Prime Minister, in the proper sense, emerged only when the parliamentary system of party government had clearly developed. Given the differing circumstances of early and later times, it cannot be said that personality was a very much greater force in the later period than in the earlier; on the contrary, the fact that the Prime Minister after about 1720 represented a party majority in the House of Commons, while it often added to his authority, did not always mean a demand for the same alertness, audacity, and resource that those who held favor before that date were often called upon to show.

The twenty-seven ministers whose careers Mr. Bigham sketches—Saxons and Normans, prelates and nobles, reformers and king-craftsmen, defenders of the established order and time-serving schemers in periods of change or revolution—form a parti-colored list, and the student of political morals will find many a dark thread drawn through the fabric which is here spread before him. Clearly, in its centuries of beginnings, England grew quite as often in spite of its ministers as by aid of them. As a piece of popular exposition, however, Mr. Bigham's work has been commendably done. He knows his authorities and uses them, his judgments are sympathetic as well as scholarly, and his style is always readable. As examples of his method the sketches of Stratford, Burleigh, Buckingham, and Clarendon may be particularly cited. The common mistake of using names as little more than pegs on which to hang a continuous narrative has been avoided, at the same time that the successive biographies, taken as a whole, give a fairly connected view of the period on its political side. The illustrations, drawn from contemporary sources, are a feature of value.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Irrelevant

A Book. By Djuna Barnes. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

IN the details of Djuna Barnes's stories there is a great deal of fine observation, clearly as well as beautifully phrased. It is the larger outlines of her stories that are obscure. This is perhaps because she sees in detail what the rest of us see, but feels about life as a whole differently from the rest of us. Each of her stories seems to be leading impressively up to an inevitable end; but the inevitable never happens. Perhaps it would seem to her too obvious. What happens is almost always brutally irrelevant to what has gone before.

Doubtless life seems like that to her. "Anything," says one of her heroines, "is a reason for using a pistol, unless one is waiting for the obvious, and the obvious has never been sufficient reason."

But to evade the obvious thus consistently is to embrace the oblivious. By this method, fiction is reduced to just such a meaningless chaos of accident as life itself appears to sensitive and troubled minds. But we are accustomed, in fiction, to find life's chaos thought out and arranged in some fairly orderly

and intelligible pattern: that, indeed, is supposed to be one of the purposes of art, and the chief difference between art and life.

But Djuna Barnes is one of those writers, of a recent school, who defiantly refuse to find any sort of significance in the rank welter of life. Or so it would seem; the plain fact is that these stories are on the whole meaningless; the ascription of a highly philosophical intention to their meaninglessness is a mere critical guess.

There remains, of course, the possibility, in this as in other similar cases, that such meaninglessness is a deliberate and possibly mischievous affectation. The sometimes brilliant but more wildly exasperating irrelevance of the dialogue in her plays, in this same volume, gives support to the notion that there is a certain amount of "blague" mixed up with what is otherwise an earnest and sincere attempt at self-expression. After all, if one's sense of life is so profoundly different from that of most people as to be self-condemned to unintelligibility, there is no reason why one should not get a little fun out of it by mystifying the bourgeois. Literature depends so essentially on a community of interest between writers and readers, and the stray writer who fails to feel such a bond is so decidedly out of luck that even reprisals in the form of practical jokes must be forgiven. The play *Three from the Earth* seems to me to be such a reprisal; and I imagine the author has enjoyed to the full the mental suffering of those who, as upon the occasion of its performance by the Provincetown Players, have labored stubbornly at the task of trying to make out what it is all about!

The pictures in the book are of a different and less untraditional character; one of them, of which I recognize the subject, seems to me a cruel and clever caricature. The poems have still another difference; with a few exceptions, they are ingenuous and pretty.

The whole book, when one has ceased to ponder its unintelligibilities, leaves a sense of the writer's deep temperamental sympathy with the simple and mindless lives of the beasts: it is in dealing with these lives, and with the lives of men and women in moods which approach such simplicity and mindlessness, that she attains a momentary but genuine power.

FLOYD DELL

For the Lay Reader

Civilization and the Microbe. By Arthur I. Kendall. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

IT is fortunate for the "average" person that it is now customary for scientists and scholars to write non-technical "Outlines" for those readers who have neither time nor opportunity for technical studies. It is the fashion to smile at these "Outlines," but we all like to read them. The present volume, prepared by Dean Kendall to elucidate the wonderland of bacteria, gives a clear account of the marvelous activities and habits of these minute organisms. The recent anniversary of the birth of Pasteur has stimulated our interest in the study of bacteriology and helped us to realize its importance in our daily lives. We cannot plant our gardens, or care for and preserve our food, or nurse our children in contagious diseases, or postpone the encroachment of old age without some understanding of the science of bacteriology. While Mr. Kendall treats of all of these practical subjects, his main thesis is to prove "that in reality civilization owes much to the microbe. We have an impression of a world teeming with deadly germs, awaiting an opportunity to infect mankind. Man is surrounded by a microbic environment over which he has not as yet attained mastery. He is, however, slowly and laboriously acquiring practical control."

Microbic action is for the most part beneficent and essential for the maintenance of the human species, notwithstanding the obvious opposition which a very small group of bacteria offers to the well-being of mankind. In time, the conquest of

these antagonistic bacteria will be accomplished. Also, and even more important, the hidden, even unsuspected, microbic adjutants of man will be exploited to do his bidding and enrich his life. Civilization and the microbe go hand in hand.

The history of bacteriology is here entertainingly set forth; the theories of Ehrlich and Metchnikoff are discussed, with the conclusion that neither is wholly correct. Altogether it is a most readable and informing book.

LUCY HUMPHREY SMITH

A Confession

A Publisher's Confession. By Walter Hines Page. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.

WHEN a book listed at ten dollars holds its own as a "best-seller" for a year or more, it is not surprising that the publishers should search their files for further material by the author. One, therefore, does not wonder at the reappearance of Walter Hines Page's "Confession," first published anonymously in 1905. So effectively did the late ambassador's "Life and Letters" reveal the man that these chapters on publishing, although more restricted in appeal and far less significant in their revelation, are not to be passed over lightly. One finds in them the delicate sense of humor, graceful simplicity, and intensely human approach so characteristic of all that came from the pen of Mr. Page.

Looking upon the publishing business, not as a trade but as a profession, Mr. Page aimed throughout his career as a publisher to give the public books of a permanent rather than sensational quality. As he expressed it: "I feel no interest in anything that comes this month and goes the next." The "Confession," however, shows that he placed even greater importance on the service which a publisher can render an author: "My wish and aim is to become a helpful partner of some of the men and women of my generation who can, by their writings, lay the great democracy that we all serve under obligations to them for a new impulse. By serving them, I, too, serve my country and my time. And, when I say that this is my aim and wish, I could say with equal truth that it is the aim and wish of every other real publisher."

Mr. Page takes the reader behind the scenes and gives him an intimate view of the interior of the workshop in which an ill-prepared manuscript is clothed in its final raiment. The policy of paying large royalties is discussed, with the conclusion that the integrity and personal interest of his publisher are worth more to an author than a large semi-annual check. Mr. Page has a convincing explanation of why some bad novels succeed and good ones fail, but admits that "about the advertising of a book, nobody knows anything." He speaks words of encouragement to the "unknown" author, and his warning to beware of what he calls "fake" publishers is frank and to the point.

DALE WARREN

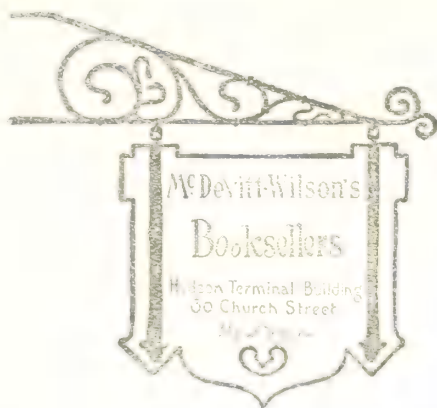
Books in Brief

The Procession of Masks. By Herbert S. Gorman. B. J. Brimmer Company. \$2.

Mr. Gorman, at thirty, characterizes himself as a "reviewer in mid-channel." His perceptions have, in any event, been warmed by trade winds of tolerance, and he has kept out of the choppy seas of mere cleverness. One feels that whatever he writes about has been given the benefit of the best thought of which he is capable, and if the result is not invariably stimulating, it is genuine and honestly stated.

The Love Child. By Bertha Pearl Moore. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.

This narrative of life on the lower East Side presents a sharp and teeming picture of New York's melting-pot. The author knows her subject, and has managed to get the idiom and the broken rhythm of ghetto existence tangibly into these pages.



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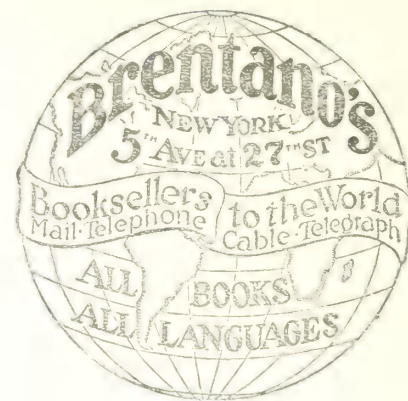
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Ductless and Other Glands. By Fred E. Wynne. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

A popular, compact, and unsensational exposition of a still relatively unexplored branch of medicine.

Paul, Son of Kish. By Lyman I. Henry. The University of Chicago Press. \$3.

The evil that men did in Biblical times lives after them; the good is oft interred in well-intentioned fictional biographies—too devout to be good romance, and too stodgy to be good literature. The present instance is rather above the usual work of its type, although there is nothing about it to kindle enthusiasm.

Drama

Irene Triesch

FOR a number of years Frau Triesch has been considered the leading tragic actress on the Central European stage. She has played the conventional roles of classic tragedy, such as that of Lady Macbeth. But her chief activities have been

in the field of modern tragedy, the tragedy of compassion, error, fate, nerves, the tragedy of Hebbel, Ibsen, Strindberg, Hauptmann, Schnitzler. The tragic situations created by these dramatists she has absorbed both intellectually and emotionally; she is with them, of them; she derives—her personality, gifts, mind—from that difficult and intricate modern life which she interprets on the stage. Hence she does not need to create a medium out of which to project character and text, though she has shown her ability to do that as Lady Macbeth and Iphigenie. She herself is her medium—she who vibrates to every word of her dramatists, she out of whose very heart and nerves these dramatists speak.

How shall I make this point as clear as it needs to be made? We have at least one American actress who approaches greatness. Yet when Margaret Anglin appeared in New York now, alas, several seasons ago, she appeared in "The Woman of Bronze" and in "Joan of Arc," a brassily false French play and an empty and sentimental bit of pageantry. Why did she not play Strindberg? Because she does not believe in Strindberg; because she thinks Strindberg depressing, extreme, ugly, unholy, because, in other words, her mind is not the contemporary of her art. Why does Mrs. Fiske play trash? For the

same reason, despite her keen intelligence. "The Woman of Bronze" and "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" would revolt Frau Triesch's intelligence, taste, insight into the realities of our mortal lot in such a measure that she could not play in them, could not, however much for practical reasons she might perhaps want to do so. Something within would resist. It would not be pride precisely, nor even the conscience of the artist; it would be her overwhelming and nauseated sense of the falseness of these theatric contraptions; it would be her loyalty to that inner truth without which all art is but as sounding brass. That is why, beyond technique, knowledge, energy, passion, grace, Irene Triesch is a great tragic actress. That is why she is an actress to whom we should listen, whom we should watch, whom we should study, whose art has a superlative usefulness to us.

She gave, on the afternoon of Sunday, December 16, a performance of Strindberg's "Dance of Death" at the Princess Theater. And some very intelligent critics declared, alas, that the play—as though they had neither read it nor seen it—was depressing. These critics, too, are not their own contemporaries. It would be about as seemly for a critic to call "A Doll's House" revolutionary or votes for women subversive or any dancing but the minuet immoral or the later works of Beethoven cacophonous or, like Dr. Johnson, the odes of Gray obscure. Why must the dead and decayed adjectives of archaic reactions always be injected into dramatic criticism? The truth is, of course, that "The Dance of Death" is not only a great modern tragedy but that it has precisely that quality of the universal within the concrete which is of all the notes of literature the most enlarging and liberating. Something of what is shown here, much of what is shown here, goes on and on and on eternally in the house across the way, in the apartment next door. To know, to understand, to exercise the creative vision which is understanding, forgiveness, compassion—this is to undergo in the only conceivable modern sense that purgation of the emotions through pity and terror of which Aristotle has written.

Frau Triesch as Alice made one feel all that. She relied upon no external graces. She was, until the brief last scenes when she suddenly became strangely and yet so autumnally radiant, the bedraggled woman in that hopeless house. I watched her and noted neither her magnificent passing from mood to mood, nor her inevitable yet significant gesture, nor the superb clarity and naturalness of her speech. I saw the suffering human creature, the perhaps immortal creature in the galling web of fate, and behind and above that creature the mind of the actress understanding, molding, pitying, herself this woman yet full of an understanding and compassion for her from that never aloof but elevated station from which the artist sees. The artist—who could not act "The Woman of Bronze," because that artist is, in the final words of Goethe on this subject,

"Zum Sehen geboren,
Zum Schauen bestellt."

Frau Triesch was supported by Max Montor in the role of Edgar and by Ulrich Haupt in that of Kurt. And all that I have said of Frau Triesch is in a generous measure true of both Herr Haupt and Herr Montor. I should do them an injustice if I were to say, in the ordinary phraseology of theatrical criticism, that they gave superb performances. They gave life and a criticism of life; they gave art and its background in both observation and thought.

We cannot keep Moskvín and Kotchloff with us. Nor can it be denied that their dramatic and linguistic medium is dangerously remote from us. But I can conceive of nothing more useful to us in the course of our education toward an American theater and, above all, an American drama than for Frau Triesch and her associates to play Strindberg and Ibsen and Hauptmann and Schnitzler for us throughout at least one season.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Democracy in the Russian Communist Party

THE fight over the democratization of the Russian Communist Party is causing much comment both in Russia and abroad. The situation arose out of the new conditions which are shaping themselves in the life of the workers in the Soviet republic. These new conditions and the problems involved in them were first formulated in the Soviet press by Gregory Zinoviev in an article published in the sixth anniversary number of the *Pravda* (November 7) in which he says in part:

... Whoever follows closely the molecular processes going on within the ranks of our working class cannot overlook the following fact as well: that the cultural standards of the average nonpartisan worker have been raised during the past years to a considerable height. ... There was a time (during 1919, 1920, 1921) when only the older workers remained in our factories. The cream of the proletariat was busy on the different fronts or generally scattered over Russia. The workers who are now returning to their factories are not the same as when they left. During these six years every one has undergone experiences which, in other times, it would take more than a generation to live through. ... The workers have learned to understand what is going on. The revolution has not had the material resources to improve the situation of the mass of the workers at once. But culturally the mass of the workers has risen to heights never reached before.

... At the nonpartisan workers' conference each question is intelligently discussed by the bulk of the delegates. The attitude manifested at such meetings as the provincial conventions of the trade unions or the district conventions of the Soviets is quite different from that of past years. There is more activity and intelligence; more nonpartisan workers are making themselves heard. And the talk is no more of their own needs, as was previously the general rule, but of general problems which are discussed with understanding and knowledge of the subjects.

The cultural level of the mass of the workers has been raised. This is an axiom. And the new problems before the party must be approached with this basic fact in view. ...

Of course, in many respects the average member of our Communist groups is more highly developed than the nonpartisan mass, if only for the fact that the members are organized while the nonpartisans are not. In questions of a political order the members of our groups display more intelligence than the nonpartisan mass. But when it comes to questions of economic organization, of cultural activity, or concerning the mode of life the reverse is very often the case. ...

The higher cultural level attained by the nonpartisan workers may become a source of the greatest strength for our party and the Soviet power, but only if we recognize this important phenomenon without further delay and if we prove able to draw the necessary conclusions from it. Otherwise this fact may become a source of numerous misunderstandings between the party and the nonpartisan workers, and however strange it may sound it may even create many difficulties for us.

The average worker who has reached a higher cultural level strives, and very properly too, to take a greater part in the economic life of his factory, to exercise his influence in the trade union and in the Soviet of the workers' deputies. Our main duty at present is to provide leadership for this movement of the nonpartisan workers, to be able to find, in cooperation with them, the best ways of satisfying these natural wishes of the workers who have grown up during the past years. ...

Our party groups in the factories must give up the practice of deciding questions concerning the management of the factories only at the meetings of the groups. The groups in every factory must begin to look upon themselves only as the Communist faction of the whole factory. This concerns also the Communist members of the factory committees, shop-delegate meetings, and other organizations. The main task of the Communist groups must be the political work for the party. Of course, it is impossible mechanically to separate politics from economics. Our party groups, as political organizations, certainly have their party interests also in the field of economics. ... But above all we must not forget that we are only a part of the factory. It is time for us to learn to fight for our influence among the mass of the workers by systematic creative work in all fields of the life of the factory. We must consider ourselves a political faction of the whole workers' population of the given enterprise. ... We still meet with isolated cases of the "autocratic rule" of the party groups in enterprises. We must strive to make an end to every manifestation of this sort of rule.

All this implies that the question of raising the cultural level of the average membership of our party groups is a question of supreme importance for the life of the party. ... We must consider with all due attention the question of the mutual relations between the factory committees and the party groups on the one hand, and between the factory committees and the trade unions on the other.

The trade unions are not taking an adequate part in the activities of the economic organs. Let us not try to find who is to be blamed for this. Let us not discuss the past. But in the immediate future the trade unions must become more closely associated with production. We can and must find the adequate form also for the control to be exercised by the trade unions over the trusts. This control will be worthless if it assumes the forms of the usual bureaucratic control. But it will become invaluable if it is based upon the participation of the nonpartisan workers who have attained a higher degree of cultural development, as was pointed out above.

Within our own party ... it is necessary to see to it that our internal party life becomes more intensive. It is necessary that the workers' democracy within the party of which we have talked so much shall become clothed with flesh and blood to a greater degree than before.

Our main difficulty lies often in the fact that almost all important problems are decided in the higher party councils before they are submitted to the bulk of the membership. This narrows the creative activity of the membership, it diminishes the activity of the "lower" party groups. It is true ... our party is built upon the principles of democratic centralism. In a country like ours the Communist Party cannot but be a strictly centralized organization. But to a considerable degree these conditions are explained by the fact that the bulk of the party membership is too far behind the most advanced sections of the party. Many of our best workers have been assigned by the party to economic or administrative work which makes it difficult or impossible for them to participate in the party work among the mass of the workers. Some comrades who have been assigned to party work are not always competent to meet the new great demands put forward by the growing needs of the masses. The party must give its fullest attention to these problems which at present assume a dominating significance.

Our conclusions, in general, are these:

1. It is necessary to strengthen educational work among the average party members. ...
2. We must meet the natural desire of the ... nonpartisan workers to participate more actively in the life of their enterprises, in the work of the trade unions and of the soviets.
3. The trade unions must become more closely connected with

the questions of production. Adequate forms of organization must be evolved for the participation of the trade unions in the control of the trusts.

4. It is necessary again to put and solve the question of the mutual relations between the factory committees and party groups on the one hand, and the factory committees and the trade unions on the other. But this question must be put and solved in the light of the new conditions of the labor movement.

5. It is necessary to wage a systematic and stern fight against the misdoings of individual representatives of the state trusts and economic workers, as well as against so-called luxury in general.

6. It is necessary to begin systematic work to swell the ranks of our party with those nonpartisan workers who are anxious to take an active part in our social life and who are really very kin to us in spirit.

7. . . . It is necessary to put into practice the workers' democracy within the party; to introduce a fuller degree of free discussion of political, economic, and other questions. . . .

. . . In this article the problems are merely stated but not solved. The real solution of the problems will be attained only as a result of a general exchange of opinions within the party. In the collective experience of our party we shall find the practical measures which will lead us toward our goal. . . .

The Economic Crisis in Russia

IN connection with recent reports about the critical situation of the Russian industries the vice-chairman of the Council of Labor and Defense, Mr. Rykov, made the following statement in the Moscow *Izvestia* of November 27:

The full freedom with which questions have been discussed concerning the temporary slow-down in trade during the harvesting of the last crop has given rise to exaggerated rumors and falsifications which have appeared in the foreign press.

In Soviet Russia every drawback not only in the organization of the exchange of goods but also in the activity of individual state institutions is discussed openly and freely. Therefore the rumors appearing in the foreign press are no more than an interpretation—on the basis of Western European bourgeois conditions—of those conditions of work and that freedom of criticism which prevail in Soviet Russia.

There has been no breakdown of Russian industry and there is none in sight. During the last two years the production of Russian industry has more than doubled.

During this year steps were taken to deliver the necessary manufactured goods into the rural districts in due time and to stimulate our trade during the fall after the harvesting of the crop. It appears now that the peasants used the crops in the first place to pay up the taxes before the terms set down by the government. The September and October sales of manufactured goods in the villages have therefore not reached the amount anticipated last spring. Since the trade organizations working in the villages received from the industrial enterprises short-term credits to be paid up after the sale of goods during the fall some of these trade organizations were not able to meet their obligations.

But beginning with the month of November the situation improved. The demand for the products of the city increased after the rural population had paid up most of the taxes and started to sell grain and other agricultural products for the export trade. In connection with this not only goods previously sold are being paid for but the provinces are sending in many new orders. Thus the business crisis is being overcome.

Concerning the situation of the factories and industrial enterprises generally, I know of only a few cases where factories have reduced production and worked on part time for a few weeks, but from the beginning of November all the factories have been working on full time.

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The Fair at Nizhni Novgorod

THE traditional annual All-Russian Fair at Nizhni Novgorod was revived by the Soviet Government after the introduction of the new economic policy, with the aim of stimulating internal trade, but chiefly to establish trade relations with the peoples of the East, particularly of Persia. The results of the fair which was closed on September 15 were given out by the chairman of the fair committee, S. S. Malishev, in an interview published in the Moscow press. Part of his statement follows:

The results of the fair have surpassed all our expectations. The turn-over in business transactions amounted to 370,000,000 gold rubles. This does not include the turn-over of internal business transactions between the cooperatives amounting to about 50,000,000 gold rubles, which have been recorded by our committee but not registered at the bourse. In all we have moved more than 400,000,000 gold rubles' worth of commodities from producer to consumer. Considering the fact that the prices have risen about 30 per cent over the pre-war level, we still have a turn-over amounting to 300,000,000 gold rubles in pre-war prices. . . . This exceeds the turn-over of the fair in 1913 when the total of business transactions amounted to only 220,000,000 rubles. . . .

The fair has played a great role in establishing commercial communications within the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. But still greater has been its role in stimulating business connections with the East, and its significance in this respect will soon be felt in our intercourse with the Eastern countries. Each day I receive telegrams and letters from Eastern governments and commercial groups pointing out the significance of the 1923 fair.

In an article *The Fair and Trade with the East* the Moscow *Economic Life* in its September illustrated supplement writes:

Nizhni has long been the center of lively trade with the countries of the East: Persia, Bokhara, Afghanistan, etc. Every year numerous Eastern traders have come to the fair by the great water route—the Volga—and brought with them raw materials such as cotton and wool, and also dried fruit, rice, caracul, various oriental goods. Here they bought the manufactured products of Russian industry: cloth, sugar, glass, etc.

After years during which Soviet Russia has been isolated, friendly economic intercourse with the Eastern peoples has been renewed. The present fair was preceded by a campaign to encourage the participation of Persian merchants in the fair operations. The chairman of the fair, Malishev, made a special trip to Persia, visiting the most important commercial centers, informing the Persian merchants of the fair and inviting them to participate. Comrade Malishev met with a warm response, and the Persian traders demonstrated a lively interest in the forthcoming event as a chance for trade relations with the Russian markets best known to them. The central organs of the Soviet Government adopted the necessary measures to make it easy for Eastern traders to come to the fair and to participate actively. At the fair the Russo-Eastern trade chamber organized a special bureau to aid the Eastern merchants. The bureau had among its members representatives of the Eastern traders.

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER has recently returned from Russia where he spent eight months as correspondent for the New York *Evening Post*.

WITTER BYNNER, widely known as a poet, has spent several years in China and has made a special study of Chinese painting.

ALBERT DE SILVER is associate director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

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SAMUEL GOMPERS has written a superb chapter into our history. His condemnation of the De la Huerta treason in Mexico gives American labor a new international standing. President William Johnston of the International Association of Machinists and Governor Hunt of Arizona, whose proclamation appears in this issue, have vigorously seconded him. But Gompers went beyond mere verbal indorsement of the Obregon-Calles regime. It is largely through his vigorous appeals to the State Department and to organized labor in the Gulf ports and along the border that arms-smuggling to the counter-revolutionists is being made so difficult. Meanwhile the wholly reactionary character of the rebellion grows increasingly plain. Its three leading generals, Sanchez, Estrada, and Maycotte, have issued a manifesto calling for a military dictatorship and the postponement of constitutional government until 1928—if they win. In Merida, Yucatan's capital, the first acts of the revolting commander were to burn the building of the Liga Central de Resistencia and to proclaim the immediate restoration of the distributed lands to the former owners. Yet the Chicago *Tribune* is already shouting for intervention and in a leading editorial entitled Mexico: Platt It, demands a Platt Amendment for Mexico reducing her to the status of Nicaragua, Haiti, and Cuba. The right policy for our Government is: Hands off! Deeply as we sympathize with President Obregon, Washington's decision to give, lend, or sell him arms as a measure of "stabilization" establishes a thoroughly dangerous precedent. It is not our

function, in Mexico, Honduras, or anywhere except in the United States, to determine which faction is stable and which is unstable.

ARE there any progressive or liberal or radical policies abroad in the land? Are there any conservative ones? Has any program appeared, to lead the unhappy voter out of the political wilderness? How is the average citizen to know what is progressive and hopeful and what is reactionary and discouraging when almost every national policy has its liberal supporters and its conservative supporters and is claimed by each as one of the tenets of his liberalism or his conservatism? William Hard raises these questions in his Washington letter in this issue of *The Nation*, seeking a way out into the light of a real and cohesive program which might form the basis of a new party of intelligent change. *The Nation* urges its readers to respond to Mr. Hard's invitation with every ounce of political and social sagacity they can command. We may be able to get on without the proffered lock of Senator Shipstead's hair, but we cannot get on much longer without a new party. The soul and body of such a party will spring from the conditions of life in America today; but its mental content, the formulation of the ideas it stands for, must come from smaller groups of alert and thoughtful citizens. Of such are the readers of *The Nation*. The results of Mr. Hard's contest will appear from time to time in our pages.

LESS than half as many men were lynched in this land of freedom in 1923 as in 1922. Tuskegee Institute reports that 46 lynchings were prevented last year by officers of the law. This is an encouraging record. James Weldon Johnson of the National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People attributes the change to the northward migration of hundreds of thousands of Negroes and to the fear of federal intervention inspired in the South by the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill. Doubtless the growing desire for better inter-racial relations in the South has its roots in these movements, but there is still work to be done. Even twenty-six violent deaths suffered for such crimes as "mistaken identity, aiding in escape, associating with white women, being in an automobile accident, remaining in a town where Negroes were not wanted, and frightening white children by walking on a country road" make an irreparable blot upon any country. And every year in the smaller villages of the South some of these bestial things go unrecorded. In this year of Klan activity fear probably kept many such crimes hidden. Mr. Dyer's job is not done yet.

WHEN the naval inquiry into the loss of the destroyer squadron wrecked near Point Honda began, *The Nation* was convinced that those responsible would practically escape punishment. That has come to pass. The commander of the squadron, Captain E. H. Watson, will lose one hundred and fifty numbers in the grade of captain as the result of his court martial, and Lieutenant Commander Donald T. Hunter will lose one hundred places on

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the lineal list. This is considered a fitting punishment for an accident in which twenty-three sailors were drowned and seven ships were totally wrecked. It is a disgrace to the service that only two officers were punished and these so inadequately. But navy court martials rarely do their duty when it comes to punishing commissioned officers. The ordinary seaman who offends gets short shrift; he is not within the charmed circle. A commander may cast away his ship, but the service's "loyalty" will save him nine times out of ten.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S release of the last of our federal political prisoners should be, as we pointed out at the time, not the end of public interest in the subject, but the beginning of a united national agitation for freeing the other political prisoners who are still in jail because of conviction under State laws. They, like the federal prisoners, were convicted not for any acts but for expression of opinion or membership in radical organizations. They were prosecuted under the criminal-syndicalism or anti-sedition laws which more than three-quarters of our States passed during the period of "Red" hysteria and violent alien-baiting that followed the armistice. These laws were largely stimulated by the infamous Palmer and his prostitution of the Department of Justice. They all violate the spirit of free speech and have not even the excuse of "war emergency" to justify them. The Civil Liberties Union lists 114 men as strictly political prisoners serving sentences for their beliefs in the States of California, Washington, Idaho, Pennsylvania, Oklahoma, Kansas, and Illinois. Agitation within these States has not proved effective in ending this meanest and most cowardly species of persecution and injustice; the pressure of outside condemnation and scorn is needed.

IN connection with the political prisoners still held under State laws, our attention has been called to the fate of five Mexicans and one American who have been in jail in Texas more than ten years. From the statements of their attorney it appears that the leader of the group, Jesus M. Rangel, had for some years previous to 1912 been a Mexican revolutionary with his headquarters in Texas, which he used as a base for organizing armed bands and conducting them across the border. In one of these expeditions Rangel and a party among whom was an American, Charles Cline, were halted by a deputy sheriff and an assistant who is alleged to have been a Mexican spy. Subsequently, the latter was found dead from bullet wounds. Rangel and his men were pursued, and those who were captured were tried, convicted of conspiracy in the murder, and sentenced to life imprisonment. The evidence that any of these men was responsible for the killing seems to have been hazy, and the fact that they were revolutionaries and "greasers" undoubtedly worked against them. Their only certain crime was violation of the neutrality laws, which would have been punishable with one year in jail. President Obregon and other Mexicans are asking for the release of these men. Whatever the facts, the prisoners have been punished enough. We hope Governor Neff will pardon them.

"BALANCING" the French budget is more a matter of intellectual acrobatics than of public accounting. "French Budget Shows a Surplus," say the headlines in

the newspapers; "Estimates for 1924 Put Balance on Right Side of Ledger at 568,000,000 Francs." This seems, indeed, extraordinary news in days when France, although unwilling to pay interest to England or the United States, is lending hundreds of millions of francs to the little countries of Central Europe for their expanding military establishments. Scott Nearing tells how the French politicians divide their budget into two sections: the "ordinary" and the "extraordinary." The ordinary budget balances; no attempt is made to balance the extraordinary budget. It consists of expenses which Paris thinks Germany ought to pay—of pension allowances and the costs of reconstruction (which, according to some French deputies, have been grossly swollen by scandalous intermediary profits). No, there is no real prospect of a balanced budget in France. The public debt on January 1, 1924, stood twenty billion francs higher than a year before; and the Ministry of Finance is proposing another loan issue of thirteen billions. No wonder the franc has just touched its lowest mark in the foreign exchange market.

LÉON DAUDET, son of the novelist, and leader of the French royalists, played a strange part in the death of his own son and in the acquittal of Germaine Berton, the "Red virgin" who had killed Marius Plateau, Daudet's subordinate in his newspaper office. There is something pathological in this vile-tongued man who has been on all sides of the political fence; his political enemies once compiled a "Directory of Defamation" in which they quoted his abuse, at one time or another, of every politician or statesman of importance in France. Pressure from his own Catholic church recently forced him to withdraw from sale one of his pornographic novels. Yet this man has power. He has forced many a man from public office; and although it was his paper which led poor Villain to assassinate Jean Jaurès in 1914, Daudet's influence obtained an acquittal for the boy when he came to trial. That fact undoubtedly played a heavy role in the acquittal of Germaine Berton. To have convicted her, after Villain had been acquitted, would have been to give effective ammunition to the orators of the Left. Daudet is in a real sense responsible for the unpunished death of his friend Marius Plateau. But his indecency is greater than that. Recently, when his own son turned anarchist and then, possibly in an epileptic fit, shot himself, the father first concealed the fact. Then, when it was revealed, he charged the anarchists with murder and actually had his own son disinterred before the falsity of his charge was proved.

IF anybody had predicted a couple of years ago that the day would come when an American citizen could not bring his wife into the United States, he would have been laughed out of countenance. He would have been told that Americans could never so lose their sense of humor—even if they did lose their sense of justice—as to perpetrate such incredible nonsense. Yet, as we pointed out recently, such incredible nonsense is not only on our statute books through the joint operation of the immigration law and the new citizenship act, but it has been specifically invoked to bar from this country Anna Lerner, the wife of an American veteran of the World War. Since we wrote on this subject, Senator Copeland has introduced a bill providing for the mandatory admission of wives of American citizens "without reference to quota or to any other provision of the im-

migration or naturalization laws." Immediate passage of this bill is the least we can do to save ourselves from becoming the butt of the whole world's ridicule; and we should add a provision making it equally possible for an American woman to bring in her alien husband.

"YES or no? Do you like our plan or not? We are offering peace in only one style this year. Those who prefer war will vote no." The Bok peace-prize committee might as well have made the announcement of its gigantic referendum in these terms. The committee's statement, given out after *The Nation* had gone to press last week, confirms the apprehensions described in our editorial, Bok—Peace or Propaganda? Whether the plan is for or against the League, whether we like it or not, the method of balloting makes popular indorsement both inevitable and meaningless. The committee unconsciously admitted this when it announced, according to the *New York World's* report, that "the remaining \$50,000 will be paid when the plan has met the approval of a majority in the nation-wide test." "Do you approve the winning plan *in substance*," says the ballot; and the small-type note "If you wish to express a fuller opinion also, please write to the American Peace Award" will pass unnoticed by most. A fair referendum would have included alternative plans.

THE tragic loss of the Dixmude brings out anew the weakness of dirigibles. In the air such craft are relatively safe; they seem able to ride through the worst storms. It is when it comes to landing that the difficulty arises; all the passenger Zeppelins lost in Germany before the war were destroyed in descending to earth. If, as is presumed, the Dixmude suddenly developed engine trouble and could not return to her landing-place, her commander was faced with a practically insoluble problem. In the lightest of summer zephyrs one of these mammoth airships floats over the land with a momentum taxing the power of 150 to 200 men to hold her. The Dixmude's commander would have had difficulty in bringing her to earth at any point, but without a landing crew to aid him he could only hope with luck to save his men while losing his ship. The mooring masts which have been successfully used by our own great Shenandoah may eventually be developed into stations of refuge at frequent intervals. But this question how landings may be made in all weather without requiring the constant presence of a large gang is causing more worry to the engineers who are planning the New York-Chicago line of night flyers than all the rest of their difficulties. It is an appreciation of this unsolved element in the airship problem which makes us doubt the wisdom of using the Shenandoah for polar exploration next summer.

EDWARD P. FARLEY'S resignation as chairman of the Shipping Board is a genuine loss to the government. The Senate was technically right in rejecting Mr. Farley's nomination because he hailed from a section of the country already represented on the board—the law specifies that only one person from a district may be appointed to the board. But as the law appears to have been similarly violated in Mr. Lasker's case with the Senate's consent and approval, one must regret that the Senate's sudden spasm of virtue deprives the government of the best chairman the board has yet had. Whereas Mr. Lasker was an advertising

agent, Mr. Farley was a real steamship man. Himself an owner and operator of steamships, he knows by practical experience the problems to be faced, and he has brought enthusiasm, common sense, and a clear-cut judgment to their study and solution, in addition to a winning personality. It is so rare that a combination like this is to be found in a man able and ready to take public office that Mr. Farley's retirement is a public misfortune.

ARTHUR GLEASON'S sudden death comes at a singularly inappropriate time. He had been the ablest interpreter of the British labor movement to this country, and he dies just as it seems about to assume power. When, during the war and after, in his "Inside the British Isles," in "British Labor and the War" (in which Paul U. Kellogg collaborated), and in "What the Workers Want," he traced the germination of the democratic industrial movement which is flowering in the British Labor Party and predicted for it the success which now seems so certain, most Americans put him down as a rosy-visions dreamer. Gleason was always thinking in the future tense; when he was an associate editor of *The Nation* his colleagues learned to respect his stubborn contempt for conventional news standards. Perhaps his greatest contribution to American thinking was in connection with the movement for nationalization among the coal miners. As in England he became the intimate friend of Robert Smillie, the British miners' leader, so here he was very close to John Brophy, long chairman of the Nationalization Committee of the United Mine Workers of America, and profoundly influenced Mr. Brophy's thinking. He was never a propagandist; he was always puzzling things out himself and questioning others, forcing them to think. His loss is a loss to the undercurrent of thinking in America which molds the future far more than the noisy political campaigns.

THE *American Mercury* has at last got itself born. Beautiful in form, stimulating in the variety of its matter, it is frankly iconoclastic, avowedly concerned with "proving to all men that doubt, after all, is safe." Its credo is consciously, carefully different from that of any of its rivals and predecessors:

[The magazine is to be] entirely devoid of messianic passion. The editors have heard no voice from the burning bush. . . . The world, as they see it, is down with at least a score of painful diseases, all of them chronic and incurable; nevertheless, they cling to the notion that human existence remains predominantly charming.

Its own pet hallucination will take the form of an hypothesis that the progress of knowledge is less a matter of accumulating facts than a matter of destroying "facts."

Neither [editor] is a radical. . . . Both view the capitalistic system, if not exactly amorously, then, at all events, politely. . . . They believe that it is destined to endure in the United States, . . . if only because the illusion that any bright boy can make himself a part of it remains a cardinal article of the American national religion. . . ."

Mr. Mencken and Mr. Nathan have taught their readers to expect of them a certain tempo which they do not always achieve in this new venture. The *Clinical Notes* suffer by comparison with the *Répétition Générale* of the old *Smart Set*. There are surprising sobernesses here and there. But these after all are minor points when "Castor and Pollux are out again."

His Majesty's Labor Government

OF profound import to all the world will be the assumption of the British Government by a Labor minority if, as now appears probable, that takes place soon after Parliament meets. The reasons lie far deeper than the mere fact that this new party to come into power bears the tag of labor. It is not, of course, simply a party of hard-fisted laborers. Its astounding rise to power is perhaps as much due to the leadership of intellectuals like Sidney and Beatrice Webb and the Fabian Society group as to the class-consciousness of the workingmen. There is here, as we have frequently pointed out, a most fortunate blending of intellectual leadership and of labor aspirations, both united in a common determination to take the control of British life out of the hands of the few, away from those fortified by special privilege, by monopolies, by inherited possession of natural rights which should be the property of all the people. The spirit of the new Labor Ministry, if it takes office, should prove a complete break with British tradition. Surely no English ministry has ever been so conscious of the solidarity of all mankind, so imbued with unselfish ideals, and so determined to improve British living conditions, not at the expense of other peoples, but through cooperation with others and by means which should benefit all concerned.

We are naturally aware that not all the members of the Labor Party are idealists or unselfish; we are aware that there are rifts within that party, cross-currents that may prove profoundly detrimental to its higher aims. We are well aware, too, of the comparative inexperience of many of those who must come to the front and of the power of tradition and established privilege everywhere to thwart reformers. We cannot forget for a moment that if the Labor Ministry takes office it will be as a minority party and that its leaders will never be able to free themselves from the consciousness that their existence as a ministry may be terminated any moment on any motion before the House against which the other two parties may unite. This is a terrible handicap, indeed, to place upon men who ought to have years in which to work out solutions for domestic and foreign problems that have been years in coming to their present menacing state. Yet we feel that even the attempt to govern one of the greatest of countries in a new spirit, and with new aims and a new philosophy, is of the deepest significance and the profoundest moment to all the world.

Just what we mean by the new spirit we may perhaps best illustrate by recalling to our readers the record of the man chosen to lead as prime minister if the Labor Party takes office. It is exactly five years ago that J. Ramsay MacDonald was overwhelmingly defeated for Parliament. He was then an outcast, almost a pariah—precisely as Campbell-Bannerman and Lloyd George had been in the days of the Boer War. A consistent pacifist, Mr. MacDonald opposed the World War, declining high office in the ministry and all the honors ensuing therefrom, to vote and work against the war. His voice was never still during that struggle in its demand for peace, upon the basis of human brotherhood and the teachings of Christianity. He was one of the minority of the European Socialists who held true to the pacifist teachings of that party whose apostasy when war came has been its undoing. Now the J. Ramsay Mac-

Donald who is about to be inducted into the highest office is the same Ramsay MacDonald. He has not changed an iota in his creed or one paragraph in his beliefs. He can look upon the European problem from the point of view of one who abhors war and will not yield a single inch to the war-god, from the standpoint of one who thinks internationally and is in no wise interested in governing England from the point of view of grab and of conquest, of iron and of oil. If he is not aboveboard in all his international dealings, then will he do violence to much that he has stood for. We cannot conceive of his regarding any problem solely from the point of view of what his countrymen may get out of it.

We venture to predict that whether it lasts six weeks, six months, or six years, the Ramsay MacDonald Ministry will carry on in the spirit of charity for all and malice toward none. So we shall consider its taking hold the very best assurance that the now threatening "next war" in Europe will be indefinitely postponed. We believe that this ministry will offer a court to which the peoples oppressed by the British militarism and imperialism of the past may repair, confident that they will receive a just, fair, and sympathetic hearing. We do not for one moment fear that it will be a class-government bent on asserting its will at the expense of other classes as classes. It cannot even attempt to put through a capital levy when it is still a minority government. We doubt if it will even have time or opportunity to dispossess the coal lords and barons and transfer their holdings to the people of England, as it ought to if it can. But we believe that the spirit in which it will go about such reforms as it may be permitted to achieve will hearten the masses all over the world and give a profound impulse to that democracy which has been so nearly destroyed by the war that pretended to safeguard it.

For us in America the experiment we are to witness must be of the greatest value, besides giving ground for boundless envy. Where in England men are coming to rule who have risen by sheer merit, integrity, and courage, and because they had a program and constructive ideas, we Americans seem destined for a presidential campaign offering no hope for advance or reform, which will be an utterly meaningless contest as to whether one group or another shall hold the offices and award the spoils. Between the two groups there is no difference; they are alike as twins; they both have the same characteristics and neither has a program worthy of a moment's serious consideration. We are destitute of leadership; in England men have come from laboratories, libraries, mines—there are forty-six miners in the new Parliament—forges, shipyards, mills, and factories, who have something to give, within whom there are the stirrings of leadership based upon the common belief that England will go down to ruin if the present order of selfishness and self-seeking is not ended. More than that, the mere fact that these men have come to the top in England will bring cheer to the conquered peoples of Europe now under the brutal heel of French militarism, to the struggling masses everywhere, as it will give pause to Poincaré himself. Their assumption of office will give the first real hope that, if they are given time, the problems of Europe may be settled, the wickedness and folly of Versailles overcome.

The Nervousness of Mr. Hughes

THERE seems to be something in the very word "Russia" which makes men who talk about it lose their common sense. Mr. Hughes and Mr. Steklov, the editor of the Moscow *Izvestia*, alike have gone up into the thin clouds of abstract discourse. The wrangle began upon the question whether the Soviet Government was today engaged in an endeavor to overthrow by force and violence the Government of the United States and to hoist the red flag upon the White House flagpole. Today these two gentlemen are bitterly debating the question whether the Moscow editor, in an article written a year and a half ago, meant to imply that the Russian Government and the Third International were at heart akin, or whether he meant that the kinship was between the International and the Russian people. For the life of us, we cannot see that it matters.

Mr. Hughes will have no difficulty in proving that there is a relationship between the Soviet Government and the Third International, and if he wants to dig into the past he will be able to prove the most intimate coordination between the two organizations. In the days when the French, British, and American governments were invading Russia from Archangel and Vladivostok, and the German Government through Poland, the Third International was born as a weapon of war. In the days when these same governments were outfitting and financing hordes of freebooting adventurers who made themselves out to be devout counter-revolutionaries, the Soviet Government continued to utilize the revolutionary movement of the West for its own national purposes. That the leaders of the Soviet Government hoped for a Western revolution, both for social and national reasons, is undoubtedly true. Chicherin would have been as delighted to see Lord Curzon and Mr. Hughes pitched out of office by angry fellow-countrymen as those two estimable gentlemen would have been delighted to hear that Admiral Kolchak or Baron Wrangel had been able to order Chicherin, Lenin, and Trotzky shot against the Kremlin wall. But what has that got to do with the present question: Should the United States recognize the Government which has been ruling Russia for six years and more and has every prospect of continuing to do so for many years to come?

Russia's economics and rulers are her own business. If Mr. Hughes wishes to, he can discover abundant reason for believing, with his own chief, Mr. Coolidge, that Russia is returning to those "ancient ways" of capitalism which he so heartily approves. For our part, we regret it. We wish that Russia had been given an honest chance to try out the revolutionary theories of her rulers. For better or worse, the change is there. But what difference does it make? Does Mr. Hughes think that divine Providence has appointed him to watch over the internal economy of Russia? Surely he is not the man to refuse to deal with a country which refuses to pay its debts; he has not recalled his envoys from France, Italy, Rumania, or Poland. There remains but one question: Is the Soviet Government at present endeavoring to start a revolution in the United States?

On this question we urge our readers to study the article printed elsewhere in this issue by Mr. Louis Fischer, who has lately returned from a sojourn in Moscow. Mr. Fischer thinks that the Moscow Government is embarrassed by the

Third International, but that it rather likes to have it somewhere in the background, partly to keep up the spirits of those who still like to consider Soviet Russia a revolutionary country, and partly as a possible weapon in case the Western governments again try to overthrow the soviets. Mr. Hughes, who seems excessively nervous, may regard that as a threat to his continued tenure of office; we regret to report that we do not. We are not interested in it, anyway. The stability of the United States Government has never been threatened by European revolutionaries and it is difficult to believe that even in his most nervous moments Mr. Hughes is afraid that it will be.

Houses orhovels?

HOUSING in America has grown not better but worse in the last three years. At least this is demonstrated for New York City by a survey just completed, and reports from other localities indicate that the situation is fairly typical. Three years ago, as a result of an inquiry into housing authorized by the Legislature of New York State, laws were passed placing certain limitations on rents and exempting from taxation for a period of ten years new construction for residential purposes. Both sets of legislation were bitterly assailed by interested parties as socialistic and unjust, and it was insistently argued that the rent laws would defeat the aim of the tax-exemption privileges by so restricting profits from building that nobody would erect houses even under favored conditions.

Experience has proved this argument to be false. Both sets of legislation have worked and worked well—but they have not worked well enough. The rent laws have saved many tenants from eviction and the more outrageous forms of exploitation, but in spite of them rents have been going up; likewise new houses have been built, but only of two sorts: expensive apartments for the well-to-do or single houses, not for rental but for occupancy by the owner. It has been found impossible to erect new apartment houses for people of small or moderate means, not because of the rent laws but because such tenants simply could not afford to pay the rentals that would have to be asked in order to return to the owners sufficiently large profits to make the investment attractive.

In consequence of this lack of building, coupled with a constantly increasing population, rents have been going up and congestion has been increasing in New York City, both at a rate that may truly be called startling. The Commission of Housing and Regional Planning has completed a survey of nine typical blocks, eight of which were reported on three years ago by the Reconstruction Commission. Some of the facts learned we referred to briefly last week. Rents show an increase of from 40 to 90 per cent, although factory wages—which are a fair test of workers' incomes—averaged \$28 a week for September, 1923, against \$28.44 for the same month in 1920. A change of tenant invariably means an increase in the rent of a given apartment. In the houses investigated, it was found that in instance after instance new tenants were called upon to pay 50 to 300 per cent more than the previous occupants. "Improvements" are always made an excuse for higher rents, usually on a scandalously exorbitant basis.

Most of the families included in the survey reported incomes under \$2,000 a year. The proportion spent for rent was 21.3 per cent. A study by the United States Bureau

of Labor Statistics in 1918-1919 showed that a comparable group (having incomes of \$2,100 a year) in New York City spent 14.4 per cent on rent. In other words, higher rents have been paid, not out of higher wages but by a decrease in the amount spent for food, education, health, and other items essential to a civilized life. Many cases of inability to give children high-school or vocational education are attributed to soaring rents.

Perhaps even worse than increasing rents is the evidence of greater congestion and the sanitary and moral evils that result. In 1920—when congestion was regarded as menacing—there were, nevertheless, 125 vacant apartments in the blocks surveyed. This year there proved to be only twenty-five. In each block conditions of crowding were found to exist such as the following: 14 persons in 6 rooms, 12 in 4 rooms, 10 in 3 rooms, 6 in 2 rooms. Families are forced to double up in single apartments, or boarders are taken in. There is no chance for privacy, cleanliness, or quiet.

What do these facts mean? Plainly, that the construction of new houses, or even the repair of old ones, for people of small and moderate means has ceased; not only that, but there is no visible prospect of its resumption by private capital seeking profits. In other words, private initiative as a means of furnishing homes for the great mass of our people has broken down. New York and our other industrial States ought therefore at once to appoint commissions to recommend alternatives. Some slight hope may be placed in cooperative building and in organizations able to raise money for homes from persons willing to accept a nominal return on their money; but such efforts are likely to be too scattered and too meager to fill the need. We must accept the necessity of State or municipal building, and it must not consist merely of a few charity tenements for the professional poor. It should embrace various kinds of housing, not to be rented at a loss but at the lowest terms possible in order to cover the cost of construction plus interest and sinking-fund charges on the money invested.

What to Do with the Doughtys?

IT was Mr. H. L. Mencken who, in the course of his invaluable researches into the curiosities of American life, discovered the redoubtable Professor Leonard Doughty of Austin, Texas. In the *Alcalde* of Austin, Doughty had fulminated against the newer literature not only of America but of the world, and in a weighty and compact article in the *Literary Review* Mencken set forth that Doughty had, in the great words of Dogberry, written himself down an ass. This was self-evident to some as soon as the words of the eloquent Doughty were exposed to their eyes. What, however, of those to whom the mental outfit of Doughty did not so immediately reveal its true character?

They exist; they swarm over mountains and prairies. They are not always devoid of intelligence. The *Dallas News*, which carries, once a week, a not altogether despicable book page, calls Doughty "a critic whom lesser men may well fear." Yes, Doughty is mighty. He represents the critical reactions of the Ku Klux mind, the belligerent sense of election cherished by vulgar and ignorant men. Like these he has a shattering sense of inferiority, for which

he compensates by an insane exaltation of himself and his kind.

These terms are mild enough if one takes the trouble to analyze a little the central philippic of Doughty as quoted by Mr. Mencken. Our modern literature, according to the Texan, is the result of the "nadir of sordidness or moral perversion" reached by the literature of the Germans.

The stain of that yellow, bastard blood is upon much of the "authorship" of the United States. . . . The modern "authorship" that makes the "books" upon our stalls is of those dread middle races, Aryan indeed but interminably mixed and simmered in the devil's cauldron of Middle Europe, and spewed out of Italy and France, and off the dismal Slavic frontiers, and out of that dismal and cankered East, that like a horde of chancre-laden rats are brought to swarm down the gang-planks of a thousand ships upon our shores.

Thus, in one sentence, Doughty destroys the world. It is foul. Only America is clean—and only white, Protestant America.

Nothing can be done with Doughty. Something can, perhaps, be done with the people who hold Doughty's general views in a less virulent and morbid form. We are not altogether guiltless of the ease with which they yield to these particular fallacies. They think that Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson are corrupt and wicked men who deliberately and coldly manufacture sinful books for sale. We know better than that; we know that art, when it is truly art, is inevitable expression, that it obeys an unanswerable inner voice. But have we ourselves—liberal critics, editors, thinkers—been wholly guiltless of creating in life the groundwork and foundation of the violent moralistic superstitions of the Doughtys?

We set them a bad example by our little cowardices, our unobtrusive evasions. We shrink from noble and creative living; we speak softly of the incomparable achievements of the German genius; we apologize for the strength and veracity of the most notable writing which, since Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman, America has produced. In brief, the intellectuals of America have an inveterate habit of cat-like treading. They mask that tread as fastidiousness, as aloofness, as objectivity. It is nothing of the sort. It is prudence; it is fear of the Doughtys next door and across the way.

In the life of the spirit he who is prudent is lost. He who counts the cost has already stripped himself of his all. In these matters there must be no regard for any Doughtys nor for anyone's prejudices, nor for anyone's feelings. The life of art and thought is betrayed by even a consciousness of allegiance. Identification with it must be complete; questioning of its nature, freedom, aims must be unthinkable. Doughty and his followers are not unconscious of our apologies, our underemphasis, our strange internal dissensions. People who think are a minority in every country. There are Doughtys in every land the sun shines upon. But except in America even the peasantry is a little ashamed not to laugh at them. Here we are deadly solemn. Why shouldn't it be so, when our most intelligent and liberal papers discuss the morality of Sherwood Anderson, wonder whether a limited censorship would not be wise, call Hauptmann depressing and Bataille brilliant, and pretend to have soot in their eyes when some one strikes out for the necessary freedom of a humane and honorable life? To jeer at Doughty is not even to touch him. We can destroy him only by purging our souls of all in them that resembles him.

What Is Progressivism?

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

I HEREWITH offer a lock of Senator Shipstead's hair to the person who will provide the best and most useful answer to the question: What is "progressivism"? The public necessity for this nation-wide epoch-making prize contest is as follows:

In each house of Congress we now have a "progressive group." At the core of it in each house there is the Republican Party of the State of Wisconsin. In the Senate this core is Robert Marion La Follette himself. In the House of Representatives it is ten La Follette Republican Wisconsin congressmen.

Additionally in the Senate and in the House of Representatives there are various wrappings around this core. The first wrapping consists of senators and of representatives who are so "progressive" that they belong to the progressive group and act with it steadily. Among such senators may be mentioned Brookhart of Iowa and among such representatives may be mentioned Woodruff of Michigan.

The second wrapping consists of senators and of representatives who belong to the progressive group but act with it only part of the time. Among them may be mentioned Senator Capper of Kansas and Representative Schall of Minnesota.

The third wrapping consists of senators and of representatives who esteem themselves as "progressives," but who do not belong to the progressive group at all. Without belonging to it, they nevertheless go about wearing the progressive label. Among such mavericks of the progressive fold may be mentioned Senators Johnson of California and Norbeck of South Dakota, along with Representatives Kelly of Pennsylvania and Rathbone of Illinois.

Finally there is, for instance, Senator Medill McCormick of Illinois, who by championing the budget system became the author of the most useful practical measure for the improvement of governmental administration in this day and who now, by championing the federal anti-child-labor constitutional amendment, is about to become the chief legislative author of the most broadly useful federal social reform likely to be enacted by this Congress. He is also the Senate's most drastic champion of enlarged inheritance taxes. It happens, however, that he is regarded by the core of the progressive group and also by all of its wrappings as an alien.

Moreover, it appears that McCormick is in favor of a bonus to ex-soldiers and it would accordingly appear, if McCormick is a conservative, that the bonus is conservative. This supposition regarding the bonus is increased by the fact that Senator Borah is anti-bonus. Borah is a progressive and it must be (must it not?) that the bonus is therefore conservative and even reactionary.

At the same time it is perfectly clear that the bonus must be progressive. Robert Marion La Follette is in favor of it. So is Hiram Johnson. And Calvin Coolidge is against it. This proves that it is progressive.

A similar clarity in the matter of the meaning of progressivism can be observed in the field of the tariff. La Follette and Borah opposed a high tariff. This proves that a high tariff is reactionary. Senators Brookhart and

Ladd and Frazier, however, are trying to get the high tariff on wheat made higher. This proves that a high tariff is radical.

Senators Borah and Shipstead are vigilant enemies of bureaucracy. They are distressed to see federal employees multiplying like locusts over the land. Senator Norris of Nebraska, however, an indubitable progressive, goes in for large governmental endeavors in the buying and selling of farm products.

The use of governmental money for the rescue of farmers is sometimes thought to be a proof of progressivism. The difficulty in accepting that proof is that by the same line of reasoning it would be possible to prove that our present "revolving fund" for railroads is progressive. Large sums of governmental money have been loaned out of that fund to railroads during the last few years to rescue them from their troubles. I shall be unable, as a judge in this prize contest, to admit that the Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic and the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient railroad companies are illustrations of the operations of progressivism simply because they have been permitted in their poverty to borrow money from the federal Government, while I in similar circumstances have to persuade a banker.

What the judges in this contest will require is that the contestants shall lay down the philosophic difference between "progressivism" and "conservatism." It will not be enough to say that the government shall make the taxpayer work for a certain class just because the taxpayer is already made to work for a certain other class.

Nor, I may add, will it be enough to pick on some one special problem and elevate it into the total salvation of humanity. Senator Shipstead, on being reproached by me the other day on the failure of the progressive group to come forward with an agreed bill for the improvement of our well-known "agricultural depression," remarked:

"The trouble is that it is like the blind man and the elephant. Grasping his tail, some of us say that he is like a snake and that the way to solve him is through railroad rates. Fondling his ear, some of us proclaim his resemblance to a fan and declare that the only way of solving him is through the Federal Reserve Board and the control of credit. Grasping his legs, some of us undertake to say that he resembles a planting of large trees and that what is needed is an ax to be laid to the roots of the high prices of the commodities which the farmer has to buy. Everybody is perfectly sure of a leg or an ear or a tail, but nobody yet has a picture of the elephant."

The purpose of this prize contest is to develop a picture of the elephant in the matter of agricultural improvement and in the matter of all other improvement nationally and socially considered.

The definition which will win the prize will be one which will clearly show to every citizen of the United States whether he is a progressive or a conservative. This will be an inestimable boon to the whole country politically and conversationally. When a candidate arises on a platform to commend himself to the electors, somebody in the audience will at once read off to him the definition of progressivism,

as in this contest developed and adopted; and the candidate will instantly have to choose between running as an authoritative standard-bearer of progressivism or as a confessed adherent of conservatism or worse.

Imitating the managers of the Bok peace plan prize contest, I intend to choose as judges a set of persons whose opinions I absolutely perfectly well know beforehand. Unlike Mr. Bok's managers, however, I intend to have a set of judges who are not overwhelmingly in favor of the League of Nations or of federal financial aid to farmers or of any other one theory of peace or prosperity. My judges are going to be persons of diverse views.

I ask my readers to remember that we are going into a national election in which there is a certain chance that progressivism may step forward as the organizer of a new party. I ask them to remember that while this party may be relatively small this year it may grow into a great party if it is based on a sound philosophy and a clearly defined and readily understood distinction between itself and the older parties already existing. It is not out of mere flippancy that I suggest to the readers of *The Nation* an effort to try to find out—and to try explicitly to say—just what

progressivism is and just what it is not. No new progressive party will get very far simply on a grouch or simply on a fad. It will need two things: a point of view and an outstanding issue illustrating that point of view.

Here accordingly I ask my readers: What is that point of view? I ask them what *is* it—what is it in *essence*—to be a progressive?

If they all of them are stumped, and cannot reply, I will print the answer myself. If I hear from them, at the Washington office of *The Nation*, 505 Albee Building, Washington, D. C., I will submit their suggested definitions to Robert Marion La Follette, who ought to know what progressivism is, and to Senator Reed Smoot of Utah, who ought to know what it is not. Any answer that gets through that sieve ought to be a good answer. It ought to be non-partisan and realistic. If the two judges should by any chance disagree, I will make the decision.

In truth, being myself somewhat puzzled as to what progressivism is, I herewith invoke as a jury the country's corps of greatest experts, longest trained, and most zealously informed—namely, the readers of *The Nation*. I clear my desk and await the answer.

Building the National Lie

By JEAN DE PIERREFEU

(This article is taken from a book by M. de Pierrefeu entitled "Plutarch Lied," to be published in the United States by Alfred A. Knopf. The author was a lieutenant of reserves in the French army during the war attached to General Staff Headquarters, where he wrote the official communiques and was responsible for the dispatches from the front given out to the press.)

THE belligerents in the Great War did not ask their propagandists, disguised as historians, to be either loyal or truthful: they asked for the direct contrary. To understand the difficulties which the historians of the future will have to surmount when they come to write the history of the Great War, it is necessary to understand the nature of this institution of propaganda. I believe that in no previous century has reality been so openly travestied as in the period through which we have just passed. The tremendous struggle between two groups of nations necessitated the employment of every means both of attack and defense. The "moral arm" could not be neglected.

To gain the sympathy of the neutrals, to obtain from them the material support which was expected of them, while persuading them to withhold it from the other side, to succeed in the end in launching them in their turn against the enemy—such were the various aims upon which each of the two groups of allies concentrated their activities.

With a due regard to the question of being in the right—strange, indeed, in this unloosing of brute force—each side was in the first instance zealous to place the onus of having been the aggressor on its adversary. But since, in the decisions of nations, interest prevails over sentiment, it was essential for each belligerent to prove himself the stronger in the eyes of the neutrals. Thus from these two motives there developed two kinds of propaganda, parallel but contradictory, which for a long time kept the neutrals hesitating and perplexed.

The Germans, better prepared than we were at the start, and induced by temperament and by education to accept the

national lie, showed us the way. With a rare insolence, their agents all over the world spread the most tendentious rumors; their communiques, supported by telegrams, wire-less "news," newspaper articles, pamphlets, and tracts, presented the course of operations in the most favorable light. The Allies, in their turn, gradually instituted a vast network of propaganda inspired by the same necessity of emphasizing successes and minimizing reverses. In every country the intellectuals were called upon to furnish arguments in this new kind of war. The world became like an immense Sorbonne, resounding to the noise of controversies, denials, replies, and explanations. In those four years the human brain enlarged its paraphernalia of sophisms and quibbles more than it had done during several preceding centuries of brilliant civilization.

In this struggle France showed that she was the intellectual nation *par excellence*. She realized at once that the systematic lie might easily be of disservice to her interests. What mattered above all else was to win the confidence of the neutrals, to make them sure that our information was true. For this purpose it was necessary to avoid a blunt denial of matters of actual fact, against which even the most audacious falsehoods will not prevail. There was a subtle art in our propaganda: Ludendorff himself has bitterly admitted its results. The natural vulgarity of the Germans, their lack of taste, their cynicism, and their contempt for the niceties inevitably incited them to exceed the bounds of plausibility. In reality the greatest of our advantages came from our opponents; for most frequently our task was simply to emphasize their inept impostures. The common sense of the nations themselves did the rest. But, however honorable the French share in this campaign of persuasion may have been, its productions have no pretensions to being a supplement to history. This is easily understood. The historian, in obedience to a disinterested sentiment, forces himself to portray events in an exact manner. He loosens the chain of cause and effect. Placed

above the protagonists, he favors neither the one nor the other, but he ought to enter into the mind of both, in order to scrutinize their actions from within and from without. His final aim being to make clear the lesson to be learned from the facts and the meaning of events, he is not afraid either to do justice to the enemy or to emphasize the mistakes of his own country. This latter task, if he wishes to remain above the foibles of men, he must fulfil in the spiritual interest of truth: he carries it out even more conscientiously if he is zealous for the interests of his own country. This is the only kind of patriotism which is permitted to the historian. Such an attitude was not fashionable during the war: the necessity of winning came before any other preoccupation. But unfortunately we have got into the way of prolonging such ambiguity beyond the time when it should be permitted.

Propaganda at home, intended to sustain the morale of the nation, could count upon admiration without reticence or restriction. How could one keep the nation confident unless one could persuade it that everything was going well, that its leaders were without blemish, that everything which was undertaken succeeded? The censorship came to the assistance of the propagandists, toning down the zeal of the critics or else suppressing them altogether. Hence arose an official optimism, a process of wheedling, the habit of exalting merit above its true worth, of concealing what was ugly or mediocre, of excusing errors; and hence, again, a kind of freemasonry of indulgence and blindness, calculated to prevent an accurate view of the situation and to atrophy common sense.

It can be understood that those who benefited by this wonderful optimism became accustomed to it and therefore unable to recognize the truth. During the war, to speak frankly, to give evidence of possessing the critical spirit, as did Georges Clemenceau during the three years when he was only a journalist, was equivalent to being regarded as a danger to one's country. It was useless for him to justify himself, to affirm his zeal for the public well-being and his passionate desire to see the nation shake itself free of routine and galvanize all its energy toward victory: he was execrated by the Staff and abused as a defeatist. His paper, *l'Homme Enchaîné*, was frequently seized and confiscated in the armies, on the ground that it was guilty of demoralizing the troops and furthering the plans of the enemy by ruining that blind trust in his leaders which is indispensable to the soldier. But was not this equivalent to proclaiming the outstanding virtue of the lie? As if the spectacle of the mistakes which were made and the deplorable abuses which were so abundant in the course of the campaign were not sufficient in themselves, had they ever been fully known, to spread discouragement among the fighting men! That Germany finally became panic-stricken was largely due to the fact that the critical spirit, under the iron hand of Ludendorff, could not break through to the light. Once facts could speak, the tissue of lies, official and military, was revealed as powerless to persuade the Germans that all was well.

But it will be remembered amid what a babel of curses the voices of truth had to enforce a hearing. The "good fellows" never ceased to cry: "Sacrilege!"; the High Command said that its task was being made impossible; the censorship thundered its denunciations. The politicians became an object of public contempt because of it. Clemenceau alone, by virtue of his vigorous action as head of the

Government and as a reward of victory, managed to obtain total absolution for his past lack of discipline.

This obliging spirit, this patriotic modesty, this wish for admiration at all costs have not disappeared. Even nowadays whoever attempts to judge the men and the circumstances of the Great War is still regarded as contemptible. Because the struggle ended in our favor we have forgotten those evil days when, with victory turning her face away from us, we took stock of our inadequacies and our weaknesses. An incredible conspiracy exists in France at this very moment. No one dares to write the truth. It is no more than whispered, and when someone or other breaks the pact, people disown him rather than recognize that he is right.

For my part, the spectacle makes me indignant. And I have reached the point of saying: Of what use were so many sacrifices?

I have no respect for that kind of patriot who, under the pretext of putting his country on its guard against the lethargy of common sense, loads it with reproaches and unites his voice with those of its worst enemies. One must avoid extremes. The search for truth must be undertaken calmly. One cannot, it is true, even by exercising wisdom, moderation, loyalty, have the least hope of soothing the irritation of inveterate optimists or of ferocious defenders of the official truth. For these are not to be convinced. Those who meddle with the edifice of legendary history, that marvelous romance of pure glory and easy genius which—according to the theories of those propaganda agents, Plutarch and other inventors of the Lives of Illustrious Men—is unfolded, devoid of all shadow, by dint of miracles and the lightning strokes of genius, ought to realize that no distinction will be made between them and those who insult their own country. This sad fate awaits them because in a matter which is essentially military they have tried to introduce common sense and a spirit of criticism.

The history of the war, as it is concocted today, depends upon material which has a military origin. Now one need go no further than to discover that the realities are toned down. I have already said that at the height of the struggle it was important to sustain morale and to *seem* victorious. All the documents drawn up during the campaign bear the mark of this preoccupation. Not that the truth is omitted from them, but it is so cleverly concealed that at first sight one is not able to discover it. I have quoted at length in "G.Q.G. Secteur I"* an official paper in which it is shown that Verdun was not a surprise for the High Command and that all dispositions to meet the attack had been arranged beforehand at leisure. In "L'Offensive du 16 avril" I have given General Nivelle's report to the Government, in which this disastrous operation was glorified as a brilliant success. It is enough to read the memoirs of Ludendorff and Hindenburg to realize that the position is the same among our late enemies. The military mind does not regard things in the same light as the historian. The documents drawn up by the staff are intended to screen itself and not to bring out the truth. By virtue of these documents, it happens nearly always that in some regrettable affair both chiefs and subordinates seem entitled to congratulations. Whether orders were of any value, and whether they were given at the right time and place, are details into which the Staff does not enter. I am not in the

* The author's first book, a collection of military reminiscences, attacking the methods of the French High Command.

least afraid to say that one cannot accept what emanates from the Staff without a most searching criticism. By simply reading them through, one gets the impression that everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. In the whole series of communiqués there is not a single one which does not infer success, and does not imply, in its very mode of expression, a certain satisfaction, however disappointing may be the facts which it contains.

History, given the links of a certain chain of facts, joins them together afterwards in a logical way. It is an abstract science which has only a distant bearing on reality. An historical account is always a transcription from the real. It is quite natural that this work of abstracting and arranging becomes more delicate when those who carry it out are directly interested in it. Already, under these influences, the history of the war has undergone modifications which, though they are easy to detect now, will be impossible to perceive ten years hence.

The slow transformation of historical events takes place in the form of embellishment. Each nation creates an idealized image of itself which its citizens unconsciously carry about with them and which is gradually built up in the course of centuries. This embellished image represents what the nation would like to be, the ideal to which it desires to attain. In its more pathetic periods the nation sometimes tends, by a noble effort of will, to approach this ideal. Every story which reflects the image is declared true, and every man who appears to be of a type more or less approaching the ideal is admired without reserve.

Hence, certain national defects are exalted above the most solid qualities. The man who is the incarnation of the brilliant faults of his race is, unfortunately, more popular than he who is the incarnation of its useful aspects. Mangin and Pétain furnish a perfect illustration of this. He who is, with Joffre and Foch, the great craftsman of the war, enjoys a personal prestige infinitely less than the intrepid general whose name is synonymous with attack, with the *furia francese*.

History has not been evolved like psychology. When the latter, in order to get closer to reality, was including within its range the facts of semi-consciousness, history still remained in the stage of abstraction. The historian, favored by being thus behindhand and working on materials which are already the result of a simplification, of a filtering of reality, traces his pattern of events and his historical line, but omits, because they are exceptions, a mass of facts which are often of capital importance.

For a great length of time history has been the military history of nations, just because in this domain the primary aim is to simplify and on no account to become embarrassed by holding too close to reality. The result alone is of importance: and the result is attributed directly and entirely to a few eminent personalities, "representative men," as Emerson called them, who are drawn as ideal and as in harmony with their deeds. The same thing happens in political history: and hence comes that long line of statues, painted either black or white, which are the landmarks of the past.

With what zeal have those who undertake to write the official history hurried back to simplification and idealization, in their eager desire to safeguard the national interest, to avoid wounding our *amour-propre*, and to exalt our country!

What a ray of light is given us by the works which have appeared in such strange haste! But should history be

written for the *beati possidentes*, with a view to keeping the people to a certain way of thinking and creating useful idols for it? Instantly the whole historical edifice of past ages appears to us as suspect.

Plutarch lied—either to order, or through artlessness, or because he was afraid! Great men, if I may judge them by those whom I have seen with my own eyes, are not as the historian makes them out to be. We need actual experience before we can realize that there is a gulf fixed between historical reality and history.

What Mr. Hughes Needs to Know

By LOUIS FISCHER

AT a public meeting last winter in Moscow Trotzky stated that there was very little chance for a communist revolution in the United States. At about the same time Karl Radek, who has come to be known as the Third International's arch-propagandist, told the writer that "revolutions cannot be transported in suit cases." Neither pamphlets nor money, he explained a moment later, can produce a revolution in a country where the objective facts are not likely to bring that revolution to the point of precipitation.

From November, 1917, till the end of 1920 the Bolsheviks were convinced that the world was ripe for an international upheaval engineered by advance-guard proletarians. During that period the Soviet Government felt, and its leaders often reiterated, that it could not exist side by side with a hostile capitalist world. One or the other must go, and they were intent on making the other go. Accordingly they spent much time, energy, and money in attempting to further the world revolution.

Internationalism reached its climax in the Russo-Polish war of 1920. The decline was immediate and precipitous. Russia today is no longer prepared to pull revolutionary chestnuts out of the fire to its own hurt. The slogan now is, "Russia first." Many Bolsheviks feel that they must intrench their own position before they try to extend the revolution. In fact, there is a growing feeling that unless they make a success of the task they have undertaken in Russia no nation will be willing to follow their example.

There are other elements in the Russian Communist Party (which controls the Russian Government in the same way as the Republican Party controls the present federal Administration in the United States) which insist that if no international revolution develops within, say, the next ten or fifteen years the Soviet system will be modified beyond recognition and assume the form of a half-radical regime much like that of New Zealand or Australia. Radek once wrote this sentiment into a pamphlet. Rather than risk such moral defeat Radek, and with him Bucharin, Zinoviev, and others, would stake the safety of the Russian regime in order to effect a revolution in some European countries.

Between these two points of view—the national and the international—there is a constant struggle in the Communist Party. The proponents of the international viewpoint are too weak to determine the actions of the Russian Government (though sometimes when their case is good they score a victory) but they are strong enough to keep the Communist International alive and to extract some minute measure of aid for it from the Government.

The German situation last summer and autumn mirrored these divergences. Those who were close to German and Russian affairs were convinced that the Russian Government did not want a Communist revolution in Germany. Much of the editorial writing in the *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, and of the orating in Moscow and the provinces, which might have led one to believe otherwise, was for home consumption—the Communist leaders dared not permit their revolutionary elements in Russia to suspect them of betraying the international revolution. Part of the Third International's exchequer probably was put at the disposal of the German Communist Party, but it failed to gain that without which it would have been folly to try a revolution: the promise of support from the Russian Government. (Speaking of the possibility of a German revolution, Trotzky said to Senator King: "In any case, we certainly should not intervene in any internal civil war.") And even Radek, who felt that the situation called for a revolution, was not certain that the German Communists could carry the day unaided; for a time therefore he flirted with other non-Communist German revolutionary forces.

The Russian Government withheld its support because it had too much to lose from a German upheaval. Had the Germans succeeded in setting up a Communist regime Russia would have been called on to send money and food; had serious consequences developed (if, for instance, Germany had been attacked by a foreign counter-revolutionary force) the Russians would have been obliged to overrun Poland and march the Red army to the defense of their German comrades, which might have meant a war with France and a general European imbroglio. Moreover, an upset in Germany would at least temporarily have paralyzed its industrial life and thus interfered with the importation into Russia of large quantities of machinery and supplies which are indispensable to the process of economic rehabilitation to which the Soviets are bending their every effort.

Here was the Communists' "best bet." All were agreed that at no time had Germany been riper for a Left revolution and at no time was it more likely to succeed than in the summer and autumn of 1923. A word from the Moscow Kremlin would have started the revolt; but that word was not forthcoming. The only word to the German Communists came from the Communist International's headquarters just outside the Kremlin, but that was not sufficient.

If then the Russian Government did not favor a revolution in Germany where all the objective factors in the situation were propitious, how far-fetched is it to speak of a Russian attempt to precipitate a revolution in England or France, or, of all places, in the United States where capitalism is young and virile, the labor movement weak and conservative, and the Communists a handful. (In Germany there are more organized Communists than in Russia.)

Nevertheless the Third International talks world revolution—that is its stock in trade. In the first half of the revolutionary period when the Soviets were convinced that for them it was either "world revolution or death" the Communist International was a convenient instrument through which propaganda could be conducted. Then the Government seconded the efforts of the International. But at present, when Moscow seeks to enter into diplomatic and commercial relations with all capitalistic countries, when it has decided that it can exist side by side with these capitalistic countries, the Third International has become an impediment and an encumbrance, from which the Soviet

Government has clearly been trying to disassociate itself.

The last congress of the Third International (Moscow, November, 1922) received notoriously little attention from the Government. Stalin, Kalinin, Dzerzhinski, Kamenev, Chicherin, Krassin, and others of the very highest government officials did not participate in the proceedings; some did not even attend a single session. Lenin came once and talked Russia but not world revolution; Trotzky, having told the congress that a world revolution was not imminent, made one address in which he expressed himself more bitterly against Mensheviks and Social Revolutionaries than against the capitalist nations. These men have ceased to be merely Bolsheviks—they are bolshevik statesmen and diplomats, which is quite another thing. The Russian leaders were forced, by reason of the destruction wrought in the country by intervention, blockade, and the effects of their policies, to adopt a nationalist program which was not only incompatible with the International's policy; it was anti-International. When to send the Red army to Germany might have meant the setting up of a Communist regime in Poland and Germany and perhaps the precipitation of red revolts in other countries, the Red army remained at home because the venture would have been expensive for Russia. When Fascism conquered in Italy, the Bolsheviks, with an eye to fortifying Russia's diplomatic position, flirted with Mussolini for de jure recognition instead of doing the communistic thing and declaring war to the knife against him. There are many more instances to show that the Soviet Government, the creature and tool of the Russian Communist Party, is pursuing a policy diametrically opposed to the fundamental and most important principle of the Communist International: the promotion of the world revolution.

This assuredly is an anomaly; the Russian Communist Party, the most important component part of the Third International, pursues a policy antagonistic to that of the Third International. But it is no greater an anomaly than a Communist party which permits and even encourages private capitalism. Through the Russian Government the Russian Communist Party is negotiating with oil trusts and with imperialists; its representative kisses the hand of the Pope's emissary, and boards a battleship to bow to a king. This is the curse the Bolsheviks brought upon themselves when they became a government. It is an anomaly and it is incongruous, but it is a product of necessity. In the same way the Russian Government's renunciation of the ways of the Third International is the product of necessity. In their heart of hearts the Communists have no more given up the hope for an ultimate world revolution than they have forever renounced socialism in Russia. But they realize that for a protracted period both the world revolution and Russian socialism must be shelved.

It is the price the Russian Communist-Nationalists are willing to pay in order to help Russia back to its feet. Whether they will be willing to continue to pay the price and whether the Communist-Nationalists will maintain the upper hand over the Communist-Internationalists depends to a very large extent on how much Russia gets for the price it pays. If by the victory of the moderates Russia wins trade and recognition and peace they will not consider the cost too excessive; if it brings them nothing but recrimination, criticism, and a continued diplomatic blockade they may act like the bad boy who feels that if he isn't being rewarded for it there's no use being good.

American Warships and Chinese Money

By MA SOO

IT is claimed by the United States and the other Powers that in sending warships to Canton they have only done what is required of them by treaty for the proper protection of the revenues of the Chinese customs. This claim, however, is not borne out by the facts of the case. The Canton Government has never sought and is not seeking to interfere with the customs revenues earmarked for the payment of the Boxer indemnity to the foreign Powers. Nor is it questioning just now the right of the foreign Powers to control the Chinese customs, although as exercised at present that right cannot be justified by the terms of the Peace Protocol of 1901.

What the Canton Government demands and insists upon is that after the Powers have deducted the proper share from the customs revenues required for the service of foreign debts charged on the customs of the whole of China, the surplus funds of the Canton customs should be used for the benefit of the people and government of Canton and not be given over to the Peking Government to make war on the Cantonese people. The Canton Government contends that this is an act of simple justice.

The foreign Powers are concerned with the Chinese customs revenues only in so far as these revenues are used for the payment of the Boxer indemnity and certain foreign debts charged on the customs. They are not concerned with what is left over after they have received the payments due them. How these surplus funds shall be employed is not a matter for the Powers to decide; it is a purely internal affair, the settlement of which lies with the Chinese people. For the Powers to dispatch warships to Canton to dictate the disposal of these surplus funds, at a time when Canton is at war with Peking, is an unjustifiable intervention in the interests of one faction in a civil war.

It cannot be said that the United States is intervening as required by treaty, for the matter in dispute has been shown to be outside the scope of the protocol of 1901. The Powers themselves admitted this when they permitted 13.7 per cent of the total surplus of the entire Chinese customs to be paid over to the Canton Government in 1919. This payment continued until the spring of 1920 when at the instance of the State Department in Washington it was stopped, for reasons known only to that Department.

Neither can it be said that the United States is intervening to protect the lives and property of its nationals, for both American lives and property are safe in Canton. Indeed, it will be interesting to recall in this connection that during the recent bandit raid at Lincheng when Americans were kidnapped and their lives were in danger, the American Government contented itself with merely sending notes of protest to Peking, and not a single American soldier was dispatched to rescue the victims although at that time there was an American regiment stationed at the Peking end of the railway line. And now when Americans are not even molested in Canton, the United States Government has seen fit to send six warships there, with their guns trained on that unfortified city.

What, then, are the reasons for this intervention on the part of the United States? It is easy to understand why

Great Britain seeks to withhold the surplus from the Canton customs, because British bankers have made large advances to the Peking Government and they hope to retrieve themselves from these funds. It can also be explained why France is holding up these surplus revenues, because she is trying to get her portion of the Boxer indemnity paid her in gold francs instead of francs paid at the rate of exchange fixed in 1901 by treaty. But the United States—why should its naval power be employed for the forcible collection of customs revenues from Canton so that the Peking militarists may flourish? Is it to the interest of American wireless corporations that the present regime in Peking be maintained? Or is the United States doing this for the benefit of the few Chicago bankers who have lent five million dollars to the Peking Government? Or, again, is it exerting itself on behalf of the great house of Morgan which has bought up all the Hukwang Railway bonds formerly owned by the German Government but canceled by China since the Great War?

Whatever the reasons, the sending of warships by the United States and the other Powers in connection with the Canton customs funds is a distinct violation of the Nine Power Treaty signed at the Washington Conference, in which the Powers solemnly agreed to respect the sovereignty of China. Since the Powers only recognize the Peking Government as the Central Government of China, it is with that Government alone that they should deal in regard to any alleged violation of treaty rights by the provinces. In intervening in the matter of the Canton customs surplus, the Powers have, in addition to violating China's sovereignty, stultified themselves by admitting in fact that the government which they have recognized as the Central Government of China does not really govern the whole of China and is unable to collect taxes from the provinces without foreign armed assistance.

In spite of the threatening attitude of the United States and the other Powers, with their naval demonstration in Canton waters, the Canton Government cannot allow the customs revenues collected at the Port of Canton to go into the hands of the Peking Government with which to buy arms to kill the Cantonese people. To permit this would be treason against the people of Canton and an act of self-destruction by the Canton Government. It is therefore the sacred duty of the Canton Government to prevent this money from being turned over to Peking at all cost. If, however, the Canton Government, on account of outside interference, is unable to preserve the Canton customs surplus for the use of the Cantonese people; or, if for some reason it is rendered powerless to prevent this surplus from being made use of by the Peking Government against Canton; then it will be compelled, as a matter of self-preservation, to declare Canton a free port, abolishing all import and export duties. That, at least, will save the Canton Government from being forced to give aid to its enemy.

In the meantime, the continued presence of the foreign warships in Canton with their warlike preparations is a source of great irritation to the Cantonese people. There is no doubt that with an incensed mob provoked into being by the overbearing conduct of the Powers, the landing of marines from the foreign warships in Canton will surely meet with resistance and be the occasion for much bloodshed. If that should come to pass, the United States, which has the largest naval force in Canton, together with the other Powers, must be held morally responsible.

France and Soviet Russia Join Hands

By SCOTT NEARING

FRANCE emerged from the war with a home population of 41 millions, living in an area about four times the size of New York State, and with an additional 50 millions of colonial populations scattered over four million square miles in Asia and Africa. Before the war France was rated as the wealthiest country in Europe, and the events of the past ten years have enhanced this position by weakening some of her most formidable rivals. Superficially France is both rich and powerful.

But empires are costly. France has not only the expenses of imperial administration in the colonies, the cost of maintaining a huge army, of building a great air fleet, and of supporting a navy—but also the expense of preserving imperial influence in the "kept" countries erected around Russia as a barrier against sovietism and as a possible market for French goods and French investments. Such diplomatic and financial adventures are very expensive. A recent estimate places the French loans to satellite states, made since the armistice, at 5,161 millions of francs, distributed as follows: Anti-Bolshevik Russia, 481 millions; Esthonia, 17 millions; Latvia, 6 millions; Lithuania, 1 million; Czecho-Slovakia, 574 millions; Jugoslavia, 1,795 millions; Rumania, 1,181 millions; Poland, 1,056 millions; Hungary, 1 million; and Austria, 55 millions. In addition there is a pending loan of 1.5 billions to Hungary and the Little Entente. Can France hope to carry these necessary costs of modern imperialism?

France has behind her a thousand years of aristocratic culture and civilization, of agriculture and of craftsmanship. Under the Old Regime, the rulers made merry at the expense of an impoverished peasantry. To be sure there was always the skilled craft-worker, but the peasant was and is the backbone of France, and until the French Revolution he was exploited and landless. There has been a slight decrease in the proportion of the rural population of France. In 1870, two-thirds of the population was rural; in 1901, 59 per cent; and in 1911, 55.8 per cent. In Germany, with a total gainfully occupied population of 28 millions (1907), 12 millions were classified as industrial. In France, with 13 millions gainfully occupied (1911), only 4.9 millions were classified as industrial.

The heavy industries of France, like her population, have grown slowly. The French population was 36 millions in 1871 and 39 millions in 1911 (as compared with Germany's 40 millions in 1871 and 70 millions in 1914). France's coal production between 1870 and 1910 increased less than 200 per cent (as compared with 600 per cent for Germany). During the same time her production in pig iron increased only from 1.2 million tons to 4 million tons. On the face of things, therefore, while France is a rich country in the sense of being economically self-sustaining, she is not rich in the rapid production of industrial surplus.

In view of this handicap France's expenditures during the past few years have increased with alarming rapidity. Take her taxes, for example. In 1913, they amounted to 5 billions of francs, in 1919 to 11.6 billions, and in 1923 to 23.4 billions.

The French budget adopted July 1, 1923, tells the story.

Under the French financial system there is a general budget and a special budget. The general budget for 1923 provides for an expenditure of 23.4 billion francs, of which a little more than half is for "debt service." The receipts from taxes meet these expenditures and allow a tiny surplus.

Then comes a special budget. The reports of the United States Department of Commerce show that "the total expenditures for which the French Government is responsible have aggregated about 50 billion francs annually for the past few years." Under the "special budget" there are the costs of reestablishing life in the devastated areas, the costs of pensions, and the like. Many of these costs are being charged to the account of Germany. But during the present year, unless Germany should pay an unexpected amount, the deficit on the French budget will equal more than 20 billions of francs. In other words, the French Government will be spending more than 2 francs for every one that it receives through the normal channels of taxation.

The chief burden on the French budget is the French debt. To be sure this debt consists of nothing more than promises to pay, but let it be once repudiated and the heart is cut out of European imperialism. The French debt at the present moment is approximately 430 billion francs. This amount is made up as follows:

Pre-war debt	25	billion francs
War loans	120	" "
Short-term notes	114	" "
Owing Bank of France.....	24	" "
Foreign debt	124	" "
Miscellaneous	23	" "
Total	430	" "

At the moment France is not paying interest on the \$3,340,000,000 which she owes the United States and is pursuing a similar course with England. This interest, however, has not been "defaulted." It has merely been "funded"—that is, added to the principal of the debt. If France were to pay 5 per cent on all of her present obligations, it would absorb more than nine-tenths of her annual income.

What more need be said? The French have established a great empire without having at home an economic organization capable of producing the necessary surplus wealth for financing an empire. What then is to be done? If France does not produce, she must borrow or steal. France has engaged in the gigantic game of international plunder, emerging from the war of 1914 with Alsace-Lorraine, the Saar, and important concessions in Africa. But international robbery costs money, and the French find that their total available income covers less than 50 per cent of the necessary annual outlay.

Perhaps the matter can be best stated in a series of questions:

1. *Can France demoralize the economic life of her great rival, Germany?*

The treaty did that and France is now completing the work by occupying the Ruhr.

2. *Can she become an industrial nation, taking Germany's place in Central Europe?*

Probably not. Certainly not for some time to come.

3. *How then can she retain her cherished position as first power of Europe?*

Only by robbery (exploitation and imperialism).

4. *Can she carry on this robbery successfully?*
Only by paying her debts.
5. *Can she pay her debts?*
Not unless Germany pays for the war.
6. *Can Germany pay for the war?*
No, because French policy has already crippled German economic, commercial, and financial life.

The Nationalist Party in France has embarked on a venture that is not only economically unsound, but that will destroy what is left of European imperialism as it is now undermining imperial France.

The French statesmen were forced to choose between a ruined Germany and a paying Germany. They chose to ruin Germany and by that decision joined hands with Soviet Russia to crush European imperialism.

In the Driftway

IT is not enough that American collectors make way with English objects of art and first editions of all exclusively English authors. That, in the course of ordinary living, might be forgiven, for after all man does not live by first editions alone. The latest English grievance is much more real: the supply of six-foot footmen is almost exhausted, and the Americans are to blame. Recently a royal household advertised for footmen of the proper size and not only were there none to be had, but a miscreant measuring only five feet seven inches actually applied for the job. The royal households could talk of nothing else for nearly a week: it is, of course, well known that rich Americans will have nothing but six-foot footmen; and it is equally well known that there are thousands, nay, probably millions of rich Americans. Why were the American colonies ever given their independence!

* * * * *

EVIDENTLY in this state of affairs lies cause for serious international complications. Even the Drifter can see that the comity of nations depends on things not much more momentous than this. But there are grounds for comfort both for Americans and English; "the canned-fruit kings and peanut-paladins of Hoochland," to quote the *London Daily Herald*, are not alone to blame. It seems that not all men suitable for footmen embrace that occupation, either in England or the United States; many of them go into the movies, as actors—who has not thrilled to see them?—or as the uniformed attendants outside the moving-picture theaters, equally thrilling and more colorful. War between the nations may yet be averted. And yet the Drifter is not satisfied. He deplores the lack of six-foot footmen just as he deplores the fact that the pageantry of life in general is disappearing. In modern civilization there are too many white porcelain bath-tubs and too few footmen in red and gold. The Russian Soviet Government, though it has achieved a sort of communism and aspires to more, has recognized this great truth. It dispensed with the trappings of royalty and the gilded ornaments of the church, but recently an infant was formally dedicated to communism with as much ceremony as is required to christen a prince. The parents were reported to have been pale and trembling with the solemnity of the occasion; the great audience witnessing the event sang the International fervently and religiously and tears were shed.

IT is this tear-compelling aspect of ceremony that will make it essential in any future communist state. The king may be set to peeling potatoes, and the royal heir, divested of his ermine, may try his hand at mopping floors, but something must be provided for their erstwhile subjects to weep over in unison. The red flag will do, possibly, or the martyrs who shall have given their lives for the revolution. And yet, if the Drifter should be around to observe and give advice—which, considering his advanced age, is extremely unlikely—he will suggest, as an indispensable addition to the entertainment, a striped flagpole, or a martyr's crown, or a six-foot gentleman in gold knickerbockers who had once been a footman.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

[Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.]

Two Cooperative Protests

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For once, Mr. Editor, you really *are* mistaken when you say in your editorial of October 24: "In the last three years only one building has been completed with apartments to let for as little as \$10 per room per month—and that by a philanthropic organization." You refer to New York City, where the State housing commission has been investigating emergency rent legislation. Do you not?

But there *are* groups of citizens who *have* supplied themselves with homes to live in, apartments which cost them on an average less than \$10 a month per room, even here in New York City, where the housing situation is most acute. But these are not profit-making enterprises; that's the point. They are cooperative.

There are twenty-five cooperative apartments in South Brooklyn—three erected within the last year—housing from sixteen to thirty-two families each. The purchasing of land, the erection of the buildings, the securing of funds, the administration of the enterprises from start to finish have been carried on by the home-makers themselves. No speculative real-estate corporation has promoted these projects, to turn over when completed at an inflated valuation to credulous tenants. In the apartments to which I refer the risks as well as the savings have all been assumed by the cooperators themselves.

However, this is not the case in the present housing investigation where practically all the testimony has been sought from those who build to sell or rent for profit. Of course they testify that no apartments can rent for less than \$10 a room per month today, because they represent the system of housing in which profit must be collected all along the line—by the land speculator, the loaning agency, the building contractor, the real-estate promoter—all demanding their toll.

This is the reason why cooperators, even in this crisis, can build four- to six-room apartments, whose operating charges (rents) amount to from \$35 to \$65 a month, per apartment, according to location. This is also the reason why, as their loans or mortgages are paid off, these monthly charges *regularly decrease*.

How is it that these facts are not more generally known? I believe it is because the American public unquestionably accepts private profit as the motive behind all economic enterprises. Such facts should be reassuring to *Nation* readers. It is good to know that there are groups of self-reliant citizens who are solving their housing problems; who form and finance their own building associations; and who supply themselves with attrac-

tive homes, free from philanthropy, free from graft, and free from profiteering landlordism.

New York, November 1

AGNES D. WARBASSE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been reading Victor H. Lawn's article, *The Kennels of New York*, in the number for December 19. The pictures he sketches of bad housing conditions are well done, but we have seen them many, many times; and most of us have experienced more inconveniences than we care to boast about. So I, for one, skipped very hurriedly over these descriptions and over the stories of the iniquities of the bankers, another familiar tale, to find the remedy. The heavens shriek for a remedy these days. And what did I find?

Municipal housing! To save us from the extortions of the landlords he would give us a glorified landlord in Tammany Hall! Can there still be folks in New York, writer-folks, who do not know of the munificent graft game played upon all of us, tenants and landlords alike, by the agents, inspectors, and whatnots of city pay rolls already?

There is a definite cure for the housing evil: cooperative housing. The Consumers Cooperative Housing Association of 70 Fifth Avenue is one effort toward housing for the workers without a penny of private profit for the promoters; and there are others. The possible retort that cooperative housing has not yet been tried on a large enough scale to demonstrate its feasibility is beside the point. How far has municipal housing been carried in this city, either? We can, however, go to those who have studied both kinds of housing in Europe where each has been tried extensively and ask for their judgment of the merits of the two programs, which is cheaper, which enlists the greater interest on the part of the tenants, which insures the best care of the property. Those of us who are political-minded and want some kind of a powerful institution to do things for us will perhaps turn to municipal housing. Those with initiative who prefer to face and solve their own problems independent of bureaucrats and politicians will turn to cooperative housing.

New York, December 14

CEDRIC LONG

The Fruits of Revolution

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a recent traveler in Soviet Russia and a recent purchaser of the shares of stock recommended by President Hillman of the Russian-American Industrial Corporation, I am prompted to supplement his report printed in your issue of November 7 announcing the first dividend declared by that very interesting organization.

The Russian Clothing Syndicate is all that Mr. Hillman says it is, and more. It is, as one of my Quaker friends remarked after visiting several of the factories, a "syndicate with a soul—if such a thing is possible." It follows the usual processes of trade in providing itself with raw material and disposing of its product, but in its twenty-five productive units—factories employing some 15,000 workers—it appears that the worker has a voice and finds interesting avenues of expression that have not been opened for the workers in any other land. Something of both the depth and the gaiety of the workers' life is suggested in Magdeleine Marx's story of the Russian women in that excellent Russian number of *The Nation*.

The fact that all these workers who now enjoy these very tangible and, I believe, tasty fruits of revolution lived only seven years ago in virtual industrial servitude makes the present life, hard though it may be at times, in these Russian shops the more intensely dramatic by contrast. I remember how in one clothing factory I found the headquarters of the *kult komissia* (Culture Committee) flooded one noon hour with workers inquiring of this omniscient committee about a dozen phases of the intellectual and social work of the plant. To sit in that small room and watch the eager faces coming, questioning, go-

ing, and then to think of the cold and cynical exploitation of these same workers before 1917, was to sense in a single moment, in a single scene, the change wrought in these six years.

Of course "industrial credits to Russia" through RAIC or any other corporation created for this purpose make possible just so much more breadth of life and experimentation in these Russian factories. I can think of no industries, here or abroad, where I would sooner invest a ten dollar bill or two. I know of no groups of workers anywhere who have the chance and are at the same time capable of doing so much for themselves and for the world on so little capital. Americans who have more than a platonic sympathy for Soviet Russia's great people and her social laboratory can do no better than take Mr. Hillman's practical hint and help the Russians to help themselves. For everything that he predicted a year ago has apparently come true and the picture that Mary Heaton Vorse painted in your columns of the Amalgamated's enterprise in Russia seems to have materialized. Once more the Russian realists have delivered the goods.

New York, November 13

SYDNOR H. WALKER

Both Sides

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Mr. Marvin Lowenthal's article on *Anti-Semitism* in European Universities, in your issue of November 14, I found the following phrase: "The Rumanian students demanded, with usual rioting, that the Jews be excluded from the college unless the Jewish community furnished corpses for dissection." The facts are different; 70 per cent of the medical students at the university in question are Jews, and there was not one Jewish corpse for dissection, the argument being that the Jewish belief forbids the dissecting of the dead (as if our Christian religion allows it). Then the conflict started.

I think we ought to see the question from both sides.

Cleveland, November 20

GEORGE ANAGNOSTACHE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since a practical dearth of Jewish corpses exists in the dissection rooms of the universities throughout the world and has so existed since dissection was first practiced, it is curious that only today and in Eastern Europe this dearth has become a subject of violent conflict and bloody encounter. Have Rumanian physicians recently discovered a difference between Jewish and Christian physiology? Is therefore the taboo of the Jewish religion against dissection, hitherto respected by all civilized medical schools, an obstacle to science? Unless this is so, I hardly think that the conflict really "started" in the fashion Mr. Anagnostache suggests. I suspect that the attitude of mind which registers excitement, indignation, and a sense of unfairness over the religion of a corpse is at bottom responsible; and the origin of this attitude lies in the social and political conditions I touched on in my article.

New York, December 23

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

Growing Poets

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your interesting editorial on resident poets in our colleges and universities in the issue of November 21 discusses the transporting and transplanting of such poets but makes no mention of a system we have found so satisfactory that we should like to recommend it to others—that is producing them yourself. Grace Hazard Conkling is a graduate of Smith College and is now an associate professor in its department of English, giving courses in Browning, in contemporary poetry, and in versification, sometimes referred to as the Poetry Workshop.

SMITH COLLEGE PRESS BOARD

Northampton, Massachusetts, November 17

Books

Aids to Psychological Thinking

Readings in General Psychology. By Edward S. Robinson and Florence Richardson Robinson. The University of Chicago Press. \$4.50.

General Psychology. By Walter S. Hunter. The University of Chicago Press. \$2.

Intelligence Testing. By Rudolf Pintner. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

Human Character. By Hugh Elliot. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50.

THE rapid spread of psychological modes of thinking, for the student as pedagogical discipline, for the layman in application to current interests, requires guiding appliances: texts, readings, special manuals, surveys of interesting sections and cross-sections of the extensive mental domain. The examples here assembled are typical alike of interests and contributions. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson have compiled the first source-book in general psychology—"general" as excluding the special fields and addressed to broad aspects of mental functions. What the problems of psychology are and how they are to be formulated; the nervous system and its modes of behavior; reflex action, instinct, habit; the range of sensations; the supporting processes of attention, perception, personality; dreams, language, individual differences: such are the materials of this volume. Its purpose is to provide concise and authoritative—at times suggestive—statements that will orient the general reader and the student seeker for information in the several topics.

To maintain proportion in such an enterprise requires experienced judgment. The task is handicapped in this case by the nature of the available selections, for the most part prepared for unrelated purposes, varying in scale, in point of view, in emphasis; compromise is inevitable. My chief criticism of the volume is the too generous inclusion of abstracts from articles of but temporary or controversial bearing; these have the further disadvantage that they emphasize points of limited interest, and fail to furnish the larger outlines which form the standard need of the standard reader. Considering the shifting state of opinion in many of the problems and issues in contemporary psychology, much of this is inevitable; a source-book, however, aims at a moderate longevity.

Mr. Hunter's "General Psychology," presented in a revised version, is "general" in another sense; it includes the fields of animal, applied, abnormal, and social psychology, as well as the traditional survey of the mental processes typical of normal, adult, human mentality. That such surveys meet a need is indicated by their ready acceptance. The present text is based on a teaching plan open to criticism; if absorbed or dispensed in the printed order, confusion is likely; for to plunge the novice into the intricacies of animal behavior technique, abnormal complexities, social involutions and evolutions, and later supply the knowledge and concepts needed for their digestion, invites a false reaction, if not a blank one.

Few topics in recent psychology have received larger publicity than intelligence-testing. Mr. Pintner's book combines with an account of the methods of conducting tests—the chief emphasis of most handbooks—a well-executed historical statement and a more concise and discerning summary of the results issuing from this mass of testing than is elsewhere available. What the tests tell of the status of the feeble-minded and the superior, of the child at school and the student at college, of the delinquent and dependent, of the deaf and blind, of the Negro and the foreign-born, of the soldier, the employee in general, is itself told in tables and conclusions, often tentative and with gaps at vital points, yet with sufficient positive results to make it abundantly clear that testing, though a crude instrument,

has justified the labor spent upon it and even excuses much of the misspent energy.

The value of such a survey depends upon the critical ability of the author. Mr. Pintner holds himself rigidly—perhaps too rigidly—to the objective role of interpreter of the findings. His ventures into broader conclusions and suggestions are few and reserved. A consistent and conservative attitude permeates the volume and gives confidence to the points selected for emphasis. On such general issues as the parts played by heredity and by environment, on the distinction between knowledge and mental alertness, on the issue of general and special ability, on the nature of an aptitude and the mode of its application, the positions taken are sound and helpful. The volume aims directly to place before the serious reader the essential contributions to the intelligence function that have thus far emerged from the ingenuity and labor expended upon testing; it accomplishes its purpose by an adjustment of critical and practical considerations.

As the consequence of a definite shift of interest, psychologists have settled down to a workable definition of their science as that dealing with human behavior and human nature; of the clue-words significant of the latter, "character" is the most engaging, while "temperament" may be the most basic. Disquisitions on character range from orderly gossip to erudite confusion. Despite its dragnet inclinations, the term has an accredited status in psychology, though the tolerant psychologist is not disturbed, and may be helped, by its more popular and "literary" affiliations. Mr. Hugh Elliot considers it from the non-professional approach, making "Shakespeare the greatest psychologist the world has ever known." He has, indeed, a cavalier attitude toward the dyed-in-the-wool psychologists that is out of keeping with the evident and discerning use he has made of their contributions. Discursive, eclectic, unconventional, the chapters tend to take the form of sketchy essays. The psychologist, scanning the volume too casually, would be tempted to put it aside; the loss would be his own, as Mr. Elliot happens to have the gift of psychologizing. Indeed, the book is full of keen observation and shrewd analysis, which, though often skin-deep, penetrates far enough and is distinctly stimulating.

Everywhere trends of thought and activity are seeking the stimulus of a psychological interpretation. Psychologists have invited the responsibility of guidance by accepting the pragmatic implications of their science; it behooves them to maintain a free development of the problems which their best judgment holds to be significant and profitable.

JOSEPH JASTROW

Building Lots

Weeds. By Pio Baroja. Translated by Isaac Goldberg. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

IT'S curious rereading after seven years—this trilogy of Baroja's of which "Weeds" is the central novel. Then I was a newcomer in a Madrid that had been unchanged for two or three decades, the Madrid of Galdós and the Café Suizo; the war was in its less horrible slaughterhouse stage; the first thing you did every morning was still to look out of the window to see if the great revolution had burst with the dawn; now Madrid is an Americanized town with its subway and its skyscrapers at Cuatro Caminos; soccer is taking the place of bullfights, and at last Spain is being sucked into the current of industrial life. The Pyrenees are leveled.

"La Lucha por la Vida" is the epic of a period in Spanish life, a not at all despicable period, of which the close was symbolized by Primo Rivera's coup d'état last summer. Then, in 1916, the three novels still seemed actual, fresh off the presses as a bulldog edition; roaming through the clattering Madrid streets with "Weeds" in one pocket and M. Garnier's dictionary in the other, you seemed to have the keys to every alley and wine-shop, to the iron-bound doors that opened on the breakneck stairs, with their invariable smell of scorched olive oil, of all the tenement

houses, to every courtyard and rag market. These books led you through all the back lots and bad lands and cabbage patches that filled the valleys round the city, through suburbs like Kafir kraals out along the old royal roads where great painted carts drawn by four mules tandem navigated creakily like galleons, over the bare hills of the Castilian desert with the Sierra always bright and gleaming in your face. They were the true Baedeker to that seething maze of rebellious, unkempt, louse-bitten, soaring life that was Madrid, the clotted center and heart of the peninsula. Under the thin veneer of a nineteenth-century city the old Adam was still rampant. Everything was leading to the great revolution that was to be the old Adam's victory and transfiguration. The angels and demons were spoiling for Armageddon.

Now we have seen Armageddon, the marvelous year has been laid away among the other years in the smoothing presses of history. The old Adam wears Arrow collars and Walkover shoes and the machine he was to make his own is in the hands of Henry Ford and Mussolini and other less personable marionettes. From being the actual tidings from a picket on guard "La Lucha por la Vida" has become a document and a work of art.

In spite of an unimaginative and frequently incorrect translation, "Weeds" and "The Quest," the two novels already published in English, are worthy, I think, of being set a little apart from the flood of translations out of all languages annually dumped into the receptive but expressionless maw of the American public. They are a genuine and non-literary account of an almost extinguished flare of revolt against the great machine. These humble people, Manuel, Jesus, La Justa, the Baroness, fitfully and helplessly as they stray along their appointed paths, are none of them mob minded; the old Adam glows in them at times; they are unwillingly driven to the treadmill. Their children, the inhabitants of the new white stone Madrid that has sprouted in five years, go consentingly. Business and sport, industry and prosperity are undisputed gods. The lazy, knotty-minded inhabitants of this old Madrid, contentious and noisy and fond of laughing, have disappeared like the goats that used to browse in the back lots full of shacks and beggars and little drinking dens where now straight fences of barbed wire mark off the limits of the Garden City. As a record these books are immensely valuable, and perhaps there is more than that to them. There is a dignity and restraint in the writing, a quietly distilled poetic energy that is very hard to describe. Baroja is a great novelist, not only in his time, on railway bookstalls and in editorial offices, but in that vigorous emanation of life and events that for some reason people garner up and desiccate in libraries and call literature. That's all there is to it.

JOHN DOS PASSOS

Expressionism in Art Psychoanalyzed

Expressionism in Art; its Psychological and Biological Basis.

By Oscar Pfister. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

PFISTER confines his study of expressionism to those abnormal products of the modern art movements which have aroused such scorn and derision, and which exhibit a revolutionary spirit akin to the bolshevist spirit. This art, he says, is the picturing of "subjective presentation, accompanied by total or almost total distortion of nature . . . or by suppression of all external reality." Picasso, Matisse, Picabia, the Cubists, Futurists, Vorticists, and Dadaists may differ from each other in their forms of expression, but the common characteristic of their art is the "psychical discharge." What, he asks, is the psychological and biological background of this expressionism, and what is the relation between it and art in the normal sense?

Pfister was led to deal with this subject by the method of psychoanalysis through a patient, a French artist of high accomplishment, whom the war had wrecked nervously, and who came

to him for treatment. In the course of his treatment, Pfister obtained from his patient a series of drawings (reproduced in this book) of either a meaningless or a repulsive character. On analysis these drawings yielded much material for a "history" which referred the artist's misanthropy, cruelty, and abnormal outlook on life to inhibitions having their sources in experiences in childhood. Pfister found that the artist was not interested in making himself intellectually understood by means of these drawings, but that he was attempting to satisfy individual instincts, such as thirst for vengeance, sadistic and masochistic desires, the ambition to rule, the expression of wish fulfilments. He found further that the act of objectivation gave the artist relief from his emotional sufferings, and that he hoped to attract by its means a kindred soul who would understand and sympathize with him. Finally, the work was looked upon by the artist as an attempt to realize a universe in which he could maintain and assert himself with freedom.

It was natural that the subject should interest the psychoanalyst, for the products of expressionism, while they are seemingly "disparate" in the scientific as well as the Goyan sense, are the works of men highly gifted as artists, who have deliberately chosen this somewhat incoherent method of articulation. Here are either the symptoms of a disease or the revelations of a new orientation, and Pfister feels that both conclusions are warranted. Expressionism attempts to reproduce the essential meaning of things. The painter's art presents his psychic state. An artist is more or less a man of suffering, for no genius is without inhibitions. His reaction to the world of reality is affected by his suffering, which has thrown him back on himself to the degree that he is become an introvert, inducing in him a paranoid megalomania which compels him to devalue and even to violate nature in his representations. Repelled from the external world through bitter experiences, he magnifies himself to the power of a world creator. This immense self-conceit is not vanity, but a necessary means of escape from the collapse of the lonely personality denuded of all reality. He paints from an inner necessity to relieve himself from his soul's distress and to satisfy his instincts. Often he does not know what he is painting, for he is trying to fulfil desires which are seething in his unconscious, and also to relate himself to reality. Only those can understand him who possess the psychical constitution corresponding with that of the expression, and whose unconscious speaks the same language as the artist's unconscious.

If we ask what brought this "new art" into existence, Pfister replies that it is the natural precipitation of sufferings brought on by the injustice and selfishness of our materialistic civilization. The artist has realized the impossibility of going further in this direction, and, more prophetic than the statesman, is anticipating the final judgment on our civilization of Mammon. All art, declares Pfister, has its origin in the failure of reality to satisfy man's needs. It is the outcome of suffering. Wagner could not understand how a perfectly happy man could ever be an artist. Sufferings are the results of inhibitions preventing the life-impulse from realizing a conscious relation with reality. They throw the sufferer back on himself, producing the neuroses which afflict so many, and compelling the creation of other worlds in which relief from his sufferings may be found. The expressionist is thus trying to find ways by which he may overcome the poverty of his ordinary life. Unhappily, his ways are illusory because he has cut himself off from real life. His art suffers in consequence. He is in no relation to art, if he cannot give to his own sufferings the larger significance of universal suffering, and so long as he is unable to anticipate either perceptually or symbolically a universally valid method by which this suffering can be overcome. If his work is merely his "psychical discharge," he must be unintelligible. At present the expressionist has not come to grips with life; his egotism has withdrawn him from the world. When he joins issue with it he is an anarchist, as, when he forsakes it, he becomes demoralized. He must free himself first, or he will never be able to

deliver others. However, there is a future for him. His breach with tradition, his powerful assertion of the validity of his inner compulsions, his daring demands for the satisfaction of his individual necessities will compel a fresh expression and bring about a new painting, a new sculpture, a new poetry which will deal with reality in a prophetic spirit and conquer it for man's enjoyment.

Pfister set out to give us the details of an interesting medical case; he finished by giving an exposition of art which is of far greater interest.

TEMPLE SCOTT

Thomas Hardy's Tristram

The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall at Tintagel in Lyonesse. A New Version of an Old Story. Arranged as a Play for Mimmers. In One Act. Requiring no Theatre or Scenery. By Thomas Hardy. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

IT is altogether characteristic of Mr. Hardy that he should have settled upon the Tristram legend because it was a local one. The man whose mind for sixty years or more has searched the soil of Wessex as the roots of an ancient yew tree thread the ground had only to look a little further west to find the setting of an imperishable story. Mr. Hardy does not say how long it is since he first visited the rocky headlands of Tintagel, but judging by the dedication here, to "those with whom I formerly spent many hours at the scene of the tradition," it must be many years—perhaps as many as were required, on another portion of the English coast, to convince him that he wanted to treat the legend of Napoleon's invasion. The result in the latter case was "The Dynasts." "The Famous Tragedy" is by comparison a very slight poem, but it is distinguished by beauty and intensity, and the volume in which it now appears would be worth having if only for the two drawings by the author that are reproduced—one an "imaginary view of Tintagel Castle at the time of the tragedy," reconstructing from the ruins now there the bleak Saxon walls and towers rising above the bleak sea, and the other an "imaginary aspect of the Great Hall at the time of the tragedy," with a wide arch at the further end "through which the Atlantic is visible across an outer ward and over the ramparts of the stronghold."

Either by choice or from the exigencies of his form, Mr. Hardy has compressed his action within the walls of a single room and within the limits of less than an hour's time; he has selected a moment at the end of his story when it was possible, after reviewing the long past of Tristram and Iseult, to bring their lives suddenly to catastrophe. King Mark, here a vicious and treacherous cuckold, has prematurely returned from the hunt in the hope of surprising his queen with Tristram. He finds her alone, but it is disclosed that during his absence she voyaged to Brittany, was met at the shore by Iseult the White Handed with false news of Tristram's death, and only now has made her sorrowful way back to Cornwall:

"And the seas sloped like house roofs all the way."

While the King feasts in an adjoining hall, Tristram comes, disguised as an old minstrel, having sped from Brittany at the moment he heard that Iseult had been there. The lovers have hardly more than greeted each other when another sail is sighted on the sea and Iseult the White Handed, closely pursuing Tristram, arrives to plead for his return. At sight of the first Iseult she faints and is carried off. King Mark enters behind Tristram and stabs him; Iseult stabs Mark and runs to throw herself into the sea; Iseult the White Handed is left alone to mourn.

The story is thus reduced almost to its bones, but it is not bare. Behind these hoarse and halting verses there is true harmony, and beneath this wintry exterior there is passion. "The Famous Tragedy," like all of Hardy's poems, sticks in the mind; less fluent than Swinburne's version, or Arnold's, it is equally authentic, and its concentration is perfectly in the temper of its time.

MARK VAN DOREN

Zion's Best Seller

The New Testament. An American Translation. By Edgar J. Goodspeed. University of Chicago Press. \$3.

The Riverside New Testament. Translated by William G. Ballantine. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

The Acts of the Apostles. Introduction and commentary by A. W. F. Blunt. Oxford University Press. \$1.50.

THIS season there is almost a plethora of "popular yet scientific" studies of Jesus and translations of the Gospels. Perhaps we are experiencing another of those heavily press-agented religious revivals—this time, however, one manifesting itself not in spook-chasing or Larger Life living, but in more or less wholesome curiosity as to the life and teaching of that young Jew who was crucified on Golgotha. Or perhaps the appearance of these new studies and versions so close upon each other's heels is but a coincidence. Certainly this great demand the translators have discovered for a New Testament in modern language and format is not a new and unprecedented thing; Wyclif must have sensed it already several centuries ago. People have always cried for a presentation of the Holy Writ that might show it to be the incomparably beautiful, transcendently illumined, and inevitably commanding document that tradition has made it out to be.

Both Mr. Goodspeed and Mr. Ballantine have tried valiantly to answer that cry, and if they have failed, it is only to the degree that all men must fail when they essay the almost impossible. The greatness, the utterly peerless majesty, of the Scriptures has become with most of us too exaggerated a legend ever to be quite validated by reality. So it is highly doubtful whether these new versions, despite the contemporaneity of their language and the attractiveness of their bookmaking, will do much to stimulate the sluggish recourse of this perverse generation to the Gospels. To be sure, a rippling breeze of enthusiasm may sweep through the women's clubs, and many good souls who always looked on the New Testament as a gray old thing to be shunned as one shuns a blue-nosed bore, will now discover it to be an amazingly quick and moving document, occasionally dull, often repetitious, but most of the time as "compelling" as any contemporary novel. But one must be a sanguine soul indeed to look for more.

That, however, does not alter the quality of either Mr. Goodspeed's or Mr. Ballantine's efforts. Both have produced admirable translations that are certain to intrigue even if they will not overwhelm those who regard the New Testament as holy but unreadable. Of the two, probably Mr. Goodspeed's version will be the more popular, not merely because it has been far better advertised, but also because it is the more daring in its modernisms. In it the penny of the King James Version and the shilling of Mr. Ballantine's translation rise in value and become a whole dollar—which is rather like calling a spade a steamshovel. Galatians, 5:7, "Ye did run well" according to the Authorized version, is translated "You were running finely" in the Riverside, and "You were making such progress!" in the Chicago publication. In like order, the "Holy Ghost" becomes the "Holy Spirit," and finally the "holy Spirit." It is characteristic that Mr. Ballantine should relapse again and again into the pleasant "thee-thou" of the mellower translations, and that Mr. Goodspeed should very rigorously adhere to our modern "you." But both in like measure commit the egregious error of retranslating the Lord's Prayer, and with an awkwardness well-nigh unforgivable. Save for this, however, both translators show exemplary taste and intelligence in their renditions. If either of them should, under the auspices of the Society of Gideons, do for the Old Testament what he has already done for the New, it is possible that the ubiquitous hotel-room Bible might henceforth be used for more than a paper-weight.

Mr. Blunt's little volume on Acts is part of the already familiar Clarendon Bible, edited by the Bishops of Newcastle and

Ripon; and its virtues and faults are very much those of the other volumes in the series. The editors are "conscious of a growing demand" for a new presentation of the Scriptures—not a new translation, but a new interpretation. Accordingly they present this series of studies in which the notes and comments are based on free critical investigation—with reservations. It is characteristic of most Christian scholars that these reservations become more pronounced when they deal with the New Testament, and the author of this study of Acts is no exception. He swallows the miracles almost without a grimace, assuring the reader that the author of Acts is a "serious historian who . . . used his sources with honesty and judgment," and is therefore presumed to be deserving of credence! People with a thirst for Scriptural understanding but without the stamina to take it "straight" will be amply pleased with Mr. Blunt's work. It is well and copiously illustrated, intelligible in its presentation, and excellently put together.

LEWIS BROWNE

The Book of Judith

The Sun Field. By Heywood Broun. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

HEWWOOD BROUN is too good a columnist to be a successful novelist: the column is his destined medium of expression, not merely a form in which he has done much work. In the column he functions as naturally as Paul Morphy functioned over the chess board; his novels are studied attempts. Without ever losing the virtues that make his column delightful, he fails to transform himself into a novelist.

Six days in the week it is Heywood Broun's business to express his opinions, to project his own personality: affirmations and dissent are his means of life and the breath of it. For him observation without comment is impossible. And the comment must always be edged or softened by humor. Life does not furnish him with material for literary creation so much as with subjects for argument. He has no time to climb above the conflict, he must forever be doing genial battle. He encounters new books, birth control, censorship, patriotism, girl scouts—and each encounter results in the formation of opinion. These opinions take shape quickly: they are subject to equally quick revision. So Heywood Broun comes to the novel with habits of mind that are not those of the true novelist. He is not concerned with creation for its own sake: character interests him only in so far as it offers him spokesmen or opponents, or butts for his playful humor; plot interests him only in so far as it furnishes situations for the illustration of his opinions and the exercise of his humor; description interests him scarcely at all but for its humorous possibilities; and dialogue, when it is not at the service of belief or doubt, serves too as the vehicle of fun. The traditional Four Elements of the novel are thus used by Broun in precisely the way in which we should expect a columnist to use them; and something less than a novel (in the best senses of that vague word) results.

But what does result is exceedingly entertaining; and having denied "The Sun Field" the title of novel, I am ready to state that I enjoyed it thoroughly. The enjoyment was similar to that furnished by Broun's best columns, with something added. For this additional something, one character is almost wholly responsible. Judith justifies Heywood Broun's second excursion into fiction: she is priceless.

Judith is the dauntlessly determined, intellectual, emancipated woman whose every reaction is in impeccable accord with the latest cant of the anti-canters; she is an intolerant champion of personal liberty, a self-expresser, and a Lucy Stoner. She was one of the earliest users of the phrase "inferiority complex," and she was one of the first to discover the knack of liking the wrong things for the right reasons. Beautiful and profane, she is brutal in the utterance of her convictions; and she was born to be a passionate victim of the latest hokum. A suffragist before the war, she joined the Y.W.C.A. during



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The Twilight of Democracy?

Several European countries have lately set up dictatorships: Germany, Italy, Russia, Spain.

Elsewhere this anti-liberal spirit shows itself in attempted curtailment of freedom of speech and the abrogation of full civil rights, if not by governments, then by minority groups.

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enables the thinking American to understand in its full significance the present wave of anti-democratic spirit passing over nations.

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the scrimmage, and became a practicing pacifist the day following the armistice. After issuing a counter-blast to Wilson's Fourteen Points, she took up Sherwood Anderson. "She said that he was the only man in America who brought authentic passion into fiction." And—this being the situation on which the comedy of "The Sun Field" rests—she married Tiny Tyler, home-run king of the American League. In aesthetic moments she explained this action by saying that the line of his arm and shoulder when he threw to home was finer than any thing in Greek sculpture; while in less aesthetic mood she made it clear that, having failed to persuade him to seduce her, she married him for "lust." (Just the word Judith would use with gusto.)

Whatever her reasons, and her honesty seems patent, her marriage furnishes Broun with material for decidedly amusing comedy. Synopsis would be superfluous here, and it is even unnecessary to consider the character of Tiny, since he exists as the absolute antithesis of Judith; but it may be mentioned that the "big scene" is that in which Judith refuses to be respected or to be a good influence to any man, whereat Tyler screams hysterically: "Don't ride me any more. I'll do what I want. I will respect you. You're not like the rest. God damn you! I do respect you."

On the jacket of this book the publishers have murmured something about its being "a novel of modern marriage and some of its problems." It is scarcely that. Whatever generalizations regarding marriage it may contain, and there are many, the case presented is too obviously selected and framed with comic intent to serve as support for them. "The Sun Field" is the book of Judith. It has been considered a *roman à clef*; but in the case of the heroine, at least, it would be a waste of time to attempt identification: there are so many Judiths about, however much each one may think herself unique.

BEN RAY REDMAN

Books in Brief

Horatio's Story. By Gordon King. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

Here is a smooth and tranquil novel, done with an easy and competent grasp of its materials, and suggesting that the author—when he gets hold of a story which will kindle his talent into a brighter flame—may do work of considerable value. As it stands, "Horatio's Story" has about it too much of the academic lumber which makes good scaffolding, but needs to be cleared away when the structure is complete. This is a metaphoric hint to the effect that the book is occasionally dull.

The Cheerful Giver. By Samuel McChord Crothers. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

Dr. Crothers still stands with reluctant feet where the Victorian and the modern meet, valiantly trying to inveigle the modern into Victorian reticences. The fact that he has not succeeded has not disheartened him; he continues to pour the oil of his urbanity upon the waves of an incomprehensible discontent. The things which chiefly delight him are indicated by the titles of certain of his most recent essays—"The Literary Tastes of My Great-Grandmother," "History for the Ageing," "The Leisureable Hours of John Wesley."

The Wallet of Kai Lung. By Ernest Bramah. George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

The measure of one's delight in such a narrative as this is on the basis of one's fondness for humor which is deliberate, satire which is philosophic, and action which is aloof. There is a great deal of color in this story—and an equal apportionment of Oriental calm. If these elements coincide with one's temperament, Ernest Bramah will be quite to the taste; otherwise he is inclined to be insidiously soporific.

Tut, Tut! Mr. Tutt. By Arthur Train. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

Mr. Train, himself a practicing attorney in the Court of General Sessions and elsewhere, has invented as a sort of alter

ego a quizzical old lawyer, Mr. Tutt, who is out to see justice done and who is convinced of the ultimate triumph of honesty and good intention over the crooked and greedy.

The Soul of the City. An Urban Anthology. Compiled by Garland Greever and Joseph M. Bachelor. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.75.

"When a man is tired of London," said Dr. Johnson, "he is tired of life." The compilers of this excellent anthology, fortified not only by Dr. Johnson but by the fact that everybody today is going to town to stay, have endeavored to collect the best verse in English which cities have inspired, in the hope of vindicating the unpastoral. The endeavor is significant as emphasizing the trend in contemporary literature away from country sentiment, but it is too bad that there is so much city sentiment here—so much Charles Hanson Towne, for instance—and so little of the wit which cities alone can generate. In the poetry of the age of Anne there was a mine of material from which to select—there was Gay's *Trivia*, the best of all poems on streets—but only Pope's *City Mouse* and *Country Mouse* is given. Yet no anthology is complete, and this one does what all good ones do: it stimulates the reader to complete it for himself.

Drama Christmas Rush

IN the week between Christmas Day and New Year's Day there were fourteen new offerings in the New York theaters. The audiences in the playhouses were not very large. Life was in the streets and shops. In truth the mimic world of the stage seemed a little forlorn as one came to it from the vivid crowds in the daylight. Why do the managers rush with these productions? They are probably not quite clear as to their reasons. Nothing in the theater is quite clear. The life there is intense, wavering, explosive.

It is evident that no one can see fourteen plays in the six evenings of a working week. I dropped the revival of Maeterlinck's "Bluebird." There remains nothing to say of that harmless work today. I dropped two musical shows, the one by Mr. George M. Cohan not without regret; I postponed seeing a play by Mr. Percy MacKaye at the Neighborhood Playhouse. My relations with the works of this immensely earnest writer have always been a source of discomfort to me. I have a deep conviction that I should at least respect them. I do—at a distance. Brought face to face with any of them a blankness comes over me, a vague and fearful astonishment that so much aspiration, knowledge, earnestness, nobility of intention can wrest from words no fire, magic, memorableness.

I turned to humbler things. Not to "Hurricane." It is a play by Mme Olga Petrova, starring Mme Petrova. That she is an emotional actress of striking ability I do not deny. But the plays she writes for herself are not plays; they are like her gowns—quite too terribly stunning. At the very end of this week came Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan," which shall be fully discussed hereafter. In the meantime the worthiest offerings of these mad days seem to me to be two American comedies: Anne Morrison's "The Wild Westcotts" (Frazee Theater) and Leon Cunningham's "Neighbors" (Forty-eighth Street Theater).

Both of these comedies stop rather than end and are therefore imperfect in point of structure, which is the logic of art. But anyone who remembers the ending of, say, "Le Tartuffe" will not, on this account, quarrel very bitterly with either Miss Morrison or Mr. Cunningham. What both authors have done is to turn a keen, serious, searching eye upon the substance of American life and apply to it the high-spirited yet intellectually quite clear and honest criticism which sound comedy requires.

How rare this is only an habitual attendant of our theater can know. American comedy and American farce have hitherto in the great majority of cases avoided the function of comedy

by removing both substance and treatment from the field of experience and nature into one of almost pure artifice. Miss Morrison's quarreling brothers and sisters, half-heartedly bullying father and helpless mother are immensely real, immensely concrete and representative at once, and she has given these people an idiom that falls with unmistakable veracity upon any American ear. She has written a very merry comedy in which especially Mr. Elliot Nugent and Miss Vivian Martin emphasize fine points finely and treat the broader strokes discreetly. She has also offered the attentive spectator the implied background of her comedy. What arouses our laughter and justly arouses it was acrid and painful in life. The house of the Westcotts was really a terrible one. Only, we view it in a mood of gay irony.

This method, which is the method of all good comedy except the intentionally quite artificial or polite, is admirably carried

out by Mr. Cunningham. He really views these bickering small-town neighbors, these chromo-lithograph sentimentalists with the insight and severity of vision with which Sinclair Lewis views the people of Gopher Prairie and Zenith. We laugh with Mr. Cunningham at the Hickses and the Stones and the Rev. Mr. Tulliver. And in that community in laughter there is a community of vision, criticism, aim, and ideal which made the admirable Equity production of "Neighbors" one of the most agreeable as well as one of the most intelligent experiences of the entire season. Mr. Cunningham, in addition, having now added the authorship of "Neighbors" to that of "Hospitality" may be considered as an important member of that very small group of playwrights who are fighting for a genuinely native American drama against many and heavy odds.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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14. The Evolution of Violin Music	Mr. D. Sapiro and Mr. Max'n Rose	Tues.	8:30	2/12-3/11	2.00
15. Social Psychology	Dr. Will Durant	Wed.	7:15	1/9 - 2/6	1.50
16. Russian Literature since 1900	Mr. John Varney	Thurs.	7:30	1/10-2/7	1.50
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International Relations Section

Arizona Backs Obregon

THE reverberations of civil war and revolutionary uprisings in Mexico are almost always felt across the border, but too often they have taken the form of support to the forces of reaction. An instance of this has been the long incarceration in Texas of five Mexican revolutionaries mentioned in another column of this issue. It is interesting, therefore, to see that Governor Hunt, of Arizona, in the proclamation printed below, calls for an end to the traffic in arms across the border and at the same time announces his support of President Obregon and the progressive group now in control of the destinies of Mexico.

A PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, The Republic of Mexico for nearly ten years was torn with civil strife, thousands of her citizens were killed, countless persons wounded, the women of the country suffered untold hardships, many thousands of children grew to maturity without an opportunity to obtain an education; and

WHEREAS, During the past few years, under the administration of President Obregon, Mexico has been on a peaceful basis, her Government has been recognized by the nations of the world, her business has revived, the country has begun to prosper and her citizens are enjoying the fruits of peace; and

WHEREAS, A candidate for the presidency of Mexico has again undertaken to resort to civil warfare in an effort to overthrow the present Government; and

WHEREAS, The people of Arizona, while maintaining a strict neutrality in the affairs of the Mexican Government, yet sympathize with the efforts of the Government to maintain peace in order that her people may live in safety; and

WHEREAS, There is reason to believe that arms, ammunition, and munitions of war are being purchased in Arizona for use in Mexico; and

WHEREAS, While our people have the legal and moral right to carry on commerce with whoever solicits it, yet under the existing circumstances I believe that the people of Arizona can best serve the people of Mexico, the people of the world, and the interests of our own State by refusing to traffic in munitions of war;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, GEORGE W. P. HUNT, Governor of Arizona, do urgently recommend that the business men and merchants of the State of Arizona decline to accept and fill orders for munitions of war and that they in particular decline to sell such munitions of war to aliens.

And I do further call upon the sheriffs of the various counties and the peace officers throughout the cities and towns of this State to rigorously enforce all existing laws with respect to the possession of arms and ammunition.

And I do further call upon the peace officers of Arizona to particularly observe the movements of the aliens throughout the State of Arizona, and that if they find any aliens who have entered the State of Arizona except in accordance with the immigration laws of the United States, they be immediately arrested and detained for investigation by the authorities of the United States immigration service.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State of Arizona to be affixed.

Done at Phoenix, the capital, this 18th day of December, A.D., 1923.

(Great Seal)

Attest:

JAMES H. KERBY,

Secretary of State

GEORGE W. P. HUNT,
Governor of Arizona

France Dips into Polish Oil

AT the end of October the Paris *Temps* brought a special article on oil, announcing that a national oil office was about to be set up in Paris. That new department was to be "the pivot of our national oil policy." It was to keep watch over French interests and the chance of developing them in the various oil-producing countries, Poland and Rumania figuring prominently in the list.

About the same time the *Kurier Polski* published the text of an oil convention that had just been signed by France and Poland. The document, which we reproduce below, is unique of its kind. It is doubtful whether such a hard bargain has ever been driven between two independent states at peace with one another. It could only be compared to the abortive oil convention which Germany imposed upon Rumania, broken and helpless, together with the peace of Bucharest, in the spring of 1918.

The present arrangement speaks for itself. One need only point out some of the obvious developments to which it opens the way: (1) The privileges accorded to French capital will make it master of the Polish oil industry. No other foreign capital could compete with it, and Polish capital is non-existent. French capital already controls not much less than half of the Polish oil holdings, but it is clear that Polish concerns in which French capital is in a minority will hasten to allow it a major interest, in order to be brought under the gold-lined wings of the present convention. (2) Russian, Rumanian, etc., oil concerns will have to bear all the taxes in force in their respective countries; they will have to suffer restrictions on export, and they will have to sell internally at a controlled price, which as often as not means a net loss; they will have to suffer the official control of their rolling stock, which is almost general in Central and Eastern Europe; and almost everywhere they already have to pay their export duties in gold values. For all these reasons, and other things being equal, they will hardly be able to compete with the French-owned Polish oil in the markets of Europe. Unless demand is ample, they may as a consequence have to swallow some arrangement dictated from Paris. (3) As it depends on the good pleasure of the French Government whether this or that French oil concern will be included in the list of those benefiting by the convention, all the French oil holdings have practically been brought under official control. It is not unfair to say further that this gives the French Government practical control of the Polish oil industry. (4) By the various financial provisions of the convention the Polish Government has surrendered a very considerable direct source of revenue. It has also surrendered its main card for bargaining with the much-needed foreign capital and for securing it under the better terms of fair competition. It has also surrendered sovereign fiscal rights, as well as sovereign administrative rights. The Polish oil industry has become a state in the state—a French state in the Polish state. That will be so, says Article 9, as long as Poland needs the French alliance.

One more word concerning Rumania. Not long ago a member of the French Senate, M. Bérenger, undertook a semi-official journey through the countries of Southeastern Europe. His mission, it was stated, was to find out whether

those countries deserved by the general security which they could offer the financial help which France was anxious to give them. It is now reported from Bucharest that he submitted to the Rumanian Government "the draft of an oil convention, containing probably preferential rights for French capital in the sense of the convention concluded by France with Poland" (Bucharest *Argus*). But the Rumanian authorities would not entertain such an arrangement. Nevertheless, a different sort of agreement has been negotiated and is about to be signed in Paris. A French combine, led by the French Government, is to advance to the Rumanian Government five hundred million francs, effective, while in return the Rumanian Government will abandon to the said combine for a number of ten or more years, according to the price, all the quantities of petrol and oil which it is entitled to receive from various Rumanian concerns. It is said that in the last two years the Rumanian Government has taken over only small quantities of such quotas due to it, and that in consequence it can dispose straightway over some 4,000 wagons.

Read in the light of the convention with Poland this arrangement discloses what a power French capital is about to become in the European oil market. As the French Government is taking an active share in these developments, their object can hardly be solely commercial. Is there any connection between them and the stand made by France at the Washington Conference for a large fleet of submarines? The text of the convention concluded by Poland with France as published in the *Kurier Polski* concerning the status of those Polish oil companies which work altogether or in the main with French capital is as follows:

ARTICLE 1. The provisions of this convention concern those companies and undertakings which have been recognized, by common agreement, by the Polish and French governments. The French Government will supply the Polish Government with a list of those French companies and undertakings which are also to enjoy the benefits of this agreement. Subsequent changes in that list shall not be made without a preliminary understanding between the two governments.

ART. 2. The companies and undertakings covered by this convention shall be free to export oil and oil derivatives. The Polish Government, however, reserves to itself the right to fix the quantities of oil and oil derivatives needed for internal consumption each year. In such a case eventual restrictions will apply equally to all companies and undertakings. Should the Polish Government find it necessary to fix maximal prices for the oil and oil derivatives destined to be consumed in the country, then the prices shall be fixed in such a manner as to secure as far as possible normal profits to oil producers and refiners. The quantities reserved for internal needs and not claimed shall be declared free for export.

ART. 3. Export taxes on oil and derivatives shall not exceed 40 per cent of the difference between the export price, loco Prohobycz, and the home price calculated on the average of the last three months. Export duties on oil and derivatives must in no case become an obstacle to the free development of the industry in Poland. Similarly no duties may be imposed which would limit normal profits. Export duties are payable in Polish currency.

ART. 4. Within three months from ratification of this convention the Polish Government will return to the companies and undertakings covered by this convention all the rolling stock belonging to them. The rolling stock brought by the companies, or built by them in Poland, will remain at their disposal. All that rolling stock may be employed by the companies at home or abroad. Arrangements concerning freights will be settled in a special convention.

ART. 5. The companies and undertakings covered by this convention will be free to carry out transactions in foreign currencies for the payment of dividends (shares, bonds, participations) and the legal writing off of capital, as well as for the payment of goods purchased abroad. They will not be required to make deposits in foreign exchanges for sales made abroad.

ART. 6. The companies and undertakings covered by this convention will enjoy with regard to taxes, duties, and subscriptions to eventual forced loans the same privileges as other branches of the great Polish industries; which does not exclude the right of the Polish Government to accord subventions or reductions to certain industries which cannot be run profitably. In order to attract French capital to cooperate in the Polish oil industry, and in view of the advantages accorded by the French Government to Poland in various conventions, the Polish Government will exempt in future the companies and undertakings covered by this convention from levies on capital or from eventual forced loans, to which reference was made in the first paragraph of this article.

ART. 7. The Polish Government will favor the construction and the usage of pipe lines for oil or petrol when this should be required by the companies and undertakings covered by this convention. The conditions of such concessions shall be determined by common agreement with the respective Polish department of state.

ART. 8. Should the Polish Government set up an oil council, the companies and undertakings covered by this convention shall be invited to participate in that council in proportion to their importance.

ART. 9. This convention will remain in force until the expiration of the Franco-Polish political convention of February 19, 1921. But this convention shall be revised every ten years, in order to take account of changed conditions in the oil industry. After the ratification of this convention the instruments of ratification shall be exchanged as soon as possible at Paris.

The Task Facing the Friends

IN our issue of December 12 we published a report of the reconstruction work of the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee in Russia. In order to present a picture of the different agencies of relief in that region we asked the American Friends Service Committee for a summary of their activities. The carefully drawn reply, printed below, gives a survey of their past work not only in Russia but elsewhere in Europe, and a description of the task of emergency relief facing the organization in Germany. The desperate conditions in that country make the statement of utmost immediate interest to everyone.

When the war came in 1914 it presented a challenge and a call to all true Friends—a challenge to keep their hearts free from the forces of hate which surged around them and a call to combat those forces of hate with a force more powerful still—the force of love. The American Friends Service Committee embodies the joint answer of Quakers in this country to that call. It was natural that the first work of the committee should be in France; for of all the countries where it was possible to go during the war years, the need there probably was greatest. At one time there were as many as 363 American workers in France.

With the armistice came the possibility of going into other countries—where the need had become greater than it was in France. Two of the first countries entered were Poland and Austria. There are still missions in these countries, but the character of the work has changed. It is no longer relief, but reconstruction work which is being done. The American Friends Service Committee is trying to help these people to solve some of the problems which the war and peace have left and with

which they are too poor to cope unaided. In Poland it is helping those refugees who have no horses and are still living in wet dugouts to haul timber for their new homes. It is also starting a model orphanage and training school for the superintendents of children's homes; for one of the biggest problems in Poland today is that presented by the 300,000 orphan waifs. The biggest work in Austria is the starting of a three years' educational campaign against tuberculosis. This disease has spread rapidly among the weakened population.

In Russia, English and American Quakers fed as many as 403,500 people at one time in the famine year. The workers realized, as every one who considered the situation thoughtfully realized, that the need in Russia would not cease with the famine itself. It was evident that the Russian people—impoverished by wars external and internal and then weakened still further by the famine—would not be able to cope with the problems that famine leaves in its train. The mission has stayed to help them solve these problems.

As in Poland, one of the greatest problems is that of the orphans, this time numbering 5,000,000. The mission is helping the children's homes in its part of the famine area—a district twice the size of Indiana. Another problem is that of the horses, more than 75 per cent of which died or were used for food during the famine. The mission has established a revolving fund of \$25,000 to buy Siberian horses. These horses are sold to the peasants at cost price, about \$24. When they are unable to pay cash they are allowed to pay in services to the community. It has already sold 2,000 horses, but it is estimated that 100,000 are needed in the district.

A third problem is the spread of disease among the terribly weakened population. Dr. Elfie Graff, with the cooperation of the Russian medical authorities, has worked out an extensive medical program which includes the aiding of the best existing institutions which are crippled for lack of funds, the opening of fresh ones, and an extensive educational campaign. But up to the present time all other medical work has been swamped by the fight against malaria, which has affected over 70 per cent of the population and rendered many of the peasants incapable of harvesting their crops. The two clinics which had already been established in Buzuluk and Sorochinskoye have treated over 30,000 patients; and the mission is now working hard opening fresh centers in the remote villages where the sick have been unable to get any treatment at all. The program in Russia this year calls for \$225,000 and will be the second largest task during the winter.

And that brings us naturally to another opportunity—equally great. For the biggest work this winter will be in Germany. Here the American Friends Service Committee is to administer the funds that General Allen's Committee will raise for the child feeding. We hope and believe that this sum will be sufficient to feed at least two million children; for already, according to medical examinations, far more than that number are in want and the need is growing daily. Two cables recently received from Quaker workers in Germany will help to form a picture of conditions:

"Berlin, November 7, 1923

"The past two weeks have brought the actual need to the surface in a way that one perhaps did not think possible. It has driven hundreds and probably thousands into the streets to beg. One sees that they did not come out until the pangs of hunger and the fear in the solitude of their four walls became unbearable. Help to get as much money and food over here as possible and to get whatever is available here as quickly as possible.

*"GILBERT MACMASTERS,
("Head of the German Mission)."*

"ESSEN, December 3, 1923

"Immediate dire need. Industrial understanding unattained. Half Rhineland without work. Gelsenkirchen, hundred ninety thousand population only two thousand working. Unemploy-

2000 years ago Jesus taught men how to live

The war, and the events of the post-war period have shown that men do not know how to live. Secret diplomacy, intrigue, lies, selfishness, hate, fear, have almost overthrown civilization and destroyed faith in God and man.

The Religious Society of Friends (Quakers)

during and since the war have been proclaiming Jesus' message of forgiveness, love, goodwill and brotherhood to French, Germans, Austrians, Poles, Russians, Serbians and Mexicans. By cash contributions and gifts in kind thousands of other people with similar principles have had a share in giving this message.

In order to make this message effective now

\$10,000,000. is needed for the feeding of starving German children.

\$250,000. is needed for reconstruction work in Russia.

\$55,000. is needed for work in Poland, Austria and France.

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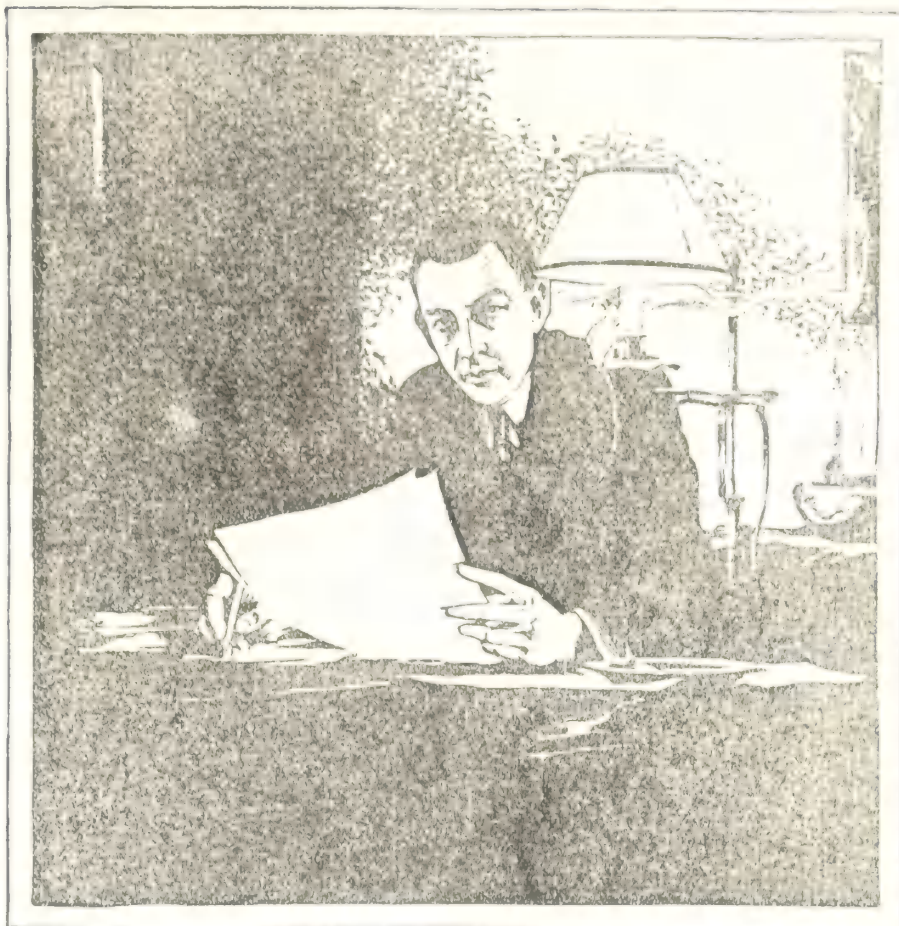
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ALFRED LOWRY."

All things considered the German situation is worse than any we have faced. A highly organized people have been brought face to face with conditions that a more primitive people might accept with stoicism. Starvation is bringing a sensitized people to the verge of anarchy. If the crash comes, the deaths from starvation will be one of the minor matters. The fury of minds gone mad will be most terrible. Food and friendship can save the situation.

As stated above, the committee has done what it could to help the French people in their time of trouble. Now by this service the peoples of both countries know that it goes—not as a lover of France or of Germany, but as a lover of mankind. For it is not food alone that the people of America need to send to the people of Germany: it is God's message of love. A German minister who had just come from the fatherland in a recent sermon told how all over the country in these dark days the people are crying: "Wo ist Gott?" and the strongest faith is being shaken as millions face slow starvation, disease, and death amid the indifference and even the antipathy of the Christian nations. It was terrible to hear that cry as he voiced it for a despairing people. America can not—it must not—fail them now in the time of their greatest need. It must minister to their physical need; and in the measure in which it does this will it minister also to that greater spiritual need.

It is a wonderful work that we are called to do—the saving of a nation, body and soul. It can be done only if all Americans of good-will get behind the American Committee for Relief of German Children now under the leadership of General Henry T. Allen and support in financially. The need is terrible—a people, stricken down and desperate, call to us to rescue them from physical and moral death. Will we answer that call?

Contributors to This Issue

MA SOO is the representative in the United States of the Canton Government.

LOUIS FISCHER, who wrote the article on the Russian Communist Party in last week's issue of *The Nation*, is in this country on a short visit. He will return to Russia in a few weeks.

SCOTT NEARING is a lecturer on economic subjects and a member of the teaching staff of the Rand School.

LEWIS BROWNE was rabbi of Temple Israel in Waterbury, Connecticut, until last March. He was forced to resign on account of his support of a public meeting at which Carlo Tresca was prevented by the police from appearing. At present he is engaged in newspaper work.

The Nation's Poetry Contest

closed on January 1. Manuscripts received after that date will not be considered for the prize, which will be announced in the

Midwinter Book Number
February 13

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"SENATOR BORAH ACHIEVED SOMETHING of an oratorical triumph in the Senate today," says the New York *World's* Washington correspondent. But if the reporters counted correctly, his must have been an easy victory. Henry Cabot Lodge read 36,000 words, including charts, quotations, and letters, to the bored galleries of the Senate, and Borah's fiery retort must have been a welcome relief. Senator Lodge, to judge by the 7,500 words dutifully quoted in the New York *Commercial*, conclusively proved that people in Moscow were watching events in the Western hemisphere. He read a learned dissertation upon American imperialism, including reference to "the continued military occupation of Haiti and Santo Domingo, the muzzling of Nicaragua, Panama, and Colombia, the loans to numerous South American states, the increasing economic exploitation of these countries, and the rising revolt in the Philippines." Indeed, the Moscow literature which he read was so much more sensible than most of the Communist papers which circulate freely through the United States mails that he led us to hope that Moscow really would keep the American Communists in leading-strings. But he did not even whisper a word about that famous document hoisting the red flag on the White House flagpole with which Secretary Hughes opened the campaign. Possibly even the secretary has discovered that the document was a palpable fake.

THERE IS A WIDE DIFFERENCE between the kind of international control which has been exercised or attempted in behalf of the League of Nations and that set up by the agreement in regard to Tangier signed by France, Great Britain, and Spain (the latter accepting the arrangement only tentatively for the present). Action by the League of Nations has been international, but it has been sadly lacking in control—the actual forces and therefore the eventual decisions have been in other hands. In Tangier, on the other hand, there promises to be plenty of control, but it will be only faintly international. The administration of Tangier has been mainly in international—that is, European—hands since the Treaty of Algeiras in 1906, but after the expulsion of Germany's representatives in 1914 affairs drifted more and more into French control. Apparently they are going to remain there, for in the elaborate international government now set up the Administrator (probably the real authority) is to be French. Great Britain, however, has gained at least a restatement of the international idea and a continuation of the open door for trade. Morocco illustrates the difficulties in the way of anything approaching true international control in a world dominated by nationalist and imperialist influences. The interests in Morocco of France, Great Britain, and Spain are all frankly imperialistic. Great Britain wants no rival to Gibraltar, France is building an African empire, and Spain is ridiculously clinging to the remnants of a once great world domain. The only human interests in the entire situation—those of the natives of Morocco—are likely to be forgotten or denied in the scramble of outsiders for trade, position, and power.

IT IS LUCKY FOR THE BRITISH administration in India that 40 out of the 143 members in the All-India Legislative Assembly are appointed by the Government and that 20 more seats are filled by special electorates of Europeans, landowners, and chambers of commerce. It is lucky because the remaining seats, except for 30 assigned to the Mohammedan community, were nearly all filled by the Swaraj Party, which went into the recent election determined to win, and then to throttle into inactivity the Legislative Assembly. Its victory is particularly striking because one wing of the party continued non-cooperation, refusing to vote. The anti-Government bloc has won some 40 seats of its own and becomes the largest single party; it can count on a dozen Independents and doubtless many of the Mohammedans to back it on important issues. In every provincial assembly the Swarajists form the largest party except in Madras and the United Provinces. In Bengal, where almost half the voters supported the home-rule candidates, Lord Lytton asked Mr. Das, the leader of the Swaraj Party, to form a ministry. As the Government well knew, this would have meant the beginning of responsibility and the end of opposition; and Mr. Das declined the honor. In most of the states then, and in the assembly for the whole of India, the Swaraj Party will form a group capable of bringing the legislative activities of the country to a stop. How will the Government of India face this problem? To meet the demands of the people will mean a

capitulation of power as complete as that which the British spilled blood and honor to prevent in Ireland. Did they learn a lesson there that will show them the way of grace and decency in India?

WHEN PRESIDENT MASARYK of Czecho-Slovakia visited Paris a few months ago the French capital feted him, its own press reported, as it had feted no one since the Russian Czar sealed his alliance with the French republic two decades ago. We feared it marked the beginning of another great military alliance, and the fear has been confirmed. France and Czecho-Slovakia are henceforth brothers-in-arms; Czecho-Slovakia enters the Franco-Polish bloc. Mitteleuropa, as we have said before, is no longer a dream; French finance and French munitions have realized, under the tricolor of France, the dream of the Pan-Germans. Yugoslavia and Rumania are hesitating before joining the bloc—Rumania, as the London *Economist* reveals, because France demanded, in return for a "loan" of a billion francs, an exclusive interest in the state oil lands and 1 per cent royalties on all private oil production. The Royal Dutch, the Anglo-Persian, and the Cowdray oil interests, all primarily British, formed an alliance, opposed such concessions, and, for the time at least, won the day. Of such is twentieth-century diplomacy.

THE FRENCH ELECTION that will tell the temper of the country comes in April, when a new chamber of deputies will be elected. The senatorial elections recently completed are almost meaningless. The French Senate is not elected directly by the people, but indirectly by mixed bodies of municipal and departmental councilors and other officials. The same men voted this time as last time; no change was to be expected, and almost no change occurred.

REPRESENTATIVE JOHNSON of Washington fathers a new bill, one provision of which at least is not even defensible as an attempt to limit numerically the alien flow into this country; it is admittedly an effort to change the racial character of that current. Mr. Johnson proposes to use as a basis for his new quota regulation not the census of 1910, as at present, but the enumeration of 1890. The latter date is about the beginning of what is called the "new immigration"—in general that from Southern and Eastern Europe. Previous to 1890 our immigration was predominantly from Northern Europe, and the use of the census of that year is expressly designed to restrict future immigrants virtually to the so-called "superior races" of Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Anglo-Saxon countries. For instance, the quota of Italy, now 42,057, would be cut to 3,912; that of Poland from 21,076 to 5,156; that of Russia from 21,613 to 1,992. The Johnson scheme is not only bad science and poor justice; it is definite discrimination against Roman Catholics and Jews. The measure should not be called the Johnson bill, but the Ku Klux Klan bill.

WILLIAM PICKENS, field secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, knows the facts about Negro education in the United States. In a recent letter to the New York *Herald* Mr. Pickens told some of those facts. His striking statement brought forth several answers, among them a letter from a lieutenant in the army expressing interest in Mr. Pickens's views on the race problem, and adding politely: "You speak like

a white man, but you will pardon me for not knowing whether you are or not. I would like to know if you are one." Obviously Mr. Pickens was guilty of a grave deception in his original statement; he failed to mention whether he was Negro or white. How is a poor, earnest, aspiring lieutenant to know what opinion to listen to and what to discard, especially a lieutenant who solemnly inquires "If you do not believe in white supremacy, why don't you?" Mr. Pickens has answered this letter. He has implied that if the lieutenant cannot tell whether or not a man who writes like a white man is a white man, possibly it may not matter much. He has suggested that if white supremacy must rest on seeing the color of a man's skin and not on examining the product of his mind, it is a rather fictional supremacy. He has laid the lieutenant low, by all reason and logic; but can the lieutenant be sure he has been laid low? His mind may tell him so, but Mr. Pickens, despitefully and most maliciously, again fails to mention whether or not he is a white man. So the lieutenant is doubtless left hopelessly puzzled and distraught and without a clue to tell him if Mr. Pickens's remarks are worth listening to.

WHAT IS A MAN of moderate means? Daniel F. Cohalan has resigned as a justice of the New York Supreme Court on the ground that the salary of \$17,500 a year is not enough on which to bring up a large family. He suggests that the salary be raised to an amount which will permit men of "moderate means" to become or remain judges. We quite agree with this principle, but is Justice Cohalan the possessor of moderate means or of immoderate notions of what constitute moderate means? We have too many public officers already living on a scale that removes them from the problems and associations of the men with whose affairs they are intrusted. The average income of factory workers in New York City is less than \$1,500 a year, about a twelfth of that which Justice Cohalan scorns as not suitable for a man of moderate means. It seems as if there must be something wrong either with Justice Cohalan's logic or with the income of factory workers. Ought it not to be possible for a man of moderate means to be a factory worker without undue hardship in bringing up a large family? Perhaps a reform of incomes would better begin with those of factory workers than with those of supreme-court justices. Possibly then we could dispense with some of our justices, even with the invaluable Daniel F. Cohalan. Indeed, we imagine that in almost any event it will be possible to dispense with the latter. A man who can't bring up even a large family on \$17,500 a year lacks both the intelligence and the democracy needed on the bench.

ONE GREAT JOKE of the British elections seems to have been overlooked. The act which gave the vote to women was passed while the country was still in the grip of the war, and it disfranchised, for a period of five years after the official end of the war, all conscientious objectors who took up the "absolutist" position, i.e., who refused any form of alternative service. Three of them, though still disqualified from voting, have now been elected members of Parliament. Walter H. Ayles, chairman of the general committee of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, has been chosen for North Bristol, and J. H. Hudson for the equally important constituency of Huddersfield. But most amazing is the election of a young Welshman who, not long before the war, resigned a commission in the Territorials because

he had become convinced that war was un-Christian. When the World War broke out he was one of the leading spirits in the formation of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and he served that society as one of its secretaries until the Military Service Act laid hold of him. Since he came out of jail he has spent most of his time in holding "fellowship" missions all over the country, much after the fashion of the Franciscan friars. At the recent general election his nomination as an independent pacifist candidate was at first scarcely taken seriously. But he has come out at the head of the poll. George M. Llewellyn Davies is now M.P. for the University of Wales.

LABOR VICTORIES IN ENGLAND multiply almost too fast for the overworked editor to record, but we cannot pass over in silence the Great Labor Triumph in Bath. Against the opposition of the rock-bound conservatism of educators and legislators, the Labor representatives on the Bath City Council stood stalwartly together as one man, forgetting factional strife and partisan dissension, and succeeded in eliminating from the new school hymnbook the following lines from an inadequately proletarian hymn:

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them high or lowly
And ordered their estate.

"Christ," said one of the Labor members, "never meant children to sing such verses." Perhaps not; but children must sing, and obviously something more than destructive action is called for from the new rulers of the Empire. Why not a new proletarian hymnology, substituting, say, lines like these?

The rich man in his dungeon
Thinks sadly of his fate
While the poor man in high office
Divides up his estate.

WHEN MR. CYRUS H. K. CURTIS took over the New York *Evening Post* at the end of December he stated that he knew and respected "the great traditions of the *Evening Post* . . . and I wish to preserve and if possible strengthen them." It is already obvious, however, that, whatever he thought, he has not known how to understand or appreciate either the traditions or the intellectual distinction which formerly made this historic journal one of our most distinguished newspapers. In place of the old *Evening Post* Mr. Curtis has simply duplicated in New York the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger*, for which he is, by the way, charging five cents where the other papers ask but three. The New York "*Evening Ledger*" is welcome as a newspaper extraordinarily full of news—it has been increased in size to make room for the special *Ledger* cable service as well as that of the Associated Press. Mr. Curtis has also wisely kept the Saturday *Literary Review* so admirably edited by Henry S. Canby. The new editorial page is at present a travesty of the old. Nevertheless, the experiment is extremely interesting. If a five-cent newspaper can be made to pay in New York and if a great evening newspaper can be made to succeed after the manner of the New York *Times* we shall have gained something to offset a very great loss, which *The Nation* feels the more keenly because of its close association with the *Evening Post* from 1881 to 1918.

Prussianism in Our Army

IT was ex-President Eliot who, in beautifully turned phrases, set forth, among other reasons why our youth "went" to the war, that their purpose was to drive the arrogant, dictatorial spirit of militarism out of the world. We wonder what Mr. Eliot will say to the case of Captain Paxton Hibben, one of the 80,000 reserve army officers we have acquired since the war. Captain Hibben is under investigation by a board of inquiry, with a view to the revocation of his commission. For personal misconduct? For inefficiency or some disgrace reflecting upon his character? Not at all. The sole crime with which Captain Hibben is charged is that his opinions as to the recognition of Russia and his judgment of the leaders of the Soviet regime are contrary to those of the State Department. According to the New York *Herald* of January 3, Mr. Weeks, the Secretary of War, stated to the correspondents that the charges against Captain Hibben are "in the main that while serving on the Russian relief Hibben had expressed himself in terms friendly to the Soviet Government, as interpreted by the State Department." In other words, it is a crime of opinion of which Captain Hibben is accused, and what we are called upon to witness is an effort of the War Department to padlock the lips and control the minds of the 80,000 reserve officers who are pursuing their daily business avocations. Yet this was typical of the militarism which we set out to conquer—the tyrannizing of the military machine over the minds and souls of the men who did the goose-step, the suppression of their consciences, the refusal of a free man's right to his own beliefs. This recalls the foul depths of French militarism uncovered by the Dreyfus case.

Thus the Hibben inquiry becomes of enormous moment, far transcending the individuality of Captain Hibben. It is bad enough that after the war to end war we should have any corps of reserve officers at all, let alone 80,000 of them, many of whom appear to believe that their chief function is to serve as commissioned propagandists for the military service. But if the rule is to be laid down by John W. Weeks that these 80,000 Americans forfeit the first attributes of American citizenship when they accept their commissions; if thereby they agree to think only what the man who for the moment is Secretary of State or Secretary of War thinks, then the country ought to know it, and the officers, too, for then are we well on the road to militarism of the European variety.

The case cannot, of course, stop with the War Department if its inquisitors should decide that Captain Hibben is guilty of "holding beliefs favorable to enemies of the United States Government." There are certain things the public has got to find out. What enemies has the United States, when we are officially declared to be at peace with all the world, and what constitutes a belief favorable to these mysterious enemies? If there should be soviet governments established in Persia, Italy, or Greece would that make them enemies of the United States Government? Would the 80,000 reserve officers then have to think as Mr. Hughes and Mr. Weeks did about them? If so, the War Department should begin now to issue a weekly bulletin to the 80,000 giving them their thoughts for the week, so that no one could innocently transgress by thinking differently from Herr Feldmarschall Weeks or Herr Staatsminister Hughes.

The Great Bok Humbug

"**B**OK—Peace or Propaganda?"—this was the question we asked editorially in our issue of January 2. We were not to remain long in doubt. The award of the Bok prize has confirmed the fear that this might prove to be one of the most skilful advertising dodges since the days of Barnum, and one of the cleverest pieces of political propaganda in the history of the United States. Mr. Bok offered \$100,000 for "the most practicable plan by which the United States may cooperate with other nations to achieve and to preserve world peace," and he intrusted the decision as to the "most practicable plan" to a jury of seven very distinguished and able men and women, whose integrity and disinterestedness are above question. It happens, however, that of the seven six were already committed to one plan, as members of the League of Nations Nonpartisan Association.

It is, then, hardly surprising that the jury awarded the prize to a plan which is simply a direct proposal to join that discredited and weakening League of Nations which the voters of this country so overwhelmingly repudiated when, in 1920, they elected Mr. Harding rather than Governor Cox. Every alternative proposal is coolly brushed aside. There is nothing new in the plan. It is the old, old story: Join the League. (Certain modest reservations, it is true, are suggested, but the trend of the argument minimizes them.) The anonymous author (can it be that he is that faithful advocate of the League, Professor Manley O. Hudson?) says that the League is in the field; therefore any other association of nations is impossible; ergo, we must accept the League. Disarmament, the outlawry of war, a democratized league—everything else is disregarded.

Fifty million Americans are to be asked to vote Yes or No on this proposal. It is beyond doubt better publicity than the League has ever yet received. But the propaganda goes even further than appears by this brief analysis. The plan itself is 2,000 words long; but on the ballots which will be used by the millions of the voters is a sugar-coated 133-word summary. With all respect to the jury, whose motives and whose sincerity we would not impugn, we must believe that they acted in a situation skilfully arranged for them and that they are not responsible for the disingenuous framing of the ballot. This summary places in the forefront the World Court proposal, although the author of the plan only incidentally mentions it. Probably nine-tenths of the fifty million who are to vote upon the plan will never read beyond the summary, and will conclude that joining the World Court is the salient feature of the author's plan.

The ballot misleads still further; it continues with these words: "Without becoming a member of the League of Nations as at present constituted the United States shall extend its present cooperation with the work of the League and participate in the work of the League as a body of mutual consent" under certain conditions. One would not think from this summary that the plan proposed membership in the League! Yet such is the fact. It points out that we could participate, without joining, in the humane and reconstructive agencies of the League; the conditions printed on the ballot, however, are those given in the text as conditions upon which the author thinks that the United States might join the League. It is difficult to avoid the impression that this is a deliberate attempt to induce an

enormous body of Americans to vote in favor of the League without knowing it. For the present the World Court is featured; if the vote is favorable, it will be heralded as a victory for the Geneva League. It is a dishonest trick.

Even apart from the misleading character of the propaganda which surrounds the plan, there is little to recommend it. *The Nation* has long urged that the United States cooperate in those humane international activities which, begun long before the League was founded, are now grouped about it. By all means let us share in the tasks of suppressing the opium traffic, of ending the international white-slave trade, of promoting public health by international cooperation—but, good as these things are, it is ridiculous to exalt them above their measure. By all means let us help in any effort which really promotes the cause of judicial settlement of international disputes—but the record does not show that the League is advancing that cause. Most of the suggestions recommended in the plan for improving the League look in the right direction, but there is in them nothing to lift a miserable world out of its present war-ridden chaos. They provide for further development of international law, for opening the League to any self-governing state upon a two-thirds vote of the Assembly, for elimination of the provisions for the use of military and economic force, for safeguarding American hegemony in this hemisphere, and absolve us from League duties in enforcement of the Treaty of Versailles. These are sadly negative propositions.

Here is nothing to stir the pulses of the world, nothing new—merely a resuscitation of the tedious debate which has absorbed the Senate since May, 1919. Yet Mr. Bok calmly insists that the purpose of his award has been fulfilled: "to reflect in a practicable plan the *dominating* (italics ours) national sentiment as expressed by the large cross-section of the American public taking part in the award." Why, if he is so certain, take a vote at all?

It is a profound and bitter disappointment. There was a great idea in Mr. Bok's mind: to set the nation thinking about peace. It were a pity if he should merely revive the animosities of 1919. In those 22,165 plans there must have been something more inspiring, something more constructive and forward-looking. There is a world-need at this hour for a determined and complete outlawry of war, such as the late Senator Knox proposed and Senator Borah is advocating; there is a need for a new note. Simply to refuse burdens under the old Treaty of Versailles is not enough—that is not "cooperation." The old treaty must be scrapped and a new treaty written! Our hegemony in this hemisphere is no guaranty of world peace; and every international matter which called for courage and the will to grapple with offending members has left a stain upon the Geneva League. Possibly, when it admits all Powers upon equal terms—with Germany and Russia invited, as they ought to be, to sit upon its Council, and the hand of France and Britain removed from its throat—the League may develop into a conference which we might join; that is a matter for the future to decide. To join it today would be to put the seal of our indorsement upon a record of cowardice and failure. Is there not still a chance for some less predisposed committee to search those 22,165 plans for a program which looks forward, not back?

The Tax Muddle

WHEN it comes to the Secretary of the Treasury's proposals for the reduction of our taxes what is a poor liberal to do? If he believes in Senator Brookhart he will learn that Secretary Mellon's plan is "an efficient scheme for buncoing the public." If he is a follower of Senator Borah he learns from that excellent statesman that this country needs nothing so much in 1924 as a "crusade for tax reduction." The increase in taxation he calls "the most searching tragedy of American life. The anxiety, the discouragement, the broken plans which lie beneath this growing tax burden language is inadequate to tell." If our liberal seeker after truth goes further he will learn from Senator Hiram Johnson that never has there been "anything like the propaganda we now have on behalf of the Mellon plan." "But," he adds, "I would reduce the taxes of the people wherever it is possible to do so, and keep faith at the same time. I would be scrupulously just to men of large incomes and big business, but I recognize that men of great riches and big business have a happy faculty of looking out for themselves." Then, if the anxious liberal turns from this cryptic utterance he may learn from Stuart Chase in the *Searchlight on Congress* that Mr. Mellon is selling us a "gold brick" in his desire to help the poor little rich folks and poor, half-starved private business world. Finally, in the liberal and democratic *New York World* he will find eloquent sponsorship for the Mellon plan.

What then is the reader to think? Well, we believe he must first make up his mind what his attitude is toward payments for the war. If he does not believe in saddling our terrible debt burden upon the coming generations, he must take, in principle, a strong stand against any federal tax reduction. Mr. Mellon is able to show that with the aid of the British payments the nation's debt was reduced by \$613,000,000 in 1923. We are not at all of the opinion that this in itself constitutes a valid reason for passing our tax burdens on to future generations. It may be that, as Senator Borah declares, in consequence of the era of waste and extravagance that came with the war, millions of people are struggling to keep the homes they have labored fifty years to acquire and maintain, and are all but losing them. But these people allowed their government to put them into a war they neither sought nor desired; there is a certain element of Greek justice in their paying a price for their folly and not being allowed to pass the debt on to their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. If the people of England must pay the interest due us, our people should put their shoulders to the wheel to reduce the debt which the war hung around our necks.

"But would you not favor a lifting of the burden on those of small means?" Yes, if the main purpose can be served. "Do you believe," we hear another ask, "that Secretary Mellon is right in saying that if they cut the taxes in the higher brackets, we shall see a greater expansion of business and therefore in the long run get higher taxes than now, when capital cannot be had for new enterprises?" Well, we are not yet convinced that business is in such a parlous state. True, there has been a slackening along certain lines, but it is open to question whether that is due to the high taxes of the rich and the reported lack of adequate financial rewards for the launching of new enterprises, or to world-wide conditions. The press reports that

1923 was the greatest year ever known in the realty business; new building amounted to almost six billion dollars. Wherever one goes in New York one is astounded at the capital being poured into the "largest office buildings in the world," into endless mammoth hotels, into rows upon rows of magnificent apartment houses. Where does the money all come from, one wonders; certainly there is neither here nor in the automobile industry (where three new makes of cars are just appearing on the market), nor in Wall Street, so far as we can judge by advertisements, any lack of capital or of new offerings of investment securities. We cannot see that private business is in dire distress for lack of fresh accumulations.

Our immediate program, then, if we were the Government, would be the following: We should cut army and navy expenses to the bone, and apply the hundreds of millions thus saved directly to debt reduction. We should insist upon further savings in government administration—not at the expense of any social service—and would to that extent reduce the taxes of all proportionately. The payments of Great Britain, and those which France might make instead of lavishing hundreds of millions upon Polish and other militarisms, we should apply directly to the reduction of the war debts. We should join Secretary Mellon in insisting, day in and day out, upon the elimination of tax-exempt securities. We should not increase inheritance-taxes until the present unfair condition, under which an estate often pays death-doles three times on the same securities, is ended. Above all, there should be no special favors to the ultra-rich.

Arming the World?

IN defending his advocacy of the sale of rifles, ammunition, and bombing planes to the Mexican Government Mr. Hughes recalls that at the conclusion of the European War the Wilson Administration sold surplus army supplies to no less than six European governments, and that more recently the Republican Administration has sold munitions to Cuba, Panama, and Nicaragua. Cuba was armed under circumstances similar to those which dictated the sale to Mexico: an insurrection threatened, and Washington equipped the Cuban Government to prevent it. The sale to Mexico is made, an official statement declares, "because such action is in the interest of stability and orderly procedure." In other words, these sales at least, and possibly others, were not routine disposals of surplus supplies, not commercial transactions, but constituted definitely political interventions. The embargo on arms shipments to De la Huerta makes it clearer still that we are "taking sides" in the internal affairs of other nations.

Such intervention without reference to Congress seems to be becoming a policy of the executive branch of the government. Many of Kolchak's men, a part of the Polish army which invaded Russia in the summer of 1920, and the Estonian army, among others, were clothed in "surplus" American army uniforms. When the American army left Europe we sold enormous quantities of army supplies to France, and it is possible that a part of the recent French loans to the little Powers of Central Europe is being used to enable them to purchase from France the war supplies which we disposed of in 1919.

Both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Harding apparently regretted

the somewhat precipitate course of the Government in scattering its surplus war material over the continent of Europe. Mr. Polk, Mr. White, and General Bliss, representing the United States of America, signed at Saint Germain-en-Laye, on September 10, 1919, a "Convention for the Control of the Trade in Arms and Ammunition," which began with the statement that:

... the long war now ended, in which most nations have successively become involved, has led to the accumulation in various parts of the world of considerable quantities of arms and munitions of war the dispersal of which would constitute a danger to peace and public order, and continued with a prohibition of the export of arms—with, to be sure, careful qualifications. None of the great Powers has ratified this convention, but its existence, even unratified, is a symptom. Mr. Harding's position has been recalled by Representative Fairchild, who proposes its consecration, as the "Harding Policy," as a part of the permanent policy of the United States. Mr. Harding wrote in April, 1923, to the Secretary of War:

... I hope it will be the policy of the War Department not only to make no sales of war equipment to any foreign Power, but that you will go further and make certain that public sales to our own citizens will be attended by proper guaranties that such supplies are not to be transferred to any foreign Power. I would gladly waive aside any financial advantage that might attend such sales to make sure that none of our surplus equipment is employed in encouraging warfare anywhere in the world.

Mr. Hughes maintains that the present sale does not violate this Harding doctrine because it is made not in the interest of war but of peace and order. We are inclined to agree with him that such is the probable immediate effect of the present sale; we believe that President Obregon represents the stabler, more forward-looking, and most hopeful part of Mexico. But we nevertheless regret Mr. Hughes's decision. Mr. Harding suggested a policy of no sales whatever to foreign Powers—not of no sales except when the Secretary of State might happen to think them desirable. It is a very dangerous thing to leave it to any Secretary of State—particularly to one with as much moral unction as Mr. Hughes—whether it be wise to ship arms to another Government or not. It is not for our Government to decide who is good and who is evil in the other parts of the world. To ship arms, in time of civil war, either to a government or to revolutionaries, is to participate in that civil war. It is to involve ourselves in the internal squabbles of other countries. The discussion in Congress should make it impossible hereafter for the executive branch of our government to commit the people to such participation in foreign civil wars.

We might well go further. Whether in time of peace or of war the sale of military supplies by one government to another, like the loan of military and naval missions, is a dangerous, provocative, and involving process. Congress might well put a flat prohibition upon such dealings. Just as our naval mission to Peru has rendered more difficult our role of peace-maker between Chile and Peru, so the Vogelgesang mission to Brazil has sharpened the hostility between Argentina and Brazil and increased the possibility of a South American war. Americans rightly complain of the French loans which are remilitarizing Central Europe; they should put an end to a policy of their own government which may militarize Latin America.

The Sail-Carriers

WE are accustomed to look back upon the era of the sailing ship as one of much romance but little speed. We complacently rate the sailing vessel as a lumbering tub—a tortoise when matched with a modern steamship. It would be more exact to regard the steamship as the tortoise and the sailing vessel as the hare. The steamship gets there first, but it does so because it travels in a straight line and keeps on going until it arrives. The sailing ship can, and at times does, outfoot the average steamship, but it travels by fits and starts, and sometimes by a curiously zigzag route. It is the regularity and manageability of the steamship, not its speed, which has crowded its more temperamental sister off the Seven Seas even in a Jazz Age.

The speed of steamships is vastly overrated by the general public; especially in America. We are always reading in the newspapers of the passages of the fleet transatlantic liners—of vessels that do twenty-five miles an hour and cross the ocean inside of five or six days. But these are only a handful of thoroughbreds, supported chiefly by American dollars and the demand for fast and luxurious travel between the United States and Europe. They are an inconsequential item in the total volume of ocean commerce. The average modern cargo steamship pokes along at ten miles an hour, and passenger vessels on most of the world's trade routes do only a few miles better. The fastest steamships in the world congregate in New York, but the passenger from that port for any destination except Northern Europe has no reason to complain if he finds himself aboard a ship that averages twelve miles an hour, and he is especially favored if his vessel does fifteen. Such speed is in no way beyond that of a good sailing ship in a smart breeze, while the famous clippers of bygone days used to touch eighteen miles an hour, a pace exceeded by only a handful even of our modern transatlantic racers.

The wonderful speed of the clipper hull, with its capacity to knife its way through the sea, was a distinctly American invention, brought forth chiefly by two causes: the discovery of gold in California and Australia and the development of the China tea trade. The gold discoveries called for the rapid transportation of thousands of passengers. E. Keble Chatterton, in a recent book on "The Mercantile Marine," remarks that in the year 1849 as many as 90,000 persons were landed from ships in the hamlet of San Francisco, while for several years subsequent to the Australian gold discoveries of 1851 there was a demand to transport some 400,000 passengers annually from England to this new El Dorado. Probably the most celebrated of all American clipper ships was the Black Ball Line's Dreadnought, with a record of 13 days, 8 hours between New York and Liverpool.

There is a flash packet—flash packet of fame;
She belongs to New York and the Dreadnought's her name;
Bound away to the westward where the wild waters flow,
She's a Liverpool packet—oh Lord, let her go!

When, in the year 1850, the Americans invaded Britain's own tea trade, the clipper Oriental rushing a cargo from Hongkong to London River in ninety-seven days, the English took the hint and began to build ships of similar design. In 1854 the White Star Line's Red Jacket sailed from New York to Liverpool in 13 days, 1 hour. Speed at sea is not a creation of the Twentieth Century.

The Shame of the Churches

By ALGERNON S. CRAPSEY

THE clergy of the various Protestant churches and more especially the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal church during the past few weeks have been acting in such wise as to grieve their friends and to amuse their enemies. If the clergy, High and Broad, are conspiring together to bring their church into contempt and to destroy its influence, they are displaying an efficiency in their efforts that might well excite the envy of the successful business man. It is difficult for any one of ordinary intelligence and common decency to retain a shred of respect for either party in this disgraceful quarrel.

When one hears the clergy shouting one to another, "I do believe" . . . "I do not believe in the Virgin Birth," one is not so much troubled by their orthodoxy or their heterodoxy as one is amazed at their bad manners. Matters which cultivated men and women take for granted or veil in decent phrase are unblushingly cried from the pulpit. I am sure if these reverend gentlemen could realize how their cries offend modest ears they would themselves blush for very shame. As they reveal themselves in this contention one deplores in the clergy not only their lack of reserve in the treatment of delicate subjects but more their seeming deficiency in intellectual discernment, their lack of spiritual insight, and their apparent ignorance of historical conclusions which for more than half a century have been the possession of every fairly educated man and woman.

It is plain that in these birth stories we are dealing not with prosaic history but with myth and legend. A myth is a story told to shepherds by shepherds as they watch their flocks by night. A legend is the same story in poetical form, reduced to writing and recited by a prophet in the temple. History is the same story delivered as a lecture by a professor in a classroom. Of these three forms the last is the least vital. As Shultz says in his "Old Testament Theology": "When we read the myths and legends of a people we have our fingers on the pulse and our ear on the heart of that people." The bishops may have been childish to take the birth stories literally, but the broad churchman is stupid not to take them at all. Through all the Christian ages the Song of the Angels has been the carol of the children, and the coming of the wise men the comfort of the weary and heavy-laden. In these birth stories is the germ thought of a world beyond the world, without which our world were very sad and desolate. But the instant we remove these stories from their home in mythology into the sphere of literal history we destroy their charm and make of them mere stories for the nursery. The very same story, in its essentials, is told of Augustus Caesar. It is said that one day his mother, Maia, went into a temple to pray and as she prayed a serpent glided into the temple and embraced her and she conceived and the child who was born of that conception in due time became the Emperor Augustus, the master of the world.

These myths were the natural product of the pious imagination of the worshipers of Augustus and the worshipers of Jesus. The Romans thought it impious to think of Augustus as the grandson of a Roman baker, nor could

the Christian kneel in adoration before the son of a Galilean carpenter. The quarrel of the Highs and the Broads over the birth stories is a quarrel of the childish with the stupid. With the high churchman it is the outcome of a lack of intelligence; with the broad churchman a lack of feeling.

The deepest disgrace of this quarrel between the High Church, as represented by the bishop of New York, and the Broad Church, whose chief spokesman is the rector of the Church of St. Bartholomew, is that it is practically a quarrel about nothing. The bishop says Jesus is to him very God of very God; the rector says that Jesus is to him his divine Lord and Master. Such being the case, it would seem the sacred duty of the bishop to obey his God and of the rector to follow his divine Lord and Master. And if the bishop did obey his God and if the rector did follow his divine Lord and Master, would not these two meet in the midst of the stern moralities and severe spiritualities of the Sermon on the Mount, and meeting there must they not each fall down on his knees and cry, the bishop to his God, the rector to his Lord and Master: "Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner"?

From that high altitude would not the sinful futility of his cathedral building be manifest to the bishop? Would he not see that to get the wherewithal to build his cathedral he must be careful not to offend the landlords and the money-lords of the city. Looking down from Morning-side Heights he would see landlords exacting exorbitant rents for tenements unfit for human habitation; he would see pale, anemic women climbing darkened stairways to sleep in the fetid atmosphere of unventilated rooms; he would see weary workmen heavily slumbering in the same bed with wife and children; he would see the crowded tenements, the breeding place of sexual vice in its fouler forms of sodomy and incest.

And going to the Stock Exchange, the bishop would see the money-lords by the manipulations of the market robbing the innocent, impoverishing the widow and the orphan, and giving the tithe of these ungodly gains to the building and support of his cathedral.

It would then come home to the bishop as a student of history that in every age the building of temples and cathedrals has been the cardinal crime of the bishops and the priests. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries when the bishops were exhausting the labor of the people in the building of the cathedrals the people themselves were living in wattle huts without window or chimney, frightened by the dark and smothered by the smoke. It was the sale of indulgences for sin to raise the money to pay for the building of the greatest of all the cathedrals, the Basilica of St. Peter in Rome, that roused the wrath of Luther, causing him to hurl his anathema at this wickedness and create the great schism in the church.

One single night spent by the bishop of New York alone on the mount of the sermon would, if he has any intelligence, any heart, any soul, make him ashamed and afraid and his quarrel with the rector of St. Bartholomew's would be as nothing in comparison with his quarrel with his own soul.

But the rector of St. Bartholomew's is in a still more perilous condition. It was easy for the rector of St. Bartholomew's to defy the bishop; St. Bartholomew's is the richest single congregation in Christendom; it is the church of the American millionaire and billionaire, and the rector knew that the bishop fears the millionaire and the billionaire more than he fears his God; so the rector was not afraid of his bishop. But the rector was and is afraid of his own congregation; he would never dare defy the millionaires and billionaires as he defied his bishop. He would never dare to tell the millionaires and billionaires to their face that the mere possession of the millions and billions was evidence of their godlessness; if they had not loved their money more than they loved their God they would not have had their money. This rector would never dare to tell the women of his congregation that in living a life of wasteful idleness upon money which they had never earned they were more guilty than the wretched woman of the street who sells her body for her bread.

I know that vast sums of accumulated wealth are expended in these days for the betterment of the race. But the prime social question is not what a man does with his money but how did he get it. If like the Roman generals and the robber barons of the Middle Ages he gets it by the wasting of the land, the pillage of cities, the enslavement of the people it matters nothing if he builds a temple to Jupiter or a Christian cathedral. What the world demands today is not charity in the modern sense, but justice.

Liberal Christianity and orthodox Christianity are

equally responsible for the world as it is. They equally stand sponsor for the capitalistic, militaristic system which now rules the world. They equally hate the pacifist-communist mode of life which Jesus preached and practiced and under the rule of which the Christian community carried on its work for the first four hundred years of its history and conquered the world. In those days of greatness there was a distinction between the church and the world; the world hated the church and the church defied the world. Today there is not the slightest distinction between the church and the world unless it be that the world is master and the church the slave.

The capitalist, militarist, political system has in the past ten years made the church *particeps criminis* in the slaughter, with unspeakable cruelties, of from fifteen to twenty million of the choicest men of this generation. And the capitalist, militarist system, having the church in bondage, goes on with its exploitation of the people as if these twenty million were all dead and done for. But they are not dead and done for. Such a crime must inevitably have a penalty. As Jesus wept over the city of Jerusalem, seeing in its present sin its future downfall, so the sensitive soul stands aghast at the awful plight of Western, so-called Christian civilization, foreseeing in its present evil its future disaster. And in view of this vision, the squabbling bishop and rector are as if they were two French nobles in the days of the Revolution, quarreling about their pedigrees as they were riding in the tumbrel to the guillotine.

British Labor Faces Power

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, December 17

THE results of the general election may, I think, be best summarized by saying that the Labor Party has won a great tactical victory, though it has not had a great strategical success. It has increased its representation in the House of Commons from 144 to 192, the United Liberals having 156 seats and the Tories 258. The defeat of the Government in the first days of next session (probably about January 18) is now certain; and on all constitutional precedent the King will then summon Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to form a ministry. The Labor Party has decided that the invitation must be accepted.

Those of us who have been accustomed to think of a Labor government some six or seven years from now are naturally a little overwhelmed at this prospect. Too much, however, must not be made of the situation. In a total poll of over fourteen million votes a redistribution of some 3 per cent has caused a loss of one hundred Tory seats. It is clear that the electorate is determined to have nothing to do with tariff reform; it is equally clear that (at present) it is emphatically opposed to the capital levy. The existence of three not unequal parties none of which can unite with any other to govern, but all of which can unite to defeat a government, has produced a situation in which the official opposition is bound to have the opportunity of power. No government so circumstanced will rule in terms of a mandate from the country; no government, therefore, will be able to attempt any heroic measures. British politics in the next period will be mainly distinguished by a

fairly distinct foreign policy and an emphasis upon sound administration.

The Government has fallen by its own ineptitude. Bankrupt at home and abroad, it had nothing to offer except a quack remedy the mere elements of which it was not prepared to reveal. Mr. Baldwin is a most honorable man whose genius is clearly not of a political character; and his chief lieutenants are men who hold office mainly by virtue of their passionate hatred of the new social order. The defeat Mr. Baldwin has suffered is so decisive that the only strange thing about his position is his delay in resigning. He is, of course, quite entitled to be sentenced to death by Parliament; but it is difficult to see on what grounds he can ask Parliament (in the King's Speech) to continue him in office.

The Labor Party, I think, has no alternative save the acceptance of power. Psychologically, it is of the first importance to accustom the country to the idea of a Labor government; and to refuse responsibility at this critical juncture would be to emphasize its own sense of that unfitness of which it is so often accused. Practically, it will be able to train its leading members in the work of administration, and to accustom them to the complex atmosphere of the civil service. Positively, while it will not be able to enact any first-class measures it can, in a number of ways, lighten the burden of the disinherited. It will, of course, be mainly occupied in making a bid for future power; but the contribution it can make to that end is, I think, an important one.

In foreign affairs it can take definite steps toward the appeasement of Europe. Its first act will be the juridical recognition of Russia; and that will close an indefensible epoch in British foreign policy. It will work with all its strength for the revision of the Peace of Versailles, for the immediate admission of Germany to the League of Nations, for the ending of the Ruhr adventure, and the fixing of reparations at a reasonable figure. We hope greatly, despite the address of President Coolidge to Congress, that America will cooperate with England to that end. Nothing would so stimulate the progressive forces of Europe as the knowledge that America was assisting by its sympathy the first Labor government in English history.

There cannot be a spectacular domestic policy: the union of Liberals and Tories to defeat drastic measures will be proof against that. But we may hope for the abandonment of the fortified works at Singapore; for the restoration to full activity of the Fisher policy in education, together with the raising of the school-leaving age to sixteen; for the setting up of a full and scientific inquiry into the problem of the national debt; for the starting of such great public works as afforestation, roads, light-railways and canals, not merely to relieve the pressure of unemployment, but also to maximize our resources when the period of trade revival comes; for the extension of unemployment insurance; for a better organized administration of old-age and war pensions, together, one hopes, with a system of widows' pensions; and for increased grants to the universities. I list things that are largely non-controversial in character. The problems of agriculture and mines provide a basis for partisan conflict, and policy in relation to these will depend most largely upon opinion in the country.

A government built upon such a policy as this could, I think, hope for at least four to six months of life. No doubt the older parties will sooner or later combine to defeat it. But their own position is no better. Tariff reform having been beaten, the Tories are, at the moment, without any policy at all; and they will have enough labor in this Parliament to set their house in order, without attempting a further period of office. The Liberals hold the balance of power. But reunion only produced a gain of forty seats, on the classic liberal issue; and their program represents either agreement with Labor (as on foreign policy) or mitigated laissez faire at a time when the rapid growth of collectivism is certain. The most striking fact in contemporary Liberalism is the renewed power of Mr. Asquith. Mr. Lloyd George's supporters practically disappeared at the polls; and he is now very definitely relegated to the second place. No one wants him and no one trusts him; it is, indeed, not uncommon to discover that most people were amused rather than convinced by his tearing campaign through the country. The Liberals have, one must remember, many seats as a result of bargains with the Tories to "down" Labor; and this is, I think, the apogee of its power. It would, of course, take office if the King sent for it after the defeat of a Labor government; but that is a contingency surrounded with constitutional complexities which require separate discussion at another time.

The Labor government, when it is formed, will contain several men of the first eminence. I do not think there is anyone in the front of English politics today who is Mr. MacDonald's equal in knowledge of foreign affairs, in power

of persuasiveness, in parliamentary influence. He has grown enormously with responsibility; and his hold on the affection of his followers is a remarkable one. Mr. Sidney Webb needs no introduction to your readers; but an intimate friend may be allowed to say that in practical politics he has probably the most suggestive mind, and certainly the most unique knowledge, in Europe. If, as one hopes, Lord Haldane joins the Cabinet, Mr. MacDonald will have the services of the greatest administrator this country has had since Cardwell. Men like J. R. Clynes, Arthur Henderson (the best organizer in any of the three parties today), J. H. Thomas, Arthur Greenwood, Frank Hodges are all quite naturally of Cabinet caliber, as are women like Margaret Bondfield and Susan Lawrence; and the wealth of ability bred in municipal and trade-union experience will make the task of finding under-secretaries of talent easier than Mr. Baldwin found. I venture the predictions, first, that some of Mr. MacDonald's colleagues will reveal unexpected sympathizers with Labor, and, second, that his management of the Court appointments will be an innovation of great constitutional importance. The one hope we all unite to express is that Mr. MacDonald, like Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, will be his own Foreign Secretary. No one else is so qualified for the post.

The Labor Party will take office next month in an attitude of soberness rather than of exhilaration. It is not optimistic about the future; in the present state of Europe no one has any right to be optimistic. It has come to power sooner than it expected, perhaps even sooner than it hoped. But it is the one party which, from the first, has preached a policy of appeasement in Europe. It is the one party without responsibility for the errors of the pre-war period. It is the one party which realizes the import of Macaulay's great phrase that to reform in order to preserve is the watchword of great events. It will, I believe, emerge from the ordeal of power with renewed credit; and its great leader will, I believe, take his place among those few statesmen who play their part in a manner worthy of the problems they confront.

Finally, I should like to draw attention to certain significant changes in the distribution of British opinion. It is fairly clear now that all the mining areas, industrial Wales and Scotland, and large areas of Lancashire and Yorkshire are permanently labor in complexion. The poorer districts of London which used to be the strongholds of Toryism are, like Paris and Berlin, swinging over definitely to Labor. The strength of the Tories is in the agricultural districts and in suburban constituencies where respectability is the keynote of life. Liberalism has its roots among the cotton towns of Lancashire and the country parts of Wales, both on the basis of historic tradition rather than present policy. It would, I think, greatly interest the American observer to compare the present position of labor with the prophecies made by President Lowell in his admirable book on English government nearly twenty years ago. It is, I think, impossible to avoid the conclusion that the struggle of the future is between Toryism and Socialism; between, that is, rights founded on property and property founded on function. I do not believe that Liberalism has a mediating role to play in this opposition. Like the Peelites of eighty years ago, the Liberals will, I think, sooner or later be absorbed. If parliamentary institutions are to survive this period of test that absorption cannot come too quickly.

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WYOMING: A Maverick Citizenry

By WALTER C. HAWES

WHEN the roaring middle years of the nineteenth century were witnessing a mighty trekking to and fro of young and turbulent manhood in search of virgin lands or gold in these United States, one particular stretch of murderous desert in the western part of the territory of Dakota baffled the quest of the frontiersmen for anything worth development. For a full quarter of the century these torrents of humanity surged this way and that, to California, to Pike's Peak, to Nevada, to Montana, and all that while the district that was to be Wyoming was regarded only as a desolate place along the trails which men traversed for the sole purpose of reaching some place beyond. Twenty years of flood-tide emigration along the Oregon Trail left no residue save the soldiers in the military posts and the keepers of the road houses. Indeed had it not been for a break in the Rocky Mountains and a welling up of the plains which caught the eye of the searchers for easy passage to the Pacific Coast, there is no telling when the attention of men would have been turned this way.

It was this low place in the hills that brought to the district in the summer of 1867 the two creeping lines of steel which represented the westward progress of the first coast-to-coast railway. And keeping pace with the breaking plows of the contractors went the first towns of the district, the riotous "hells on wheels" that sprang up overnight and went as quickly, populated with the huge construction gangs and the motley horde which preyed upon them. At intervals behind these moving vanguard settlements sprang up the division-point towns, permanent but almost as rough and ready as their mushroom predecessors.

The violence that prevailed in those towns during the first year made it certain that if continuous rail traffic was to be assured, there must be some seat of government nearer than the capitol of Dakota Territory. And thus it was that Wyoming, child of the cross-continental trails, came into being as a unit of administration to serve the needs of the Union Pacific Railroad.

There being no other reason for the existence of the Territory, it was not unnatural that the railroad corporation regarded the new division of the United States much as it regarded the huge land grants to which the federal government had given its full title. By a shrewd manipulation of these land grants it secured legal possession of the immense coal deposits bordering its right-of-way which then seemed the only part of the Territory worth owning. For many decades it was common report that the Union Pacific was the power behind the throne in territorial politics, and results went to show that it had ways and means of exerting strong persuasion wherever its interests were vitally involved. Until the present year the assessments of Union Pacific properties in Wyoming were fractional as compared with the assessment of that corporation's properties in other States. In 1922 the line across the prairies of Nebraska was assessed at \$133,155 per mile, while the same

line in Wyoming, with long stretches of mountain construction and with tunnels and snowsheds costing millions, was assessed at \$62,376.20 per mile. That same year a former division superintendent and known business ally of the Union Pacific running for governor on the single plank platform of economy and tax reduction was defeated by 723 votes. His defeat was followed by the appointment of a State board of equalization which ordered a sharp raise in the assessment of Union Pacific properties.

In the period immediately following construction no one was interested in disputing the suzerainty of the railroad. Viewed from the window of a railway coach the Territory seemed through most of its extent a land as desolate as the surface of an extinct planet. To the eye accustomed to the rational, water-molded topography of the East the land was beyond comprehension. A precipitately tilted ledge of rock would cut across the trail without reference to the rest of the landscape, and the route would skirt along its base to a V-shaped water-gap through which a bewildered river found its way. These rivers following circuitous routes through the bad lands eventually gave the State its value as one of the finest cattle ranges in the world. From the high central plateau seated like the cupola of a continent they radiate east, north, west, southwest like the spokes of a wheel, paying the State's tribute of waters to the Gulf of California and Puget Sound as well as to the Missouri and Mississippi on the east.

But it required someone other than a New York farmer's son to discover the land's value. Cattlemen of the Texas and Panhandle ranges driving their herds hundreds of miles north to a railroad outlet found that the seemingly scanty grasses had a strength unknown to forage of more rainy lands. They soon were trailing hundreds of thousands of cattle here in the early summer to fatten on the nutritious Northern grasses and be shipped to market in the fall. Not a fence intervened along their route, and under ordinary conditions the cattle were brought the whole way for not more than \$1 per head.

It was not until the middle seventies that the dangers from hostile Indians were removed and headquarters ranches were established. The perils were still so great that they were reflected in interest rates as high as from 24 to 36 per cent required by the Texas and Cheyenne banks. The result was that large stock-selling companies were formed which enlisted capital in the Eastern States and in England and Scotland. As a consequence the range passed into foreign hands during the period of development.

Despite the ravings of the romanticists over the freedom and the larger manners of the days of the unfenced range the plains cattle-industry of those days was no pure democracy. All conditions made for the success of the large outfit. Under the provisions of the federal land laws legal title to the range was out of the question save in small amounts beneath notice in a pastoral country. Consequently the range was no-man's land, and anyone who could get money could flood it with cattle. An estimate of that day

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states that a herd of 5,000 cattle could be maintained there for \$1 per head, a herd of 10,000 for 75 or 80 cents per head, and a herd of 25,000 for not much over 50 cents per head the year round. Large herds, running as high as 75,000 head, became the rule. When the Wyoming Live Stock Association was formed in 1879 it was reputed to be the largest organized body of stockmen in the world, comprising 400 members representing over half the States in the Union and several foreign countries, and possessing stock and equipment valued well up toward \$100,000,000. The foreign-owned companies employed foremen who were often stockholders and managed as many as 150 men. Only part of this force was resident on the range the year round; and every spring there was an influx of riders. After the beef round-ups in the fall these transients would "hole up" in the towns with the stake they had earned, or in many cases they went to Eastern States, where they followed more prosaic occupations during the winter.

This was the Wyoming beloved of the romanticist—a community of roistering young bachelors without a stake in the land and with little aim other than to enjoy the spice of adventure that went with the cattle industry. Among them prevailed the open-handed camaraderie of the adventurer. Even among their employers, while the reserves of the bank of nature were more than equal to the demands there was no reason for tight-fistedness or thieving. Thus it was that for a decade or less there prevailed an atmosphere of open-handed generosity and honorable dealings.

It was inevitable that this seemingly idyllic period should be no more than an evanescent phase of the land's development; and sober consideration will reveal that its perpetuation was not desirable. The life of the cow-hand alternated between long periods of hard work, when he was the very moderately paid employee of a large outfit, and brief seasons of hard dissipation in the sordid little cow towns composed of a store or two and several saloons about a loading chute. The social institutions of the country were crude. Well into the twentieth century the barkeepers outnumbered the doctors, lawyers, and ministers of the State combined. There were few decent women back in the range country and many reasons for not bringing them there.

When the abler men aspired to homes and outfits of their own they came into conflict with the interests already in control of the range. The syndicates discouraged ownership on the part of their employees, unless they wished to buy stock in the companies. It was true that an employee with a brand of his own could steal without limit from his employer. It was accordingly a rule with many companies that the employee with his own brand was blacklisted.

But the large concerns were unable to compete with these new rivals who had grown up in their employ and were the real cattlemen on whom they had depended for the rough and ready work. For once the man on the ground doing the work of production held the advantage, for he knew the industry from every angle. The chief weakness of the syndicates lay in their inability to get undisputed control of any considerable acreage. The homestead law allowed each man a title to 160 acres of land, to be acquired by actual residence. For a foreign company this was a poser. Twenty average acres of range land were required to maintain one cow the year round. Consequently a homestead would carry eight cows. If the outfit owned 5,000 cattle, which was a small herd in the open-range days, it needed the equivalent of 625 homesteads to run them on. The large

companies laid their case before Congress, asking for legislation permitting long-term leases of large tracts of arid land as a matter of range conservation. There were strong arguments in favor of such legislation. Notwithstanding the larger gross returns reported from later systems of mixed small ranching and farming, it seems probable that more clear money was taken from the country during the day of the large company than at any time since. For the changes since have involved much costly controversy and expensive education, however valuable they may be in the long run. The odium attaching to the exploitation of the public lands by foreign capital was emphasized with good effect by the opponents of leasing, however, and the lawmakers were unwilling, for political reasons if for no other, to lay themselves open to that charge.

Overstocking and disorganization ensued, and the severe winter of 1886-87 was sufficient to bring the old order to an abrupt end. From 50 to 60 per cent of the cattle were lost that season before summer opened. Such companies as did not immediately go out of business reduced their operations to bedrock, and in the ensuing decade the number of cattle in Wyoming fell from 900,000 to 300,000.

At the close of the disorganized period the return of better times found the hated "nester," the small rancher, in full control. For a period of ten years the men who had grown up with the country and who had been identified with its development more than any other class of men before or since were in possession. At the close of that decade there were reported to be 3,200 horse and cattle raisers in the State, with herds ranging from 100 to 1,000. But even with these smaller holdings, the legal title to sufficient range was out of reach. They managed as best they could with gentlemen's agreements; several ranchers would fence in a tract for a common pasture. But the time came when these men, in their turn, found themselves helpless before a new invasion.

The new heir to the range was the homesteader who proposed to take the 160 acres allowed by law and make his living on it by agriculture. For him it seemed the federal government had been waiting as the rightful owner who was to develop the arid lands along a policy which it could sanction—the policy which had been tested in the fertile rain belt.

In reality the movement was engineered by land boomers who took advantage of the land fever which resulted from the prosperous farming period which came with the opening of the twentieth century. The boomer saw and grasped his golden opportunity to exploit the cheap lands of the West. He took up the systems, so called, of dry-farming developed by experimenters and expanded them in a literature that reeked with the patter of "dust mulches" and "subsoil packing" warranted to retain in gravel beds every drop of moisture and hold it the year round payable on demand. He acquired title to cheap railway lands, or he offered to "locate" settlers on homesteads for fees ranging from \$25 to \$100.

The wage slave and the tenant farmer of the East leaped hungrily to the bait, and there ensued that crusade of the innocents that shattered its ranks in vain against the stubborn desert. Heeding not the warnings of the experienced ranchers, which they held to be inspired by their selfish interests, and armed with a dry-farming manual furnished gratis by the promoter as a buckler against disaster, these knights errant of the soil essayed their high emprise

of making a bushel of wheat grow where nature had produced but a tuft of bunch-grass.

During a few years conditions favored them. World War prices enabled settlers on the better lands to make ends meet and even show a margin of profit. But the fitting symbol of the whole movement was the shack which the homesteader built for his home. All houses in the dry-farming districts were "shacks" in name and most of them were that in fact. Mere little paper-lined shells they were, to be blown away at the first puff of disaster. When disaster did strike the farming industry in 1920, it transpired that the dry-farming movement was also a shell of another type, loaded with dynamite. Eastern loan companies had over-financed the movement, advancing \$8, \$10, even \$12 per acre on lands that now go begging for purchasers at any price. It is true that these loan companies had managed to get usurious rates of interest by the expedient of withholding a good sum from the principal as a "commission" for making the loan. But that availed them nothing when the owner of the land elected to call the transaction a sale and decamped with the money, leaving the company to reimburse itself as best it might from the lands which it had accepted as security. The companies now hold the nests but the birds are flown. When the collapse came the dry-farmers who had been holding on precariously during the best years scattered to the four winds. A few restricted localities were favored with a soil actually adapted to producing crops under arid conditions, and here a remnant held on. A county agent whose business takes him into a number of dry-farming communities estimates that in the neighborhood of 10 per cent of the farmers who came in the boom period are left. In one section where originally 125 farmers settled there are five left; in another there are two left out of twenty-four. The 90 per cent who let go bettered their condition, and are now for the most part in the oil fields and railway towns, earning good wages and living better than at any time in their experience.

But he who concludes from the above recital that there is nothing left to do but to inscribe R.I.P. over the departed glories of the land is very much mistaken. For as the dry-farming industry was just about to burst like the overblown bubble it was, and as the live-stock industry was entering a temporary eclipse, a new dynamic more potent than was ever known in rangeland before entered this arena of seemingly spent forces. Far below the grass roots once considered the State's sole wealth the adventuring drills of the wild-catters discovered the miracle of petroleum. As early as the nineties there had been a small production from the shallow sand of Salt Creek, but it was not until 1914 that the presence of the deeper and richer sands was determined.

The first result was a rush of the oil companies for holdings, and a battle of giants ensued, from which the Standard group emerged victor. By virtue of its position as the owner of the only pipe-lines out of the fields in the early development, the Standard was able to throttle competition to an unusual degree. Crude prices in the Wyoming field were hammered down to a fraction of the mid-continent prices. When the product of the latter fields was selling for \$3.50 per barrel during the war, the higher grade Salt Creek product was selling for around \$2 per barrel. When mid-continent prices slumped to about \$1, Salt Creek crude was selling for barely more than half that amount. When the independent company was not crowded to the wall by these

methods, the Standard bored from within until it secured control of the majority of the stock.

In September, 1921, a faction of the independent operators under the lead of attorney George Brimmer of Rawlins demanded a special session of the legislature to enact laws curbing the monopolistic tendencies of large companies, but nothing was done, and the hold of the Standard on the oil industry of the State is practically complete.

As the oil was discovered almost entirely on Federal or State lands, the companies hold these lands under lease, paying royalties to those governments. As the laws require that the bids be open to competition, the companies sometimes fail to make previous arrangements, and there is spirited bidding. Such was the case with the famous Section 16, located in the heart of Salt Creek and owned by the State. When the date came to release in 1923, there entered the lists a defeated candidate who ascribed his downfall in the election of the previous year to Standard machinations. As a consequence the Standard interests were forced to raise the royalty for the lease of Section 16 from 35 per cent to 65 per cent of the production.

But an oil monopoly has ways and means of recouping such losses. The royalties paid to the State are largely recovered by higher charges on gasoline within the State's borders. Since the beginning of the industry, Wyoming gasoline has sold cheaper at Missouri River points than within the State. At the present time the gasoline that is selling in towns neighboring the oil fields at 21 cents per gallon is selling in Colorado at 16 cents. Glaring as this practice is, there is no concerted move to check it.

The discovery of oil did more, however, than to enrich a large corporation. It served to turn the attention of the entire State inward for the first time. At last there is a universal center of interest—Salt Creek. About that oil field and the young city of Casper which has developed from it there has crowded a population of 50,000, the first industrial center of any consequence in the State. Previously it had been a State without cities, a ragged fringe of settlements around a central desert. Economically the State had been as thoroughly partitioned into spheres of influence as ever was Poland or darkest Africa.

Due to the development of Salt Creek there is now under construction the first railway line designed to serve the interior needs of the State—the road being built by the Haskell interests from Sheridan to Casper, and is eventually to connect with the Union Pacific at Rawlins. A few days ago a request was filed for permission to build another railway north from Casper to the Montana line. Eventually Salt Creek seems destined to become the hub of a system of railways radiating to every region of the State, which will bind together all sections about this rich central empire. Then this meaningless geographical rectangle, this oblong satire on rational map-making, may become at last a unified commonwealth, a State among States, instead of a mere tribute payer to a usurious sisterhood. And then may arise the organized will to resist the exploitation of resources by monopolies without regard to the rights of the citizens.

Yet is there any assurance of such outcome? Will the imprisoned genii of the earth which were released through the casings with the roaring gas and thundering crude when the wild-catter's bit pierced the wealthy lower sands of Salt Creek effect any real social and political development? Or will the State merely experience a change of corporate allegiance, and become known as a province of Standard Oil?

Johnson Chases Coolidge

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

HIRAM JOHNSON keeps on pursuing Calvin Coolidge to try to find all the incidents possible that will prove Mr. Coolidge to be what Mr. Johnson is sure he is. Most of the time it is more or less like trying to find and catch a corner on a billiard ball.

The smooth rollings of Mr. Coolidge about the political table are broken by few public personal acts and by still fewer public personal pronouncements. Never before in our times have we had less of the President and more of those impersonal substitutes for him known as "an official spokesman for the President" and known also—and still more elusively—as "White House circles."

In any Administration a judicious loquacity by "White House circles" enables the President to test the temper of the public without undue personal responsibility for views uttered and accordingly without undue personal disadvantage from reactions received. It happens that Calvin Coolidge is capable by temperament of operating this system much more effectively than any of his recent predecessors.

He singularly is devoid of any inward impulse toward frequent outward personal lecturings of his fellow-citizens. He is not tortured by any desire to inform his fellow-citizens that such and such ideas about this and that and the other topic are throbbingly entertained by Calvin Coolidge. He most sincerely is perfectly content to be melted into the anonymity, the modesty, and the security of "White House circles."

Moreover, under his influence, when "White House circles" stand to confront the newspaper correspondents, there are no unnecessary wakings of sleeping dogs to bark unnecessarily at rhetorical stuffed sticks. There are no denunciations of the farm bloc or of the progressive group. There are no exclamations of horror about bolsheviks or radicals or strikers. There are no slivers stuck under the finger-nails of Gifford Pinchot, Frank Lowden, William G. McAdoo, Pat Harrison, or any other critic or rival. Under Calvin Coolidge the institution called "White House circles" has become as serene as the building in which it is housed and as impersonal in its manner as in its title.

Meanwhile, however, this public official presidential impersonality is consistent with a totally ceaseless activity of individual interviews with political persons and of individual letters to them. Discarding travels, discarding banquets, discarding public appearances which would require long profitless eatings and waitings and talkings and train-catchings, the President sees more people who are really politically worth seeing and writes to more people who are really politically worth writing to than any other President of our times.

The White House today is a camera through which there goes an endless motion-picture film of the personages, large and small, of the Republican politics of the whole country. If any of these personages should happen not to come to Washington he does not thereby escape the presidential eye. The secretary of the State Committee of a Western State not long ago expressed to this writer his amazement over receiving two letters from Calvin Coolidge on two slight achievements of his in local politics. He was amazed that the President could have heard of these achievements. He

was amazed that the President could have unbent to noting them. Calvin Coolidge noted them apparently automatically. He is in politics. He follows politics. He likes politics. Whatever time he has off from public affairs he gives to his daily walk and to politics.

Thus while as President he is impersonal beyond precedent, it also comes about that as a politician he has spread his personal influence from rim to rim of the Republican Party throughout the country. An exasperated Democratic Senator has described him as a political fog. He does not attack a landscape. He just simply gradually pervades it; and, in the course of doing so, while finally covering it with a clinging presence, he displays to the enemy an absolute minimum of visible motions on which to train their guns.

Equipped with guns of all sizes and ranges, Hiram Johnson patrols the outskirts of this fog, eagerly eying its obscurity for the proofs of his suspicions. He suspects—in sum—that at the heart of this fog there is a cold dark reactionary determination to skin the under-dog alive and to hand his pelt over to the already heavily haired top-dog in the comfortable kennels of Wall Street, La Salle Street, State Street, Lombard Street, and other streets of bonds and bondage, both American and foreign.

At the end of many months he is able to see the following stirrings in the underbrush:

1. Mr. Coolidge has indorsed the League World Court with the faint and mild Hughes reservations.

2. Mr. Coolidge has sent Americans to sit on reparations committees where certainly nobody except a confiding idealistic political moron can think that they are wanted because of any superiority of theirs to Europeans as arithmeticians or as students of European economic conditions.

3. Mr. Coolidge has asked Congress to go back on its record and on its promise regarding adjusted compensation to ex-soldiers of the Great War.

4. Mr. Coolidge has given his approval to Mr. Mellon's plan for reducing taxes in a manner which can be thought to be a great favor to the very rich.

All four of these stirrings give Mr. Johnson sincere pangs of anger and of apprehension. They constitute for him an outright complete revelation of Mr. Coolidge's true intention to act for the benefit of the great ones of the earth abroad and at home.

The objective merits of his views I postpone to a later article. Here I wish to speak of their sources in his character. If anybody thinks that Johnson invents his views in order to manufacture issues against an adversary, he surely has watched Johnson more with passion than with candor. Johnson could have used Mr. Harding's proposed ship subsidy as a spectacularly taking argument against him. He did not do so. Happening to be in favor of a ship subsidy, he took the obloquy which came from supporting it and he denied himself, perfectly honorably, the advantage which he easily could have gained by opposing a measure so manifestly unpopular and so obviously doomed to defeat.

Johnson's views come with absolute fidelity from impulses in him which are wholly of his own heart. He hates to see the strong plundering the weak. He does not always see it when it happens, because his economic sight is far from perfect. When he does see it, however, he is enraged and undeterrable. He thinks he sees it in the League of Nations and all its works, and he thinks he sees it in the Mellon taxation plan and all its accompaniments. Thinking he sees it, he moves. That's simple, but that's all.

The Aerial Attack on the Arctic

By D. M. LEBOURDAIS

In five months, say the enthusiastic commentators on the news dispatches of the day, the Zeppelin Company will have a regular service between Spain and South America; in five years such things will come, say those who occupy what is not far from the middle road; in fifty years, said Mr. Balfour the other day at Washington. But whenever that time comes there will be in England not only those who desire to book passage by air for New York but also others who have pressing affairs awaiting them in Tokio. Then will arise the choice of routes, and there is no doubt that in the summer season at least it will be thought an absurdity for those in a hurry to go from England to Japan by way of either New York or Montreal. They will fly over the north polar ocean.

THUS wrote Vilhjalmur Stefansson two years ago in his book "The Northward Course of Empire." To those of us who compose what I may call the "Stefansson school" the recently announced intention of the Navy Department to send an aerial expedition to the polar regions next summer comes as a natural and logical step in the long and arduous course of geographical discovery and in the evolution of routes and methods of world transport. The voyage of the Shenandoah would seem to have a threefold object: the discovery of possible new lands and at least the penetration of an area hitherto unexplored—the last great unknown portion of the globe; the increase of scientific information; and the demonstration of the feasibility of aerial navigation in the polar regions. The last is by far the most important, for if it be once established the others will follow as a natural consequence.

Just the other day, at Dayton, Ohio, the Aeronautical Society of America marked the twentieth anniversary of Orville and Wilbur Wright's historic flights at Kitty Hawk, N. C., on December 17, 1903—the first really controlled flights in a heavier-than-air machine. In the short space of two decades enough of the secrets of the air have been won so that few now doubt the permanence of aviation in the world's future economy. Whether or not the Shenandoah shall fly across the Arctic Ocean will probably in no way affect the evolution of aviation in so far as the mechanics of flying are concerned. But the success of that venture must undoubtedly have a far-reaching effect upon the degree of utility to which aircraft seem capable of attainment.

The great land masses of the earth are in the Northern hemisphere with their broadest dimensions nearest the Arctic. Thus the shortest routes between the Eastern and Western hemispheres are across that comparatively small ocean. The Arctic seems destined, therefore, to become the Mediterranean of the future. It is true that the most important centers of population lie at present in the more southerly portions of the continents; but pressure of population, increasing means of communication, the overcoming of prejudice, and the dispelling of ignorance regarding climate and living conditions must inevitably result in the eventual filling of the vast vacant lands of the North, especially in Canada and Siberia. And there are even at present a number of important points between which the shortest distances are across the Arctic. Thus Tokio is

about 3,500 miles nearer London over the "top of the world" than around the globe east or west.

In addition to shorter distances, the Arctic route offers many other advantages for aerial navigation, particularly for dirigibles. We shall consider only summer flying at present, although some authorities believe that winter flying will be in certain respects even more feasible. In the first place then, especially in the beginning, the practically continuous daylight will be an advantage if for no other purpose than the moral effect. But there is a much more important reason. One of the difficulties encountered in flying gas-inflated craft is caused by the expansion and contraction of the gas due to the alternation of daylight and darkness. It is not a matter of fluctuations in the temperature of the air but rather because of the heat locally generated when the sun's rays strike the surface of the airship's envelope. In polar flights both temperature and sunlight would be more nearly constant factors than in any other part of the world. In summer a dirigible could leave England in the morning, and, by proper timing, arrive in Japan without having encountered any darkness en route.

While great strides have been made in aviation it cannot be said that that stage of comparative perfection has yet been reached when air flights, of whatever length, may be undertaken without the possibility of disaster—as was so lamentably demonstrated in the case of the unfortunate Dixmude. But this is a problem of aviation generally and need not necessarily be increased in the Arctic through difficulties inherent in the polar regions. Indeed some dangers will be measurably decreased, for the floating ice-fields will provide islands of refuge such as are not to be found in other oceans. A cake of ice may not be the most pleasant spot upon which to land, but it presents unquestionable advantages over open water.

But before the Shenandoah can attempt the Arctic flight, proper, it must travel about 8,000 miles; much of that distance across a sparsely settled country where flying conditions (from the standpoint of meteorological information) are almost as little known as in the polar regions. Should the Shenandoah, however, succeed in reaching Nome safely there seems little reason to doubt that it could quite as easily cross the Arctic Ocean—barring, of course, such accidents as might occur in New Jersey, France, or elsewhere.

Much of the advance which aviation has made, excepting for the great contribution of the Wright brothers, has been due to the desire to kill, to the love of destruction surviving in the human breast; and it is therefore all the more pleasing to realize that the Navy Department is apparently actuated in this instance by the desire to advance the cause of inter-hemispheric communication and to increase the general knowledge of the world in which we live. This is further to be commended in view of the fact that, should the Shenandoah succeed, the United States will probably benefit in a direct manner to a much less degree than many other countries, notably Japan, Russia, Great Britain, and Canada.

Felipe Carrillo

By ERNEST GRUENING

FELIPE CARRILLO, Constitutional Governor of Yucatan, is dead in his forty-seventh year.

Thirty years ago, as a mere boy, he began work on the Yucatan railroads. Then he went in business for himself, hauling machinery and supplies from the railway to the haciendas. It was on these plantations that he saw Maya peons work from three in the morning until eight at night; saw them whipped into unconsciousness; saw their young daughters the prey of a lustful overseer, of the hacendado or his sons on their occasional visits from riotous living abroad. He saw men of his race dying from beatings, overwork, and undernourishment in such numbers that Yaquis had to be imported to replace them. The anguish of his people burned into Carrillo's soul. He began to preach to them their rights under the federal constitution, which forbade slavery. He translated that document into Maya. For this he was imprisoned. He escaped. A price was put on his head. For years he led a hunted existence, escaping death a score of times by the narrowest margins. But he kept on—expounding the constitution.

Yucatan, isolated from the rest of Mexico by impassable jungles, is accessible only by sea. The powerful hacendados were able to maintain their feudalism through the Madero regime, and of course through the Huerta reaction. Only in 1915 were the bonds of slavery loosed. For three years the gigantic task of emancipation was carried on with Carrillo as its apostle. "Land and liberty" was the watchword. The federal law of 1915 embodied the fundamental aspiration of the Mexican revolution—land for those who are willing to work it—and especially provided that the communal village lands stolen under the Diaz regime by the hacendados to force the remaining free workers into bondage should be restored. Carranza's appointed governor called a convention which promulgated a new state constitution modeled, as were all the other state constitutions of the time, on the federal constitution of 1917, Mexico's Magna Carta. Meanwhile Carrillo was organizing the people into "leagues of resistance," each a combination of labor union, political club, educational center, and cooperative. A great workers' congress drew up a program of evolutionary emancipation. The restoration of lands was begun.

But the hacendados were not idle. They minded the loss of a few acres from their thousands far less than the loss of their slaves. Carranza's betrayal of his revolutionary pledges in 1918 gave them their opportunity. For weeks, with the aid of federal troops, there was an open season on the recently freed serfs—especially those who appeared prominent in the new "socialist" organizations. Hundreds were killed, their houses destroyed. Their leagues were broken up, their buildings burned, their slender funds confiscated. Carrillo barely escaped with his life. Obregon ended this reign of terror. Under the protection of a federally appointed governor Carrillo returned to resume his work. In 1921 he was elected governor on the Socialist ticket in one of the first thoroughly square elections that Mexico had known. The hacendados, forced for the first time in their lives to resort to democratic methods, complained that their candidate was not getting a fair hearing from the Indians. Carrillo at once hired a special train at

his own expense, turned it over to his opponent, and issued a proclamation urging all to give his rival the fullest attention. Carrillo received 60,765 votes, the hacendados' candidate 4,048, a third contestant 521. The entire Socialist legislature of fifteen deputies was likewise elected.

With a vigor and enthusiasm unprecedented in Mexican history he began his work. He put a school in every hamlet, by law compelled every hacienda to supply schoolrooms for the children of its workers, the state furnishing the teachers. A great agricultural school in Merida trained two boys from every village in the state in modern methods of farming, these pupils to return home to spread their new-found knowledge. Every league of resistance became a night school for adults. A campaign against illiteracy was carried on with the fervor of a crusade.

The agrarian reforms were carried into effect. But whereas in other Mexican states production had been seriously impaired in the process, in Yucatan not a single henequen plant was touched. Where the land around villages rightfully belonging to the natives had been planted, other uncultivated land from the edges of the great haciendas was substituted. Not a single hacendado was ruined. He was now obliged, however, to offer his workers fair wages and an eight-hour day to compete with his former peons' self-employment on their own land. There was an adequate living for all—but the days of oriental splendor built on slavery were past.

In the capital, Merida, the score of great country landlords also controlled almost the entire city real estate. With a shortage of houses rents were boosted to incredible figures, and it was pay or get out. The legislature passed laws not unlike those of New York State making eviction impossible under three months' notice, limiting the rentals to 7 per cent of the assessed value. The landlords' rage was increased when their own tax valuations were accepted as the basis for figuring the rent. A new graded tax law which bore lightly on a single house occupied by its owner, increased slightly up to five houses but became sharply prohibitive above twenty. The score who owned over fifty houses apiece were obliged by this taxation to sell or transfer their surplus houses to others. Inheritance taxes, and graded taxes on land held out of use, further infuriated the small caste that ten years before had had power of life and death in Yucatan.

Sisal, the fiber of the henequen cactus from which binder twine for the American farmer is made, suffered drastic deflation in 1921. When the price of sisal hemp slumped from its peak of eighteen cents a pound to three, and Yucatan, a one-crop state, faced the ruin that befell Cuba with its sugar, Carrillo was equal to the emergency. The legislature empowered him to handle the entire state's product. From the federal government he borrowed sufficient money to buy in the overproduction of 800,000 bales in the United States used by speculators to depress the price. By limiting production and by the economies of cooperative storage and transportation Carrillo saved the situation. Steadily the price rose till it exceeded pre-war levels. But while the industry was saved the great-landowners and recent slaveholders profited only by escaping the ruin that would have been theirs without the state's intervention. The sisal industry was also the state's chief source of revenue. There was a good living for the hacendados—but no more. The surplus went in taxes for general education and roadbuilding.

Roads, the first modern highways that Yucatan had ever known, connected its towns and villages, and pierced the jungle to the great ruined stone cities of the ancient Mayas. Pride of race, the desire to reawaken in his long-oppressed countrymen the consciousness of their past glories stimulated Carrillo to do this. His gray eyes, his straight regular features, his tall erect frame bespoke his white ancestry. But his great flashing smile and white teeth, his passionate yet gentle kindliness—these revealed the race to which his heart beat true. "Felipe Carrillo, the Socialist governor, has done more for archaeology than all the governments I have seen down here put together," said Dr. Sylvanus Morley, the Carnegie Institute's resident archaeologist. And he was able largely through Governor Carrillo's efforts to conclude an arrangement with the Mexican Government by which these ruins, neglected and crumbling since the Spanish conquest, will now be excavated and restored.

Under Carrillo the filthy Yucatan penitentiary became a penological model. Stripes and numbers were abolished, mail was no longer censored, visitors were admitted daily, and a man's wife or sweetheart allowed to spend one whole day a week with him. Education was carried on within prison walls, and each inmate was made expert in a craft of his own choosing. In the courtyard the prisoners were at work building a swimming pool.

Yucatan's new divorce law was based on Felipe Carrillo's conviction, embodied in the civil code, that "marriage is a voluntary union based on love entered into for the purpose of founding a home" and therefore "to be dissolved when either contracting party desires it." This law brought a rush of Americans but less than a score of Yucatan couples took advantage of it in the nine months since its promulgation. Birth-control information was also freely available in Yucatan, and with the assistance of Mrs. Anne Kennedy, executive secretary of the American Birth Control League, two clinics—the first to be legally established in this hemisphere—were recently opened in Merida. It was Carrillo's plan to have scientific contraceptive information made available to every newly married couple.

Felipe Carrillo's death at the hands of his and Mexico's enemies was in part due to his own kindliness and to his trust in his fellow-beings. Even after the massacres of 1918 he had refused to countenance reprisals. He believed in peaceable and democratic evolution. He had been repeatedly counseled to arm his Mayas. When the treason of De la Huerta and the bribes of the hacendados brought about the revolt of the garrison in Merida, the Maya countrymen armed with machetes were prepared to rush in to his defense. But he was unwilling to countenance the slaughter that would have preceded their victory over the soldiers' rifles. Too late he consented to send one of his trusted friends to the United States to secure fire-arms. Meanwhile he slipped quietly out of Merida to take refuge among his Indians in the country believing that the reactionary coup would be short lived. Someone betrayed his whereabouts. A rebel column attempted to capture him and he barely escaped to the coast, where a sloop was waiting. A terrific "norther" of the kind that sweep over the Gulf drove his craft back onto the rocks. He was taken and with his three younger brothers brought back to Merida. For a week they were kept in jail, then cold-bloodedly murdered. According to custom the De la Huertistas will undoubtedly pretend that he was "trying to escape," or that

he was "accidentally shot during an attempted rescue," or possibly will endeavor to blame some subordinate.

Thus perished the most enlightened, the most courageous, the most lovable man in Mexico. Her tragic history of blood and tears has offered no nobler, no sweeter figure as a sacrifice to human freedom.

In the Driftway

AS Mr. Howard Carter and his helpers have penetrated further and further within the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen and as the great doors of shrine after shrine have swung out to admit them still nearer to the sanctum sanctorum, the Drifter may as well confess to a steady sinking of the heart. Now that the sarcophagus, in all its polished, rose-colored splendor, is at last exposed to view his gloom is profound. He does not, of course, deny or wish to mitigate the archaeological value of these treasures of ebony and bronze and faience and alabaster, or their desirability as objects of art; but he was unequivocally relieved when King George issued a royal edict against the last desecration: prying modern eyes, however reverently proceeding in the names of science and beauty, shall not see the Pharaoh stripped to his dry, rattling skin; the mummy clothes are to be left intact; for this little dignity left to him, let Tut-ankh-Amen take what consolation he may.

* * * * *

THIS terrible curiosity, this yearning to uncover the bones of an epoch or a king, is not peculiar to our age of scientific investigation. When in 1790 an attempt was made to locate Milton's exact burial spot in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, and the coffin was finally exhumed, the investigators not only opened the inner casket but made off with various souvenirs—a few hairs and some of the teeth, even a thigh bone. This seems to everyone a revolting disturbance of the peace of the dead whether renowned or not; and the Drifter is not disposed to compare with it the patient and careful work of the present Egyptologists, done for the most unselfish motives. Both affairs, however, show the curious attitudes that even the best of men have toward their heroes. If the Drifter ever again presumes to advise a young man or woman as to his or her choice of a career he will urge most strongly against heroism. "Don't be a hero, my child," he will say, "there is little in such a career while it lasts and it is as fleeting as a bird before the wind. Take the case of Master Sergeant Samuel Woodfill, recently mustered out of the army after twenty-two years and five months of service. For an act of extraordinary heroism the sergeant was acclaimed by General Pershing and his grateful countrymen the greatest hero of the World War. Yet the only reward Sergeant Woodfill received, in addition to certain decorations and medals, was the highest non-commissioned rank in the army and retirement pay for life of \$133 a month. Thus does a great nation repay its heroes!"

* * * * *

A MORE recent case of the decline in a hero's standing was caused by the hero himself. A young gentleman was so unfortunate as to lose both his legs by some accident or other; his convalescence was spent among survivors of the battle of Chateau-Thierry. It is quite possible that the warriors were unduly reminiscent; at any rate the young gentleman emerged from the hospital confident that he

might as well have fought in the battle himself—and willing to accept the numerous favors which kind-hearted ladies were eager to shower on a wounded soldier. His bogus heroism has just been exposed and the ladies are feeling very sad at the duplicity of the human race; but how, one wonders, does Sergeant Woodfill feel, or Tut-ankh-Amen, or the second-greatest English poet? The answer, and it is not an unconsoling one, is that the two last-named great ones do not care a broken bone button; and that is the end of heroism, after all.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

[Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.]

The Spirit of Arthur Gleason

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few weeks ago the French liberals sustained an irreparable loss through the death of M. Philippe Millet; now it is the American liberals who have to mourn the passing of one of the ablest and finest spirits in their ranks, Arthur Huntington Gleason.

Few men in their own personal experience have disclosed more completely the transformation of spirit brought by the war than Arthur Gleason. At the moment when the struggle broke he was in England. Despite his scanty means he obtained an automobile, transported it to Belgium, and in the confused hours of the first month rendered gallant service in the rescue of the wounded, risking his own life unhesitatingly and at least once nearly losing it, when captured by the Germans.

A little later, when the lines hardened, he was at work on the battlefield of Ypres bringing British wounded from the frozen Flanders fields, while his wife rendered similar service in the first-line trenches of the Belgians behind the Yser. For these services Mr. Gleason earned the right to wear the Mons Star, while Mrs. Gleason was decorated by the King of the Belgians personally.

In 1915 Mr. Gleason returned to America, and by his speeches and his writings contributed incalculably to awakening American minds to the meaning of the struggle. The late Colonel Roosevelt found in his testimony, already embodied in the famous Bryce report, the single eye-witness proof of much that had been asserted without supporting evidence.

But it was characteristic of Mr. Gleason, as of many other liberals, that, deeply as he shared with all his pro-Ally friends the belief that the defeat of Germany was essential to the realization of all democratic hopes, the very progress of the war and the disclosure of secret and selfish national purposes early caught his attention and aroused his apprehension.

When America entered the war he and his wife both gave all their time and their effort through Y.M.C.A. channels to serving the first American regiments to reach Europe. But even at this time there was already forming in Gleason's mind the resolve to contribute as he might to the realization of those hopes which, as a liberal, the war had roused for him.

With prophetic insight he turned to the British labor movement as holding out the best promise. In England, after the close of the struggle he met and talked with Ramsay MacDonald, Arthur Henderson, Smillie, Hobson, with precisely the men who are now rising to power and world prominence. He inspired their confidence, he shared their hopes; more than that, in at least three books he set forth, years in advance of the fact, a picture of the new political Britain which was to come and has now arrived.

Returned to America, he suffered as many of his faith for those ideas which in the post-war period were still judged

with war-time passion. He, who had endured every conceivable danger, faced every kind of peril that war could bring—capture by the enemy, drowning when his ship was torpedoed—found himself assailed because he did not hesitate in peace to serve the same cause which had been his throughout the war.

In a sense he never recovered from the strain and privation of the war. He had given without thought of his strength, of his slender resources, and beyond all else of his spirit. In the America to which he returned after his British experiences he found it difficult to adjust himself, and that service which he had still to render was not infrequently impeded by stupid passion and unreasoning prejudice.

Yet he found his place. What he accomplished later is known to all who are familiar with such service as is disclosed in *The Nation* and the *Survey*. When death at last overtook him; when, more exactly, his last reservoir of strength had been exhausted, he was hard at work upon a new study of child labor, while a brief vacation which just preceded his death had been interrupted characteristically because he found at his hand work that he felt must be done and that he could do.

There is, perhaps, nothing harder to define than the term "liberal," yet I have never met in my life any man who combined within himself more of the qualities which seem to belong to those who profess that faith. He had a courage in the face of danger which was rare, and with great physical bravery he possessed equal gentleness. He fought the German because the German seemed to him to threaten the things in the world which he loved; but, fighting the German, his main activity was that of rescuing the wounded and caring for the suffering.

He was not, however, satisfied that the war should be won on the battlefield. It meant for him something spiritual even more than physical. Long before the victory came, his eyes had begun to turn toward the use which was to be made of the triumph. He gave his best to win the war, but he turned from battlefield victory with new energy to the preservation of those things which alone, for him, justified the suffering, the agony, the tragedy.

Only those who knew Arthur Gleason at all well could realize the remorselessness with which he sacrificed himself to the cause to which, quite without pretentious statement, he had dedicated himself. The last ten years of his life were spent in unbelievable wanderings; nothing of the ease, comfort, peace which all men seek at least a little was known to him because always there was one more task to be accomplished. In the end he gave his life just as unmistakably as if he had fallen on one of the many battlefields on which he had served.

Men gave him their confidence, children their affection; there was always about him something a little unworldly. Simple, modest, silent, yet he gave the impression of possessing a vision, a spiritual elevation, something of the mystic, and, when it was a question of wrong to be fought, a shade of the fanatic. And with the vision went a certain sadness, inevitable in one who understood so well and sympathized so deeply with those who suffered unjustly and unfairly.

American liberalism has had no finer expression than that which is furnished by the life and work of Arthur Gleason.

Washington, D. C., December 31

FRANK H. SIMONDS

Pennsylvania Committee for Amnesty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read your interesting article in *The Nation* of January 2, summarizing the campaign for amnesty. I am writing to call your attention to a special group which did valiant and indispensable work in this campaign and which Mr. DeSilver neglected to mention. This is the Pennsylvania Committee for Political Prisoners. Besides its cooperation in every branch of amnesty activity, this committee undertook the full financial responsibility for the campaign from October, 1922. Headquarters which had been opened in Washington

during the winter of 1921-1922 had been virtually closed for many months owing to lack of funds, when the members of the Philadelphia committee agreed to raise what was needed to reopen headquarters with a staff of workers. The committee has never failed at any time to respond most generously when funds were needed. More than half of the money expended nationally on amnesty for the fourteen months preceding its accomplishment was contributed through the efforts of this committee, whose expenses were guaranteed during that whole period by Edmund C. Evans, chairman of the executive committee, together with Mrs. Evans and Miss Ellen Winsor.

Washington, D. C., December 29 GILSON GARDNER,
Chairman Joint Amnesty Committee

In Defense of Lying

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Did you ever see a franker defense of lying than the following editorial from this morning's *Boston Herald*:

The New York *Nation* is unduly severe in its obituary editorial on John R. Rathom of the *Providence Journal*, in declaring that "Muncheausen was a tyro by comparison; yet his stories went all over the country and are doubtless still believed by multitudes."

It is, of course, true, as most well-informed people now understand, that the Rathom disclosures, which made the *Providence Journal* famous during the war, were fiction, Rathom himself acknowledged their falsity or such a degree of exaggeration that it equaled falsity, under compulsion of the United States Government. . . . But Rathom did all this for the praiseworthy purpose of arousing his countrymen to a war fury. He took one of the practical ways of doing so. When pressed by the Department of Justice with the realities in the matter, he blandly asked if the Germans were not doing things similar to those which he had pictured. And, on getting an affirmative reply, he answered: "What was the harm then in giving the people an equivalent to the reality?" His idea was that fiction cognate to the facts would serve an entirely justifiable purpose.

This is all a part of the war game and will be as long as war lasts as a means of settling disputes. Intensity of hatred against an enemy in arms is one of the ways of arousing a people to their sternest endeavors, and so long as that aim is a necessary one there will be an inevitable credoning of means of reaching it. Mr. Rathom, an intrepid journalist of originality and force, merely "played the game."

Brookline, Mass., December 29

A. D.

A Fable

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Once upon a time a Secretary of State who was somewhat of a Prohibitionist and not unlike a comic picture of a Bolshevik raised a dreadful outcry in the Capitol—"That Soviet Russia was topsy-turvy, that men and women were walking with their feet uppermost, that unless prompt steps were taken the United States would be likewise, that things in general were on the high road to the devil, and that the red flag would soon be flying over the White House."

As the people only laughed at him he cried the louder and more vehemently; at last he began reproducing copies of an article from a sixteen-months-old Russian newspaper that looked to the average American like a sheet of jazz music notes.

Two good-natured senators, Norris and Borah, hearing the commotion, went up, took the Secretary of State by the haunches, and, softly inverting his position, set him down—on his feet. His mind was staggered not a little by this operation, and when it cleared he rubbed his eyes and cried: "So it was not Soviet Russia that was topsy-turvy then, but I that was standing on my head, broadcasting through my hat."

Brooklyn, N. Y., December 28 THOMAS F. HASTINGS

Books

Knowledge Rehumanized

The Humanizing of Knowledge. By James Harvey Robinson. George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

IN this little book the author of "Mind in the Making" tells us that whereas conformity to human wishes was once the standard of truth, modern science has given us a mass of dehumanized knowledge, that there is now an "organized opposition to the scientific view of man's place in the natural order"—ostensive cases of which are Bryanism and fundamentalism—that there is a widespread and instinctive hostility to the scientific attitude, that our educational methods often widen instead of close the great gap between science and life, and then he indicates the ways and methods by which knowledge can be rehumanized and democratized.

Nothing could be more timely, and the author emphasizes his thesis with a wealth of illustrations, a cogency of argument, and a style that is both convincing and stimulating. Many of his most thoughtful and intelligent readers will in their hearts pay him the supreme compliment of wishing that they could have seen and said what he does.

Yet, on a second careful reading (which this book will amply justify), many will wish the author had gone further. He might, e.g., have given us a valuable chapter on what has been done in his own field of history to simplify and bring home the lessons of the past since and including Wells, Van Loon's stories of Mankind and of the Bible, Reinach's masterly "Short History of Christianity," Hart's "We and Our History," Stawell and Marvin's "The Making of the Western Mind," Howard Pyle's "Book of the American Spirit," not excluding such highly imaginative interpretations of pre-history as Jensen's "The Long Journey," and he might have added a descriptive bibliography of other pedagogical masterpieces to guide those who would read, and to show just how far his own department has gone toward rehumanizing itself. Surely this is not too much to ask of one so competent, and surely, too, the story of the revolution of the ideals of what Droysen long ago formulated as historiography from Stubbs and Freeman down to the present, shows that history has gone farther along the way of the higher pedagogy on the road of humanization than any other department.

But the humanization of knowledge has its limits, and is often harder than the humanization of industry. It is nearly forty years since I, a layman in mathematics, began to try to understand N-dimensional space, and within the last four years I have spent laborious hours on at least a score of attempted explanations of Einstein, and all this with hardly a glimmer of satisfying insight to reward me. Its truth probably consists exactly in its inhuman and deanthropomorphic nature. Epistemologists tell us that all knowledge is a form of self-knowledge. Einstein must be an exception. It is evident that much knowledge must and more should remain esoteric and cannot be vulgarized. Moreover, there is a conception of knowledge without its substance that is dangerous, and there is much that must be accepted solely on authority, as I accept Einstein. Again, there is at the bottom of every society a kind of incipient moronarchy that resists wisdom, and tends in its presence to react to outgrown stages of culture by way of self-preservation; for nothing is so dangerous as big ideas in little minds, and most little minds instinctively know this danger, and resent big ideas in order to keep their poise and sanity. We cannot exclude anyone from our schools or forbid him to learn to read, and yet there are many who would be healthier in mind and body, happier, and probably more desirable citizens without schools or letters. Knowledge is power, but, if unassimilated, it may become a source of weakness.

The case of the crass spiritualists, fundamentalists, and evolution-phobiacs seems somewhat different. These are all deft

in the use of defense-mechanisms. They are by no means morons, but well-meaning and, for the most part, intelligent people, who, perhaps, deep down below consciousness, feel that with all the other calls upon their intellects which modern civilization makes, they cannot stand the added strain that would be involved in a mental adjustment to science, the higher criticism, and biology, and so regress to an earlier, easier point of view which they seek to justify by whatever resources of rationalization they can command.

Ignorance is often the way of sanctification, and when we have a mental hygiene that can prescribe all the attitudes proper for each temperament and each degree of capacity, ignorance may, for some, become a perfectly legitimate prescription.

Every soul has a deep instinct regulative of the degree of sophistication best for it, and this instinct should not only be recognized and respected but developed, as some psychoanalysts are beginning to prescribe certain religions as best fitted for certain of their cases. Even Father Jasper and a successor of Dowie, who preached a pre-Copernican astronomy, may save certain souls; and statesmen, not one of whom will probably accept Wiggam's "New Decalogue of Science," will remain pre-Darwinian from the same deep instinct of preserving their sanity, which would be jeopardized by such revolutionary reconstructions as he urges them to undertake.

Mental tests which are now in their infancy will one day include answers to such questions as—what do you think of Eddyism, spiritualism, the higher criticism, fundamentalism, evolution of the human body and psyche, and answers to these questions will contribute to an intelligence quotient more broadly based and a by no means insignificant determinant of psychological age. But we must never forget the many analogies which analytic psychology is now finding between forcing ideas upon unwilling minds and the more readily acknowledged crime of impregnation by force.

The great merit of this book is that it is bristling with stimulating suggestions in many directions and raises far more questions than it answers.

G. STANLEY HALL

The Irrelevant Sixth Act

Weeds. By Edith Summers Kelley. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

WITHOUT being tremendously original in either style or feeling, Miss Kelley's story of the tobacco growers hidden away among the Kentucky hills is thoroughly sound, and leaves upon the reader a genuinely sober impression. It is written by one who is obviously saturated with the life she is describing, but in addition it has a certain largeness which gives weight beyond that belonging to the mere regional study. Miss Kelley knows her people—their simplicity, their kindness, and their profound sense of the futility of effort which results in what unsympathetic observers call their "shiftlessness"; she knows too what it means to be "close to the soil" when the soil is bad and the Mother Nature of the poets is a capricious and avaricious harriidan from whom bare sustenance can be wrung only by unremitting toil and who is likely at any moment to withdraw by drought, flood, or pestilence what she has so grudgingly allowed to be taken from her; both these things Miss Kelley sets forth in sound and methodical narrative, but at the same time she gives general significance to her work by making it clear that this people is interesting not chiefly because of the strangeness of their story but because it is only a slightly different version of the common story of humanity. The pity we feel for them is not the supercilious pity we have for an inferior race; their predicament is too much like ours for that, and they are too much like ourselves.

It is not merely that, as the author says, "No decadent court ridden with lust of power, greed, vice, and intrigue, and

falling to pieces of its own rottenness, ever moved under a thicker atmosphere than that which brooded over the little shanty where these four fresh-checked young country people stood stripping tobacco," for there is a common element more important than that: in the Kentucky hills underfed youth may feel a little less intensely the hopeless rebelliousness which drives men to a vain struggle against the flatness of life, and people may pass less protestingly along the descent from the eagerness of youth to the acquiescence of age, but everywhere they pass, and the traps which nature sets in Kentucky present only easily recognizable variants of her universally triumphant technique. Hence the story which tells how Judy was disappointed by life is the story of all women.

Just as I, personally, should care little for her story if it were merely local, so also should I care little for it if the heroine were really, as the publishers describe her, "a woman born among these surroundings but as alien to them as Burns was to his Calvinistic neighbors." It is true that novelists who describe primitive people have in general a curiously perverse habit of insisting that their central character is "different" and of defeating their purpose of interpreting simple life by endowing farm hands with genius or presenting us with servant girls (vide Miss Hurst) who have a taste for imagist verse; but it is one of the best proofs of the soundness of Miss Kelley's method that she does nothing of the sort. She does give Judy just enough more health and energy than the common run of her kind to make it evident that her defeat was worth concerning oneself about. But it is the facts, first, that the story of her people is essentially the story of all people, and, second, that Judy can stand for her kind, which give to the book its largeness and make it not merely pathetic and quaint but genuinely tragic.

Miss Kelley's theme—the gradual dissipation of the glamor of youth, love, and life, and the gradual coming on of the light of common day—is one which seems to have a particular impressiveness for people of today and one also which the novel alone can adequately express. A play must come to a definite conclusion, but the essence of the tragedy of life is that life does not. When a hero is stabbed in the back and the stage is strewn with bodies, things have at least come to an end and we are cleanly done with them, but in life we must live on through the interminable irrelevance of a sixth act, and the most painful part is the anti-climax which must be endured. Sooner or later all must share the blank disappointment of Lear's "Is this the promised end?" but few are fortunate enough to have death close at hand. Perhaps because of the possibilities of the novel form, perhaps for some other reason, the essence of tragedy has come to be in the conception of something which goes on instead of in something which stops, and at least this idea is more actual, because nothing is more characteristic of life than its neglect of the dramatic principles and its refusal to cease when it has no longer any significance. Judy, when life has lost its savor, meditates:

She would go on for her allotted time bearing and nursing babies and rearing them as best she could. And when her time of childbearing was over she would go back to the field, like other women, and set tobacco and worm and top tobacco, shuck corn and plant potatoes. Already people were beginning to call her Aunt Judy. Some day she would be too old to work in the field and would sit all day in the kitchen in the winter and on the porch in summer shelling beans or stripping corn from the cob. She would be "grandmammy" then.

The idea here expressed might be found in dozens of contemporary novels, but it expresses perfectly our idea of the essence of tragedy and is as fundamental to us as the idea of the "fall of princes" was to the Middle Ages.

"Weeds" does not owe its distinction to its very successful presentation of the peculiarities of an odd people, but to its presentation in an unfamiliar aspect of a general truth.

J. W. KRUTCH

Evolution

The Unity of Science. By Dr. Johan Hjort. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Emergent Evolution. By C. Lloyd Morgan. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.25.

The Coming of Man. By John M. Tyler. Marshall Jones Company. \$2.

Evolution and Religion. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

IN spite of Mr. Bryan and the fundamentalists, the theory of evolution continues to satisfy the scientific mind. In fact, Johan Hjort in his little book on "The Unity of Science" does not find it necessary to discuss the subject at all with a view to establishing it. More specifically he is concerned with the problem of unifying the physical and the biological sciences. There has in fact been an increasing tendency, since the theory of evolution has made itself felt, toward the belief that the great distinction between dead and living things is due merely to the imperfection of our knowledge and not to any difference in principle between the things themselves. The great complexity of structure exhibited by living things in contrast to non-living matter is to be attributed solely to the fact that in the development of the sciences, historically, organic structure was studied carefully years before the structure of the molecule was contemplated at all and that complexity of phenomena and structure is dependent upon the closeness with which the subjects are investigated.

Both the physical and biological sciences, by the nature of the human mind, are unable to dissociate form and function. It is only by this combination of the two conceptions that we have a starting-point for investigation. The physicist requires a system which acts, the biologist demands an organization which functions. "Things are to us only what science teaches us they are, so that science must always be the Alpha and Omega of philosophy."

Lloyd Morgan in his Gifford Lectures for 1922 on "Emergent Evolution" stresses the "incoming of the new" such as the advent of life, of mind, and of reflective thought which finds its perfection in Deity. Indeed, he confesses that he can form no adequate conception of God "in isolation from the world, apart from the emergent quality of Deity." Emergent evolution, of course, demands that the process of evolution is not simply the regrouping of preexisting events and characters and nothing more. It assumes that new qualities are more than the resultants of those which have existed before. A simple illustration of the phenomenon of emergency is to be seen in the incoming of new qualities in chemical compounds which did not exist in any of the separate elements making up the compound and which could not be predicted from the fullest possible knowledge of them. Morgan holds that in the evolution of living matter from inorganic new and unpredictable qualities arose that justify the distinction made between the physical and biological sciences and remove the living organism from the realm of the mechanical. At the same time, however, that the author protests against the mechanistic interpretation of life, he is opposed to invoking an extra-natural force or vitalism just as he is opposed to invoking a crystalism to interpret the phenomena of crystals. From the point of view of emergent evolution, nature must be as a whole referred back to a ground plan of ultimate basal events beyond which the philosopher seems to be unable to go, namely, to the idea of space-time. From this conception, involving only extent and duration, "emerged" matter with a whole new set of relations which the physicist and chemist are trying to establish. This was followed by the emergence of life with still other relations which are not to be referred simply to mechanics and chemistry. Consciousness was the next emergent, followed finally by reflective mind. It must be admitted that the lectures are extremely difficult to follow and that the ideas of the lecturer are frequently

obscure. He maintains the position that "in the acknowledgment of God an ultimate philosophical explanation, supplementary to scientific interpretation, is to be found."

John M. Tyler of Amherst has written a very simple and readable account of the evolution of the human race in which the evolution of mind and morality and religious belief receives rather more attention than is usual in books of this kind. Every stage ushers in something new, according to Mr. Tyler, in which philosophy he is in agreement with Lloyd Morgan, but each higher power in the course of evolution "begins its career as servant of the lower; then evolution becomes revolution, and the yoke of the lower is thrown off." Mr. Tyler holds that mankind is just entering upon the dynasty of personality which is secure and permanent, in spite of what he makes painfully clear in a later chapter, that in the course of organic evolution dominance has been incompatible with progress. Throughout the geological ages the dominant group has always given way to some other form apparently weaker and less fit but with capacities which in turn have made that form dominant for a time. "The fittest is always the parent, never the child of the dominant."

Little need be said regarding Osborn's "Science and Religion." Unlike Mr. Bryan there are probably no readers of *The Nation* who need to be shown that for the evolutionist "God is not removed from the universe but the wonder, the mystery, and the marvelous order which we call Natural Law is greatly increased."

BEVERLY W. KUNKEL

Stephen Crane

Stephen Crane; A Study in American Letters. By Thomas Beer. With an Introduction by Joseph Conrad. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

MR. BEER has told the story of Stephen Crane not as if it were a romance, which it certainly was not, but as if it were a realistic novel. A good deal of romancing has been done about this strange and honest genius who blazed across the sky from 1895 to 1900. The truth which Mr. Beer now tells, like the truth which Crane as an artist always insisted upon the right to tell, is more fascinating than most fiction. If the book is indeed a novel, and it reads like one from the first page to the last, it is the sort which Crane might have written about himself had he had the inclination and had he known as much about himself as his biographer does.

Mr. Beer's identification with his subject extends even to details of language and manner. Hardly a paragraph lacks the peculiar nervous organization which Crane's intensity and irony gave to all his work. Mr. Beer is sardonic as Crane was sardonic, and his observation is deadly. There is a new fact in every sentence; all is apt, and all is valuable. Crane once defined an artist as "nothing but a powerful memory that can move itself at will through certain experiences sideways"—that is to say, Crane was a modernist in that he liked the slanting touch. He was an imagist before imagism existed. He said a bad egg had a "snarling smell." The whistling of the American soldiers in Cuba was "a jumble of Chinese lanterns in a fog." Some notes from Debussy were "windows in a train at night going over the edge of a plain." Mr. Beer writes in the same key, for he remarks that Crane's brain had a "tearing intensity," that "his opinions squirted out in shocking jets," and that criticism in America has always resembled "a wavering lady in a dark crinoline, prudently girdled with chaste iron."

What is more important, he composes his data into a narrative almost as vivid as "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Open Boat," or "The Blue Hotel." With a novelist's skill he swiftly assembles all the knowable details of Crane's imaginative life and makes them tell. He reconstructs the ironical talk about the Civil War which any sensitive American child might have heard in the seventies and eighties. He mentions merely in passing that Crane at thirteen saw a white girl stabbed by

her Negro lover and at eighteen was given a copy of Tolstoi's "Sevastopol"; that later he haunted the Bowery in New York, wrote too well to be a success as a newspaperman, heard Howells read Emily Dickinson's poems, looked into Zola's "Le Débâcle" and thought it crude, dismissed all of Mark Twain's books except "Life on the Mississippi," "loved babies, horses, oceans, or anything that offered an enigmatic surface to his thought," and felt the snobbery of Henry James to be "horrible! damnable!" With an artist's zeal he conducts researches into Crane's instinctive dislikes—for Tennyson, Stevenson, St. Paul, Frances Willard, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Frank R. Stockton, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Lillian Russell, Hall Caine, Barrie, Kipling, and the poetry of Oscar Wilde. This is a commendable record for a comparatively untutored American youth of the eighties and nineties, and it is well worth preserving.

Mr. Beer's narrative, once more like "The Red Badge of Courage," contains dozens of episodes which stand distinct and brilliant in the memory—the affair with Miss Trent, for instance, and the publication of "Maggie"—and it pauses now and then to hit off a minor character with amazing accuracy—Richard Watson Gilder, Howells, James, Richard Harding Davis, or Harold Frederic. The result in the end is a biography of the first order, as fresh and convincing as anything that has been done in its class for years. Crane himself must live henceforth as one of America's least forgettable literary heroes—a story-writer and poet who fought with singularly clear purpose against an indifferent generation and emerged a genius whom no one now can have the stupidity to deny.

MARK VAN DOREN

Now I Can Tell You

Adventures in Journalism. By Philip Gibbs. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

PHILIP GIBBS is a magnificent journalist. He is a fascinating story-teller, with a pictorial vision, and an extraordinary sensitiveness to the wants of his audience. Each passing moment thrills him, and he has the power of communicating his thrill with a sentimental melancholy which heightens its effect. These autobiographical sketches reveal the man and his gift, sometimes with unconscious cruelty.

"'You know,' he [the mayor of Bournemouth] told me in a moment of candor, 'I always treat journalists as though they were gentlemen.' For some time I disliked all mayors because of that."

That naive snobbery smiles condescendingly at one from page after page. Fat Jews distress Sir Philip Gibbs; he sickens at the "squalor" of modern stories of love and murder such as he would admire if they were medieval; his patronizing enthusiasm at his discovery of human qualities in the lower classes is immense. He devotes pages to an account of Jean Jaurès, laboring under the impression that he was a trade-union leader, and never troubles to realize that the New Economic Policy in Russia had been in effect for months before he discovered it when he "covered" the famine in the autumn of 1921.

The war was the great emotional experience of his life. It is the refrain to every paragraph. One cannot help feeling that Sir Philip Gibbs rather enjoyed riding in his own car up and down along the front and telling the British people what they were allowed to know of its glory and its horror. He has no regrets at the manner of his reporting. "We identified ourselves absolutely with the armies in the field. . . . There was no need for censorship of our dispatches. We were our own censors." "Day by day the English-speaking world was brought close in spiritual touch with their fighting-men, and knew the best, if not the worst, of what was happening in the field of war. . . . I verily believe that without our chronicles the spirit of the nation would not have maintained its greatness of endeavor and sacrifice." And, he might have added, would not have howled for a Carthaginian peace and have

brought ruin on Europe. But he did not add it; he does not see it even today, after he has written "Now It Can Be Told."

No, these Now-We-Can-Tell-You men do not care a whit for truth. If there came another war Philip Gibbs would again think to himself, "Now it is for me to decide what fragments of the truth the world should hear. God has appointed me to select and sift, to be my own censor, and to tell the dolts at home enough to make them continue courageously slaughtering each other." And he would do it brilliantly.

It is precisely Philip Gibbs's faults which make him so magnificent a journalist.

LEWIS GANNETT

Vox Populi

As I Like It. By William Lyon Phelps. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

FOR many years William Lyon Phelps has been the chief exponent in this country of the principle of loving-kindness in literary criticism. American criticism has seldom been betrayed by its amiability. So it has been Mr. Phelps's distinction ever to have ready "the social smile, the sympathetic tear."

In "As I Like It"—a collection in book form of Mr. Phelps's monthly pronouncements upon books, plays, and Things in General in *Scribner's Magazine*—he draws his own literary portrait by way of *apologia*. "I am enthusiastic about good things," he says. "And I dislike controversy because it usually leads no-whither." As for "the majority of recent novels"—"I have no wish to advertise rubbish by attacking it."

Now whether or no one likes a program of enthusiasm about good things, and of silence on the rest, joined with high ethical standards regarding the advertising of current literature, Mr. Phelps has developed a great public which does like it, and which has unquestionably been conducted toward self-knowledge, serenity, and the higher literacy by this mixture of altruism and criticism. A natural fellow-feeling for humankind, and an acquired versatility in taste and experience have given Mr. Phelps such jocund qualities of personality as have won for him the greatest extra-mural influence enjoyed by any American academician. Perhaps he has sat upon more than his share of chalk eggs. But, like William Howard Taft, he is always a good loser. As he likes it, we like it. His is the firmly established judgment on A. S. M. Hutchinson, the best short story of 1922, the younger generation, the greatest living American, William T. Tilden, 2d, and cats. His is the gentle art which makes literature the handmaiden of anecdote; his the mellow guidance to good things of the mind which graces the new book jackets from month to month, from year to year, telling a story forever old, yet ever new. "Securus judicat orbis terrarum."

GERALD HEWES CARSON

Books in Brief

Letters from W. H. Hudson, 1901-1922. Edited and with an Introduction by Edward Garnett. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$7.

Most of these interesting and characteristic letters to Mr. Garnett are about books which Hudson had been reading, either at the instigation of his correspondent or of his own free will. Those who know him only as a naturalist will be surprised by the width of his reading, though doubtless not by its depth. His opinions here, frankly and often caustically expressed, compose a kind of running commentary on the literature contemporary with his last twenty years, and as such have value even outside of the fact that they are associated with him. It is to be hoped that other volumes of Hudson correspondence come to light—particularly some that are earlier and less literary—but the great writer was latterly a very secretive man, and Mr. Garnett says he called in many letters before he died and destroyed them.

Bursting Bonds. Enlarged edition of "The Heir of Slaves."

By William Pickens. The Jordan and More Press.

A black man in America lives a vastly more exciting life than a white man. To read Mr. Pickens's story of his life is to experience some of the semi-evil thrills which accompany stories of polar explorations and adventures at sea. The story of his ride in a Pullman from St. Louis to Little Rock is a minor American saga; the story of his determined progress from an Arkansas share-farm to prize orator and Phi Beta Kappa man at Yale is another.

Mississippi Valley Beginnings: An Outline of the Early History of the Earlier West. By Henry E. Chambers. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4.50.

Mr. Henry E. Chambers has attempted to correlate the monographic literature on the history of the Great Valley that the reader may be enabled to follow in its broader aspects the forces, favorable and antagonistic, which have formed this new civilization. This is a perfectly legitimate motive for writing a book and the result might be a brilliant contribution to American history. Mr. Chambers was evidently not the man to undertake the work. His knowledge of the monographic literature is very limited and he clings too tenaciously to time-honored traditions. The trained historian, even with a limited knowledge of western history, will find nothing valuable for him in the volume, nor is it possible to imagine what use a lay reader will discover in a perusal of the author's numerous errors of omission and commission.

Tea and Art

THE tea smelled delicious. As one lady in the jam remarked, the sandwiches looked very pretty. Mr. Frank Crowninshield, the genial editor of *Vanity Fair*, held the floor. He was borne about like a graceful autumn leaf, now here, now there, on the soft red carpet. The thing really had got out of control. The half a dozen liveried men-in-waiting were borne under too. There were ladies sitting in a row behind the long table in the hall, holding tea cups and eating. There were ladies trying to get to the table. Other ladies were arriving every minute, were being discharged by the elevator—this was the fourth floor—and some of the ladies were coming out of the long red-carpeted rooms. All moved toward the long white table. No one seemed willing to leave it.

But Mr. Crowninshield did his best, even as the crowd grew. Mr. Crowninshield had charmingly let it be understood that this was to be quite an exclusive—"shindig" was the word he used—only 1,500 invitations—but as there was no one to take up the cards, any number of people might have tried to come, up to 3,000. Of course the rooms couldn't have held that many people all at once. But there was every reason why a multitude should want to come. For there was the possibility of seeing, even of brushing elbows with the committee, Mrs. Vincent Astor, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, Mrs. John H. Hammond, Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin—but there, it isn't necessary to mention all the names. Mr. Heywood Brown was on the committee too.

There were times when you looked for Mr. Crowninshield and he was invisible. One lady wore a tall black hat, it looked like a section of stovepipe, or something from the Russian—or might it have been Swedish?—ballet. She could easily have been in the way. You never could have seen Mr. Crowninshield if he had been behind her. Some ladies wore bright orange plumes, leopard-skin coats, brilliant smiles, and brilliant white teeth. The rooms were simply jammed, with everybody either standing about talking or moving slowly into doorways that clogged up with streams of people coming from opposite directions. You would have thought no more people could possibly get inside, but the elevator continued to bring more.

It was mainly to see Mr. Joseph Pennell that the crowd had come. Mr. Pennell is the man who can make etchings while he lectures, or lecture while he etches, I forget which, and the things sell for—I forget how much. Most of the people who had come there must have come to see Mr. Pennell. He is a distinguished-looking person, tall and stooping, and he has a queer little twisty beard, one twist to a side. There was a white plaster head of Mr. Pennell there. It was on a pedestal, high enough, so that if no particularly interesting Paris creation got in the way, it could be seen from the floor. Someone brushed up against one of the pedestals—you could hardly help it there was such a jam—and a head fell off, but was immediately picked up and put back. Luckily it was of bronze and not the plaster head of Mr. Pennell.

Only a few people failed to enter into the spirit of the occasion. Some of them went about with that strained look that comes of trying to understand a painting you don't like. One man remarked that that thing would give him nightmares. And he laughed a perfectly horrid laugh. I didn't notice which thing he was talking about, for he was facing me and I was standing with my back to two paintings of Mr. George Luks. Mr. Pennell can only lecture and etch, or vice versa, whereas Mr. Luks can paint a portrait while lecturing. The catalogue announced: "Saturday evening, January fifth, Mr. George Luks will paint a portrait before his audience, and will talk about portrait painting." It's easy if, like Mr. George Luks, you know how. But Mr. Pennell was not left out of the running altogether. "Saturday evening, January twenty-sixth, Mr. Mahonri Young will model a portrait of Mr. Joseph Pennell from life, and will talk about sculpture."

It was a moot question, though, whether Mr. Pennell was there. The shindig—to use Mr. Crowninshield's apt word—lasted for three full hours, from 3 to 6—and Mr. Pennell might have slipped in and out without being noticed. So, many of the 1,500 invited guests must have been deeply disappointed at not having even a little glimpse of him. Mr. Pennell, it should be said, is secretary of the New Society of Artists and the tea was given at the Anderson Galleries on their varnishing day, to open their Fifth Exhibition. There were numbers of paintings—184 items including the sculpture—item number 184 being a portrait bust of Joseph Pennell by Mahonri Young. However, no one could be expected to look at paintings during such an interesting affair. Some few people did try to, but they failed to get the spirit of the thing.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

Drama Mountain Comedy

HOW far taste in the theater has moved from the school of Denman Thompson toward a more civilized and sophisticated art appears in two comedies just produced in New York which deal, both of them, with communities which it would have been almost impossible a generation ago to represent on the American stage without making them the playground for rustic sentimentalism or backwoods melodrama. Percy MacKaye's "This Fine-Pretty World" (Neighborhood Playhouse) has, it is true, its touches of sentimentalism, and Hatcher Hughes's "Hell-Bent for Heaven" (Klaw Theater) its touches of melodrama: but neither has the air of exploiting its material or of condescending to it. Mr. MacKaye has worked with his Kentucky mountaineers in something of the manner, obviously, which Synge employed with his Aran islanders. He went among them in search of the folk-elements which he feels are being driven out of most parts of the United States by the leveling march of the machine. What he found carried him back not merely to a certain primitive mode of life; it carried him back also to a certain poetic, because direct and individual,

habit of viewing life. The action of his play is content to be as naive as an Irish comedy: a baby is carried off in a sack by a man who thinks he has a pig; to get rid of his wife a husband plots with the neighborhood ne'er-do-well to defame her in a "noration" to which he invites the public; there is a trial scene in which a convenient coffin is used as a witness-box. But this naive action wholly lacks that look of vulgar quaintness which it might have had if Mr. MacKaye had merely gone pot-hunting for eccentricities to amuse Broadway. Before he wrote a line he had made himself as much as possible a native of these mountains, and he writes as from within the confidence of their people, in a language of quite extraordinary richness and variety.

If Mr. MacKaye is primarily a poet, taking a poet's liberty with his material and enlarging it with all the gifts at his command, Mr. Hughes is a satirist, bringing to bear upon his theme a shrewd and humane intelligence. Rufe Pryor is a highland fanatic, a Baptist Tartufe, a fundamentalist Iago. Too cowardly to fight, too indolent to work, too effeminate not to be forever hiding behind sympathetic petticoats, he is, his chief victim says, a "trouble-breeder." He nags at lovers till they are in danger of being separated; he nags at friends till they are in danger of reviving an old feud. And yet, though the audiences have taken him for a hypocrite, he is plainly intended by the author to be a man convinced by a grotesque theology of the essential rightness of his behavior. A runt, as the original title of the play indeed called him, Rufe has been crazed by his impudent familiarity with Jehovah and has come to feel that whatever he does is of some divine authority. God has gone to his head. No wonder that with his certitude he should have the persistence, along with his oily craft, which enables him to worm his way into the lives of his household. The wonder is rather that the others, themselves accustomed to the same superstitions in less venomous forms, should have been able to throw the poison off. It takes all the patriarchal wisdom of David and all the generous patience of Sid, just back from the war with a comically small baggage of nonsense, to save Rufe's associates from catastrophe. Mr. Hughes has succeeded in telling a story thoroughly suited to the popular stage and yet in making its intellectual implications unmistakable.

Both "This Fine-Pretty World" and "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" suffer a little from presentation. With the first this is due in considerable measure to the language, which swathes the action, already slow, in so many strange, though beautiful, poetic idioms and daring metaphors that the attention is frequently stretched beyond the point of comfort in the effort to savor all that is being said. With the second play, the difficulty probably lies rather in the structure than in the language. Out of some not quite accountable fear that the audience would resent seeing so religious a man as Rufe severely treated, the original ending has been tempered to the lamb, and a too edifying speech has been put into the mouth of the hitherto unregenerate old David. There is no real excuse for this, any more on the ground of popular appeal than on the ground of art. What audience in the world ever minded seeing poetic justice asserted in a denouement? In this case the effect would be greatly heightened if, once Rufe had been caught at his tricks, he had been left to shift for himself with his "old-time religion" to help him out against the rising river while his more secular companions relied upon their more secular crafts to escape. Elsewhere the action still drags at times, but this is a defect which a few cuts or perhaps a few performances should cure.

The acting in "This Fine-Pretty World" is competent but not extraordinary; Miss Joanna Roos, as Goldie Shoop, manages to introduce some of the romping of a soubrette into her role. In "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" Glenn Anders as Andy overacts, especially in the drunken scenes; George Abbott as Sid plays a not too complicated part with beguiling naturalness; Augustin Duncan, who has staged the piece, is a masterly David.

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International Relations Section

The Japanese Massacres

THE stories of heroism and self-sacrifice which followed the news of the Japanese earthquake in September were gradually superseded by more sinister tales, long delayed on account of a rigid censorship, of massacre and rioting. Not only armed bands of vigilantes but police and soldiers as well are reported to have joined in an orgy of murder directed against Koreans in particular, but also against Chinese and radicals of various nationalities, including Japanese. Short accounts of this period of slaughter appeared in the press of the United States as soon as the facts could be made known, but a detailed account has now come to hand from the columns of the *North China Herald* (Shanghai) of October 20 and November 3 in the form of letters from the paper's special correspondent at Tokio and Yokohama. We print below extracts which will give an idea of the extent and causes of the slaughter:

THE SOCIALIST MURDERS

Tokio, October 10

Earthquake stories are being temporarily relegated to the background and all available space and attention is being concentrated on the military court martial* which is trying Captain Masahiko Amakasu, of the Tokio gendarmerie, for the murder of Sakae Ohsugi, one of Japan's best-known Socialists; of his wife Noe Ito; and of their seven-year-old nephew. The deed was carried out with apparently such cold-blooded cruelty that millions are following the appalling drama as the case develops. Captain Amakasu has confessed to the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Ohsugi. At the first hearing, he also stated that he did away with the innocent nephew of the Socialist couple. It was afterwards discovered, however, that one of the gendarmerie captain's subordinates, named Kamoshida, a private, took a leaf out of his superior officer's book and strangled the child, Soichi Tachibana, to death with his bare hands.

Soichi Tachibana was the son of Mr. Ohsugi's sister. He was born at Portland, Oregon, and was duly registered there as an American citizen. . . . Intense indignation exists among the Japanese for the slaughter, in secret, of the woman and boy, and whatever kudos the Tokio troops might have gained for their good and efficient behavior after the quake is likely to be lost through the action of Captain Amakasu and his subordinates.

News of the fact that the murdered lad was an American citizen was communicated by the lad's mother to John R. Caldwell, secretary of the United States Embassy in Tokio. It is understood here that Cyrus E. Woods, American ambassador to Tokio, on being assured that there is no doubt about the unfortunate boy being an American citizen, will take up the matter further through diplomatic channels.

Soon after the earthquake of September 1 the police of Tokio and other cities entered upon a general round-up of Anarchists, Socialists, and people holding similar views—not to mention Koreans and Chinese—all of whom were held to be dangerous to the country, though how, it is hard to imagine. Several were thrown into jails in such localities as the fires did not reach; some are reported to have been murdered or executed; others, when told that they were being sought for, promptly surrendered, hoping that thus their lives would be more

secure and that blame for further mishaps would not be laid at their doors. Among those whom the police failed to locate were Mr. and Mrs. Ohsugi, despite a search by police and gendarmes that lasted for several days. On the evening of September 16, however, a police spy reported that the two Socialists, with their nephew, had been seen in a suburb of Tokio. Captain Amakasu, accompanied by two gendarmes, went to the spot and took the trio into custody. . . .

About 8:30 p. m. the same evening Ohsugi was separated from the rest and taken into another room on the pretext of being examined. While Sergeant Major Mori, who was along with Captain Amakasu, went through the farce of examining the man, Captain Amakasu, according to his own confession in court, entered the room through another door behind Ohsugi, grasped the latter's throat with his right hand from behind, and pulled him to the floor by putting his leg against the broad of his back. Ohsugi fell face downwards. Putting his right foot against the man's back, the gendarmerie captain squeezed the life out of the victim he had trapped and had attacked from behind. The agony of the unfortunate man lasted about ten minutes, according to depositions made at the court martial. He did not utter a scream or a moan, much less call for aid or ask for mercy.

All this time Sergeant Major Mori, whose role in the murder tragedy has been to pretend to cross-examine Ohsugi, witnessed the murder calmly.

Then came Mrs. Ohsugi's turn. . . .

Captain Amakasu . . . declared that he jumped on her, seized her by the throat, dragged her down to the floor, and strangled her in a manner similar to the way her husband was killed. The death agony of Mrs. Ohsugi lasted more than ten minutes, and that she made a desperate struggle for life seems clear from the fact that Captain Amakasu still bears on his wrists marks of the struggle.

Sergeant Major Mori was again present throughout this second revolting murder, calmly watching proceedings as though the villain and the heroine of a movie film were rehearsing.

In the meantime, another gruesome murder was being committed in another room of the gendarmerie headquarters, a private named Kamoshida trying his hand at murder and choking the life out of the innocent, seven-year-old nephew of the Ohsugis. . . . Kamoshida, whose manly arms crushed the life out of the seven-year-old boy, claims that what he did was for the greater glory of Japan. . . .

When it is borne in mind that the murders were committed on September 16, more than a fortnight after the quake, and that at this time Tokio was fairly normal so far as police supervision and order were concerned, there seems to be hardly any justification for the secret assassinations, and certainly none at all for the cold-blooded and brutally barbaric manner in which they were conceived and carried out.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE KOREANS

Tokio, October 20

Hitherto it was not permissible to publish anything in reference to the massacre of Koreans which formed such an ugly and cruel aftermath of the big earthquake of September 1. Many of these deplorable incidents were common knowledge, and then the authorities established an iron censorship so strict that not even the smallest particle of news relative to these occurrences could be known to the Japanese people at large; the only result, so far as your correspondent has been aware, was to cause exaggerated tales of the murders. . . .

For more than twelve days I wandered throughout various parts of Tokio remaining for intervals of varying length at different places in the city. I saw several of these so-called vigilance committees. In most cases they were mobs pure and simple, but lacking even the devil-may-care spirit of the usual

* On December 8 the murderer was sentenced to ten years in prison, and on December 16 the ashes of the murdered Socialist were stolen from the urn containing them just before the hour set for the funeral services. Intense excitement was aroused in Socialist and labor circles. On December 27 a young Communist shot at and barely missed killing the Prince Regent Hirohito.

mob. In fact, they seemed possessed more of fear that treacherous Koreans and Japanese Socialists would pounce on them and make short work of them. It was a case of "Kill or be killed," and this accounts for the brutal and ferocious manner in which these vigilance committees attacked unarmed people and massacred them mercilessly. . . .

By evening of the same day [the first day of the earthquake] no Korean's life, unless he was in a military barracks or in a police station where the guardians of the law were numerically strong enough to repulse mobs of the vigilance committees, was worth a cent. . . .

A friend of mine in Honmoku, Yokohama . . . told me that on Sunday, September 2, as he was seated in his improvised home, he heard piercing shrieks of "Hitogoroshi!" (murder). He went to the spot from where the screams came and saw six Koreans, tied hand and foot, who were calling on all the gods to witness that they had done nothing and groveled in the dust begging that their lives be spared. They were forced to bow their heads and a man with a sword came along and beheaded them. The sword was none too sharp and the gruesome operation took more than one blow. The crowd calmly looked on, while some ceremoniously declared: "Thus may the enemies of Japan perish!" . . .

Another batch of Koreans, being taken by the police in automobiles, were attacked by the same mob and were killed. The mob then turned its fury on the police shouting, "Kill the police who befriended the Koreans who destroyed Tokio." The police just barely managed to escape, thanks to the arrival of a batch of cavalry who dispersed the vigilance committee. . . .

At Kumagae, near Tokio, forty-two Koreans were done to death after a scuffle between the local vigilance committee and the police for the possession of the unfortunate Koreans. . . .

The tales of atrocities done by the Koreans are now known to have been barefaced falsehoods. Even the police admit this and declare that, in general, the Koreans behaved very well during the disaster and were conspicuously peaceful and orderly. . . .

Many a Chinese also fell victim to the lawlessness and ferocity of these vigilance committees. . . . Even foreigners have been taken for Koreans. . . .

Had the Koreans any part or share in making quake-stricken Tokio more unsafe? Many a foreigner answers in the affirmative, but qualifies his statement by declaring that these were very few. That there are Koreans of criminal proclivities and of radical tendencies, no one denies. There are these everywhere. But the wholesale massacre of Koreans at sight simply because they were Koreans can never be justified. The Koreans soon knew that, innocent or guilty, once they fell into the hands of the Japanese, they were doomed and this fact might have made some of them so reckless that they acted lawlessly and used violence. In no case was a Korean given a chance to explain himself. They were killed as one would crush or knock a rat on the head.

THE WAR AGAINST THE RADICALS

Yokohama, October 15

Cruel and cold-blooded massacres by so-called vigilance committees, composed of members of young men's associations, ex-soldiers and reservists, are being daily exposed. The censorship, which still forbids newspapers in Japan and her colonies to take notice of, or give utterance to the disgraceful disorders that have been witnessed by people here, still prevails, and what brutalities are being brought to light are merely due to the fact that these crimes have been so cruel that the judicial authorities have been forced to take notice of them and to have the accused tried in court.

In the Saitama prefecture, ninety-seven students and twenty-three workers were butchered by villains belonging to these so-called vigilance committees in the very grounds of the police station. Members of the vigilance committee there, it is

said, suddenly grew excited as the result of rumors that the workers and the Socialists were responsible for the burning of Tokio and Yokohama, rushed into the railway station, and took twenty-three passengers, mostly laborers and peddlers, from an incoming train. These men were marched off to the police station. . . .

Soon after, five motor-trucks, carrying ninety-seven students, male and female, passed that way, the leading truck bearing a white banner on which was written Saitama Prefectural Police Department. Three policemen accompanied the lorries. The vigilantes attempted to prevent the trucks from passing by placing obstacles in the way. . . . The party of students in the trucks were pursued to the police station and were all butchered there. The twenty-three workers and peddlers who had also taken refuge at the police station were done to death by the members of the vigilance committee.

Another one of the outstanding crimes committed by the vigilantes is the massacre of fifty-four refugees who had already, for some mysterious reason, been handcuffed by the police who were conducting them to some place of safety. . . .

The fifty-four refugees, accompanied by the twelve policemen who were to guard them and to conduct them into some place of safety, came along. The vigilantes saw them at a distance, gave one terrible whoop, and did all of the handcuffed refugees to death. . . .

At the police station in Kemerdo, Tokio, another orgy of murder was indulged in, this time by police and soldiers, who confess to the killings and declare that they were perfectly justified under the circumstances in so doing. . . . Some 1,300-odd alleged radicals and desperadoes were taken into custody soon after the earthquake. Fourteen of this number were locked up in a small room, and, about midnight, according to one of those imprisoned in another part of the police station, who was fortunate enough to escape the fury of police, troops, and mobs of vigilantes, "I heard terrible screams. Looking out of the window, I saw a man fall and steely white blades flashing in the darkness." All these fourteen were murdered, and their bodies removed under cover of night and burned—which rather takes away a good deal of the alleged justification in killing the men, since attempts were made to cover up the crime. . . .

News of these murders has been suppressed for over a month. . . . It is open to grave doubt whether these murders will ever be investigated, especially in view of the fact that a movement has been started aiming at the condonation of the murders already committed, which are defended by the apologists for murder committed secretly by those who should have been the guardians of the law, as having been prompted by patriotism in desiring to rid the state of alleged lawless characters, though why gross brutality and deep secrecy should have been resorted to when such people were already in the hands of the police is difficult to see. It is gratifying to note that the press of Japan has treated murder not as a fine art but as murder, though whether the Fourth Estate can correct the wooden-headedness of police and military here is open to grave doubt.

An Anarchist Indictment

A DOCUMENT has come to hand, written in Esperanto and signed by the "Anarchists of Tokio," charging the Japanese Government with responsibility for the arrests and murders of its opponents following the earthquake and fire. A part of their statement, freely translated, follows: DEAR COMRADES:

We hasten to inform you about a malicious plot on the part of the Japanese Government.

On September 1 a violent earthquake shook Tokio and fire broke out in many places. The Government accordingly availed itself of the opportunity to arrest several "rebel Koreans," Anarchists, syndicalists, and labor-leaguers, and to spread among

the masses seeking refuge the usual propaganda against the Koreans, as bomb throwers, incendiaries, well-poisoners, or food-poisoners. The effect of this action was to arouse the citizens, so that rowdies were enlisted for service, vigilance committees were organized, and in the streets crowds of militia and ex-service men were soon mobilized for the arrest of the Koreans. . . . The Government gave official sanction to those committees for the carrying of arms such as swords, pistols, and bamboo lances . . . and during the three days following many thousands of Koreans were slaughtered without inquiry. People were arrested on mere suspicion, and some Japanese were murdered as well, simply because they spoke a different dialect or were stammerers.

Since September 3 martial law has been proclaimed in Tokio and the country round . . . and the massacre of the Koreans still continues. Only a few hundred of them are kept in prison in the garden of the mausoleum of the late emperor and in Narashino near Tokio, to act as witnesses and later to be punished by the Government. . . . They all agree to the cruel truth of the extermination of the revolutionists. The chief political party is working secretly to spread the belief that the Anarchists and the Socialists are looters and incendiaries as well as the Koreans, and to caution people in their dealings with them. . . .

The arrest and massacre of Anarchists and laborites began suddenly on September 3 in Oshima Street when K. Hirasana, secretary of the laborite "Jhunkodo Kumiai," and nine other syndicalists were murdered in the police chamber by cavalrymen. . . . The bodies were burned secretly together with many Koreans, and the responsibility for the act rests with the police as well as with the militarists, and our comrades shouted while being put to death, "Long live the labor cause!" Several hundreds of Anarchists, syndicalists, and Socialists have been imprisoned, and while in chains have been threatened by gendarmes and soldiers with their bayonets, and those of our comrades who are not in chains are closely watched in their cells by policemen, spies, and gendarmes.

On September 16 the renowned Anarchist, Sakae Ohsugi, editor of the Anarchist monthly *Rodo Undo* (Labor Movement), was cruelly hanged by the leaders of the gendarmes; his wife, Noe Ito, and his nephew, Munekazu Tachibana, were brutally murdered by the corporal of gendarmes. The whole world should know the truth of this business, for this seven-year-old child was born in Portland, Oregon, and for this reason had a right of American citizenship. Amakasu, the commander of the military guard, has been arrested, and the commander of the gendarmes has been questioned about the matter, but no account of the whole affair has yet been published. . . . Amakasu stated that his action was that of a sincere patriot, but we believe this to be a stupid lie. . . . If the action were due to Amakasu's patriotism, moreover, there would be nothing to conceal, and thus we are led to the inference that if the gendarmes are accomplices in the matter it is due to a systematic plot of the Japanese Government. Otherwise the discovery of the conspiracy would have fallen on the police and the gendarmes, or on the Home or War Departments. . . .

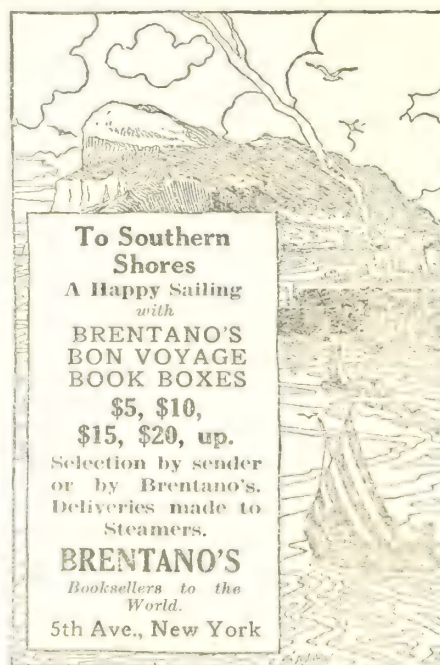
The affair of the murder of ten syndicalists has not been allowed to be published, and while Amakasu's affair is open for publication the papers are not anxious to print it. Only from the replies of the public solicitor can information about it be gathered. On October 1 some of the prisoners were released, but spies are watching their houses, seeking an occasion to get them out of the way. Thus they are in constant danger of being butchered.

Their martyrdom calls for sympathy from comrades in all parts of the world who realize that the Japanese Government is the enemy of all mankind and that we, the struggling Anarchists, are the lifelong sufferers from the tyrannical oppression of this bloodthirsty enemy.


October 10

ANARCHISTS OF TOKIO

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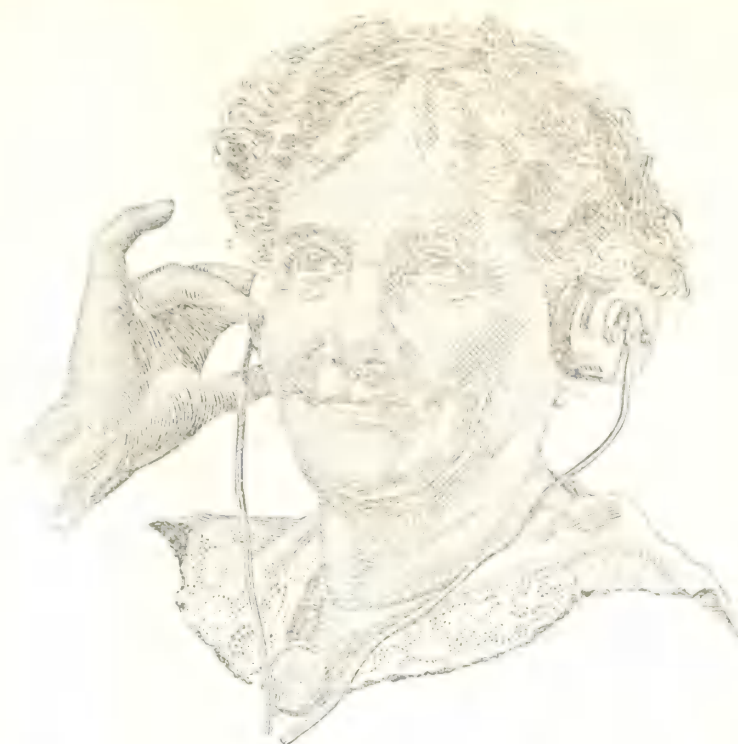
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As Relentless as Its Policy in the Ruhr

FURTHER comment on the oil policy of France described in documents published in last week's issue of the International Relations Section is made by the *Manchester Guardian Commercial* of November 29:

The French oil game is moving more quickly. Recently a new syndicate was formed with a capital of 1,080,000 francs, under the auspices of the Government, to unite the oil activities of various industrial, commercial, and banking interests of French nationality. This concern—the Syndicat Français d'Etudes Pétrolifères—will prepare the terms of concessions granted by the Government, of which the French interest in the Turkish Petroleum Company will form the nucleus, will consider the purchase of refineries in Europe and the purchase of foreign oil supplies or concessions, and will finally lead up to the formation of a Union Nationale des Pétroles to carry out the chosen program. The fact is that this program has been holding up the exploitation of the oil fields of Mesopotamia. The Turkish Petroleum Company could not be reconstituted until the French Government had completed its oil arrangements, and it could not, of course, operate until reconstituted.

The formation of this Syndicat Français d'Etudes Pétrolifères may explain the reported deal between a French group and the Rumanian Government, by which in return for a loan of 800,000,000 francs the Rumanian Government is to deliver to the French all the oil products it is entitled to receive from Rumanian oil companies over the next ten to twelve years.

It will be interesting to see whether the French Government intends to live up to the spirit of the San Remo agreement, which provided for partnership between French and British in Rumanian oil ventures as well as in Mesopotamia. Or has it become as suspicious of British oil intentions as it has of the oil moves of Hugo Stinnes? Having regard to its oil treaty with Poland, its new petroleum law, by which importers must hold three months' oil stocks and mix French alcohol with foreign petrol, in addition to these latest developments, the French Government's oil policy is apparently being pursued as relentlessly as its policy in the Ruhr.

Contributors to This Issue

ALGERNON S. CRAPSEY, who has called himself, in a letter to *The Nation*, published on February 21, 1923, "the last of the heretics," was tried and dismissed from the Episcopal church on a charge of heresy.

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ERNEST GRUENING, formerly of the staff of *The Nation*, recently spent over six months in Mexico, where he became a close friend of the Governor of Yucatan.

The Nation will publish within the next few weeks an article on the situation in the Near East as it affects the United States:

RATIFY THE LAUSANNE TREATY

BY EDWARD MEAD EARLE

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Manuscripts by more than 1,100 authors are being considered in *The Nation's* annual poetry contest, which closed January first. The award of \$100 will be announced and the winning poem will be printed in the Mid-Winter Book Number of *The Nation*, dated February 13th.

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THE PRESIDENT OF A SOUTHERN COLLEGE, evidently bent on creating a newspaper sensation, tells us that "the world has never known the turning loose of such an army of hard-drinking, cigarette-puffing, licentious Amazons as walk our streets and invade our campuses today." As a remedy—he comes from a lynching State—he "would like to wring the necks of some of them." He is certain, too, that the "uneducated girl is apt to be the safest, the sweetest, and the most serene." The headmaster of Lawrenceville School, Dr. M. A. Abbott, has also been heard from, but in a different vein. He addressed a letter to the parents of his 500 boys at the beginning of the recent vacation begging the parents to use their influence to keep the boys from drink during the holidays. It is a touchingly earnest and straightforward appeal which Dr. Abbott makes. He, too, is alarmed at the drinking among young girls, as well as among the boys under his guidance. The responsibility he places upon the parents and the other grown-ups the boys and girls meet in vacation time. It is still, he says, considered smart to violate the liquor laws and to drink freely in defiance of the law. This condition is intolerable. Either there must be a reaction in favor of law enforcement or a repeal of the prohibition amendment. There are signs that it may be the former, among them a most encouraging meeting in the Town Hall in New York in which certain social elements not usually on the side of

the Constitution—except when they deem it menaced by Reds—pledged themselves to stand by prohibition.

SOMETHING IS STIRRING in France. Poincaré has lost his passion; Herriot has regained his courage. Poincaré did not always sit through an attack upon his occupation of the Ruhr without injecting vigorous interruptions. Yet when Edouard Herriot, leader of the so-called Radical Socialists in the Chamber, drew up a profit-and-loss account of the Ruhr, and pointed out that the balance was a red-ink minus sum, Poincaré sat silent. And when Herriot insisted that France could not endure isolation—that she must recognize Soviet Russia and collaborate with England and America, Poincaré nodded affirmation. The drop in the value of the franc almost to four cents has doubtless sent a shudder through the bones of French financiers and of the politicians who stand close to them. The presence in Paris of the American experts co-operating in the Reparation Commission's inquiry into German finances may have given a mild impetus to sanity. The sudden swing of Yugoslavia away from the Little Entente, following the announcement of the new Franco-Czech alliance, probably helped too. And of course the imminence of the general election forces every politician to look for something new with which to inveigle the voter.

"HELL AND MARIA" DAWES'S opening speech before the Reparation Commission had dashes of his salty American common sense. "Realizing that the house is afire," he said, the American members "propose to find some water to put it out without the further use of mathematics involving the fourth dimension." Another phrase of his should have sunk deep into the minds of his French hearers:

As the world has seen the economic life of Germany ebbing away the credit of all the European Allies has felt a preliminary shock, because the world realizes that if the German people lose their capacity for work Germany loses her capacity to pay those reparations which are so great an element in European solvency.

If those words mean anything they are a condemnation of French policy in the Ruhr. But we recall so many fine speeches by Americans just landing in Europe, who lost their bearings and their vision upon prolonged exposure to the intricacies of European statecraft, that we must wait to see how General Dawes and his associates fare.

THE NEW YORK EVENING POST, now become a major organ of reaction, demands that the progressive Republicans who voted to defeat Senator Cummins and place a Democrat at the head of the Interstate Commerce Committee be expelled from the Republican Party. Their act, it appears, is treachery not merely to their party but also to the two-party system of government. Indeed, it heads straight to the present situation in England, where a minority Labor Government is taking the reins. For our part we rejoice that a senatorial precedent has been broken. The Senator who happens to be senior in point of service is not necessarily the best chairman. We are delighted, too,

that Senator La Follette, who received an ovation from friends and foes alike on his return after his recent illness, was thus able to show the power that he wields as the head of the so-called "radical bloc." This demonstration probably had something to do with the decision of the regulars that, after all, it might be possible to compromise on the Mellon tax proposals and to meet in some degree the wishes of the progressives. As for the actual results of Senator Smith's election, we doubt if it will much improve the chance for vigorous railroad legislation, although amendment of the Esch-Cummins bill is needed for more reasons than one.

DESPITE our opposition to a soldiers' bonus, we find it hard to stomach some of the propaganda against it. President Harding and Secretary Mellon opposed the bonus in 1921 not on principle but on financial grounds. In a letter to Senator Frelinghuysen Mr. Mellon said the bonus would defeat the Government's plans for retrenchment and "would entail additional taxation; he recommended that "action be deferred." Many newspapers, afraid to oppose the bonus on its own account, fell in with that line of reasoning. Now that the government's accounts show a handsome surplus, Mr. Mellon and the section of the press that followed him have forgotten that the bonus was only to be "deferred" and have discovered a united and insistent demand among income-tax payers that their burdens be reduced. Newspapers that defended the recent ship-subsidy bill or the Fordney tariff nevertheless speak righteously of "bonus raiders," and chronicle out of all proportion to its importance the slight opposition to the scheme within the American Legion. In the circumstances, ex-service men may be pardoned for concluding that Mr. Mellon and the press are interested primarily not in them or the small taxpayer but in the reduction of the surtaxes upon the wealthy.

CONFRONTED with these facts many persons of small means are disposed to say: "Oh, give the soldiers their bonus. The big fellows have already had their slice; why not let the poor man have something?" This is about as vicious a principle as can be introduced into government. *The Nation* is not obliged, in order to oppose the bonus, to eat what it said two years ago. It opposed the bonus on principle then, and it is against it for the same reason now. We regard as fallacious both of the arguments most commonly used in behalf of the bonus: that mobilized men suffered serious financial loss through their service; that those who remained at home profited enormously. Our soldiers and sailors were young men, largely from twenty to twenty-five. Few had made places for themselves in industry, and none who had dependents was obliged to go. The Government paid for all their necessities and many luxuries and then gave them a minimum of \$30 a month. How many of them, we wonder, had that much over and above all necessary expenses in the civilian life which they left? The assumption that all stay-at-homes were profiteers is likewise absurd. What little increased income most persons received was more than swallowed up by the spectacular rise in the cost of living.

WHEN WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER died he left an estate of \$67,649,660. Of this, \$43,643,055 was in tax-exempt securities. When Jacob H. Schiff died he left an estate of \$34,426,282. Of this, \$17,594,240 was in tax-exempt securities. In 1916, 1,296 individuals paid taxes

on net incomes above \$300,000; in 1921, despite the extraordinary number of war-made millionaires, only 246—the others had put their money into tax-exempt securities and escaped the high taxation. Here is the howling abuse of the tax situation. Of course Secretary Mellon is right when he says that high income taxes drive money into "tax-exempts"—but the remedy is not to reduce the rates, but to stop the scandal of tax exemption for the millionaires. Elsewhere in this issue Mr. John A. Lapp argues that since exemption of State and municipal bonds from taxation makes it easier to obtain money for schools, roads, and municipally owned enterprises, the exemption should be continued. Public ownership must stand on its own feet; we believe that it can compete with private ownership even without the artificial handicap given it by tax exemption.

WHEN EDWARD P. FARLEY assumed the chairmanship of the Shipping Board he knew that the solution of the government's shipping problem was a commercial and not a political one, and he recommended to President Coolidge as far back as last November that the operation of the government's mercantile fleet be withdrawn from the Shipping Board and placed under one able steamship man with absolute control. In submitting this suggestion he undermined his own position, and when his interim appointment as chairman of the Shipping Board came up for confirmation he was rejected on a mere technicality. He is no longer in office, but he has sown seed on good ground, for the President has communicated to the Shipping Board his desire to have the operation of the government's merchant fleet placed under the Emergency Fleet Corporation with one man at the helm, the board to be retained merely as a regulatory body. Senator Jones left with the Shipping Board a drastic resolution the adoption of which would have accomplished this end, but the Shipping Board members refused to relinquish their powers. They have agreed to hand over to the Emergency Fleet Corporation the actual work of operating ships, but all authority as to formulating policies, making changes in trade routes, and disposing of ships is still vested in the Shipping Board. Sooner or later a real change must come.

MR. HENRY W. DRISCOLL of Washington, D. C., is an attorney-at-law with a heart of gold. Let Mr. Driscoll speak for himself:

Dear Mr. Blank: . . . The Act of June 15, 1917, 40 Stat. 182, 188, . . . provides for pay for enlisted men in training for commission, as follows: "pay at \$100 per month for enlisted men in training for officers of the Reserve Corps." If, as I am informed, you were a candidate for commission . . . you appear entitled for the period of your training for officer to pay at \$100 per month, less the pay of your grade which was received for such period.

If agreeable to you I shall be pleased to prosecute your claim for the difference of pay . . . which I am now able to recover. . . . You will note that the attorney fee is 10 per cent of the amount recovered and is entirely contingent upon success, you to pay me nothing unless recovery is made. . . .

Ten per cent seems little enough to pay for such expert attention. But, as a matter of fact, any ex-service man entitled to it may, at the expense of a two-cent stamp, write the details of his service to the War Department and, after the proper papers have been executed, he will in due time receive his money.

THE ARRIVAL in this country of a commission of ten members from the Porto Rican Legislature, accompanied by the Governor of the island, Horace M. Towner, calls attention to the need of taking action to decide what the ultimate status of this heritage of the Spanish-American War shall be. Unlike the Philippines, there is no considerable demand for independence in Porto Rico, the attempt to work up enthusiasm on that issue a couple of years ago having failed to produce lasting effects. Though it will not ask for independence, the present commission wants a greater measure of home rule, including an elected governor, and it hopes to get some declaration in regard to the eventual form of government in the island—whether it may look for statehood or what. While Porto Ricans are in the United States, the Department of Labor has just dispatched a commission of Negroes to study conditions in the Virgin Islands, where the old economic life has so much collapsed that the natives are close to actual starvation.

NOT CONTENT with the nugget turned up by the Bok prize jury, the Women's Peace Union has invited all unsatisfied contestants in the late competition to submit their plans to the Union for a new consideration by a new jury, "made up of people known to have widely different points of view." No prize is offered except the promise of a careful reading; the committee will select the three most valuable plans and give them as wide publicity as possible. We approve the purpose of the Women's Peace Union as completely as we admire its courage in inviting the deluge that will descend upon it, and we hope it will be able to find suitable persons to serve on the committee of award. This is a duty that cries to be done, for undoubtedly valuable suggestions lie buried in the 22,164 rejected manuscripts.

THE KANSAS MOTION PICTURE BOARD of Censorship should not undertake to censor the conduct of actors or actresses who appear in motion pictures, says Governor J. R. Davis. "It does not appear to me that it would help, or even that we have it in our power," he explains in a letter to a member of the board. This is a note of clear common sense amidst the clamor to suppress all films featuring either of two actresses concerned in a shooting. The public ought to realize that this demand to bar persons from the screen because of their manners or morals is a new philosophy as revolutionary as it is vicious. *The Nation* doubts the wisdom of any kind of censorship, but where it exists its only legitimate judgment is upon the acts and ideas portrayed on the screen; with the acts and ideas of the participants in any other circumstances it has no possible concern. If we begin to rule out works of art as a protest against the lives of artists, we shall not stop until we have burned half of the classics in our libraries, banished some of the world's most precious music, and painted out many of the masterpieces in our picture galleries.

IN THE HILLS OF HAITI little dark-skinned children are still frightened into good behavior by the warning: Smedley Butler will get you if you don't watch out! And in darkest Philadelphia the same slogan is doubtless gaining popularity. For Smedley Butler, Director of Public Safety, dressed in a special uniform designed for a military hero in civil office, is "bumping 'em off" in the city of Quakers

even as he has done in the republics of the Caribbean. First he bumped off the unions long established in the Philadelphia police and fire departments; next he bumped off subordinates whom he suspected of slack behavior, even suspending two men believed to be off duty on their night off—which happened to be an occasion on which he was making rounds himself. Finally he is directing, with the utmost literalness, the bumping off of criminals and other suspicious characters in Philadelphia's tenderloin. In his first address to the police force he urged the freer use of pistols. "I don't believe there is a single bandit notch on a policeman's gun in this city," he said. "Go out and get some." It is probable that in a swashbuckling administration of this sort some negligent and corrupt officers will be eliminated as well as some able and honest ones; and that some crooks will be shot along with the bystanders. But in general we respect the people of Philadelphia enough to believe that marine tactics will succeed there no better than they did in Haiti. We are weary already of the noisy braying of Smedley Butler; but we take pleasure in imagining that down in Haiti there are men and women who rock with mirth when they hear of the things that are happening to Philadelphia.

EDITH ABBOTT'S appointment by the University of Chicago as dean of its Graduate School of Social Service Administration is singularly appropriate. An inheritor of the old abolitionist tradition and personally familiar, through fourteen years' residence in the settlement houses of this country and London, with the problems she seeks to solve, Miss Abbott brings devotion and enthusiasm to her task. Her academic work at the universities of Chicago and London has been enriched by seventeen years' experience as university instructor and as member of social agencies and boards dealing with the immigrant, the Negro, the juvenile, the unemployed, and the woman in industry. Her contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *The Nation*, and other magazines, by their thorough scholarship, have earned for her the title, first applied to Florence Nightingale, of the "passionate statistician."

GEORGE CRAM COOK, news of whose death in Greece has just reached his friends here, was the founder and director of the Provincetown Theater; a brave enthusiast, whose experimental eagerness helped break new paths for the American theater and drama. He was a playwright and novelist; but, beyond these things, he was extraordinarily a person, exerting an incalculable personal force and influence. That influence is itself not easy to describe, except as a *civilizing* influence, or perhaps a Utopian influence; he made people ashamed of surrender to an ignoble world, he made them try to do the beautiful and impossible things of which they dreamed—and that attempt, which is often enough ridiculous, is the best the world has yet been able to offer in the way of civilization anywhere. It was the Greeks of the Periclean age who went at it most eagerly and naively, perhaps; and in spirit George Cram Cook was a Greek of the Periclean age, strayed somehow out of his place and time into our more timid age; and after bruising himself for a working lifetime against realities which he was too eager to reshape, he strayed back again to what must have seemed his own country. He will be buried, as he wished, at Delphi.

The Presidency by Default?

WHAT greater contrast could there be than that between the state of politics in Great Britain and America? There new forces, new men, animated by a new spirit in government, taking office on behalf of all the people instead of a privileged few; here the doldrums—the ship of state adrift in a political Sargossa Sea. Before us rises the vision of a presidential campaign of unsurpassed dulness, devoid of all semblance of progress and reform, led on either side by men who represent static forces where they do not actually strive for reaction. We are called upon to cheer for lower taxes and, if they are achieved, we shall be asked to hail President Coolidge as the benefactor of America. The rest is to be merely a battle between ins and outs. Upon no principles and no real issues can the two controlling parties divide, for they are alike as two peas and they are subject to control by the same influences. Both worship the god of things as they are; both have no other desire than to keep the business man rich and contented. Millions upon millions of Americans are suffering gross injustice. Where among the regulars in the two parties is there one to be found to admit the fact and to apply himself unceasingly and whole-heartedly to remedying it?

Well, there are, of course, voices to be heard, but for the present they are all but alone in a wilderness of party regularity, political stagnation, and partition of the spoils. There *are* real progressives, but not even among these is a platform upon which all of them may stand. The compelling power of a single vital or moral issue is lacking. These dissenters are largely the product of economic conditions which might conceivably be remedied within the twelvemonth. If there is any one tie that binds them, it is the plight of the farmer. We have not as yet made more than a beginning toward building here a party of social progress such as is now coming into power in England. That is no overnight achievement; nor is it an electoral fluke. Ramsay MacDonald did not forget the pioneers at his great London meeting: "Ah, if the scores of people who are no longer with us had only been blessed to live until this night how warm would have been their greeting!" The Keir Hardies and many others laid the cornerstones; the Fabian group, the Sidney Webbs, a host of others have built upon the foundations. No similar party can come into being in America, failing one compelling issue, or a great and unselfish leader, until a similar toil of years is fulfilled. We are not yet ready. There are promising groups; there are real signs of political insurrection, but there is little evidence of a getting together for the coming campaign.

So the Presidency, the "greatest office in the world," is today going practically by default. In the Democratic Party no one save Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Underwood is stirring. The nomination may go to the former simply because no other able man cares to seek it. Or it may go to a new and inexperienced man like Senator Copeland of New York, because of his geographical location and the fact that he has aroused no antagonisms. Nowhere is there a man who by the originality of his ideas, by the character and quality of his program, or by the force of his personality compels the party to turn to him as it did to Grover Cleveland in 1884. A foreigner beholding this situation might readily infer that the Presidency was no longer a prize worth having. He would be amazed, indeed, if he

should learn that a party which cast nine million Democratic votes in 1920, the year of its worst defeat, is so destitute of presidential timber that a dozen Senators and bosses some months ago begged a progressive Republican to come over to their fold. "We have searched the party from top to bottom in vain," they said. "If you will come over to us you shall lead."

On the Republican side, the Presidency is obviously drifting steadily into the hands of President Coolidge, merely because of his incumbency of the White House. Merely, and not merely. When presiding officer of the Senate he was personally so unpopular that even a renomination as Vice-President was deemed impossible. Today he is playing the shrewdest kind of politics. His refusal to make speeches delights the business man; his advocacy of lower taxes makes him seem a gift of the gods; his unwillingness to raise unpleasant issues is making him the idol of those who are for things as they are. Only Senator Johnson is challenging his "leadership" and he is not today a serious menace to the President. Nothing in sight can stop the drift to the man who controls the presidential machinery and with it the tremendous and seductive power of political appointments—unless in those States in which there are presidential primaries Mr. Coolidge should run badly. Even this danger may be avoided by eliminating favorite sons, as Senator Watson has just been got out of the road in Indiana, and by not entering the President in primaries where he obviously has little chance of doing well. Thus a man whom no one would have suggested for the presidency six months ago may have it for the seeking. There is no one of great force to combat him; no one looks about for a commanding intellect to lead the Republican Party; no one asks for some man who has shown real statesmanship and power, else there would be much talk of Senator Borah and of Senator La Follette.

A third party? The Socialists are split and negligible; the farmer-labor groups weak. Yet there is and must be a demand for a candidate for whom one could vote without bowing the knee to party bosses, without confessing the merest serfdom to parties destitute of moral issues, moral purpose, and moral fiber. There exists a widespread desire for relief, and there is one man who can make a real beginning. That is Senator La Follette. He has the choice of retiring to his farm and letting the election go hang, or of raising the banner of revolt. Let him become the leader of the farmer-labor uprising in the Northwest and the Coolidge candidacy is jeopardized on the instant. Minnesota wants him, Wisconsin is his, and so are probably North and South Dakota; in Nebraska, Montana, Washington, and even Iowa are hosts that will rise to him. It is a wonderful chance for public service, and the last great one that may come to Senator La Follette, now rapidly approaching three score and ten. He voices the thoughts of multitudes, the masses of righteously discontented. We find it hard to believe that he will sulk in his tent, or even that he will wait until the Republican nomination to take his stand. To his present party he owes nothing; to hundreds of thousands his candidacy, however unlikely to carry the country, will bring hope, courage, a heartening indescribable. These are times when to contest for defeat is the highest duty of the unselfish patriot.

War Mongers

IF President Coolidge is sincere in his promise to carry forward the Harding policies, how can he square our naval missions in South America with the purposes of the Disarmament Conference? What use to join with the great Powers of Europe in reducing naval armament and at the same time allow war mongers to visit the republics to the south of us to agitate for larger flotillas and other means of international destruction? Is the sight of war-ruined Europe so happy a spectacle that the people of the United States want to plunge another continent into the abyss?

We have commented several times on the mischievous effects of our naval mission to Brazil and the jealousy and ill-will that it is stirring up in Argentina. Our naval mission to Peru seems to be straining itself just as hard to get the republics of the West Coast to arm and fly at each other's throats. We are indebted to Dora Mayer de Zulen, a subscriber in Callao, Peru, for an account of how our official representatives have been constituting themselves drummers and touts for the munitions-makers. Rear Admiral Woodward, the head of our naval mission to Peru, chose Navy Day to place a wreath on the monument of Miguel Grau, who commanded the warship *Huáscar* in the Peruvian-Chilean War of 1879. *El Comercio* of Lima reports Admiral Woodward as saying upon this occasion:

Last Tuesday I received a cablegram from the Navy Department of the government of my country, ordering me to celebrate this occasion by putting a wreath of flowers at the foot of the statue of the greatest of Peru's naval heroes, and I, with the greatest pleasure personally as well as in my character of head of the North American naval mission, render this small but sincere homage to the immortal memory of Rear Admiral Miguel Grau.

On this occasion let us take from the pages of history some of the bitter lessons which may be learned from the sad facts of 1879, when Peru—owing to its lack of preparedness for events—was obliged by its enemy to accept its peace conditions, simply because the Peruvian budget had provided but a small navy, incapable, therefore, of rivaling that of the enemy.

The power of a nation and its naval power go parallel; a weak navy is but a preparation for defeat, for a defeat which means humiliation and disaster. National weakness has caused more wars than national strength.

The efficiency of the navy and the army must not be thought of only when war is at the door. Years are needed to make these services ready for the call of the nation, and it is the statesman's duty to uphold preparedness to the extent of his possibilities and in a degree and in a way adapted to support the country's policy, for it is the statesman's exclusive responsibility to know how far the national interests require to be protected, and only he, and nobody else, is concerned with watching the growth of a military power adequate to probable emergencies. The navy is in the first instance the instrument of the statesman and secondly the weapon of the warrior.

The loss of battles, either by sea or by land, may have happened in the debates of Parliament, or in the councils of government, or in the private offices of the navy and army departments, long before the battlefield.

Admiral Woodward detailed the peculiar lines of defense which topographical conditions obliged Peru to follow and then concluded:

With its present naval forces Peru has no dominion over the sea. The Peruvian Congress must sooner or later

provide an adequate navy. Otherwise Peru will remain an artificial paradise exposed to unexpected panics, and what is worse, to a war at an inconvenient hour and to inevitable defeat. History is replete with examples of defeats in war owing to unpreparedness. Let us hope Peru will not add another chapter to the rest, which future generations would read with tears in their eyes. On the contrary, may Peru, while there is yet time, apply the lessons acquired at the naval battle of Angamos and write a new page for history on which will be inscribed in imperishable characters, for the observance of future generations, these words: *Prepare to the utmost for the execution of your national policy, for the defense of your country, and for the honor of your flag.*

It seems almost incredible that we should not merely allow, but apparently instruct, a naval officer to utter bumptious and war-breeding advice of this sort in Peru when at the same time President Coolidge is trying to adjust the historic quarrel over Tacna and Arica. This offering peace with the right hand and war with the left must produce an odd and far from favorable impression in South America.

The predecessor of Admiral Woodward at the head of the naval mission in Peru visited Bolivia, and there he exhibited an imposing film showing the splendors of our navy to a people which through defeat in a needless war was deprived of its coastland, and is continually seeking an outlet to the sea, at the cost either of Chile or of Peru.

If President Coolidge has any regard whatever for the peace policies of Mr. Harding, he will call these strutting bantams home and put them to work.

The Palatinate

A MAN named Heintz, who called himself President of the Free Republic of the Palatinate, and five of his associates were cold-bloodedly shot and killed while drinking wine in the leading hotel of Speyer on the evening of January 9. Their assassins, presumably anti-Separatist Germans, escaped. It was murder, and it will be well if a thoroughgoing investigation of the murders can be made. But it will be impossible to understand these murders without understanding the whole murderous history of the so-called Free Republic of the Palatinate.

That "Free Republic" was described by the *Manchester Guardian* ten days before the assassinations as "the most shameful chapter in the whole history of France's post-war dealings with Germany." "It would be hard," the *Guardian* added, "to find a parallel in the treatment of one civilized Power by another in time of peace." France has set up and maintained in that neglected province a government of thieves and blackguards, and until a few hot-headed young men called attention to it by putting six other men to death nobody in the outside world paid any attention to the crime.

We do not know the record of Herr Heintz, but the records of many of his comrades who have been set up as ministers and officials by the French soldiers who support the Separatists have been published in the German press. We have never seen them contradicted. The gentleman put in charge of the postal, telegraph, and telephone lines in the Palatinate under the Separatist regime, for instance, had served two terms in prison, once for attempting to cash a forged money-order, and once for stealing sausages. The Palatinate was not burdened with quite as fine a lot of cut-

throats and miscellaneous villains as was Bonn during its brief Separatist regime, but it had a hard enough time. Bonn's churches were put in charge of a bordell-keeper with 22 convictions behind him; its "commissioner of public safety" was a shoemaker who had served four terms in prison, once for manslaughter; a dozen more Separatist officials had jail records, and one champion held a record of 23 times convicted.

Such are the men who lead the Separatist movement which M. Poincaré would have us believe a spontaneous uprising of an oppressed people. *The Nation* has, in its issues of November 28 and December 19, printed some of the documents which reveal the inspiration and aid which the French have given this Separatist movement from the first. It has been theirs from the beginning, so much so that the Paris papers actually printed an account of the Separatist seizure of Schifferstadt three days before it occurred—reporting the prepared schedule rather than events as they occurred. Nor were the six men killed at Speyer the first to fall victims to the adventure. In a dozen towns men lost their lives when the Separatists entered. Had the natives of the Palatinate been permitted to fight, there might have been a few more deaths but there would be no Separatists in the Palatinate today. The armed aid of the French put them in power and maintains them there today. The story of Neustadt is typical: French Moroccans occupied the town hall at 3 A. M. on November 5; later in the morning they proclaimed a state of siege and forbade the people to circulate in the streets between 6 P. M. and 7 A. M.; the next morning at 5 the Separatist troops arrived in French army trains, and the Moroccans turned over the town hall and the town to them.

The first act of the new "free government" was to establish a censorship. Newspapers were forbidden to appear unless their editors recognized the authority of the new regime, and submitted their matter to a preliminary censorship. Mayors were ordered, pistol in hand, to sign statements of loyalty to the new government, and some who did not have disappeared, the French and the Separatists only know where. Protests to the interallied officials were of course unavailing. Every federal and Bavarian official has been removed from office. It is a stark reign of terror.

That is the background of the murders at Speyer. It is a story of cynical brutality which ten years ago would have aroused the horror of the world. We have become calloused. These things are hardly news in Europe today. Our newspapers have been so drugged with propaganda that they have not bothered to learn and report the facts, and America learns of this sickening story only when men turn, like the old Russian nihilists, to murder and assassination as the only method of advertising their wrongs.

If things go as they have been going the French will utilize these assassinations as an excuse for further brutalities, camouflaged as "sanctions." The Interallied Rhineland High Commission has already, with the British representative honorably dissenting, registered decrees of the Separatist Government in a manner which constitutes virtual recognition. The French now propose that this same biased body should investigate the killings. Investigation is well enough, but it must be an open, searching, honest investigation. An investigation which sought only to discover the immediate authors of the crime without searching into the motives which led them to it would be worse than nothing.

Legalizing Fraud

THE decision of the Federal Court in the Chemical Foundation suit is amazing. The sale by the Alien Property Custodian of 5,700 patents, worth, it is estimated, about \$40,000,000, for about \$275,000, or \$50 each, was on its face fraudulent. It constitutes in fact if not in law as clear an example of appropriation of private property as recent American history records. These patents were seized in one great lump by the outgoing Alien Property Custodian, Mr. Garvan, and his advisory committee, and under the "authority" of Mr. Polk, acting as delegate of President Wilson, were sold by and to Mr. Garvan and his advisory committee, now called the Chemical Foundation, for the paltry sum above mentioned, which the court had to admit was confiscatory. Sellers and buyers are identical persons.

The government moved to set aside the "sale" on the grounds that a trustee cannot sell to himself, and that the consideration was inadequate. Why the fraud charge was dropped is hard to say—the law is more strict in its definitions than the layman, and perhaps the able counsel of the government, Colonel Anderson, felt it unnecessary to press it to upset the "sale." The court in its decision defends the "sale," on the ground that the custodian as an "owner" could dispose of the property for any sum he saw fit, and that the President's acts cannot be judicially reviewed. That it amounted to a confiscation of private property, in violation of American tradition, treaty obligation, express promise, and, we believe, law, seemed to bother the judge little. Doubtless Judge Morris believes himself an arch-defender of the institution of private property; doubtless he would be shocked if in some midnight meditation it should dawn on him that by maintaining this confiscation of private property he was more effectively combating that institution in the United States than are all the Communists in Moscow.

This seizure and "sale," it must not be forgotten, was undertaken in 1919 and 1920, *after* the armistice, when all hostilities *were* to have ceased; it was a case of sheer spoliation, to benefit powerful private interests. By practically giving this property away to private chemical interests in the United States, the perpetrators of the deal were despoiling the United States as well as the owners, for the United States had an interest in obtaining an adequate consideration for the sequestered property, since it could have been used, under our treaty, to pay obligations of the German Government to the United States. The real owners of the property can, if ever, recover only from Germany, to which the *New York Times* unctuously relegates them, the tiny sum with which Germany is credited. They cannot get back the real value, \$40,000,000.

The United States, therefore, as well as the true owners, have been despoiled. All this is done in the name of patriotism. It was done under the administration and alleged direct authority of the great leader who announced that we would "conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and fair play we profess to be fighting for." Is it any wonder, when high officials of the government are willing to sell out the national honor in this fashion, that younger men of this generation are beginning to lose faith in political government?

The Liberal and the Jew

By CHARLES THOMAS HALLINAN

FOR more than a century, now, there has been a tacit liaison between the liberal and the Jew. The liberal has said, in substance, to the Jew in Western Europe: "We will break down the walls of the Ghetto for you, we will emancipate you, we will give you a vote and make you, as an individual, part of the modern state; and in return for this, you with your strong passion for social justice will support our party and our point of view through thick and thin." This agreement the Jew has kept with extraordinary fidelity. In England, in France, and in Germany he has been for a hundred years the solid core of the liberal, the radical, and the national liberal parties—to say nothing of the various socialist parties as they have emerged. Even Disraeli, though Tory in politics and a professed Christian, never really went back on this tacit agreement, as his extension of the franchise in England and his stout protests against Victorian industrialism bear witness. No, a survey of the political and social history of the nineteenth century shows that the Jew has kept his side of the agreement with remarkable fidelity.

But let us be honest with ourselves. Throughout the century the liberal has tended more and more to evade his pledge. With a quite unconscious arrogance the friendly non-Jew has tended to demand more and more from the Jew, as though the bargain could never be complete. He has said to the Jew: "Now that you are free from the restrictions and the terrorism of the Ghetto, you must put aside as rapidly as you can your queer Ghetto ways, your absurd and inconvenient taboos, your un-Western legalistic religion. You must give up your Sabbath—even though it be with a wrench—and accept our Sunday as your day of rest. If you can manage it, you'd better 'reform' your synagogue even though it is the most ancient of all living institutions; or better still, perhaps you can manage to forsake the synagogue and drift into one of the numerous minor groups in which we peculiarly abound, like Christian Science or the Ethical Culture movement. In short, my dear Jew, progress consists wholly in *your* adaptation to us and not at all in *our* adaptation to you."

Isn't this, broadly speaking, a fairly accurate picture? Don't we all assume that the Jew as Jew is an historical anomaly, his religion an absurd tribal affair, his great racial inheritance a mere matter of hooked noses? And don't we demand of him that he shall be as like us as he can, sharing *our* patriotism, *our* view of the state, *our* moral standards, *our* neo-Christian values? And when he does his best—almost too cheerfully—to rid himself of his remarkable past and to "assimilate" himself to us, what does he find? As several contributors to *The Nation* have pointed out, the thoroughly assimilated, Westernized Jew finds chiefly fresh points of conflict, fresh anti-Semitic absurdities. True, nobody in Dearborn, Michigan, charges him with practicing the "blood ritual"—the sacrifice of a Christian child on his altar—but they have twenty silly myths to take the place of that old exploded superstition. And when the Jew, indignant, bewildered, hurt, turns to us—his "liberal" friends—what does he find, commonly? Embarrassment, diffidence, excuses, or a repetition of our

belief that the "Jew is a Jew in the synagogue but an American everywhere else." Having got him into the position where he has compromised his Jewishness in every way he can, we leave him, practically speaking, in the lurch.

It is a profoundly immoral situation and we "liberals"—save the mark!—we friendly non-Jews, are chiefly to blame. The Jew *qua* Jew had a magnificent case; and it is we (and not the anti-Semites) who have burked it. We persuaded him that "assimilation" was the solution of his long conflict with the Christian nations; and we were wrong. What we should have done was to have fought for a place for him in Western society unassimilated; we should have said (what is only the truth) that the pattern of modern life would be richer because of the Jew, and that his right to be Jewish and colorful and different was just as sacred a right as any other. We would have been true liberals, then, instead of pseudo-liberals. And even then we should have been doing nothing very remarkable—the Turkish Empire achieved as much hundreds of years ago!

In Europe the young Jewish intellectuals are very fond of making a distinction between anti-Judaism and anti-Semitism. The former they describe as the basis of the persecutions in the Early Church and the Middle Ages; the latter is the modern phenomenon. I confess I was vaguely impressed with this when I first ran across it, but my efforts to make it mean something proved fruitless. I was all the more interested, therefore, to notice that Mr. Horace M. Kallen in his article on The Roots of Anti-Semitism in *The Nation* for February 23, 1923, boldly sweeps aside this distinction without a difference and says frankly that the twain are one, that the responsibility for anti-Semitism lies "in the Christian religion itself, in the status which Christianity assigns the Jews, and the burden it sets and binds upon them." That is plain speaking and I honor him for it. "In the Christian system, the Jews are assigned a central and dramatic status. They are the villains of the Drama of Salvation. The gospel in which they so figure . . . became a part of the cultural inheritance of all the races of Europe, imparted equally to peer and to peasant. . . . Anti-Semitism is an organic part of it." At last, men and brethren, we are on the right track!

At bottom anti-Semitism is a religious problem, the beginnings of which can be traced in the Greek Catholic and the Roman Catholic churches. Martin Luther came along and decided to solve it by the simple expedient of converting the Jews. When the Jews refused to be converted and even dared to criticize Luther's translations from the Hebrew, the reformer was furious. "The Jews with their exegesis are like swine that break into the Scripture," he wrote. "They are quite at liberty to prefer, as indeed they do, the law of Moses to the Papa! Decretals and their mad articles, but they have no right to prefer it to the pure Evangel. Sooner than this let us have a struggle to the death!" The struggle ensued and left its mark on Protestant Germany to this very day through the influence of Luther's "Von den Jüden und iren Lügen" (1542) and his "Vom Schem Hamphoras" (1543). And so the tide, stayed for a moment, swept on through Protestantism, flaring up

in America with the arrival of "fundamentalism." We liberals, determined to see in the contemporary Jew nothing but a voter, are today totally unprepared.

It is no answer to say that the Jew began it. One may cheerfully admit that he began it. He began it by being thoroughly indifferent to Christ and thoroughly contemptuous of the Apostolic Church. There, especially in the Early Church, is where the friction started. But Renan (who was not especially friendly to the Jews) is fair-minded enough to say that one could hardly blame the orthodox Hebrews of Jerusalem, learned in the Talmud, for being critical of the Hellenized Jews who flocked around the twelve Apostles and became, to an overwhelming extent, the early Christian church. The Hellenized Jew, says Renan, knew little or no Hebrew and not any too much law; he was ignorant, and distinctly credulous. The "Satires" of Horace show clearly how the Roman world poked fun at the Hellenized Jew; he was—Renan makes you feel—the Babbitt of the Mediterranean basin, the born "joiner" of new movements, the hasty snatcher-up of the latest ideas. Of the first seven Deacons of the Early Church, six we know were Hellenized Jews. Perhaps they were not of this type, but to the sober Hebrew conservatives of Jerusalem who took their religion seriously because they had suffered for it, to those proud Talmudic-trained Jews, the Hellenists must have seemed exasperatingly superficial, cheerfully willing to jeopardize for the latest sensation all that had been so painfully won.

And thus, as we know, began the long pull-and-haul between the two forces—the Hebrew Rabbis and Sopherim sternly protecting the synagogues from the new "heresy" and the energetic "heretics," the go-getters of their day, traveling incessantly and working their way into the Mediterranean world. The Rabbis won and—except for the fringe of Hellenized Jews—kept their people in the ancient faith and the ancient ways. And today the New England summer hotels score a magnificent revenge by barring their long front porches and their rocking chairs to Jews! It must be, altogether, one of the longest single streams of mischief in the world!

But of course many Christians are getting bravely over it. Indeed, we have gone a long ways when a Christian scholar like Professor R. Travers Herford of Manchester College, Oxford, can stand up sturdily for the Pharisee—that most maligned of New Testament figures—as he does in that remarkable little book of his entitled "Pharisaism."* Professor Herford has some forty years of Hebrew research behind him—research that has forced him to revise for himself practically all the prevailing Christian notions of the Pharisee. In this book he sets down without prejudice the case for Judaism as it appeared to the Jew during the first century. He does not wholly accept the case, but he states it fairly, and you discover with surprise that it is a perfectly decent, dignified, human, and arguable case; and your anti-Semitism, if you have any, simply peters out. Something of this sort, surely, is the line of attack we should have taken—we liberals—fifty or even a hundred years ago. The right of a Jew to remain a Jew—that's where we should have nailed our Christian colors to the mast!

As for the Jewish literature on the subject, I am strongly tempted to press upon readers of *The Nation* those fine "Selected Essays of Ahad Ha-Am," translated by

Leon Simon and published by the Jewish Publication Society of America in 1912. These essays, which have appeared in various Hebrew journals throughout Europe, form a restatement of the case by a Jewish thinker who has deliberately turned his back upon the "assimilation" remedy and proposes to explore the possibilities of a sort of Jewish "back to the Jew" movement. These essays say, in substance: We can make our best contribution to the modern world by being Jews, developing our national consciousness instead of suppressing it. And he proceeds to attack, one by one, the various problems posed by that position.

Broadly speaking, these two men suggest for us liberals the way out of our dilemma. We must realize that anti-Semitism has a religious content and boldly grapple with it; where conventional church history has done less than justice to the Jew, justice must be done. The Jew's unaggressive religion is his business, not ours, but anti-Judaism is our business. It is our business to see that religious bigotry is stamped out and that great democratic masses are educated out of errors as old as Christendom. If we make room for Judaism among the religions of the modern world, we shall discover—overnight, as it were—that we have fulfilled our pledge and made room for the Jew. And then we'll suddenly realize with a shock that he is not a pushing person with a hooked nose but a fine, serious, sensitive fellow with a rich and interesting tradition, a strong passion for justice, and a stubborn history of which any Irishman, if I may say so, would be proud!

The Mark Stands Still

By ALICE HOHENEMSER-SALB

Berlin, December 15

GERMANY is at the present moment like a patient with a fatal disease who has received a strong dose of morphia; reveling in a comparative freedom from pain, he once more can realize what it means to be healthy.

Some weeks ago things seemed absolutely desperate, and it is still true that 50 per cent of all wage-earners are either out of employment or working short time; many are under notice to leave in a week or two and others have been warned that in March further dismissals may follow.

The economic conditions and the home and foreign policies which cause them are unaltered. But a new atmosphere has been created by bringing the mark to a standstill. Some anonymous officials (our government changes too often for us to have time to learn their names) decreed that a billion paper marks should constitute a gold mark, and four marks and twenty pfennigs a dollar. We have had similar decrees before; the new feature is that it really came about and has been maintained for some weeks. Not only is the mark in Germany obedient but even abroad the bank rate after a few convulsive swings of the pendulum seems inclined to recognize home authority. Indeed, the poor despised paper mark is at a premium.

The reason of this is that the days of the paper mark are numbered; it is not to be printed any more, although it is to serve as currency to the last. That of course enhances its value. In the meantime the new valorized rent mark which is to succeed it is gradually trickling down to the general public through the channels of the state and town officials who are paid in this currency. We also have valorized emergency marks issued by various communities

* Published in New York by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and in London by Williams & Norgate, 1912.

which are to disappear as soon as the rent mark has permeated the whole system. But where is the government going to get the money to pay doles to half the wage-earning population without the conveniences of the paper mill? Only a steady, reliable flow of very high taxes can accomplish this, and if nobody is earning anything the chief source of taxes is stopped up.

However, the effect on daily life is at present magic. Spending money is no longer a gamble. We miss the thrills of capturing an article five minutes before it goes up in price. We no longer rush about all day to find out what the dollar is at; time enough to glance at the evening paper to assure ourselves that, of course, nothing has changed. No need to stand in front of the gas or electric works for hours to pay our bills in advance so as to avoid post-payments through depreciation. Neither are we obliged to line up at the post office every time we are forced to write a letter; we are able to buy a dozen stamps at a time, for they have gold value and can be used next week with as much right as today. You let your money lie quietly in your purse until you choose to spend it without any fear of its burning a hole there. Indeed it may even be to your advantage to wait a little; for since there is no fear of depreciation the shops cannot demand the so-called risk premium. There are price-tickets in the windows again; not those alarming rows of naughts, but neat little gold marks and pfennigs. That alone is soothing. You are much more willing to pay a few pfennigs for your safety shaving blade than if they call it so many milliards. But apart from the name you can buy a pound of meat today for one mark instead of five, fish for fifty pfennigs instead of three marks. It is inspiring to see a coat marked up sixty marks instead of fifty dollars, albeit the one sum may be as little forthcoming as the other. The shops don't bully you into paying foreign money or even valorized marks, but spy into your purse for any stray billions.

You also feel yourself once more an important unit in the economical system when the shopkeepers plaster their windows with injunctions to eat fish—nourishing and cheap—or call your attention to the fact that sugar is cheaper, instead of leaving you standing like paupers outside their closed shutters. You cannot remember your grocer smiling at you in that familiar way since 1914!

All this does not mean that people are buying freely; money is very scarce and there is the hope that prices may yield even more. It is of course tempting when the peasant who assured you his potato crop was a failure and his hens had all been poisoned brings his wares to your door, and a pork chop with the cabbage on Sunday is morally uplifting.

To be sure there are new scares on the horizon. For instance, house rent has taken a leap and is to reach pre-war rates in a month or two. How it is going to do this with wages systematically decreasing and when most people have only just enough to buy second-rate foodstuffs it is difficult to understand. But on the whole the tension has slackened. Human nature is wonderfully elastic, and so one talks hopefully of the coming American food loan and of the promising results of the English elections. Many prophesy that we have at last reached the bottom of the hill and that 1924 will bring the long-wished-for ascent.

Unless, however, the patient can undergo a more radical treatment which will not only soften the effects but remove the cause of the disease, it is to be feared that the last state of the man will be worse than the first.

Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve

By FELIX MORLEY

Baltimore, December 13

IT was a link with the past of America, as well as with that of Greece and Rome, which was snapped when Dr. Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve died in Baltimore last week. Those who attended the funeral services held here on Saturday speak of the relative absence of youth among the many who gathered to pay their final tribute. They were elderly people for the most part, those mourners who stepped from the church to group together and exchange a few quiet words of reminiscence in the pale January sunlight. And that was not quite as it should have been, for if ever man of 92 carried the spirit of youth unquenched it was Professor Gildersleeve.

That one human mind should have spanned the gap, and kept its keen alertness intact, between the present and the days when Edgar Allan Poe was living in Richmond seems incredible. Yet such was the achievement of Dr. Gildersleeve, probably the last man to have known Poe personally. In the pleasant atmosphere of the Virginia capital during the late forties the stripling classicist was drawn, logically enough, to the poet's circle by the fact that both were contributors to the *Southern Literary Messenger*. After the passage of three-quarters of a century he would still recall for his friends the famous account of the writing of "The Raven" as he heard Poe give it in old Richmond a dozen years before the outbreak of the Civil War.

In that interim were planted the seeds of mental growth which death alone could check. From Princeton, where he took his A.B. degree the very year of Poe's death, young Gildersleeve crossed to Germany, receiving at the feet of "a quiet old Privy Councillor"—August Boeckh—the inspiration which made "a passionate classicist out of an amateurish student of literature." It might have been from that great master of Hellenic studies that he discovered the secret of "growing old, but learning all the while," as Boeckh said of himself when past fourscore. A few years ago he wrote to an old friend that he was considering changing his motto to the words of Oedipus: "Now, knowing nothing, I've arrived where I've arrived."

The cynicism of his later life, ever genial even when most biting, stood Dr. Gildersleeve in good stead in the days when the world went mad. His own experiences in Germany during the years which followed the collapse of the Frankfort Assembly taught him to distinguish between a people and a system. In a lifetime which saw the German Empire created, rise to triumph, and then crash to ruin, he kept his faith in the virtues of the people whom he knew.

From a Germany not yet federalized Dr. Gildersleeve returned to that part of the United States which was shortly to endeavor to break down federalization. Five years after he assumed the chair of Greek at the University of Virginia the Civil War broke out. A life-long believer in State's rights, a life-long opponent of coercion, the young professor joined the army of the Confederacy, receiving in the Shenandoah Valley campaign a wound which left him lame until the end. Soldiering was not quite the stultifying affair in those days that it has become since the advent of mechanized warfare. During the winter, when fighting slackened, the scholar was furloughed

back to the university. And there at his desk Dr. Gildersleeve exemplified the creed of the Old South of which he has written so charmingly by filling the intervals between campaigns with the instruction of Southern youths in classic lore.

Among the stately buildings of the University of Virginia, close to where his grave now lies, Dr. Gildersleeve remained for a decade after the Civil War. It was here that he developed his twofold talent of a teacher able to bring the flavor of Attic life to the dullest of moderns, and of a classical grammarian whose technical work has won him world-wide fame. The tribute on which all his students of these days lay stress is Dr. Gildersleeve's rare ability to stimulate the more mediocre undergraduates without restricting his own native talent for original research. He was a great teacher as well as a great scholar.

Yet it must have been a relief when President Gilman chose him as the first professor to be appointed at Johns Hopkins when it opened in 1876. Here, under the old traditions of Hopkins as an institution primarily destined for research, Dr. Gildersleeve was freed from those details of instructorship which stifle the fire and crush the originality of most of our academicians. Despite his talent as a teacher those dullards which democracy sends up for a veneer of education were always a source of vexation to Professor Gildersleeve at Virginia. One of his "old boys" there has compared his classroom struggles with this type to "Socrates set to trundling a baby carriage." His own view of the scholar-teacher's problem he set out in the lectures republished as "Hellas and Hesperia," when he wrote of the Greek grammarian Diotimus:

Diotimus, poor grammarian!
If my heart hath pitied e'er a one,
It is he,
Who, an almost centenarian,
Perched upon a "peak in Darien,"
Teaches little Jack and Mary Ann
A B C.

At Johns Hopkins the theory that those universities which set their great men free will reap a rich reward was amply justified by Professor Gildersleeve. It was here that his "Historical Syntax of Classical Greek," that famous grammar based not on tradition but on the most painstaking examination of all that is extant of Greek literature, was begun and prosecuted. It was here that he founded and edited the *American Journal of Philology*, with its scintillating medley of editorial comment known as Brief Mention. It was here that he collected his "Essays and Studies" and brought out his books on "Justin Martyr" and the "Odes of Pindar." Here he trained his graduate students to an appreciation of the classics as a living, vital force which, in the hands of those who have known his inspiration, has done and may still do much to stem the tide of reaction against spiritual assets brought by a material age.

Although he was a nature far more rare in this country than in Europe, his influence has been a powerful solvent of native provincialism. In spite of what he called the "national reproach" that "we do not distinguish bigness from greatness," Dr. Gildersleeve saw in this country which he loved whole-heartedly a spirit still embryonic, yet akin to that which made "the glory that was Greece." But whether that spirit is growing or dwindling with the passing years is not yet certain.

The Puritan Providence

By W. W. FENN

THE prime characteristic of Puritan religion was a habit of seeing in all arresting occurrences, and theoretically in all events whatsoever, an operation of the will of God. To contemporary Arminianizing churchmen this seemed silly, not to say grotesque, and even positively irreverent. Was it not the height of folly and conceit to suppose that the high and mighty God interested himself in the paltry details of individual lives? Was it not a degradation to represent Him as busied with trifling concerns? Religion was appropriate to the church with its dignified ceremonies of stately and ornate worship conducted by properly constituted officials, and the churchman would have said to the God of the Puritan, in Emerson's phrase: Have done with this touching and clawing. So the religious attitude of the Puritan aroused ridicule and scorn among his more conventionally, but often not less truly, religious contemporaries.

The scorn was intensified by the excesses to which the Puritan went in the application of his principle. In 1665 John Spencer, B.D., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, published a noteworthy book entitled "A Discourse Concerning Prodigies" in which with copious erudition and exceptional good sense he set forth "the vanity of presages." Between the lines of the book one reads the ways of Spencer's contemporaries, and becomes aware of the extent to which all remarkable happenings, comets, earthquakes, eclipses, and the like were regarded as omens of national disaster. In an accompanying sermon the author reveals also the prevalent habit of considering minor occurrences of unusual character, dreams, etc., as portents of individual calamity. "Surely the Lord will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets"—reveals it often by signs which all men see but which His prophets alone can interpret.

Belief in signs and omens is ancient and widespread, forming an important part of what we describe as early superstition. The Puritan, however, intensified the early feeling, making it more thoughtful and authoritative. There were those who defended portents by natural explanations. Take, for example, the following paragraph from John Spencer:

Comets are not to be owned the effective signs of any evils ensuing; for thus it is vulgarly concluded they are: and upon this presumption, that they are a kind of hot and sulphurous exhalations set on fire, which (as it were the fever of Nature) prey upon the *humidum*, the moisture of it, and so suddenly dry and exhaust it: whence ensue great droughts, dearths, famines, pestilences: And by intending the heat of the air, they are thought to incline to Feavers, to promote choler in Princes and Nations, and so to lay that fuel in men which will soon break forth into the flames of public wars and confusions!

That is amusing to us, but the Puritans, like Queen Victoria for a different reason, would have said grimly, "We are not amused," for resort to second causes and natural explanations was odious in their eyes. In their own phrase, such awe-inspiring events were God's "warning guns" shot off before His "aiming gun." Comets foretold evil because God sent them for that purpose. Their Calvinism taught them this, and behind their Calvinism, here as

everywhere, stood the Bible. Had not Jesus told His disciples that signs on the earth and in the sky would be the heralds of His Coming? Had He not taught them to believe in God, who numbers the hairs of a man's head and marks the fall of a sparrow? So the Puritan strengthened and sanctioned the popular attitude of mind by the words of Scripture and the theology of John Calvin.

This way of thinking was brought to these shores by both Puritan and Pilgrim. They found everywhere signs of God's favor or displeasure, sent by Him to warn or encourage His people. Here for instance is a passage from Cotton Mather's Diary:

August 14, 1716. This Day a singular Thing befel me. My God, Help me to understand the Meaning of it! I was prevailed withal, to do a Thing, which I very rarely do: (not once in Years). I rode abroad with some Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, to take the country Air, and to divert ourselves, at a famous Fish-Pond. In the Canoe, on the Pond, my Foot slipt, and I fell overboard into the Pond. Had the Vessel been a little further from the Shore, I must have been drown'd. But I soon recovered the Shore, and going speedily into a warm Bed, I received no sensible Harm. I returned well in the Evening: sollicitous to make all the reflections of Piety on my Disaster, and on my Deliverance. But not yett able to penetrate into the whole Meaning of the Occurrence. Am I quickly to go under the Earth, as I have been under the Water? My Consort had her Mind, all the former part of the day and all the day before, full of uneasy impressions, on her Mind, that this little journey would have Mischief attending of it.

There is a capital picture of the Puritan mind. Mrs. Mather had presentiments of trouble, and her husband was concerned to discover the "whole meaning" of the occurrence which fulfilled them. We should be inclined to say that a solicitous wife might very well be anxious when her somewhat top-heavy husband proposed so great a change in his habitually sedentary and studious life as to go a-pleasuring, and that so far as Cotton Mather was concerned the whole meaning of the event simply was that it was dangerous for a man of his age, and build, and learned lubberliness to go out in a little boat on Spy Pond at all, and that thereafter he might better fish from the shore or learn to sit particularly quiet in the canoe, else he might expect another ducking. But that was not the Mather, or the Puritan, way of looking at life. God would teach him a much more important lesson: this was a presage of something of deeper moment, perhaps his death, soon to befall.

The Diary of Cotton Mather, and the writings of the Puritans in general, abound in this sort of thing. These men and women were for seeing God's hand in everything. Since His eye was ever upon them and there was nothing which they could conceal, they learned to do, or think, nothing which they would wish to hide. Simple folk are wont to take for true whatever idea happens to turn up in their minds just because they find it there; the Puritan did the same but justified his practice by the theory that the idea was of divine origin. It was an easy step from a resolution to do God's will to a conviction that one's own will was God's, and so to put back of individual purpose an almighty decree. And this habit was of practical value, for it is difficult to see how the first settlers could have maintained themselves in this howling wilderness (as they loved to call it), beset by savage foes, who were loyal subjects of Satan, save by an indomitable faith that they were God's people, brought here by His will, guided by His counsel, pro-

tected and sustained by His hand. If misfortune befell them, it was a chastisement from the Lord intended for their good. Could a less thoroughgoing faith than this have carried them through the early days of trial?

By reliance upon this faith it was confirmed, and transmitted to posterity. In New England there are still good country folk who are no less keen for signs and omens than their ancestors were. Years ago, an aged Vermont woman told me that once in the spring a full-blown fruit tree in a neighbor's garden was blighted overnight, although no other tree in the vicinity was damaged. "I couldn't understand the meaning of it," she said, "until next fall when all the children of the family died one after another: then I understood." She was entirely sincere about it; the pious soul actually believed that the blighting of the fruit blossoms was designed to foretell the deaths that were to occur in the household. It is not so long ago that one could find similar beliefs universally held on the New England country-side. The shroud-like guttering of a candle, mysterious noises heard in the stillness of night, a sound as of cats scurrying over the floor of a room in which no cats were—these were "forerunners" of death, divine messengers sent to prepare men and women for coming sorrow, for death, and for the Judgment Day.

Probably no reader of *The Nation* would confess to any such gross superstitions, although it may be doubted whether in all cases mental enlightenment has yet affected the spinal column. The goose-flesh rises even while we laugh. But there is a fashion nowadays to make over old ideas, rehabilitate former superstitions, interpret old formulas, and say proudly: See, this wholly reasonable thing is exactly what our forebears meant, although they did not quite know it, and so we believe just as they did. It is a perverse practice which is responsible for a large amount of the theological fog which obscures and chills the religious thought of today, but since there are many who like this sort of thing, let us give them the sort of thing they like, and suggest an interpretation into modern terms of the central belief and faith of the Puritan. We no longer speak of the absolute sovereignty of God, but we believe unhesitatingly in the absolute sovereignty of law—and that is the same idea only in different words. We do not connect comets with national disaster, or the blasting of a blossoming tree with the subsequent death of buds of the family, yet it would not be surprising if some one, reading Spencer's imputed natural explanation, had murmured that there might be something in it after all, and that comets and calamity might be connected in the causal context of events. We do not accept the particular connections which the Puritans made, but that there are connections is the central article of our scientific creed, and it remains only to identify the scientific laws of nature with the regular habits of an immanent God, and, behold, we are standing precisely where the fathers stood. It is not uncommon, nowadays, to be gravely told that modern science is old-time Calvinism: in other terms: for divine decrees, we now have scientific determinism; for election and reprobation, germinal selection which gives rise to an amiable or an odious product quite apart from the will of parents or offspring; for original sin, the solidarity of mankind simultaneously and successively. It is all highly entertaining as an exhibition of theological hocus-pocus, but if we had so interpreted our ancestors to themselves in their lifetime they would have made it hot for us here—and hereafter.

Ratify the Turkish Treaty!

By EDWARD MEAD EARLE

RATIFICATION by the Senate of the Turco-American Treaty of amity and commerce signed last August at Lausanne should be achieved with the least possible delay. The resumption of normal relations with Turkey would be a potent impetus to economic rehabilitation and political stabilization in the Near East. It would go far toward assuring peace to an area of the world which has been cursed with almost uninterrupted internecine and international war for almost fifteen years—from the Young Turk Revolution of 1908 to the Mudania Armistice of 1922.

The Peace of Lausanne—of which the Turco-American Treaty must be considered an integral part—is not, to be sure, the kind of peace which the Western world would like to see imposed upon Turkey. Unlike the peace of Sèvres, it is a negotiated, not a dictated, peace. In this respect it marks a salutary departure from that type of diplomatic procedure which poisoned the treaties drawn up at Paris. The Sèvres settlement was signed under duress by a puppet government at Constantinople, but was rejected by almost every other articulate voice in Turkey. The Lausanne peace was negotiated freely by a Nationalist government and was ratified by a National Assembly which is more nearly democratic than any previous parliament in Turkish history and which enjoys the confidence and respect of the Anatolian peasantry. At Sèvres terms were exacted of Turkey which were impossible of fulfilment. At Lausanne the Nationalists signed up no blank checks and made no pledges which they cannot keep. The Sèvres Treaty violated promises, outraged legitimate national aspirations, defied economic laws, and satisfied no one except the imperialists who drafted it. The Peace of Lausanne is an honest effort to reconcile Turkish sovereignty with the peculiar geographical, ethnographical, religious, and economic problems of the Near East as a whole.

There will be many Americans, of course, to whom formal recognition of the New Turkey will be humiliating. But we cannot, if we would, escape the consequence of our own inconsistencies and our own follies in the Near East since 1918. President Wilson shares with Mr. Lloyd George the responsibility for the foolhardy Greek occupation of Smyrna, which fanned Turkish nationalism into a hot flame and which, to quote the Harbord report, "cheapened every Christian life in Turkey." By withdrawing from participation in the negotiation of peace terms for Turkey we permitted the predatory ambitions of Greece and the Allies to run riot in the Near East, at a cost of life and treasure which is yet to be computed. Although we have always professed great interest in the welfare of the Christian minorities in Turkey, the Senate, perhaps quite correctly under the circumstances, refused to accept a mandate for Armenia. Although our State Department has been engaged for four years in a diplomatic controversy with Great Britain over Mesopotamian oil resources, we moved not a finger to break the Greco-Turkish death-grapple in Anatolia. If the Turks achieved a victory over Allied and American diplomacy at Lausanne, it was partly because they had a case which merited more respect. The Lausanne peace is a severe blow to Western imperialism in the Near

East and as such should be welcomed by liberals everywhere.

The American, as well as the Allied, treaty with Turkey recognizes the abolition of the Capitulations, which had come to be considered sacrosanct by Westerners. It is by no means certain, however, that the former capitulatory regime was justified on the grounds of either expediency or right. Certainly the narrowly defined jurisdiction of the Ottoman Government over foreigners—and over certain Ottoman nationals under foreign "protection"—was one of the principal causes of Turkish administrative confusion and judicial incompetence. The exemption of foreigners from taxation and the veto of foreign governments over increases in Ottoman customs duties assisted in the perpetual pauperization of the Turkish Treasury and placed the Sublime Porte at the mercy of European diplomatists and European financiers. Although the Moslem faith abjures the use of intoxicating liquors, and although American missionaries and their supporters at home are firm believers in prohibition, the liquor traffic was openly carried on in Turkey by native and European Christians under the protection of the Capitulations and of the Christian Powers. The foremost American authority on the juridical status of foreigners in Turkey has said that "foreigners were so completely exempt from the jurisdiction of the Turkish police that they came, in effect, to be regarded as subject to no law. Consciously or unconsciously foreigners not infrequently indicated an utter disregard and contempt for many of the police regulations. The Turkish authorities often found themselves quite helpless under the most trying and exasperating circumstances. The most notorious instance of this helplessness was the impotence of the police in dealing with the hotels, cafes, gambling houses, saloons, dance-halls, and other pleasure resorts which were owned by foreigners and flourished insolently in defiance of Moslem sensibilities. The so-called European quarters in Pera and Galata degenerated into districts so degraded as to constitute a shameful commentary on European civilization."

When the Turco-American Treaty was signed on August 6 last, the existence of an independent and sovereign Turkey was a *fait accompli*. On September 10, 1914, the Sultan had abrogated the Capitulations as "an intolerable obstacle to all progress in the empire." The National Pact of the Kemalists declared that the Turks "consider the possession of complete independence and liberty as the *sine qua non* of their national existence" and that, consequently, they "oppose all juridical or financial restrictions of any nature which would arrest their national development." In spite of the bullying of Lord Curzon and the cajolery of M. Barrère, Ismet Pasha stood firm at Lausanne, and the Allies were obliged to acknowledge "the complete abolition of the Capitulations in every respect." Failure on the part of the American representatives at Lausanne to recognize the facts as they were, rather than as some Americans thought they ought to be, would have made any negotiations with the Turks out of the question.

In order to improve upon its judicial system—which has been notoriously inefficient and corrupt—the Turkish

Government informed the Allies and the United States at Lausanne that it proposed to take into its employ for a period of at least five years, as Turkish officials, "a number of European legal counselors whom it will select from a list prepared by the Permanent Court of International Justice from among jurists nationals of countries which did not take part in the war of 1914 to 1918." It is pure speculation to say whether these foreign counselors will accomplish any immediate reforms in the Turkish judicial system. It may be that racial and religious prejudices will be too powerful to be overcome. If so, Armenians under the new regime will obtain in Turkish courts the same even-handed justice which Negroes are accustomed to receive in Georgia, and foreigners in Turkey will be dealt with in the same spirit of judicial impartiality which Japanese have experienced in California.

The abrogation of the Capitulations takes away from American schools and colleges in Turkey the legal immunities which they formerly enjoyed. It does not, however, mean that their work will have to be discontinued or even impaired. The Turkish Government, in a formal communication to the State Department and in informal assurances to the institutions themselves, has declared its intention of observing a liberal and benevolent policy toward American educational enterprises in Turkey. Robert College began its sixty-first year last September with an enrolment of four hundred and fifty students, more than one hundred of whom were Turks. One of the Turkish students is a brother of Ismet Pasha, Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Constantinople Woman's College has a registration of three hundred and thirty, of whom about one-sixth are Turks. These two colleges have played, and promise to continue to play, so prominent a part in the moral and intellectual leadership of the Near East that it would be a tragedy to jeopardize their work. No amount of military force could secure for them the preeminent position which they now enjoy as a result of the good-will of the Turkish authorities. Rejection of the Turkish treaty—particularly if it be rejected because of partisan politics or religious bigotry—would be certain to affect adversely the prestige which America has long enjoyed in the Near East. It is a full realization of these facts which has led Dr. James L. Barton, secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; Dr. Caleb Gates, president of Robert College, and Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, president of the Constantinople Woman's College, to state publicly that they favor ratification of the Turco-American Treaty of Lausanne.

Protection of minorities was a thorny question at Lausanne. As between Greeks and Turks a solution was attempted by a compulsory exchange of populations, which is now going on partly under the supervision of the League of Nations. This perilous experiment was not undertaken at the instigation of the Turks, as has been so freely charged by the uninformed press, but as the result of a fervent plea by Dr. F. Nansen, who considers it the only permanent solution of the problem. As regards all other Christian minorities the Allied treaty with the Turks contains certain specific guaranties for all nationals of Turkey "without distinction of birth, nationality, language, race, or religion": equality before the law and full protection of life, liberty, and property; equal civil and political rights; permission to maintain, establish, and control religious, philanthropic, and social institutions; freedom of religion

and unrestricted use of the vernacular; freedom of social customs, including family law and personal status. It will be freely charged, of course, that these promises are not worth the paper they are written on—other such promises, albeit not so far-reaching, have been made before. In this connection it is well to quote certain sections of Article 44 of the treaty with the Allies:

Turkey agrees that . . . these provisions constitute obligations of international concern and shall be placed under the guaranty of the League of Nations. They shall not be modified without the assent of a majority of the Council of the League of Nations. . . . Any member of the Council of the League shall have the right to bring to the attention of the Council any infraction or danger of infraction of any of these obligations, and the Council may thereupon take such action and give such directions as it may deem proper and effective in the circumstances. Turkey further agrees that any difference of opinion as to questions of law or of fact arising out of these articles . . . shall be held to be a dispute of international character under Article 14 of the Covenant of the League of Nations. The Turkish Government hereby consents that any such dispute shall, if the other party thereto demands, be referred to the Permanent Court of International Justice. The decision of the Permanent Court shall be final and shall have the same force and effect as an award under Article 13 of the Covenant.

That the Turco-American Treaty does not include these minorities provisions may be attributed to three principal reasons: First, rightly or wrongly, no such pledges have ever been incorporated in treaty form between the United States and Turkey and certainly do not constitute part of a treaty of amity and commerce; second, the guaranties are under the supervision of the League of Nations, the very existence of which is not conceded by the present Administration; third, they would be considered by Senate "irreconcilables" and others as foreign entanglements too monstrous to be even contemplated. Those who talk of our failure in this treaty to fulfil our obligations to Armenia forget that we cannot reach agreement in the United States upon even the most elementary sort of international co-operation, such as the Permanent Court of International Justice. They also forget that in 1920 the Senate flatly rejected the proposal for an Armenian mandate, at a time when we were asked to assume guardianship for territory under the complete military subjection of the Allies. Short of a successful armed invasion of the Anatolian peninsula there is now no way we can achieve what we then refused to consider. Ratification of the Turco-American Treaty, however, would enable our official representatives at Angora to exercise their influence on behalf of moderation and justice.

Sweeping assertions have been made that the treaty with Turkey is "humiliating and purposeless" and "surrenders every American right in Turkey." Nothing could be further from the truth. The Turkish Government is meeting in a most friendly spirit outstanding pecuniary claims of American citizens. Americans in Turkey—whether engaged on business, on philanthropy, or on pleasure—are guaranteed "most favored nation" treatment. American merchant ships, war vessels, and aircraft are permitted unrestricted passage through the now demilitarized Straits, in time of war no less than in time of peace. In other words, Americans will have in Turkey the same rights as nationals of the Allied Powers. We are not asked to accept less, and we have no justification for asking more.

It is frequently stated that we can have no confidence in the good faith of the Turks in observing their international engagements. In a world in which treaty obligations are more freely undertaken than performed, one must admit the possibility that violations of the letter and spirit of the Lausanne peace may occur. However, the Turks desire American friendship and have done their best to retain it under conditions more trying than the present. From the time of our entry into the Great War until the armistice, American lives and property were wholly at the mercy of the Turks. But American lives were protected, American property was kept inviolate, and American schools and colleges outside the war zone continued their work unmolested.

Ratification of this treaty would no more condone past acts of violence on the part of the Turks than assistance to Greek refugees condoned the diabolical conduct of the Greek army in Anatolia. It merely gives Americans the opportunity, with the good-will of the Turks, to play a part in the economic and social reconstruction of a war-ridden Near East. The Turks are conducting an honest experiment in government to which every American tradition is pledged. They are attempting to reform their social cus-

toms in accordance with the spirit of Western progress. Their success will depend in large measure upon the extent to which they will enjoy the sympathy and encouragement of the outside world. The Young Turk revolution was debauched not so much because of the venality of certain of its leaders as because of the imperialism of Christian nations. It would be tragic indeed if a new attempt to regenerate Asia Minor should run similarly amuck because of tribal loyalties and war psychology on the part of Americans.

What is asked for the Turks should be demanded for every other Near Eastern people. The Greek people, worn out as a result of an ill-advised military venture, taxed to the breaking-point, victimized by a meaningless series of political revolutions, likewise need our support and our generous financial assistance. An objective analysis of the situation in the Near East must lead to the conclusion that it is the result of two epidemic diseases: exaggerated political and cultural nationalism on the part of the Balkan and Anatolian peoples, and the unregulated economic and strategic rivalries of the great Powers. When shall we learn to attack the causes, rather than the effects, of these plagues?

Nicholas Longworth

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

HARDLY anybody seems ever to want to write anything really serious and deep about Nicholas Longworth. The resulting gap in American political literature is one which I will now endeavor to fill up.

Nicholas Longworth, now floor leader of the Republican Party in the House of Representatives of the United States of America, is presumably loved by the common people. His district is full of them, and they have sent him to the House of Representatives for ten terms. Only nine members of the House now excel and exceed Mr. Longworth in length of service, or—to put it another way—in continuity of favor with their districts. Eight of these nine are conservatives. What this proves about the common people is not the subject of this article.

Mr. Longworth voted for all the "farm bloc" bills in the last session of Congress while the "farm bloc" was supposed by all good banks and chambers of commerce east of the Mississippi—and by many of them west of it—to be engaged in undermining and collapsing the republic.

Longworth voted for the bonus—and voted for it over President Harding's veto—while all the great forces of what is technically known as "organized wealth" were visiting upon the bonus their sternest disapproval. Mr. Longworth in nineteen hundred and seventeen, in the course of the passage of the revenue bill of that year, endeavored earnestly to insert into the bill a provision for putting heavier taxes on the unearned incomes of the lolling rich than on the earned incomes of the toiling poor. Mr. Longworth in nineteen hundred and nineteen was a large leader in the "insurgency" which prevented the "Old Guard" in the House of Representatives from electing Mr. James R. Mann of Illinois to be Speaker. Mr. Longworth today, as floor leader of the Republican Party in the House, has had to choose between making concessions, on the one hand, to the Republican "progressives" and, on the other, to the Demo-

crats, who, most of them, are much more conservative than the Republican "progressives." Mr. Longworth has chosen to make concessions to the Republican "progressives" and has received Mr. John M. Nelson, the militant leader of the House "progressive group," into the House governing class, which is called the Rules Committee.

Mr. Longworth is a conservative who in order to save some of conservatism would never hesitate to abandon some of it. He is not a "last ditch" or "die hard" or "rule or ruin" conservative. He is too sophisticated to think that any of the matters now in Congress are life-and-death matters in the history of the republic. He knows very well that they are not. He knows also that certain so-called "progressive" measures are demanded not merely by the argument that a certain number of tubs must be thrown to the pursuing "progressive" whale, which might otherwise climb on board the ship of state, but also by their own merits as sound measures. He favors, for instance, a drastic increasing of inheritance taxes.

He further is able at will to be extremely profound in his speeches. A recent speech of his in favor of stopping the issuing of tax-exempt securities is so profound that he has been observed to seem oppressed while reading it over again himself. It is full of statistics and it is deep—very deep.

We come now, however, to Mr. Longworth's faults. His chief fault is that no matter how deep he becomes he cannot become solemn. There is in him a total void at the spot where the American statesman keeps usually that priceless possession of his: a talent for a solemnity which would make the British House of Commons flee to the tea terrace.

To do serious things in a light manner: that is more British than American. Lord Curzon would have no great reputation for solemnity over here. In London Mr. Longworth would have no great reputation for frivolity. Here

there are many of his fellow-statesmen who for many years thought they had comprehended Mr. Longworth when they said: "He is amusing."

His next fault is that he was born of a distinguished family, and born rich, and lives accordingly, and likes it, and has too much humor—which is almost the same thing as saying too much sincerity—to pretend that he does not like it or that he is living otherwise. He accordingly, besides bearing the burden of being accused of being amusing, bears the even heavier burden of being accused of being an aristocrat.

He is also an artist. He knows music, pursues music, performs music; and he does it with the zeal and with the skill of an adept—or addict.

His playing of the violin is a streak of civilization across a scene of committee hearings, reported bills, debates on the politics of them, dinner parties on the politics of them, and more committee hearings and more reported bills.

A wit, an aristocrat, an artist.

Yet he has a faculty somehow for getting called "Nick"; and also, somehow, when Mr. Mondell, Republican floor leader in the last session of the House of Representatives, retired from the House to run for the Senate, people began of their own motion to go toward "Nick" to ask him to be Mr. Mondell's successor. Mr. Longworth himself was motionless about it. He conducted no campaign for himself for the floor leadership. He went on making jokes at serious moments and wearing spats.

In the matter of the spats he was saved by Robert Marion La Follette. Several Representatives who were laboring most diligently to accumulate votes among their fellow-Representatives for Mr. Longworth for floor leader came to him one day and said:

"You won't mind if we talk to you on a serious subject?"

"I'd like you to," said Mr. Longworth.

"It's this," said they. "We find there is a great deal of criticism of you about your clothes and particularly about those spats. Now we want to ask you: Wouldn't you be willing to give up wearing spats? It would help us a lot."

"Well," said Longworth, "will you first do something for me?"

"Certainly," said they.

"It's this," said Longworth. "Go over to the Senate and see Mr. La Follette."

"And say what?"

"Oh, anything. Just go over and have a talk with him."

They went. In fifteen minutes they were back.

"It's all right," they said. "He was making a speech and we just took one look at him. You're saved."

"I thought so," said Longworth. "May I continue to wear my spats?"

"You may," said his friends and went out to publish their discovery. Robert M. La Follette wears spats too.

As floor leader, Mr. Longworth already is, and probably increasingly will be, a negotiator of compromises both as to parliamentary methods and as to legislative acts. His enemies will say that he has no convictions. His friends will say that he has no fanaticisms. The inward truth will be that he has an Horatian humor. He has levity and sanity. He has a sense of the laughable mingling of contradictory principles in life as lived and a sense of the deadly ridiculousness of extremes. If he thinks the ex-

tremist clamors of the progressive faction ridiculous, he thinks the extremist alarms of his own conservative faction ridiculous likewise. He is amusing and amused; and he will be an amused conservative "moderate."

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has a serious-minded young niece who is always attempting to interest him in profound and weighty issues. Whenever she receives a blank requesting the names of ten people who might be interested in the reform of the calendar, Esperanto, or the woes of the Wahabis, she fills it in with the Drifter's name at the top. He thus appears upon countless high-minded mailing-lists, and accordingly the Bok boosters seem passionately eager to have his vote upon their plan to save the world. The postman staggers in daily with a new pile of Bok ballots—a partial list, allowing for the frailties of human recollection, includes the Chamber of Commerce, the City Club, the Civic Club, the Civil Service Association, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Foreign Policy Association, the Friends of Irish Freedom, the League of Nations Nonpartisan Association, the League for Industrial Democracy, the League for Political Education, the Scandinavian-American Foundation, the Select Committee of alumni of his high school, the Select Committee of alumni of his college, the Select Committee of alumni of his graduate school, and he has forgotten what else. Only the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee and the Key Man Movement organized by the New York *Commercial* have left Bok's billets-doux severely alone.

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THUS far the Drifter has not been able to bring himself to read the plan, any more than he can read the literature of the noble organizations distributing it. He can decide, however, without reading it: he is always for the under dog. When the voting is almost complete he will ask Mr. Bok for the latest count, sit up all night signing ballots, and send in by the last mail enough votes to swing the verdict of the American people into a thunderous Yes or No, as the case may be—whichever it was not on the night before.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

William Channing Gannett

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I feel sure that you will be glad to grant me a little space in your valued paper to pay tribute to a great and good man, dead on December 15 last, who must have been known and revered by many of your readers. I refer to the late Dr. William C. Gannett, of Rochester, New York. Born in Boston in 1840, a son of the distinguished Ezra Stiles Gannett, baptized by William Ellery Channing with his own name, graduated from Harvard College and the Harvard Divinity School, Mr. Gannett spent his life in the service of five Unitarian churches—at Milwaukee (Wis.), East Lexington (Mass.), St. Paul (Minn.), Hinsdale (Ill.), and Rochester (N. Y.). During all of this long period he was one of the outstanding leaders of his communion, beloved as a friend, honored as a teacher, revered as a saint and prophet. Nor were his activity and influence limited to his church; on the contrary, throughout all his career he was a dominant and adored figure in the community at large.

Reared in the tonic atmosphere of New England transcendentalism, when Emerson was meditating in Concord, Parker thundering in the pulpit of the Boston Music Hall, and Garrison crusading at the head of the Abolition movement, Gannett early acquired the habits of clear thought, honest speech, and dauntless courage which marked him all his years. In the furious controversy which rent the Unitarian body in the eighties of the last century and which swung that church at last to the extreme left of theological radicalism, Dr. Gannett was in the van fighting fearlessly for those large liberties of thought which are now the chief glory of religious liberalism everywhere. No man was more uncompromising than he, yet no man more sympathetic in his understanding of his opponents or more gracious in his treatment of them. He was all tenderness for men, whatever their opinions or perversities. Love was as much the atmosphere of his heart as fragrance the atmosphere of flowers.

At bottom, after all, this man was more the mystic than the prophet, though his service as a leader of thought and life can never be forgotten. But it was in the deep places of the spirit that he dwelt most easily and gladly. It was here that he wrote his immortal sermons which have reached their hundreds of thousands of readers—"Blessed Be Drudgery," "Wrestling and Blessing," and others. It was here that his heart broke out in the songs which rank him among the unforgettable hymn-writers of America. It was here that he fostered friendships which yoked him with a score of precious souls as David was yoked with Jonathan. It was here, finally, in these mystic places, that he grew to the serene stature of sainthood. Dr. Gannett was one of the pure in heart who see God. "I never knew a man so unspotted from the world," said Dr. Samuel M. Crothers at his funeral.

In recent addresses President Meiklejohn has been discussing the moot question of Democracy and Excellence—are they compatible? Dr. Gannett's life cries to heaven like the call of silver trumpets that America produces and may ever produce intellectual and spiritual excellence of the most exalted type. While such men come, we may, like Paul on the road to Rome, "Thank God and take courage."

New York, January 8

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

There Is No Reason or Justice

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The members of the Chinese Seamen's Union have learned with no little astonishment and dismay that nearly 100 American workingmen are in prison on account of the California criminal syndicalist law and that the only evidence presented against them was membership in the organization known as the Industrial Workers of the World. We of the Chinese Seamen's Union have always looked upon the United States as a free and desirable country, and we are very sorry to hear it alleged that our fellow-workingmen in the United States are being subjected to such persecutions—unparalleled even in the history of China.

If there is reason or justice in this state of affairs please let us know, so that we can present the case to our members. Unless a reply is received from you in a reasonable length of time the members of the Chinese Seamen's Union will understand that American workingmen are the subjects of a brutal and unjust persecution, and it is certain that our members will then demand that some economic action be taken which will bring your attention, and also the attention of all American capitalists, to the fact that the working class of the world will no longer permit without protest the persecution and imprisonment of workingmen anywhere.

Canton, December 1

CHAK HON KEE,

Secretary for the Chinese Seamen's Union

For Tax-Exempt Securities

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 19, in commenting upon President Coolidge's message, you say that the President "deserves praise for his recommendation in favor of a constitutional amendment to end tax-exempt securities." Surely, you have not weighed this subject carefully, nor thought through the problem, or you would not make that statement.

What does the proposal for a constitutional amendment mean, and why the hot haste to enact it? It means only an attempt of public-utility interests to curb municipal ownership. It is directed solely at state and municipal bonds, since federal bonds could be taxed without a constitutional amendment. It means the granting of power to the nation to tax the States and their municipalities—a complete breakdown of the dual system of government. It means an enhancing of the value of the thirty billions of bonds outstanding, since they could not be taxed without impairing the obligations of contracts. It means that money for schools, roads, streets, municipal improvements, and general welfare will be secured with greater difficulty. It would seriously handicap both state and nation in times of national peril in securing the financial aid necessary—all this in order that a handicap may be placed upon public ownership.

In proof of this, observe only the principal forces that have been behind this amendment from the beginning, namely, the national associations of gas, electric light, electric railway, and similar organizations. The principal propaganda has come from these sources and can be found in public-utility journals.

Chicago, December 19

JOHN A. LAPP,

Director Department of Social Action,
National Catholic Welfare Council

No Real Amnesty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Almost without exception those writing on the subject of amnesty for political prisoners leave the reader with the impression that since the remainder of those convicted under the espionage act have been released the fight so far as they are concerned is ended. Not so. Amnesty means a general grant of *pardon* for offenses against the government and restores civil and political rights; mere release from prison, whether by parole, commutation of sentence, or expiration of sentence, does not. The person so released is a felon still and is considered morally unfit to exercise the civil and political rights which go with American citizenship.

Also it should be remembered that the espionage act has *not* been repealed. There will have been no real vindication of American honor until civil and political rights are restored and the espionage act has been repealed.

Seattle, Washington, December 31

EMIL HERMAN

Contributors to This Issue

CHARLES THOMAS HALLINAN, former director of the American Union Against Militarism, is living in England.

ALICE HOHENEMSER-SALB is an Englishwoman who has lived in Berlin for many years.

FELIX MORLEY is on the staff of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*.

W. W. FENN was long dean of the Harvard Divinity School.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE is assistant professor of history in Columbia University and the author of "Turkey, the Great Powers, and the Bagdad Railway."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES is minister of the Community Church in New York.

Poems

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Imminent Doom

This frail and fragrant morning
Is streaming on toward noon;
Listen to my warning!
There will be buzzing soon.
Soon we shall be shaken
Like flowers and gold grass
And all our pollen taken
By a bee with bowels of brass.

Hard Girl

I never loved you, never any man;
I run too fast to long be overtaken.
But I will wave to you, and you, unshaken
Will turn and watch the brown road where I ran.
Will you be sorry, will you feel forsaken?
A little grief is good for any man.

Books

Crucify Him, Crucify Him!

Young India (1919-1922). By Mahatma Gandhi. With a brief sketch of the Non-Cooperation Movement. By Babu Rejendra Prasad. B. W. Huebsch. \$4.

MAHATMA GANDHI is coming into his own! I remember, when I prepared an address upon this man in 1920, I could find nothing about him outside a few stray newspaper clippings and a brief but sympathetic account of his life in an article in the *Hibbert Journal* (1917) by Gilbert Murray. Later I secured some books and pamphlets from India, and managed to lay my hands upon the exceedingly rare pamphlet "M. K. Gandhi, An Indian Patriot in South Africa," by Joseph J. Doke. Now at last material is beginning to appear here in America. Haridas T. Muzumdar, a fellow-countryman, has published in Chicago a brief biography, "Gandhi the Apostle." In the *Century* is appearing a series of biographical papers by Romain Rolland, soon to be printed in book form. Gandhi's own book, "Hind Swaraj," is now in press. And here are the writings of the Mahatma in his paper, *Young India*, during the great period from 1919 to 1922.

If I believed in the idea of reincarnation, I would regard Mahatma Gandhi in all reverence as Jesus Christ returned to earth. If I believed in the doctrine of the Second Coming, I would say that this event had already transpired in India. In saying this I do not refer to the influence of the Nazarene upon the Indian, which he has himself made plain. Rather do I have in mind the whole spirit of Gandhi and the marvelous pattern of his life. This Mahatma's soul is the Christ's soul. Its inward simplicity and purity, its mystic hold upon eternal verities, its strange combination of humility and exaltation, its profound understanding and infinite compassion, its vast capacity for sacrifice, its inflexible purpose of idealism, its love of men and its consciousness of God—all these reproduce Jesus. Equally remarkable, as an historical parallel, is the non-resistant philosophy upon which Gandhi builds his movement for the emancipation of India and the restoration of its native culture. Worked out in terms of economic and political organization unknown to Jesus, it is at heart the same ideal applied to the same problem of spiritual redemption. Even the setting of Gandhi's

life, and its drama to date—a public ministry of three years directed to the multitudes and against the native rulers of his people and an alien empire, presenting spiritual principles of love and sacrifice as the foundations of a new social order, ending in arrest, trial, and, not crucifixion to be sure, but long imprisonment—these suggest a transference of the New Testament story to our day. And this book, "Young India," bulky as it is, seems a gospel of this modern Christ!

The closing pages, as in each of the four Gospels, present the story of the arrest, trial, and condemnation of the non-resistant leader of his people. This is preceded, as in the Gospels, by anticipations of the event ("If I am arrested—"). The arrest is briefly described. Then comes the trial before the English judge—the questioning, the plea of guilty, Gandhi's unforgettable "Statement" to the court, the judge's highly creditable reply, the sentence, the closing scene of farewell. There is nothing in history to compare with this except the death of Jesus, unless it be the death of Socrates or that of John Brown. The account, as printed in this volume, is destined, I believe, to take its permanent place in the world's literature of heroic martyrdom.

In the thousand and more pages leading up to this sublime climax are gathered "all the articles, numbering hundreds," printed by Gandhi in *Young India* during his active leadership of the Non-Cooperation Movement. The separate items, including not merely articles, but interviews, conversations, letters, editorials, chance notes, and "observations by the way," run the whole gamut of discussion from the most exalted moral and religious principles to comparatively trivial matters of individual conduct and party tactics. Some few, written by others than Gandhi himself, are included because of their direct bearing upon certain aspects of the Mahatma's career or thought. Others are introduced or accompanied by a short narrative in explanation of the time and circumstance of a particular utterance. Many contain important biographical data. All combine, as living documents printed just as they were written in the heat of conflict, to give an unrivaled picture of Gandhi in his greatest years—his program and its application to a myriad particular instances; his purpose and the faith by which it lives; above all, his august spirit. He moves in these pages as vividly as Jesus in the Gospels—and as sublimely.

"Young India," in spite of its bulk and its modern documentary aspect, would have still more strongly suggested the New Testament parallel upon which I am insisting had it not been for the editor's arrangement of material logically instead of chronologically, by topics as in an encyclopedia instead of by sequence of events as in a history or biography. The chapters thus appear "sorted and grouped under ten sections," entitled Towards Non-Cooperation, The Principles of Non-Cooperation, The Non-Cooperation Campaign, Towards Civil Disobedience, Miscellaneous, etc. This scheme has the advantage of making the book a kind of textbook, admirably adapted to the uses of those who want to know the ideas and practices involved in Gandhi's great revolt. But this advantage is won at the cost of missing the march of events, and thus the sweep of the most thrilling and momentous movement of modern times. I found myself rebelling at this attempt of another mind to classify under general topics and with precise headings what had never been classified by Gandhi himself but, on the contrary, had been put forth as the moment determined and as this crisis or that developed. Gandhi, after all, is not a philosopher, not primarily a thinker, but a statesman, a reformer, a popular leader, a seer and prophet, that strange combination of man of action and man of vision which appears, as in Jesus, in only the rarest souls of history. We should see him and hear his words as he himself moved from day to day, and from event to event. To arrange material, as the editor has done in "Young India," is too much like what the theologians have done to the words of Jesus to be satisfactory.

What the reader will probably miss in this volume is a certain eloquence which he has been led to expect from the stories

which have come from India of Gandhi's vast influence over his countrymen. There is little here of the conciseness of the great master of popular speech, the Nazarene—little of his matchless poetry, his brilliant irony, his vivid power of parable and phrase. It must be remembered, of course, that the contents of the books are essays or letters, and not addresses. But even so is it obvious that Gandhi's eloquence is that of personality and not of speech. But what a personality! What freedom from prejudice, pride, malice, vindictiveness, self-seeking! What mastery of tolerance, patience, magnanimity, the universal love of men! What inward discipline to purity, what outward consecration to sacrifice! What vision of the spirit, and what trust in spiritual forces to endure and conquer all! Is it any wonder that this man has won the allegiance of his people, and is now little by little catching the imagination of the world? In all things fundamental to the soul, he is incomparably the greatest of living men. In his organization of a vast social movement in terms of non-violent coercion or non-resistant love, his life marks a new epoch in the annals of the race. In purpose, method, and ideal he reveals to our time, as Jesus revealed to his, the way of life. Yet England today, like Rome yesterday, sees nothing to do with such a man but to destroy him!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

An Appeal to Posterity

The World Crisis: 1915. By Winston S. Churchill. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$6.50.

IT is hard for anyone who detests Mr. Churchill's militarism to approach with the requisite detachment his story of his achievements as a war minister. If you feel that the spirit that exults in the exploits of war is a spirit not of light but of darkness, how can you regard with any sympathy a career whose proudest glory is derived from its claim to preeminent mastery of the art of human slaughter? Yet if the man himself is to be fairly judged, any such prejudice (in the literal sense of the word) must be set aside. As long as there are wars there must be war ministers.

Mr. Churchill's earlier volume gave us his interpretation of the military events of 1914, with special reference to his own work at the Admiralty. In this record of 1915 the most prominent place is naturally occupied by the account of the attempt to force the Dardanelles. The failure of that enterprise brought upon its principal sponsor an obloquy which will not soon or easily be dispelled. It dogged him even in his recent electoral campaign at Leicester. He admits himself that he "cannot expect to alter the fixed and prevailing opinions of this generation" on the subject, and is content that his apologia shall survive as "one of the factors upon which the judgment of our children will be founded."

To those who have not read this book it will doubtless seem an absurd exaggeration to compare it to Thucydides's story of the Syracusan expedition. Yet that is the precedent that again and again it inevitably recalls. Happily for the comfort of the reader, Mr. Churchill's style is more lucid, if less distinguished, than that of Thucydides, but its subject and its literary quality make this record equally certain to be ranked as an enduring possession. One is haunted throughout by the same impression of some mysterious and inexplicable doom that brought the curse of futility upon the most gallant and self-sacrificing efforts. Was there ever such a succession of tragic blunders bringing to naught one project after another when within an ace of success?

While incidentally there are involved in the story technicalities on which only a military or naval expert has a right to express an opinion, the main features of the Dardanelles policy are within the comprehension of any intelligent man. And the verdict of nine readers out of ten must be that Mr. Churchill's self-vindication is complete. In particular, he scatters to the four winds the popular notion that his plans were the mere

brilliant inspirations of a clever amateur meddling with problems for which the competent professional would have sought a different solution. He shows conclusively that there was not one of them that failed to receive the highest expert indorsement. Nor, again, was he attempting to carry out individual policies against the judgment of the head of the Government. Every action of his in opening and pressing the operations at the Dardanelles was taken with the Prime Minister's full knowledge, approval, and support. What Mr. Churchill is fairly entitled to say is that if those persons, civilians and professionals alike, upon whose cooperation the success of the expedition depended had shown a tithe of his insight, his foresight, and his tenacity the event would have been far otherwise. Pungent as are some of his criticisms of other actors in the drama, the wonder is that he shows so little bitterness in his comments upon the men for whose weaknesses and stupidities an ill-informed public opinion has made him the scapegoat.

One cannot help wishing, indeed, that Mr. Churchill had pursued peace as diligently and wholeheartedly as he has sought victory in war. He reveals here powers that would have been of the highest value in solving the problems of reconstruction. He can envisage a complicated situation as a whole without losing himself among details; he realizes the wisdom of submitting to an immediate loss as the price of a larger future gain; he has a fertile imagination which never lures him to forget the limitations imposed upon it by practical considerations; and he is alert to devise and encourage novel and unconventional expedients to take the place of traditional methods that have proved inadequate to a new emergency. This latter quality is illustrated by the story of his quick discernment of the possibilities of the "tank" in land fighting and his persistence in testing and developing this heterodox invention in the teeth of disapproval in the highest military quarters. Here, if anywhere, he might justly have been accused of interfering in matters outside his own province, but, just as a treasonable rebellion becomes a glorious revolution when it succeeds, so heterodoxy brings no pains or penalties upon the heretic when a few months suffice to transform it into orthodoxy.

But it must not be supposed that the interest or value of this volume is limited to the record of those events in which the author himself is a prominent figure. We get here, for instance, a graphic description of the Dogger Bank action, an admirable summary of the Balkan question, and many illuminating reflections on various topics, such as an acute discrimination between the functions of a military and a naval commander-in-chief. It is edifying to discover that Mr. Churchill agrees today with the despised pacifist that the war settled nothing. "The most complete victory ever gained in arms," he confesses, "has failed to solve the European problem or remove the dangers which produced the war."

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Mistaken Vocations

Silk. By Samuel Merwin. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

The Memoirs of Li Hung Chang. By W. F. Mannix, with an Introduction by Ralph D. Paine. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

TO make some degree of sober fact as entertaining as fiction and to make fiction as plausible as truth—these were the contradictory aims of Samuel Merwin in "Silk," his historical novel of the Han Dynasty, and of William F. Mannix in "The Memoirs of Li Hung Chang," now reissued by the publisher with a biographical note by Ralph Paine explaining the famous forgery.

The Mannix scoop imposed for years on newspaper editors, publishers, public, and sinologues, and it is interesting to see that the men best informed about Chinese life were the most unwilling to admit that any mere imagination, unaided by voluminous inside information, could have produced the book.

Arthur H. Smith, for instance, whose volumes on Chinese life and characteristics are said to be unsurpassed for their intimate knowledge of the Chinese people, wrote, when the authenticity of the work had been wholly disproved:

But perusing it with great care I did not find anything of importance which might not have been true, and there is an air of verisimilitude to the whole thing which makes it next to impossible that it should have been altogether a forgery.

So much for the success of Mr. Mannix's imaginative recreation of the Chinese statesman. Yet the notorious "Memoirs" do not make nearly as entertaining or significant reading as the tale of the mental quirks of the American adventurer who wrote them while serving a year's sentence for petty forgery in a jail in Honolulu. "It would have been much easier and more profitable for him to have gone straight," according to Mr. Paine, but the "talents of a novelist were perversely wasted in elaborate endeavors to impose upon the credulity of those with whom he came in contact."

For intellectuals less fantastic than that of Mr. Mannix it is a simple thing to recognize the straight course in such matters as signing other peoples' names to checks or inventing detailed and circumstantial memoirs of a statesman who had played an important international role only a few years before. The matter of going straight as a novelist is more complicated. But Mr. Merwin is not afraid of complications. His melodramatic, almost wholly plausible plot is full of them, handled with a zest which we would hardly expect from a man who has at various times been reported to be on the point of forsaking his livelihood for literature.

There is no doubt as to his talent for the latter. But the rewards offered literary talent for forswearing its true vocation and concocting drugged confections are so great as to warrant the fear that soon only the utterly untalented may hope to pass through the needle's eye into the literary kingdom. Certainly many of our most conscientious adventurers into truth and personality could learn much from Mr. Merwin's painstaking projection of a perfectly futile tale about quite obviously unreal personages. It is idle to waste lamentations over the misdirection of talent, but if the skill he has put into lending verisimilitude to a distorted, impossible tale had been applied to discovering for us man as he is, it might have produced something of value. And had Mannix painted a self-portrait in memoirs of his own, we should certainly have had an interesting autobiography.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

For a Franco-German Alliance

Deutschland, Frankreich, England. Von Maximilian Harden. Berlin: Erich Reiss Verlag.

THE last pages of Maximilian Harden's new book were written after the formation of the Stresemann cabinet. His message has not varied since 1915. Just why it changed so abruptly that year we are not able to explain. There may be warrant for certain uncharitable explanations which have now and then been current. Maximilian Harden never was a saint, and he always had an uncommonly shrewd eye for the main chance. It is this very shrewdness of his that inclines us to give him an attentive hearing. The fact that he discovered by the time the Great War was a year old that Germany could not possibly win lends a certain weight to his reiterated assurances that Germany cannot possibly carry out the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. His monotonous abuse of every German leader of modern times—except Bismarck and Freiherr von Stein—is not refreshing reading, and no doubt is prompted in many instances by personal grudge; but it is reassuring to note, when he leaves German soil, how he instantly ceases foaming at the mouth and grows decent and convincing. He does not love Great Britain, because Great Britain seems to him to have sought to rule the continent of Europe like a British colony;

but any broad-minded British statesman might read the constructive part of his new book without rancor and with profit. As for the rest of Europe, he is as nearly objective as a European Jew could well be; and there seems no adequate reason for smelling a trick in his constantly repeated friendly advances to France.

It is perfectly true that France, Belgium, and Germany form a geographical and industrial unit, and that their separation and mutual hatred and suspicion have always been an obstacle to the progress and prosperity of them all. It is clear that on the success of some sort of concert in Western Europe depends the immediate fate of the whole European continent. And it is unquestionable that the Ruhr occupation has stirred up bad blood which will delay such concert. Almost steadily since Bismarck pointed the young master of invective to certain weak places in the Hohenzollern armor Harden has played the role of bitter opposition which he is still maintaining against Ebert, Cuno, Stresemann, and the rest; but if he can couple the part with one of international peace-making, may we not forget his bellicose rhetoric of the insane late months of 1914?

It is a loss to letters that Harden has been forced to abandon his trenchant weekly, *Die Zukunft*. He is one of the most stimulating writers of twentieth-century Germany. Only the most versatile linguist and philologist, however, who was also a versatile student of world affairs, could read with full appreciation this polyglot and many-sided latest volume of his. It would be hard to love Harden; but look you, Master Dick Steele, even to understand what he is talking about most of the time would be a liberal education.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Laureate of Critics

Dramatis Personae. By Arthur Symons. Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS is the most important minor poet now writing literary criticism. Poetically a contemporary of Oscar Wilde, Dowson, and all the crew of little gardeners of the nineties who cultivated green carnations, he was a typical figure in the English end-of-the-century revolt against the nonconformist conscience and its efforts toward regimentation in aesthetic matters.

So Mr. Symons became a winsome minstrel, singing of artificial shreds, tattered passions, and the patches of music-hall romance. He wandered much in foreign fields, and found a nesting-place among the French symbolists.

"There is no necessary difference in artistic value," he wrote, "between a good poem about a flower in the hedge and a good poem about the scent in a sachet." And art: "Art begins when a man wishes to immortalize the most vivid moment he has ever lived." To that end Mr. Symons still, in "*Dramatis Personae*," is "avid of impressions and sensations." There it is—a diluted and sensuous Paterism! epitomizing the curiosity, the preciousness, the perversity of the naughty decadents.

This new volume of criticism is produced by a man fifty-eight years old. Advancing years and a democratic literature have cooled his ardor. Mr. Symons is forgetting that he once sang of "the chance romances of the streets," and the random Juliets who shared with him, poetically, "the ecstasy of love's unrest." As the memory of these tinsel passions lapses, his criticism experiences a corresponding improvement.

"Criticism," as Symons now practices it, "when it is not mere talk about literature, concerns itself with the first principles of human nature and with fundamental ideas." So he sets himself this task, "that he should find out for us more than we can find out for ourselves: trace what in us is a whim or leaning to its remote home or center of gravity, and explain why we are affected in this way or that way by this or that writer."

Obviously, Mr. Symons is an interpreter and impressionist,

and his subject matter is limited, conversely to that of many of our distinguished American commentators, by what he finds congenial to himself. Like Huneker, he has played at steeple-jacking among the seven arts. Like George Moore, he has aspired to take his color from "all that is delicately depraved, all that is beautifully, curiously poisonous, in modern art."

Hence the astonishing diversification of "Dramatis Personae," which ranges thus in its contents: The Decadent Movement in Literature, Edgar Saltus, On Hamlet and Hamlets, Conrad, On English and French Fiction, The Rossettis, Emil Verhaeren, Leonardo da Vinci, Impressionistic Writing; and touches in addition upon the English romantic poets, upon critical theory, and the memories and recollections, artistic, Parisian, and literary, which the author retains of the more spacious days of his youth.

Mr. Symons's style is subtle and undulating. He burdens it with elaborate involutions of thought and "multiplied distinctions." Yet it remains picturesque and colorful by virtue of his device of concreteness and his special faculty for figured language.

GERALD HEWES CARSON

Two Wits

Yet Again. By Max Beerbohm. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Antic Hay. By Aldous Huxley. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY is in his own way as dandiacal as Mr. Max Beerbohm and each can be what used to be called in the latter's early days "too inexpressibly utter," but nearly a whole generation and all the works of Freud lie between them, so that they belong to different ages. If the one is classic, the other belongs quite definitely to our age of confusion.

When Max, faultlessly attired in body and mind, stepped upon the stage of the nineties he made all other exquisites feel gauche and thus he ended an epoch. Outdoing all others in gentlemanly uselessness, he finished off aestheticism with a chuckle, for though the philistine roar of Gilbert might be dismissed, Beerbohm's was the gentle, destructive laughter which comes from within, and it could not be denied. He showed how one could attain the perfection of literary savoir faire, the acme of aristocratic nonchalance, and the final skill in treating trivial things seriously without being a fool, and from that moment aestheticism as a serious doctrine was dead. The way was open for Shaw and Wells, but dandyism relapsed into its place as a minor art.

Then, as the age which called him forth receded into the background, Max himself persisted and became not merely one of the whole nursery of enfants terribles which enlivened the nineties, but a national institution. At the same time a slight change came over his work. The modish outrageousness of "Works" and "More" gave place to the quieter tone of "Yet Again," which followed them, but which is now published in America for the first time, and losing the attributes which marked him as definitely fin de siècle, he became for all time. In a way he became tamer, but he always retained a certain daringness of fancy which set him apart from the ordinary run of familiar essayists whom in many respects he resembled. Definitely he is outmoded, but to be outmoded, as he said in his famous phrase, is to be a classic if one has written well. Whenever the curtains part and he steps forth, modestly but confidently, his admirers give voice to the key-word "incomparable"—and they are right.

Now the first principle of dandyism is the limitation of interests, for nothing beyond the circle of gentlemanly interests may be said in the dandiacal sense to "exist." Max would have been as ashamed to be seen reading a book of science or of sociology as to be caught with a chromo on the walls of his study, but times change, and while blue china has gone out the laboratory and the psychopathic ward have come in. The contemporary exquisite is likely to have by his bedside not "Manon Lescaut" or Petronius, but the "Psychopathia Sexualis" and to pride

himself not on apt quotation from Horace but upon the quick detection of a compensating mechanism or a trace of the Oedipus complex. In a word the dandyism of science has come and of this new dandyism Huxley is the most striking exponent, for in a whole series of works he has given it exquisitely witty expression. The citation of the classics as a justification of improprieties is a *vieux jeu*, but a biological textbook can be as perverse as Petronius. For Max the comforting assurance that Ovid praised rouge, for the new dandies the pleasant sense of irresponsibility which comes from the reflection, for example, that incest is only laudable filial affection prolonged beyond its natural time. The limits of bourgeoisie respectability may be transcended either by way of culture or of science, and a wit belongs to the nineteenth century or the present according as he choose one route or the other.

Max's sense of humor (a very different thing from his wit) and the fund of sober practicality which his manner only conceals saved him from taking aestheticism too seriously, but from the beginning Huxley was not quite sure whether the blows given by science and psychology to man's sense of his own dignity were a huge joke or a serious business. The very persistence with which his wit played upon the identity of love and lust proved that the idea wounded his sensibility, and the spectacle of science replacing the spiritual nature of man with hormones and other secretions had for him a horrible fascination. Apostrophizing in a clever poem the sperm cell which became himself, celebrating the simian limitations of man, and addressing God, who must be in his heaven because he is surely not visible on earth, he sang

While happier mortals take to drink,
A dolorous dipsomaniac
Fuddled with grief I sit and think
Looking upon the bile when it is black

without quite knowing whether he was in earnest or not. But in "Antic Hay," quite the most bitter book which he has written, he begins definitely to take his disillusion seriously. It commences as frank burlesque and remains to the end a chaotic vaudeville with many characters and little plot, but though it is full of wit many of its scenes are as intentionally repulsive as Baudelaire or Huysmans. The dandyism of science like the dandyism of the nineties may lead, if one likes, to genuine disillusion, and this book raises the question whether or not the author is not leading himself toward a serious pessimism, for the adventures of the hero among the debauches of London are not always funny and his expression of a world philosophy based upon the moral iconoclasm of biology and psychology is not always a joke. The answer to the question lies with the future, but meanwhile "Antic Hay" remains an arresting production, vastly amusing and not a little terrible by turns.

J. W. KRUTCH

Books in Brief

The Best British Short Stories of 1923. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien and John Cournos. Small, Maynard and Company. \$2.

31 Stories. Edited by Ernest Rhys and C. A. Dawson Scott. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

Despite the high degree of technical excellence to which American writers have brought the short story, they still lag behind their British competitors in the finer nuances of characterization and motivation. No matter how slight the plot, the Englishmen who have focused their talents upon this form of writing seem to have an artistic grasp of these elements of form which lends an undeniable beauty to their work. Examples drawn from the work of Stacy Aumonier, Katherine Mansfield, A. E. Coppard, Sheila Kaye-Smith, and Ethel Colburn Mayne are noteworthy in this respect. There are, in addition, excellent contributions from such outstanding figures as Galsworthy, Wells, Bennett, and Maugham. Mary Webb's "Blessed

are the Meek" appears in both volumes. "21 Stories" covers a span of more than two decades, while the other book brings together the finest product of the last year. Both are rich in material and highly representative.

Masquerade. By Ben Ray Redman. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$1.50.

Rather laborious exercises in irony by a young writer who so far is a better critic than poet. The most successful pieces here are sonnets analyzing with commendable clarity and finality the inner constitutions of various types of pretender in contemporary intellectual society. But clarity alone does not make poetry, and finality is essentially a virtue of prose. Mr. Redman's perceptions at the present stage are more interesting than his art.

Parsons' Pleasure. By Christopher Morley. George H. Doran Company. \$1.75.

Clever rhymes by a genial man who is very fond of life, especially in New York, and particularly on Vesey Street, across from St. Paul's churchyard. Cider, books, tobacco, dogs, Shakespeare, R. L. S., and the Woolworth Building come in for blithe and witty treatment, and sometimes for soberer praise. Mr. Morley is an exceedingly able poet of the lighter sort, but incidentally he should not write so many poems about poetry—about the functions of song, the pains and the pleasures of rhyming, the place of his art in modern life, and so on. That is the certain mark of a minor poet, and Mr. Morley might be more than that.

The Human Side of Fabre. By Percy F. Bicknell. The Century Company. \$2.50.

When Maeterlinck called Henri Fabre "the insect's Homer" he revealed more of his own character than of his subject's. "The insect's Ibsen" would be more appropriate, but nature writers seem to be the chosen victims of sentimentalists and the present book carries on the tradition of prettifying Fabre. It is chiefly a collection of anecdotes clipped from Fabre's own works and is therefore inevitably interesting, but one will look in vain either for any real analysis of the great naturalist's character or for any critique of his scientific work.

Gilbert K. Chesterton. By Patrick Braybrooke. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.

Patrick Braybrooke's presentation of Chesterton is superficial, but it will never be popular. He remarks upon his qualifications for the task in a Note; "not only is he a kinsman of Mr. Chesterton, but also has spent much time in his company." Pleasant as these circumstances may have been for Mr. Braybrooke, they have been detrimental to him in his function as critic and expositor. The volume breathes a very fine enthusiasm for the poet-journalist-essayist-medievalist; but when Mr. Braybrooke writes: "Chesterton pays enormous attention to the Middle Ages," or when he begins a chapter: "If there is fault to be found in Chesterton's masterly study of Charles Dickens—" he opens to vigorous challenge both his style and perspicacity.

The Best of Hazlitt. Compiled by P. P. Howe. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

Mr. P. P. Howe, biographer and interpreter of William Hazlitt to our generation, follows established procedure in finding the best of Hazlitt in his miscellaneous work, rather than in the historically significant essays on Elizabethan drama, which bid fair to remain permanently in a state of celebrated obscurity. The present volume includes, of course, such old friends as *My First Acquaintance with Poets*, *Characteristics*, and *On the Pleasure of Painting*, with a few pieces of lesser renown which Mr. Howe thinks deserve more general recognition. The volume is to be recommended freely to the reader who wants some Hazlitt—but not too much.

Professor Cizek's Children

THE works of Professor Cizek's child pupils which are now being shown at the Brooklyn Museum have sailed into America under the title of the Viennese Children's Art Exhibition. There is perhaps no other title suitable, and yet what a misnomer this is! Anyone who goes to these children with his senses awake and his mind and heart open knows that he has not just gone to one of a hundred exhibitions of art; he has entered a new world. He has come into a place where the invisible, inarticulate fancies and beliefs of children have, as if by magic, become visible and articulate.

Professor Cizek's idea needs little explanation. The works of his children speak for themselves—speak more musically, more convincingly, and more clearly than anyone can speak for them, not excluding the professor himself.

There are two sorts of teachers—the one cramps the powers that are in children, the other releases them: he strikes the rock and there flow from it living waters. Cizek is the second sort, though all he claims for himself is the modest role of gardener. He cherishes the plants that are given into his charge—waters and tends them. They grow "from their own roots," as he puts it, and he is surrounded with a garden full of real, not artificial flowers. He gives his pupils no technical instruction of any kind, and allows them no copies or models. He gives them only all the materials they need and tells them to make things, not out of their heads, as our expression is, but out of their hearts. Twice a week, on Saturdays and Sundays, in their own and the professor's free time, his children flock to him, gather round him as round a modern Pied Piper. He pipes to them and they sing—the songs that are now on the walls of the Brooklyn Museum. The curious thing is that they scarcely know that he is piping—they feel that they do everything themselves. Their professor makes them think so—he makes them believe in themselves. He sees something in their childish scribbings—daubs that the ordinary grown-up would tell them to rub out and make more prettily and carefully. "What," he cries indignantly to an art-master scornful of Gertrud Brausewetter's first effort, a procession of rigid figures, moving on things like table-legs, "you see nothing in this picture? But look at the strength of these figures. They are as monumental as the Sphinx, as powerful as the bas-reliefs of ancient Egypt. How characterized they are and what rhythm there is in spite of their stiffness!"

"No one but a little child could have done it," is the professor's most enthusiastic praise. This he can only say of the real primitives—of things like Karl Streim's *Red Castle*, Fritz Pracht's *Tea Party*, Irene Mallina's prehistoric *Child and her House* (all now on exhibition). His children as they grow into their teens often become self-conscious, sophisticated, influenced by other people's ideas and art movements. The professor's passionate endeavor is to keep them themselves to the end—to build upon their heritage and save their originality. With some he succeeds—with a healthy, strong, open-air nature like Maeda Primavesi's, for instance. Her *Peasants' Wedding*, done at fifteen, is as spontaneous, as primitive, as uninfluenced as the work of the children of eight and nine. Helena Klaunzner is another who is always true to her heritage. She comes from the Tyrol, and she brings the strength of her mountain ancestry into all her paintings, woodcuts, and potteries and is as courageous and original at fourteen as she was at eight. Visitors to the exhibition will find many others like these and will be able to compare their work with that of the girls and boys in the transition stage between childhood and maturity, a stage when so many inevitably lose their creative force. They do beautiful things in this stage, and something of the light of childhood still plays over them "but a grown-up," as the professor sadly observes, "might have done almost as well."

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Drama The Great Legend

FROM prophecy Bernard Shaw has turned to history, and from speculation to fact. His history and his facts, as anyone can see, are an extraordinary blending of actuality and interpretation, of historic detail and of historic detail turned inside out. No human inquisitors can ever have functioned as magnificently and as wholly in conformity with their strange and terrible part in the drama of mankind as this inquisitor of Shaw's who conducts the trial of Joan of Arc. But this inquisitor who is so profoundly a man yet so greatly symbol and vision, at once himself and his moment in the history of thought, slave and conqueror of eternity—this inquisitor is, perhaps, as good a key as any other with which to unlock the secret of this apologue which Bernard Shaw has chosen to call a "chronicle play" and which, like most first-rate apologues, may be attended to by children and childlike men for the story and its stir and interest and pathos alone.

What Shaw has actually done is to give another embodiment to the great and central legend by which mankind lives. The legend is told in the Gospels; the legend is told in Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People"; it is told in certain chapters of "Also sprach Zarathustra." The change from epoch to epoch and from ethos to ethos, the change which we must in a quite

humble and yet far from simple sense regard as somehow a change for the better or, at least, higher, is brought about through the instrumentality of personalities who see through sham and cant and all spiritual unreality, who, loyal under some divine or cosmic compulsion to their vision alone, defy the powers and principalities of earth and go undeviatingly upon their appointed path to the stake or the cross. They may be called saviors; they may be called saints. It is the note of their sainthood to be revolutionaries, to have a new vision and to die for it.

One would have said, had the question been brought up, that Joan of Arc was not the most appropriate of historic figures through whom to retell the great legend once more. Shaw's actual play convinces one of the contrary. He represents Joan as, in effect, a leader of the people against the power of the feudal lords, therefore as an enemy of the fictitious Western empire of church and state, therefore as a forerunner of nationalism and Protestantism. In this interpretation he goes so amusingly far as to have Joan actually remark upon that change in military technique which, by rendering armor and fortifications useless, did as a matter of fact overthrow the barons and enthrone the military state. Joan, like the inquisitor, knows too much. But it is precisely this too much of knowledge which, brought home to the imagination and the heart with touches not far short of sublimity, differentiates Shaw's "Saint Joan" at once and permanently from all the other plays and books on this more subject and makes it so secure a spiritual possession. The

historian may and doubtless will quarrel with the play; the thinker will not. And in literature that is the judgment which counts.

I am not trying to represent "Saint Joan" as a perfect work. Perfection is not a note of our literature. And the more one studies the perfection of the Latins the less one is inclined to quarrel with this. It may be, as has been remarked, that the blue pencil is needed. But when it comes to an obviously first-rate work by a first-rate thinker and artist, I am always a little staggered by the ease with which such advice is offered. A little critical humility is not out of place here. I am not even displeased by the character of the chaplain de Stogumber. For though he is the mark of all of Shaw's habitual gibes against the English, he finally flames into a vision and breaks into a repentance which are no less than his hypocrisy and his stubbornness among the qualities of his race. Nor am I, for one, disposed to quarrel with the Epilogue which emphasizes for the unthinking that intellectual groundwork of the action and the characters without which the play would be merely a "chronicle play," without which the tense and exalting trial scene would shrink into the dust of mere history instead of rising into the eternal trial and condemnation of the eternal free and revolu-

tionary spirit before the judgment bar of false order, of mere righteousness, of naked power.

If I say of the production by the Theater Guild that it is worthy of the play, that it leaves the play undiminished in eloquence, significance, beauty, I have said all that is needed. Miss Winifred Lenihan's Joan is adequate. And to be adequate here is to wrestle with greatness undefeated. That is much. She is both saint and woman, both blade and flame; she has both freshness and exaltation, lift and warmth. It should in fairness be remembered that her task is an impossible one from its very nature, since life does not offer the experience of being woman and symbol, peasant and saint, vision and seer. Performances of great brilliance and persuasiveness were given by Joseph Macaulay as the inquisitor, a creature all brain and steel and velvet, by Ian Maclaren as the Bishop of Beauvais, by Philip Leigh as the extraordinarily humanized Dauphin, by Albert Bruning, Maurice Colbourne, A. H. Van Buren, and by Henry Travers as de Stogumber. I must finally stress the admirable directing of Mr. Philip Moeller, which combined at every moment the union of imaginative insight with intellectual clarity which this play, above most others, required for its right interpretation.

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International Relations Section

Fascism in Finland

By JOHN H. WUORINEN

DURING the past three months certain events have taken place in Finland which show the trend of radicalism in that country. On August 3, 1923, a number of Communists were suddenly arrested in Helsingfors, and simultaneously other arrests were made throughout the country. The police commenced their work early in the morning. By evening the entire Communist group in the Diet, consisting of twenty-seven members, had been arrested; the executive council of the party and the editorial staffs of all the Communist publications had met with a similar fate—the papers were suppressed, their printing establishments were closed, and the archives of the party were seized. The arrests continued during the days following, and by the middle of August nearly 180 persons had been seized, of whom 115 were released after a few days' detention, while the remainder were sent to jail to await trial. The persons released were not thereby freed from further surveillance. They were subject to detention and further examination at the Government's pleasure.

On August 5 the Government issued an official communiqué in justification of its action. In order to understand this proclamation a few words must be said about the general situation in the country following the civil war of 1918. The recovery of the radical parties after that struggle was remarkably rapid. Having been completely defeated on the field of battle, radicalism was decidedly discredited, but the liquidation of the post-war problems resulted in conditions which stimulated radicalism to get on its feet again. While communism was definitely taboo, the treatment accorded such groups as the Finnish Social Democratic Party was rather liberal in that they escaped persecution and their property—considerable amounts of real estate, printing establishments, archives, etc.—was returned to them.

However, this liberal treatment in its consequences did not turn out to be an unmixed blessing. Many former Communists or holders of extremist views sought refuge in the ranks of the party, and consequently definite differences of opinion soon developed within the party over the means to be employed to achieve the party program. This internal split became alarmingly evident when the party assembled for its annual convention in 1919. The former united front was gone. The party was divided into three groups, the extremists—avowed Communists and supporters of direct action—on the one hand and the faction of the right on the other, the latter subscribing to a belief in parliamentary methods and denouncing the extremist tendencies of the left. The remainder of the party consisted of centrists. Their sympathies apparently were with the left, but feeling that the time was not ripe for the application of the direct-action principles they threw their lot in with the right wing, whose less radical notions thus emerged victorious from the struggle. However, the apparent party unity thus gained was soon disrupted by subsequent events.

The communiqué of August 5, 1923, completes the brief review of the development of radicalism that has been given. In substance the story is as follows. In May, 1920, some extremist members of the Finnish Social Democratic Party assembled in Helsingfors and founded the Finnish Socialist Party. The newly formed organization owed its existence to the discontent of its founders with the activities and program of the party they had left. The program of the new party was of a kind which, if carried out, would have resulted in the overthrow of the existing government and institutions in Finland. The party also decided to ally itself with the Third International. A few weeks later the persons responsible for the new

organization were arrested, and on April 20, 1921, the supreme court rendered a decision stating in substance that the founding of the party constituted a preliminary step toward treason. The leading executives and a number of other supporters of the party were sentenced to varying terms of hard labor.

The dissolution of this group did not prevent the reappearance of the Finnish Socialist Party in a new guise. As early as June, 1920, a number of its former supporters met in Helsingfors and reorganized one of the existing radical parties under the name of the Party of the Finnish Socialist Workers. The program put forth was identical with that which had been condemned by official action a few weeks earlier. Recent investigations have disclosed that this party is only a Finnish branch of the Russian Communist Party and is indirectly controlled and financed by it. Referring to the Communist members of the Diet who had been arrested, the recent government communiqué affirms their guilt on the ground that "these men . . . in . . . a meeting held on September 1, 1922, . . . adopted 'rules' according to which they pledged themselves to support (in the Diet) actively only the decisions and measures of the executive council of the party."

These activities of the Finnish police—supported by the Department of Justice—have precipitated a problem in connection with the Diet; the composition of that body has been radically changed by the arrest of twenty-seven of its 200 members. It might be mentioned in passing that the party which had thus been deprived of its representation had (on May 1, 1923) an official membership slightly in excess of 23,000, but in the last elections more than 127,000 votes were cast for its candidates. Thus the Communist group in the Diet represented a fairly substantial part of the electorate. The fall session of the Diet commenced on October 17. As the date approached, agitation was rife among the radical groups for new elections in order to enable the electorate to pass judgment on the situation which had been created by the arrest of the members. These demands were persistently denied on the ground that there was no need for new elections, that the "rump" Diet would be entirely competent to attend to matters that might come before it, and that the assertions that the constitutional rights of the arrested members of the Diet had been grossly violated were without foundation.

The Diet assembled on October 17. Demands for its dissolution having been futile, the opponents of the rump Diet contended that the labors of the Diet be limited to passing last year's budget, so as to enable the Government to continue to function. This done, they insisted that the Diet should adjourn and new elections should be held. However, the radical bloc in the Diet had been seriously depleted by the absence of the Communist members and consequently these efforts came to naught. Therefore, the Socialist group and other members who were out of sympathy with the Government resorted to obstructionist methods, abstaining from participation in the work of the Diet and thus causing considerable annoyance to those who were anxious to expedite business. Further, they repeatedly pointed out that the absence of the Communist group rendered the Diet unfit to perform its functions. It is an interesting fact that this point was used as an argument by the conservatives as well as by the radicals. When a bill pertaining to collective bargaining was being considered, its conservative opponents called attention to the incompetency of the present Diet to deal with the proposed enactments; it was pointed out that the Diet had lost a number of its members representing about one-third of the working classes and consequently its present sittings were violations of the democratic principles upon which parliamentary government is based!

The reaction of the press to the situation has in the main been determined by party creed and political allegiance. With one or two minor exceptions the action of the Government was

welcomed with expressions of relief and satisfaction not only by the conservative but also by the progressive press. The liberal papers at first limited themselves to timid comments on the general situation or refrained from making any statements whatever, but during the past couple of months they have begun to assert themselves in a way which leaves no doubt as to their stand in the matter. The extremist Socialists have branded the whole affair as an expression of northern Fascism which puts to shame Mussolini's achievements, while the extreme conservatives consider the step as an act of liberation second in importance only to the victory of 1918. The few exponents of a calmer, more objective point of view deplore the persecution and arrest of the Communists as being hasty and precipitate.

In the meantime preparations were made for the trial of those suspects who had been detained in prisons after the preliminary examinations. By the middle of October the sifting of evidence had proceeded sufficiently far to enable the prosecuting authorities to decide upon November 8 as the date of opening of the trial. The cases were grouped together and no opportunity was given to present each case on its individual merits. At the time when the date of the trial was made public the prosecuting attorney was quoted as stating that complaints would probably not be made against all of those awaiting trial; that thus far only about thirty complaints had been made by him.

The trial is on at the time of writing. It is likely that it will be a prolonged one (the court, located in Abo, is to meet on four days only in each week, the sittings to continue until the cases are disposed of). The case of the Government will rest entirely upon the quality rather than the quantity of incriminating evidence in its possession. That the evidence is not of the most satisfactory kind is indicated by the fact that a great number of those originally apprehended have been released after preliminary investigation.

The Germ of a Baltic Alliance

SOME form of alliance is obviously inevitable for the little nations which have sprung up in what were formerly the Baltic provinces of Russia. Various Polish statesmen have sought to bring Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia into an alliance, and for a time it seemed possible to include Finland in the group. The Swedish minority there, however, successfully opposed this project. Lithuanian resentment of Poland's cavalier attitude in the Vilna dispute naturally prevented a Polish-Lithuanian rapprochement. For a time, at the Genoa Conference of 1922, Poland, Esthonia, Latvia, and Soviet Russia worked together by common agreement. Discords, however, soon arose, and the most promising step yet taken toward federation was the series of accords signed at Reval, Esthonia, on October 31. These accords, limited at first to Esthonia and Latvia, may be more fertile than previous attempts at federation on a larger scale. We take the following summary of them from the *Gazette de Prague* (Czecho-Slovakia) for December 1:

The conference between Esthonia and Latvia was opened in Reval on October 25, 1923. The agenda included the solution of the boundary question, the question of mutual debts, the discussion of a commercial treaty, and sundry questions of a general nature.

The work of the conference was conducted by the following commissions:

1. Commission of boundaries.
2. Commission of debts.
3. Commission for the conclusion of a commercial treaty.

Regarding the settlement of the frontiers it was agreed that both parties accept the so-called Talent frontier. The difficult point was the forests. It was agreed that the frontier line would under all circumstances be decided by the nationality of the owner of such and such a part of the forest. Latvia thus gave to Esthonia about 5,575 acres and received in return about 25,000. Thus Latvia received more territory than she gave. As compensation she accorded concessions in the region of Laura, which she owned. On the other hand Latvia claimed the isle of Runö, also claimed by Esthonia. The question was settled by a compromise. Latvia received certain concessions, she has the right to erect a radio-telegraphic station and to build a light-house there.

The commission of debts adopted a declaration by which Latvia recognized the moral and material help which Esthonia had given her. As this assistance cannot be estimated in money, Latvia agrees to contribute 30 million Esthonian marks to the fund for the relief of wounded Esthonians and of the families of the soldiers killed in the struggle for the freedom of Latvia.

Esthonia will have the right to take part in the settlement of the partition of the old province of Livonia, both as concerns private and corporate persons. This settlement applies to the good of the Lutheran and orthodox churches which were formerly administered from Riga.

The commission to draw up a treaty of commerce drew two drafts. One is a provisional treaty for a customs union; the other is an agreement to unify the harbor taxes of the two countries. The first of these is the most important. It shows how the two countries intend to establish their commercial relations. Here, probably, are the greatest obstacles, because unification of the customs would interfere to a certain extent with the rights of the parliaments of the two countries. The proposed measure would mark a remarkable progress in the rapprochement of the two nations.

The most important achievement of the Reval conference was undoubtedly the conclusion of a political treaty by which the two contracting parties agree to assist each other in case they are attacked without provocation by a foreign state. Altogether six conventions were signed and four notes exchanged. The text of these conventions was signed at Reval on October 31, 1923.

The defensive alliance between Latvia and Esthonia was established on the following basis: (1) The two contracting states agree to practice a pacifist policy and to facilitate commercial relations, especially with the neighboring states; (2) Latvia and Esthonia will adjust their policies and give each other mutual assistance in diplomatic and political matters; (3) they will give each other mutual assistance in case of unprovoked attack; (4) the form of military assistance will be fixed in a special convention; (5) in case of war Latvia and Esthonia will not undertake separate peace negotiations, nor will they sign separate peace treaties; (6) Latvia and Esthonia will exchange the texts of all treaties which they have signed and neither will enter new alliances with other countries without the agreement of the other contracting party; (7) the convention is valid for ten years; (8) the convention will be registered with the League of Nations; (9) the treaty will be ratified by the parliaments and the exchange of the ratification documents will take place at Riga.

The Latvian press has received this convention rather coldly. It maintains that Latvia has consented to great sacrifices in order to create a federation of Baltic countries. It seems probable that the Latvian Government will have difficulty in persuading Parliament to accept this convention, despite the advantage of concluding such a treaty which will mean doubling, even tripling, the political, economic, and military power not only of Esthonia but also of Latvia.

If the treaty is ratified, it will represent a solid basis for a federation of the Baltic countries. It is certain that Lithuania would join such an alliance. The pending conflict with Poland continues, however, to be an obstacle to this federation.

Mothers and Babies in Russia

THE following discussion of welfare measures undertaken in behalf of mothers and babies in Soviet Russia is translated from the Moscow *Pravda*:

Before the October revolution the number of bureaus for the welfare of mother and child in Russia were so few that they could not be taken into account so far as a planned-out system was concerned. The Czar's government was not interested, and did not consider it necessary to conduct such work on a national scale. . . .

The situation greatly changed after the October revolution.

The Soviet Government recognized motherhood as a social function. . . . The work of taking care of mothers and infants has been carried on during the past six years. Important legislative work, the organization of special establishments, sanitary-educational work, and the work of broadcasting instructions on all questions of the welfare of mother and infant has been carried out.

The following laws regarding the welfare of the mother and child are in force, at present:

1. The woman is not allowed to do night-work, to work under unhealthy industrial conditions, or to do work involving the lifting of heavy weights.

2. Women workers receive two months' leave before confinement and two months after. They receive their regular salary during this time, and their positions are held for them.

3. The insurance bureau (in Soviet Russia social insurance of the entire working population is obligatory) issues relief to the mother amounting to her monthly salary.

4. During the nursing period (nine months) the mother gets special relief from the insurance bureau amounting to one-quarter of her monthly salary. . . .

People in Western Europe who are working on the mother-and-child-welfare problem have long advocated the necessity of such laws, but in many countries of Western Europe such measures do not exist at all or exist with many limitations.

We in Soviet Russia are fully aware of the fact that these decrees cost the Government a great deal, but the decrease of child mortality and the consequent increase of a healthy population make these expenditures necessary and obligatory upon the republic.

Our Government has also passed a decree which declares that abortions are no longer subject to punishment. Punishment does not prevent the woman from undergoing them, but forces hundreds of women to apply to ignorant midwives and other persons for help. As a result they become ill and often remain injured for the rest of their lives. As a matter of fact, 30 per cent of our patients in the gynecological hospitals were women whose illness was due to improperly performed abortions. Because of this condition the decree declaring abortions unpunishable was passed; doctors perform them in hospitals, and the number of after-abortion sicknesses have greatly decreased; moreover, it has become possible to obtain information as to the number of abortions made and to start a campaign against the practice.

In order to improve the sanitary conditions of the population we are at present working out two more decrees: first, people who get married must present medical certificates, and, second, infecting another with syphilis is subject to punishment.

We also wish to point out that according to our marriage laws there are no "illegitimate" children in Soviet Russia and that our entire legislation is so directed as to provide for the welfare of the child. To protect the interests of the child (in case the father refuses to support it) the mother, whether the marriage was registered or not, can force the father, through the courts, to recognize the rights of the child.

The following establishments are organized in Russia for the welfare of mother and child:

1. Bureaus of consultation for pregnant women, the aim of which is to teach the woman to take proper care of herself during pregnancy. Here the doctor watches the health of the pregnant woman, sends her to a dispensary in case of sickness, sees that she is placed in a lying-in-home, and also acquaints the population with sex hygiene.

2. For working women, employees, and also for those out of work there are organized homes for the mother and child. Here the woman spends the four months of leave to which she is entitled according to the law (two months before confinement and two months after) in sanitary surroundings under a doctor's care. Here she obtains complete rest before confinement, and after confinement is taught how best to take care of her baby.

3. The woman is given excellent care during confinement, but the number of beds and professional help are insufficient, especially in the villages.

4. The consulting stations, where the mothers get professional advice on nursing and care of their babies, are also the stations from which the infants' health is taken care of. . . . From these stations working nurses visit the babies at home, thus uniting still closer the public-health workers with the worker's family.

5. The day nurseries are institutions for the care of workers' children during the hours when the mother is employed. They enable the woman to take her place in the business world without injury to her child. The nurseries are also one of the powerful means of struggle against children's mortality in those families where the mother works, for in these institutions the children get proper food and care.

There are nurseries where the children of the workers of that particular factory play and are fed, then the district nurseries for the children of that particular district, and summer nurseries which are organized in the villages during the period of field work when the mothers must be in the field.

6. Infants' asylums where only orphans and foundlings are taken care of. As far as possible we try to supply these children with mothers' milk.

All these organizations for the welfare of mothers and infants give their services free of charge; that is, without cost to the mother who receives the service.

The extremely difficult economic situation in Soviet Russia does not allow us to develop the work as widely as we would desire; but, though slowly, we proceed. Below are quoted the figures showing our attainments in this field. Before the October revolution there were altogether thirty-four organizations for mother and child welfare. Now we have 1,600 organizations for the welfare of mothers and infants, 658 nurseries, 440 homes for mother and child, 171 consulting stations for infants, and 40 consulting stations for pregnant women.

We consider sanitary-educational work in the matter of mother-and-child welfare of the utmost importance. Besides lectures and talks on this theme held in the consulting stations and at meetings, small special exhibitions on the subject are sent out to the different cities, and in Moscow there is a large central exhibition museum to propagate the necessity of proper care for mother and child. Well-known professors, doctors, and artists took part in the organization of this unique exhibition. Special magazines, books, and pamphlets are printed on the subject and distributed by the hundreds of thousands.

Great attention is paid to the matter of developing an experienced personnel for these institutions. In eight cities special courses have been organized where nurses are taught the care of infants. This preparatory course is finished in two and a half years. In Moscow, at the Central Scientific Institute for the welfare of mother and child, central courses for 200 people and also courses for midwives have been organized. Besides, 100 doctors specialize there every year in the work of attending to mothers and children. The Department of Mother and Child Welfare at the People's Commissariat of Health has charge of this work.

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SENATOR CARAWAY has branded ex-Secretary Fall as a corruptionist, declaring in his speech in the Senate on January 16 that Mr. Fall "betrayed the high trust imposed in him and, for a *corrupt consideration*, sold the very means by which our national existence is to be protected." Mr. Fall denies it, but he makes no offer to appear in Washington and explain to the Senate and the public the mystery of the \$100,000 cash which he admits receiving from somewhere and of the checks for \$100,000 which he received from Edward B. McLean, of the *Washington Post* and the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, checks which, Mr. McLean says, were torn up and never used. As Mr. Hard points out, in the admirable summary of the situation which we print elsewhere, this is the first time that a man of cabinet position has been charged with malfeasance in office since the Belknap scandal in the administration of Grant. Everybody knew that the appointment of Mr. Fall to the Cabinet was an offense against public morals because of his attitude toward the preservation of the natural resources of America and because of his attitude toward Mexico. But these charges go far beyond that; they constitute a grave smirch upon our national honor. President Coolidge must realize that he cannot remain unmoved in face of the charge, made by Senator Caraway from his seat in the Senate, that Senator Fall and Mr. Sinclair and others would be indicted if it were not for the fact that they are shielded and protected by the Attorney General of the United States whose own impeachment was sought last year.

WILLIAM HARD'S INSISTENCE that the fundamental question in this unsavory mess is a question of public policy rather than of private morality is right. The nation has been robbed and is being robbed, whether Secretary Fall is honest or corrupt. Abandonment of the policy of conservation established under President Roosevelt is the underlying crime. Yet human nature is so constituted, as newspaper-makers learn, that the public will roar at individual sins and let a rotten system continue its putrefaction unnoticed. We have been living in an era in which business has wallowed in the trough. There has been a deal of talk of the "international bankers," but the revelations thus far disclosed, in this inquiry and in the investigation of the Veterans Bureau, disclose 100-per-cent American contractors, oil speculators, exploiters of every sort getting whatever they wanted in Washington, making money at the expense of the public with the knowledge and approval of trusted public officials. If the uproar over Secretary Fall's private dealings awakens the public to the underlying rottenness it will serve a useful part. But the inquiry must not be permitted to concentrate upon an ex-secretary. Secretary Denby collaborated with Mr. Fall in bartering away the nation's oil, and he is still a member of President Coolidge's Cabinet.

LENIN DIED almost precisely at the hour when the House of Commons was voting the "no confidence" in Mr. Baldwin which meant the advent of England's first Labor Government. Seven years ago Lenin was unknown to the world, whose great men seemed to be Lloyd George, Joffre, Wilson, and Hindenburg; and Ramsay MacDonald was a despised pacifist out of a job. In those few years Lenin forced his way to recognition, first as a nuisance, then as a menace, and finally as the most powerful statesman in Europe. The other mighty men have fallen; Lenin, although long too ill to direct his country's policy, dies the world's senior prime minister and the idol of his people. It is too early fully to judge his effect upon the century; but it is probably safe to say that no man has yet moved it more profoundly. Communism as he conceived it has not yet had a real trial, but its powerful dramatization of the class struggle has given new force to the labor movement everywhere and played a part in the silent revolution which has brought labor to power in England. Ramsay MacDonald, bitter as is his opposition to Lenin's theory of dictatorship, owes much to Lenin.

GENERAL ALLEN'S DRIVE for ten million dollars for the starving German children is on. Fair play and justice demand that America rise to the appeal of the American Committee for the Relief of German Children (19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City) as it has nobly responded to others on behalf of Germany, Austria, Russia, Japan, and China. On a later page we print other desperate appeals which have reached us from individuals and organizations in Europe. If there was any doubt as to the necessity of this demand for help it has been removed by the reports made upon their return from Germany by Dr. Haven Emerson and Professor Ernest Patterson of the University

of Pennsylvania. They report appalling conditions which are bound to grow worse; the effect of tuberculosis, scrofula, rickets is such that an increasing toll will be paid as the years pass. A year and a half ago the late Dr. Rathenau declared that 40 per cent of the children of Berlin were without underclothes, and added: "We are fishing suicides out of the rivers and canals every day, and we have never yet found a body that had underwear upon it." Today, Dr. Emerson reports, three-quarters of the working-class children in some places are in need of succor. To state such a case is, we are satisfied, to insure the success of the drive. The war is over; the time is past when men can pray for the destruction of the little children of Germany.

STEP BY STEP our Government is involving us in the civil war in Mexico. We sell arms to one faction and refuse to sell to the other; we will not let the rebels blockade Tampico; we permit the Obregonistas to move their troops across United States territory. We are, in effect, making ourselves responsible for the maintenance in power of the present Mexican Government. A more dangerous policy could hardly be invented. Even actual intervention, followed by withdrawal of troops, might be less dangerous than this policy of assuming responsibility. It is the policy which we attempted to follow, with such disastrous results, in Russia; the policy which Mr. Hughes is working toward in China; the policy which has put our marines in control of Nicaragua, Haiti, Santo Domingo.

WHILE LABOR is fingering the reins of power in England and the Swarajists are marching their obstructive majorities into the councils in India Egypt is facing an equally interesting parliamentary situation. With no rioting or disturbance the Zaghlul party swept the country at the recent elections securing an overwhelming majority over all the other parties combined. This means a government committed to the elimination of British dominance; it means the triumph of the recognized leader of the Egyptian nationalist movement. All the leaders of the opposition including the present premier failed of reelection. The formal ending of the British protectorate in 1922 resulted in no lessening of British control; if England is to redeem her many promises of full independence to Egypt it will be through the determined self-help of the Egyptians and not through the grace and honor of England.

IF THE STOCK of the bolshevist government were listed on the exchanges it would be rising rapidly enough to make Mr. Hughes gnash his teeth. Here is Ramsay MacDonald declaring that "the pompous policy of standing aloof from Russia will be ended" just as soon as he enters office. Here is a dispatch from Italy declaring that Mussolini has gone so far as to give the name of his proposed ambassador to Moscow and that he has received in return the name of Lenin's choice for the court of Rome. Any day now we may hear that these two countries have entered into full diplomatic relations. Where will that leave Mr. Hughes and President Coolidge? Are they going to continue to believe that the American republic is so gravely in danger of being overturned by foreign propaganda that they cannot countenance a Russian ambassador at the capital? The country is, we believe, ready for recognition. The chief stumbling-blocks today are, if our information is correct, Mr. Coolidge's

difficulty in getting around some of Mr. Hughes's stupid public statements and the opposition of Mr. Gompers and the conservative labor leaders.

WE SINCERELY TRUST that the committee which is going to investigate conditions in the Philippines will lose no time in calling before it General Leonard Wood and his sons, Lieutenant Osborne Wood and Leonard Wood, Jr. The government of the Philippines will not suffer by summoning the first two to Washington, for it is common knowledge outside of official circles that General Wood has lost his grip upon the situation in Manila. At least the natives there believe that he aids them by the impotency of his rule. But what is really needed is a little bit more light upon how the get-rich-quick son of the general made his pile. There are market experts who have checked up the lieutenant's statements and declare that they can figure out no way in which he could make half the sum he is said to be worth. Even the *New York Times* declares that there are discrepancies in his statements. He should certainly be given an opportunity to explain, in justice to himself and his father, just how he was able to play the market without previous experience, without means to start with, in one of the most remote cities of the East from which cables to New York take usually about fourteen hours.

BANK CIRCULARS telling how the bankers think the world is faring are among the most revealing literature dumped by the postman on the editor's desk. Just how devoted big business men are to the democratic traditions of America, for instance, is hinted in these amazing reflections from the bulletin of the largest and almost the most powerful bank on this continent, the National City Bank of New York:

The most outstanding development in Europe of the past year or two has been the revulsion from democracy as seen in the setting aside of representative governments and the concentration of authority . . . in individuals. In Austria Dr. Zimmermann, named by the League of Nations, is in control under the terms of a foreign loan. Mussolini heads the government in Italy. . . . In Spain General Primo de Rivera . . . suggested to the prime minister and Parliament that the space they occupied was more desirable than their company. . . . Bulgaria . . . Greece . . . Hungary . . . Germany . . . Democracy had run itself into the ground and in sheer desperation the public welcomed any authority that promised to be strong enough and patriotic enough to give good government. After all, the most important service of government is that of maintaining order and protecting industry and private business. If democracies will learn this lesson they will be greatly benefited by the experience.

When business men talk of "establishing democratic government" in Mexico, Haiti, or China, they mean just such business dictatorships, and nothing more.

MUSIC "THAT AROUSED THE PASSIONS" would be censored by a bill proposed in Colorado, according to Judge Ben Lindsey; and the high-paid executive of a reform organization, shocked by the sight of young boys gazing at the lingerie in a department-store window, wanted to "see to it that the windows were properly dressed." One might suspect Judge Lindsey of inventing his amusing reformer if it were not that Massachusetts is providing an

almost equally ludicrous drama of censorship. Boston recently saw a film—a film with a moral—in which appeared an illegitimate child. It happens that by an eccentricity of Bay State law the Boston city authorities censor on week-days, but the State has that power on Sundays. And the State board proceeded to rule that the child must be made legitimate. Accordingly the captions were revised; on week days the child is still illegitimate, but on Sundays there can be no illegitimacy in Massachusetts, and the new captions carefully rewrite the story and marry the child's parents! Then, on the following week-days, the child resumed its illegitimate status. This, of course, is censorship carried to absurdity; Judge Lindsey also dwells on its fundamental fallacy. Censorship, he says, cannot take all responsibility for what youth shall see, read, hear, or think; our part is to devote "more time and effort in homes, schools, and churches to equip them with the knowledge necessary to grapple with and conquer evil wherever it is encountered on the path of life."

MR. LAWRENCE MARTIN, correspondent of the United Press, went to call on the American Cheka the other day and found him in his office. The interview is described in these words:

Daugherty was asked to explain these points about the Government's foreign policy:

1. Whether the "abundant evidence" which he said in a formal statement the Department had of Communist activities in the United States directed from Moscow warranted criminal prosecution;
2. If so, why the Department does not prosecute;
3. Why, if this evidence is not sufficient to warrant prosecutions of Communists alleged to be plotting overthrow of the American Government, it is considered sufficient to warrant the State Department withholding recognition from Russia.

Daugherty started by saying that "The Attorney General has said all he is going to say about this matter. Too much attention is being paid already to these flabby-minded weaklings who are trying to tear down our house."

"Do you support these agitators?" Daugherty asked. "Are you one of these weak-minded people who talk about free speech every time some one tries to curb these agitators?"

He said that the Government does not jail the agitators because then a "lot of silly people" would start parades and free-speech demonstrations.

Then Daugherty was asked whether this Government is afraid of these "flabby-minded weaklings" whom Secretary of State Hughes regards as dangerous enough to warrant withholding of Russian recognition.

"If you ask that question seriously you are a nut, like the rest of those that ask it," replied Daugherty. "To the extent that you think like they do, you are a nut. That is the official Department of Justice opinion of you. You are a nut." Thereupon he terminated the interview thus: "That's all. I'm busy."

A BAREFOOT YOUNG MAN was arrested in Passaic, New Jersey, on New Year's Eve, three minutes after he began an address in the street. The man had in his pocket an official permit for street speaking; the charge was "indecent exposure." Next morning the judge released Bill Simpson and he trudged back to his shanty in Wallington, still with feet bare, to continue the job for which he gave up the ministry when the church condoned war—the job of building houses for poor people. He accepts no pay

and has few possessions, subsisting on what is shared with him by the people he serves—Pole, Negro, Italian, American. His stand, he says, is taken neither as a protest nor to set an example. He asks no one to follow his action. He wonders "what is the use of our talking about Jesus when He said very plainly that so long as we left one human being hungry or thirsty or cold or unfriended or in prison, even so we left Him?" "... Where is the goodness of giving out of what we do not need, of giving (whether it be ten cents or ten millions) which still leaves us hundreds of dollars for ourselves, and our tables and wardrobes full? Only that giving has beauty that makes us equal with the man to whom we give." Not many men are as relentlessly logical in their application of the creed they profess.

Then all of a doggone sudden

A peak riz over the sun

And I swear on me soul, 'twas the Arctic Pole.

Then what do you think I done?

THE HERO of Wallace Irwin's song immediately "done what a wight in a similar plight with a similar pole would do"; he headed straight south and left the top of the world to the people to whom it properly belonged—walrus and polar bears. But to Secretary Denby, arch-imperialist, no native rights are sacred. The Shenandoah is to start for the Pole and when it arrives, he says, it is to annex that desirable bit of real estate to these great United States. Perhaps it will even leave a few marines to make sure that American rights are respected and that none of the native inhabitants of the country lie around eating icicles when they should be building military roads and executive mansions. Senator Dill has made the best suggestion yet for the proper administration of this new territorial acquisition. He would call it Coolidgeland and instal Secretary Fall as Governor General to keep an eye on the oil-wells which may be discovered under the ice.

L EMMETT HOLT possessed to a remarkable degree the quality of remaining intellectually young. His passing at almost seventy was not that of one who had finished and laid aside his work, but rather that of a man in the prime of his accomplishment. Recognized as the dean among specialists in the diseases of childhood, he had as practitioner, teacher, investigator, and author attained to every honor which his profession affords. Thousands now living owe to his skill as a doctor their existence or their health; twenty classes of graduates of the College of Physicians and Surgeons remember as a thing apart the marvelous clarity of his clinics and his lectures. For almost forty years he had been making pediatrics a science. His textbook on the diseases of infancy and childhood, revised and re-revised, has remained through three decades the standard textbook in English on this subject, while his little book for the guidance of mothers has deservedly been a "best seller" in the truest sense of the word. To the broader aspects of child health Dr. Holt was equally alive; no set formula confined his activities. Whatever might advance the health of children in the world found in him a ready sponsor; his contributions to the work of the Child Health Organization and to its successor, the American Child Health Association, cannot be measured. His colleagues of his own generation and the younger men who found his mind, rich in experience, ever abreast of their most advanced thinking will miss a precious and inspiring influence.

Our Own Peace Program

WE must confess that we were *not* among the 22,165 contestants for the Bok peace prize; we were too modest, and in addition had an underlying "hunch" that we were not sufficiently enamored of the League of Nations. But, now that the contest is over and an extra office boy is busily engaged in opening the rejected plans which come to us seeking a way to the public, a perusal of some of them has convinced us that perhaps after all it is our duty to recall to our readers the various steps which we have advocated as moving toward the elimination of war. We are the more encouraged to do so because a further pondering of the Bok peace-prize plan increases our belief that there is little in that plan which makes for peace. To our mind the objective is the

OUTLAWRY OF WAR.

War is today legalized and sanctioned; our whole structure of international law is built around it; most of its code deals with what can or cannot be done in time of war by belligerents or neutrals. To retain the system of war we have created a senseless, medieval distinction between disputes among nations by dividing them into justiciable and non-justiciable. The latter are supposed in some way so to affect the "honor" of nations that they can be ended only by blood-letting, even as in dueling days a man's life might be lost because some other fellow thumbed his nose at him and so tarnished his "honor." What is needed today is to make the resort to war *in any case* an international crime. This does away with non-justiciable disputes and also the right of self-defense when attacked. The attacker becomes a violator of law; the attacked is in no worse position than was Greece when Italy occupied Corfu; or China when invaded by Japan as in Shantung; or Haiti or Santo Domingo when we violated their respective sovereignties. The appeal then lies, clearly and definitely, to the conscience of the world and also to a

WORLD COURT WITH COMPULSORY JURISDICTION.

Should the true world court be that just established under the League of Nations or that of the Hague? It could be built on either; the important thing is that it shall have *universal compulsory jurisdiction* without which the existing courts are helpless to interfere in any dispute if one of the contestants declines that intervention.

Together with a genuine world court and the outlawry of war should come

COMPLETE DISARMAMENT.

No nation should be permitted to organize a force *on military lines*. Domestic law and order should be maintained by bodies organized and drilled as police and *not* as soldiers—a vital difference. The elimination of the professional military or naval man from the world, trained and paid as he is to plan, plot, and prepare wars and to dwell incessantly upon the next war and its danger and desirability, would be one of the longest steps toward world peace. Hand and hand with this should go the restriction of all manufacture of weapons to governments (as pledged for England by Lloyd George during the World War), so that no one should have the opportunity or the temptation to make private profits out of the sale or manufacture of war vessels or war materials. The desire for those profits

has been the reason for many war-scares, and even wars. The next step is, naturally, a

PARLIAMENT OF NATIONS

to which would be referred such questions (many of them now handled by the League of Nations) as the traffic in white slaves, opium, obscene literature, postal matters, international labor negotiations, maritime issues, etc., which were previously treated in special international conferences. This must be a parliament of *all* the nations of the world, not, like the League, an assembly dominated by the victorious Powers which the neutrals and the "pariah" nations are invited to join only when they are weak and "behave." Gradually by a normal and orderly growth such an annual or biennial convocation would come to deal with the equitable distribution of the world's supply of raw materials and similar questions of vital moment to the whole world which are now subject only to the laws of the jungle written and executed by the powerful countries of the globe. These now attain their will by theft, by conquest, by violence, by chicanery camouflaged as "peaceful penetration," "protecting nationals investing abroad," "spheres of influence," "mandates," "concessions to benefit the concessionnaire but also to uplift the natives," "aiding to self-government those not yet capable of self-government."

Are these

PRACTICAL STEPS?

Eminently so. The proposal for the outlawry of war has received the support of some of the most eminent jurists in the country, including Senator Borah, who has again introduced his bill committing the United States to this policy. The development of the World Court into one with compulsory jurisdiction was prevented by the League of Nations which eliminated the compulsory clauses. A campaign of education must be undertaken here. None of these proposals can be carried without careful planning and long-continued effort under sincere leadership. No scheme for eliminating war can be devised to be put into effect overnight. Any such proposal must encounter the greed of an acquisitive society ruled by private profit and the greed of nations intrenched in territory filched from others.

So far as the United States is concerned the acceptance of any such program means the turning over of a new leaf in its policy as to the Western Hemisphere, the abandonment of the present conception of the Monroe Doctrine under which we assume the morally indefensible position of telling the weaker nations to the south of us how they shall live and how they shall be governed, and of exploiting them financially precisely as England and France and Germany exploit, or exploited, their colonial territories. By forcing our will upon other nations we have produced in Haiti and Santo Domingo, and are in Mexico a contributory cause of, conditions which approximate a war status.

What is needed among all the nations is a genuine will to peace; in other words, a readiness to devote as much time, thought, and money to the elimination of war from the world as is now expended by the great nations in imposing their wills on others, in maintaining armaments, and in preparing for that next war which more and more experts, as well as the moralists and humanitarians, believe will involve the destruction of what is left of our existing civilization.

Two Years of Poincaré

THE days of Poincaré as prime minister are numbered. He has lost his old confidence in parliamentary debate; the Paris press, so long his faithful heeler, is barking jackal-like at him; and the political intrigues which always precede the fall of a ministry are under way. Barthou, or Loucheur, or Herriot may succeed him, but there can be little change in policy. Whoever governs France today must govern with the same Chamber of Deputies as made and maintained Poincaré, the chamber elected in 1919 when wartime passions still ruled France; and that chamber will permit no sharp reversal of French policy.

Poincaré's fall may nevertheless mean much to Europe. For, however slight the immediate change of policy, and even though he maneuver the parliamentary situation so that his defeat appear to pivot upon some lesser domestic issue, France and the world will know that he fell because his Ruhr policy was a failure. The recognition of that fact may have a marked effect upon the outcome of the elections for a new chamber in March or April, and in those elections is a great hope for Europe.

In a remarkable dispatch from Paris Mr. Ferdinand Tuohy of the *New York World* sums up the many causes for dissatisfaction:

The Separatist movement he fostered has been denounced; the franc has depreciated 86 per cent since he came into power; the cost of living has gone up; the Allied Commission of Control in Germany no longer exists except in name; the Ruhr maneuvers have served no end; no reparations seem likely to come in during the year; the Experts' Committee, which the premier at first fought so stubbornly, is functioning and will unquestionably have a vital effect; Ramsay MacDonald is about to link up with Russia, which Poincaré has been implored to do for months past; the United States has been alienated by ignoring the debt issue; French prestige in the Near East has lapsed to what it was in 1914, when Liman von Sanders ruled in Turkey; Italy and Spain have joined hands across France and the sea, necessitating extra naval expenditure; France, as a direct result of Poincaré's policy, must submit to crushing taxes; war victims and inhabitants of the devastated areas have to go begging for millions which have been allotted to them.

Even M. Poincaré's ministers have let him down: M. Raiberti, Minister of Marine, who let the Dixmude go up in spite of warning twelve hours before a tempest; de Lasteyrie, the Finance Minister, whose remedy for the financial chaos had to do principally with conditions for the sale of matches; Chéron, who has sent up the cost of living by boosting agricultural districts; Maunoury, who failed to take precautions against floods in Paris.

Everybody jumps upon a beaten dog, and M. Poincaré will be blamed for much that is not his fault. But the primary fact remains: the Ruhr policy was his, and the Ruhr policy is a failure. *The Nation* has long pointed out that it has cost France far more than it has brought her; that even M. Poincaré now admits—he puts his faith in the future, and justifies himself by the unconvincing plea that France might have been worse off still if he had not sent the army marching into the Ruhr. The fall of the franc marks the recognition in the international money markets of the failure of his program. If by drastic economies and sudden increases in tax rates he can check the fall of the franc, he may hold on until the election; but it is unlikely. When the cost of living is rising men are not ingratiated by wage cuts. M.

Poincaré lost the Chamber a few weeks ago when he attempted to oppose an increase of pay for the police and other civil officials—there were even riots by the police on the streets of Paris. He gave way then, but the increase is cut off by this new desperate resort to "economies," and he is accordingly becoming very unpopular with an important and hitherto loyal group.

Something more than personal unpopularity for M. Poincaré, however, is needed. More even is needed than recognition of the failure of his Ruhr policy as a means of collecting reparations. So far as French opinion goes he will fall because he was unsuccessful, not because he was wrong. Liberal and reactionary are joining hands in opposition to him. M. Tardieu will vote against him because he has not been severe enough with Germany. M. Herriot, who today leads the liberal attack upon Poincaré, abstained from voting rather than vote against the Government when Poincaré invaded the Ruhr; he took pains to make it clear that he too would favor military invasion if he believed it would help win reparations. Sometime, out of that France which set the pace for Europe in the democratic political revolution which is not yet completed, there must rise a leader who will see beyond the petty fears and avarices which beset present-day statesmen. He will plead for a genuine policy of reconciliation which, looking forward, not ever backward at the war, will seek the common interest of the two great peoples who have made the history of Western Europe—France and Germany.

Sanity Creeps Back

FAINT intimations of freedom appear here and there in the land. The federal political prisoners have been freed. German speakers and German artists are allowed to appear in the former strongholds of hate. German babies are fed by American dollars. And President Butler is out for freedom of speech.

All of this is encouraging. We have grown so accustomed to the intellectual thuggery of war and post-war days that level-headed tolerance strikes us as almost shocking. So, when we read President Butler's reply to the protests of the Italian evangelical ministers against the appointment of Signor Papini as a lecturer at Columbia, we are stirred to astonishment. "There is no more unhappy tendency in our contemporary American life," writes Dr. Butler, "than that to persecute those individuals and those doctrines with which we may not ourselves happen to agree." These are fine words and we have no doubt that Dr. Butler means them. With all his reactionary tendencies the president of Columbia is a philosopher and a man of balance. He dislikes excesses; he disapproves of scenes. Left to himself, away from wars or political conventions, he is likely to behave with liberality and decency, and so he is doubtless expressing his own honest judgment when he says in the same letter: "This spirit of persecution is far more un-American than anything which Signor Papini or any other distinguished European man of letters could possibly say or write about us."

None the less this letter, even in the words we have quoted, carries with it some qualifications. President Butler would not under any circumstances suppress the words of a "distinguished European man of letters." And the fact that Signor Papini is a passionate Fascist as well as a vitri-

olic critic of America is not to be allowed to disbar him. All of which is quite, quite right, and we agree with President Butler. But what if Signor Papini were not a distinguished man of letters or a scholar? Suppose he did not know his letters at all, and suppose instead of being a Fascist he were a Socialist and as a visitor to our shores poured out the vials of his bitterness against our American institutions. Would President Butler, we wonder, favor a warm-hearted hospitality toward such a man? Would he say, as he has said of Signor Papini that if he "has written unkind or censorious things of our modern life or of any of our national leaders, surely there can be no better way to bring him to a better understanding of us and of them than by giving him every opportunity to move about among us on that plane of intellectual freedom and moral equality which belongs to every honest-minded human being"? Would President Butler say that about a leading Italian radical—or even about a leading American radical? Well, we have never heard him do it, but perhaps we shall yet. Perhaps, one of these days, we shall hear him pleading for justice and an honest trial for Sacco and Vanzetti, or for fair treatment of Carlo Tresca, or even for an end of the humiliating and idiotic attacks on Captain Paxton Hibben who has committed lese majeste against the State Department by daring to sympathize with Soviet Russia.

We are not wholly ironical in these suggestions. We honestly believe that Nicholas Murray Butler is an outstanding representative of a fairly large class in America which is fundamentally willing to reason. The war made reason almost synonymous with treason; but now the war is over, or at least its waves have receded from our shores. And reason has flowed back. American conservatives may be less willing than their British prototypes to respect the right of every man to his own brand of folly or wisdom; but they have something of the same heritage of tolerance. It breaks down under stress; revolution or war or any acute emotional strain will demolish it and supplant it with passion or panic. But this fact does not mean that tolerance is an unreal thing or a mere pretense. It merely means that decent attitudes and impulses are products of civilization and cannot flourish widely or in most persons in an atmosphere of madness and danger and destruction. And while our President Butlers may never come all the way through to a position of fairness; while they may always find it easier to tolerate dissent if it is coupled with respectability and distinction; while they may utter fine sentiments in regard to a Signor Papini that they would hate to see applied all around the lot—still we may be thankful for even a hint of returning sanity. It is conceivable that finally not only noted Fascists but obscure radicals—and thus the whole life of the country—may benefit by it.

Fear is manifestly subsiding in America. The return of confidence and tolerance is to be detected in other colleges than Columbia. Vassar has by specific statute granted to teachers complete freedom of instruction, research, and outside activity; the federal and State laws are to be the only limits. Wellesley has included a representative of the faculty as a regular member of the board of trustees, though for some reason this representative may not himself or herself be a faculty member. Thus minor changes of attitude and method creep into our colleges as they creep into our public life, until presently we may hope to find ordinary people acting like free men and women and not like either watchdogs or thieves in the night.

Why Boys Leave Home

CORNING, N. Y., January 17.—Protesting against the interruption of what they hoped was to be a tour of the world with San Francisco as the first stop Paul Gorman, fourteen years old, and Maurice Sullivan, twelve, of Sayre, Pa., were taken from an Erie freight train here yesterday and today were returned to their homes.

FEW items in the newspapers can give us more pleasure than ones like the above. They are immeasurably more important than the dull columns with "spread heads" in regard to the arrangements for the Democratic national convention or the mock warfare of the fleet off the Isthmus of Panama. We rate items like that from Corning, New York, as of equal importance with accounts of how the daughter of a wealthy banker has eloped with the family chauffeur or the son of a multimillionaire has married the pantrymaid. They are the significant news of our country and our age because they show that human nature is still at work in the same old way in spite of all the restrictions and conventions with which we try to wall it up. As long as twelve-year-old boys run away from home to start around the world, nobody need worry about the deterioration of the younger generation or the future of the United States.

We wish, of course, that Paul and Maurice had got a little further than Corning, New York, before they were collared and sent back to their parents to be threatened with a spanking and embraced with tears. We wish they might have got as far at least as Chicago, and have become very hungry and very tired before they were picked up asleep on a railway-station bench by a kind policeman. For it speaks well of human nature that policemen who pick up adventuring boys always seem to be good fellows who delight in buying them hot soup out of their own pocket money.

Fortunately boys—even after they are supposedly mature men—have been running away from home ever since homes began. It is the only thing that makes either them or the homes tolerable. And America, in particular, is a nation of runaways. First they ran away from Europe and settled the Atlantic seaboard. Not satisfied with that, another generation ran away to the Mississippi Valley or the Golden Gate. Now they are running away to Alaska, South America, or the Orient—or doubling on their tracks back to Europe.

Doubtless both Paul and Maurice will live to take longer voyages than that to Corning, but none will be more important or so well remembered. Paul may grow up to be a small merchant in his native town; he may build a house with three verandahs, and a cupola on top; he may become a deacon in the church and the father of a comfortable-sized family; and once in so often he may go off to the convention of his lodge in Philadelphia or Buffalo. But that "tour of the world" will not be forgotten. Maurice may become a broker in New York City, with an apartment on Riverside Drive and his own bootlegger. Some year when business is neither too good nor too bad he may let his wife persuade him to take a six months' trip around the world on a luxurious steamship. But nothing that he may see will be up to that trip that was nipped at Corning.

Boys leave home because they are always more eager to explore what beckons to them from the window than to sit by the fire. When they cease to do so we will have become an insufferably dull people, and the world will have grown too stale to explore or be explored.

Mr. Fall's \$100,000

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE inquiry at Washington into the leasing of federal naval oil reserves to private individuals has taken a turn most distressing from the standpoint of personalities and also most unfortunate from the standpoint of public impersonal interest. The true evil, if any, in the present naval oil reserve situation appears in the following facts:

1. In dealing with the federal naval oil reserves the Navy Department and the Interior Department have embarked upon a policy not authorized by Congress either in principle or in detail.

2. In pursuance of this new policy the Navy Department and the Interior Department have abandoned the Roosevelt idea of the conservation of naval oil in the ground and have gone over to the idea of the current commercial use of it along with a limited storage of it in tanks at naval stations.

These two facts are the outstanding crucial facts in the situation from the standpoint of the interest of the nation.

Yet these two facts, having been voluminously presented in hearings before a senatorial subcommittee, awakened few echoes of interested response from the public until to them there were added some further facts regarding Mr. Fall's personal affairs.

The peril (proved or persuasively asserted) to the future of the nation passed almost unregarded. Immense alarm arose when it was discovered that six heifers and one bull and one stallion had been received by Mr. Fall from Mr. Harry F. Sinclair in circumstances which conveyed a doubt as to whether Mr. Fall had paid for them adequately.

Along with these disclosures about the heifers and the bull and the stallion there came additionally disclosures about a ranch and two Cadillac cars and a hydro-electric plant costing \$45,000 for pumping water on lands belonging to Mr. Fall and four additional bulls costing \$3,000.

The great national question of the moment came into being. Where did Mr. Fall get the money for the four bulls? Where did Mr. Fall get the \$100,000 which he at one time said he got from Mr. Edward B. McLean in cash but which it now in fact appears he got from him in checks which he did not use and which therefore could not have produced the \$100,000 in cash which Mr. Fall admits he had before he bought the bulls and the hydro-electric plant and the other things?

Still more intense interest arose when Archie Roosevelt appeared and testified. Two things stood out in his testimony: In the first place, that the general situation of the Sinclair oil organization made Archie Roosevelt feel that it was no place for him. His resignation, considering the fact that he is a young man of no other financial prospects whatsoever, was manifestly demanded only by his own conscience. In the second place, the testimony developed that \$25,000 in Liberty bonds and \$70,000 in Sinclair oil stock had been given to Colonel Zeveny, after whom Mr. Sinclair named the well-known race-horse. Colonel Zeveny is known to be engaged in conducting negotiations with public officials. Mr. Sinclair's secretary, although he contradicted Archie Roosevelt's testimony that he had said he held \$68,000 in canceled checks from Mr. Sinclair to Secretary Fall's foreman, admitted these payments but

could recall no reason for them. The testimony further showed that Mr. Sinclair had left the country in a very, very great hurry. These facts are all important, but they do not yet constitute legally proved guilt, and they divert attention from the fundamental fact that Mr. Fall's policy, whether the spontaneous product of his own conscience or bought and paid for, constituted plundering of the public domain and destruction of the national defense.

I will now relate the inward story of the way in which a really public question which had only superficially stirred the public was made into a personal private question which has stirred it to its depths. There was in Washington a man occupying a high position in the service of a nation-wide newspaper organization. He happened to know a reporter on a certain newspaper in the West. This reporter had been assigned by his newspaper to go down into New Mexico and to study Mr. Fall's personal affairs at the time preceding and at the time following the contracts which Mr. Fall gave to Mr. Sinclair and to Mr. Doheny for what is so gracefully called "the development" of Naval Oil Reserve Number Three in Wyoming and of Naval Oil Reserve Number One in California.

Now it happened that the newspaper by which this reporter was employed had attacked Mr. Fall severely for these contracts. It also happened, however, that this newspaper suddenly ceased to attack Mr. Fall and thereupon failed to print the reporter's report.

The report was in existence. It lay in the reporter's desk. The distinguished newspaper dignitary in Washington happened to know the reporter and happened to know what his desk contained. He thereupon went to Senator Walsh of Montana, the most active member of the senatorial subcommittee investigating the matter of naval oil reserves; and he suggested that the reporter with the unpublished report should be asked to come to Washington. He was asked. He preferred to be subpoenaed. He was subpoenaed. He came. He gave to Senator Walsh the names of the persons whom in New Mexico he had interviewed. He thereupon was excused. He did not appear in public before the subcommittee. He went away out of town back to his desk, which contained the report never published by his newspaper. Senator Walsh, having thus learned the names of various informed persons in New Mexico, sent for them.

It thereupon was shown that Mr. Fall's financial situation, in the period preceding his accession to the post of Secretary of the Interior and in the period accompanying and following his grant of leases of naval oil-reserve land to Mr. Sinclair and to Mr. Doheny, could be illustrated by the following incidents:

For some years before Mr. Fall became Secretary of the Interior he had not been able to pay the taxes on lands of his in New Mexico. Suddenly, after having become Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Fall was able to buy a ranch at a cost of \$91,500 and some other land at a cost of \$33,000, and the two famous or infamous Cadillac cars at a cost of \$8,000, and the bulls at a cost of \$3,000. He was also able to construct his hydro-electric plant at a cost of

\$45,000. He also was able to pay up his back taxes to the amount of \$8,000. He finally was able to pay Mr. Sinclair \$1,100 for the six heifers and the bull which Mr. Sinclair had sent him from Mr. Sinclair's farm in New Jersey. Mr. Fall did not pay Mr. Sinclair for the stallion. The stallion, it appears, was a present from Mr. Sinclair to Mr. Fall's ranch foreman. Mr. Sinclair paid the transportation charges on the stallion and also on the heifers and the bull. These charges amounted to \$1,105.20.

The whole transaction accordingly, since it cost Mr. Sinclair \$1,105.20, and since Mr. Fall paid him only \$1,100, represented to Mr. Sinclair a net loss of \$5.20. In other words, it cost him \$5.20 to make a present of the stallion and to sell the heifers and the bull.

This \$5.20 has developed into having an important bearing on the future naval oil policy of the United States. It is seen—or it is supposed to be seen—that if the relations between Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Fall are of this nature, why, then, we perhaps ought to have some sort of change from the present policy pursued by the Navy Department and the Interior Department in reference to oil.

At this point in the exposition of this drama it became naturally incumbent on Mr. Fall to explain his sudden affluence. He thereupon committed the act which has transformed him into the most spectacularly suspected cabinet minister in this country since Secretary of War Belknap came to impeachment in the presidency of Ulysses S. Grant.

Mr. Fall asserted in a letter to Senator Walsh's subcommittee that he had received as a loan from Mr. Edward B. McLean the sum of \$100,000 in cash.

Thereupon there immediately arose in Washington a sort of epidemic of persons who wanted to know how it was that Mr. McLean could lend \$100,000 in cash to Mr. Fall when at that very moment they had judgments against Mr. McLean which he was not able to pay.

Advised and admonished by their natural and also perfectly legalized feelings, Senator Walsh proceeded to Palm Beach in Florida and there found Mr. McLean and more or less compulsively besought him to testify, not indeed as to his capacity to lend \$100,000 in cash but as to his actual performance or non-performance of the lending. Mr. McLean, confronted by the quiet and modest but persistent and undiscourageable presence of Senator Walsh, said that the \$100,000 had been in the form of checks and that Mr. Fall subsequently had returned these checks to him uncashed. It therefore became totally clear that Mr. Fall's \$100,000 in bills could not have come from Mr. McLean.

Washington now pants upon the question: Where could they have come from?

Meanwhile, if one were not a reporter but a novelist, one might put Mr. Fall's mysterious \$100,000 second and Mr. Fall's concept of the nation's future first.

Mr. Fall, before he was a Secretary of the Interior, was a United States Senator. As a Senator, he perfectly frankly made it plain to all his fellow Senators, including Warren Gamaliel Harding of Ohio, that he did not for one moment believe in the policy of public domain conservation. He believed in passing the public domain over into "development" and into the hands of private enterprise and of privately enterprising persons. His friendships were among such persons. He liked their ideas and he liked their manners and customs and temperaments, and he went along with them, argumentatively and personally, all through his career as a Senator and all through the time therefore when Sena-

tor Harding was forming his judgment of Senator Fall.

Mr. Harding, having formed this judgment of him, and having become President, made him Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Fall did precisely what his record as a Senator predicted that he would do. He did precisely what his record, as crowned and sanctified by his appointment as Secretary of the Interior, might almost be said to have justified him in doing. He persuaded the Navy Department to put its public domain into the general public domain pool under the control of the Interior Department and he then proceeded to let it out, in vast acreages, in Naval Oil Reserve Number Three and in Naval Oil Reserve Number One to Mr. Sinclair and to Mr. Doheny on terms rapidly facilitating "the development" of oil and on terms not too onerous or too restrictive upon Mr. Sinclair's and Mr. Doheny's activities and profits.

For a novelist then the problem of mind and heart and soul would take the following far from legalistic guise:

Did Mr. Fall in the contracts which he let to Mr. Sinclair and to Mr. Doheny have the state of mind which a conservationist like Mr. Gifford Pinchot would have had if he had been the governmental signer of them? Did he have a pang of conscience? Then, in case he got his mysterious \$100,000 from any person who benefited by either of those contracts, he did wrong.

But did he have any pang of conscience? Did he, in the letting of those contracts, simply follow out his long-declared and conscientiously disclosed senatorial theories regarding the public domain? Were his contracts with Mr. Sinclair and with Mr. Doheny both consistent with his record and congruous with his sense of right? Then, in case he borrowed money from a friend who happened to be also a developer and practitioner of oil, he may have felt himself not bribed at all but only befriended.

The truly clear thing that emerges from the whole situation is not the interesting guilt—or the interesting degree of guilt—of Mr. Fall. It is the fatally uninteresting blow given to conservation policy and constitutional precedent.

Translating that abstract language into concrete details, one may mention certain appallingly uninteresting statistics about Naval Oil Reserve Number One. Here were two hundred and fifty million barrels of oil in the ground. They were congressionally intrusted to the Navy for future use in naval national defense. They are now—from time to time—to be pumped out of the reserve by Mr. Doheny. Mr. Doheny will pay in royalties to the Federal Government a certain proportion of his pumpings. This proportion will perhaps amount to one-fifth of the total. It will amount, according to Senator Walsh's calculations, to approximately fifty million barrels. Two-thirds of this fifty million, without any authorization at all from Congress, will be paid back to Mr. Doheny to compensate him for building certain wharves and channels and storage tanks. In those tanks there will be placed all that remains of the oil from Naval Oil Reserve Number One. This remainder, out of the original two hundred and fifty million barrels, will be approximately sixteen million five hundred thousand barrels.

Executive usurpation in taking oil congressionally granted for conservation and using it for buying tanks and channels and wharves! Executive usurpation in changing a whole policy of conservation into a whole new policy of current use and sale! Those are the momentous national defense issues to which Mr. Fall's personal little treasure trove of \$100,000 has lent a fleeting national curiosity.

A New Franco-German War

By C. B. THOMSON

[Brigadier General Thomson, who was attached to the Supreme War Council during the Great War, has recently been acting as correspondent for the London Sunday Observer in Germany and the Balkans. According to cable dispatches he is expected to be appointed Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs in the new Labor Cabinet.]

Berlin, December 25

BERLIN is enjoying a spell of fine cold weather, the kind of weather one associates with Christmas, or at any rate with Christmas cards. A light carpet of snow makes the streets look bright and transforms the Tiergarten into a fairyland. The branches of the trees are strangely still; yet, though snow-draped, the delicate tracery of their higher boughs stands out distinct and lustrous on the background of an opalescent sky. Below, black tree trunks border snowy vistas leading to white and silent spaces; here one forgets the nearness of the city where dwells so much despair. For Berlin is a city of despair, in spite of the sunshine and attempts at Christmas jollity, in spite of the flaunted luxury of profiteers, and even in spite of the renten mark.

This last expedient, for it is nothing more, has succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations. Renten marks are at once banknotes and consols; the present issue of something over a thousand millions is the first instalment of a sum equivalent to 4 per cent of the total value of all private property in Germany (state property, such as the railways and some mines, is excluded). All holders of renten marks are shareholders in this national security, which, though as such it may be worthless, being unrealizable, serves as a bond of union. Renten marks are not legal tender; on this account they are being left alone by international speculators and are less liable to violent fluctuation. This arrangement has obvious advantages, but it suffers from the disadvantage that there is no conduit connecting Germany's new currency with the world.

Nevertheless, the new currency has been well received by the German public; it is the principal medium for internal transactions and so far has been stable; in a way, it has restored Germany's self-respect and on that account alone has served a useful purpose. Although prices rose on its first introduction, they have fallen since; the present high cost of certain manufactured articles is due to other causes such as the price of coal. But unless the banks take up future issues of renten marks on a large scale the latter will depreciate. Again, if the Government does not practice strict economy and make revenue balance with expenditure, if, in other words, the supply of currency is not equal to demand and the percentage of the security has to be raised from 4 to 8 or even 12 per cent, renten marks will in their turn become discredited. How to effect economies is the problem. The salaries of civil servants cannot be reduced, many are drawing less than \$26 a month; while if government subsidies for the unemployed are discontinued a serious situation will arise.

At best, therefore, the renten mark is a temporary device designed to enable Germany to tide over the next few months by living on her own fat, or rather on the fat

of that portion of the community which is the least vocal and has the smallest power of making its grievances heard. For a permanent restoration of German finances, foreign capital is needed to quicken German enterprise. At present, though well equipped with factories and workshops, German industry has no ready money; the big industrialists put all their war and post-war profits into new construction, partly to avoid taxation and partly from a miscalculation as to the future of German trade.

In 1920 and 1921 trade prospects in Germany were relatively rosy; but calculations on the basis of those years have been upset. The occupation of the Ruhr and the general international situation are rapidly ruining German industry. Although wages are low—a first-class workman earns about 24 marks for a forty-eight-hour week, or about \$6—the cost of manufacture has risen; articles which a few months back were sold for a quarter of the British price are now more expensive in Berlin than they are in London. As a consequence Germany's export trade is diminishing and will soon reach the vanishing-point. No longer can Germany procure with them the raw material needed for her industry. A period of stagnation has set in whose consequences are too horrible to contemplate. Unemployment is increasing by leaps and bounds. The latest figures show five million unemployed or short-time workers.

When asked if they see any way out of the present deadlock, most Germans are profoundly pessimistic. All of them realize that no remedy can be found while the French remain in the Ruhr. It is for them the same thing as a military occupation of Lancashire would be for England. But how to get the French army out of the Ruhr is another matter. One leading industrial magnate took the view that for a sufficiently large sum of money the French would quit, his theory being that France was bankrupt and had to have hard cash. But since Germany's total foreign investments cannot exceed 200 million sterling, it is difficult to see where the money is to come from. Neither Great Britain nor America will find it; they are the creditors of France who has not yet begun to pay the interest on her debts; and to bribe her now to desist from an evil act would incite other victorious states to follow her example. It is none the less necessary, however, for France's late allies to consider where French policy is leading them.

If Germany is left to the tender mercies of the French Government two results will follow. The first will be a complete and unconditional capitulation by the German people. Already the industrial magnates in the Ruhr have capitulated and for all practical purposes are no longer German citizens. The workers in the Ruhr and a great part of the Rhineland have become the drudges of France through their betrayal by men like Stinnes, who are commonly described as captains of industry, but whose vision and patriotism are as circumscribed as those of any other flunkey. When this process has been extended to the whole of Germany, not only will France's political triumph be complete and her imperialist designs encouraged, she will also be the predominant economic force in Europe, and for

a time throughout the world. She will be in a position to underbid both Britain and the United States in world markets, because she will have at her disposal sweated German labor. If British or American industrialists really believe that they can get a finger in this pie—and rumor has it that some of them do entertain this fond belief—the only comment to be made is that though these gentry may be hard faced they do not know the French. For the moment the working classes throughout Germany are beaten to their knees; the specter of want haunts their homes; they are exhausted both morally and physically; millions of city dwellers have lost their nerve through insufficient nourishment. Two or three years must pass before the national character can assert itself; today, one bomb dropped in Berlin would cause a panic.

The next result of the world's passive acquiescence in France's career of conquest will be a Franco-German war. Most competent judges of the situation believe that this war must come, that it is only a question of time. There is a movement among the youth of Germany, as natural and spontaneous as it would be among the English-speaking peoples, to resist oppression and to prefer any alternative to the prospect which lies before them. A people with nothing to lose by desperate action is always dangerous.

The next war will differ from the last in one respect whose importance cannot be overrated—the first encounters will take place on German soil. Eastern Germany is far from France and does not feel the full weight of the invasion. Preparations can and will be made, however slowly, and Germany may find new allies if not friends. Soviet Russia is ruled by able and ambitious men who have no cause to love the French and who aim at making the Red Army second to none in efficiency and equipment. They will readily perceive that by enlisting the technical skill and training of the Germans, who are adepts in these matters, they can achieve their purpose in a much shorter time. And the Germans, if forced by circumstances, though reluctantly, will accept Russia's help.

Should Germany with the help of Russia win the next war, neither Great Britain nor America, nor both together, would be heeded when the victors dictated terms of peace. What Germany won then she would keep, including coal mines and fields of iron ore, not to mention Channel ports. The English-speaking peoples would then pay the penalty for letting France abuse the Allied victory and flout inconvenient clauses in a treaty signed by a Prime Minister of England and a President of the United States.

Is there a way of averting this sequence of disasters? Would a conference restrain the French? Can counsel prevail where judgment is warped by prejudice and passions are inflamed by fear and greed?

In considering the answers to these questions it should be remembered that French procedure in the Ruhr and all over Europe is part of a systematic plan whose details have been thought out in advance, and which combines military, economic, and financial action with consummate skill. The men who have conceived this plan are ardently patriotic Frenchmen but not good Europeans; they base their calculations on the fact that France is self-supporting and an agricultural rather than an industrial state. When they talk of security they mean hegemony. To them glory and conquest are of more importance than any markets. They want money and believe they can obtain it at the point of the bayonet. Though trade is to them a secondary consid-

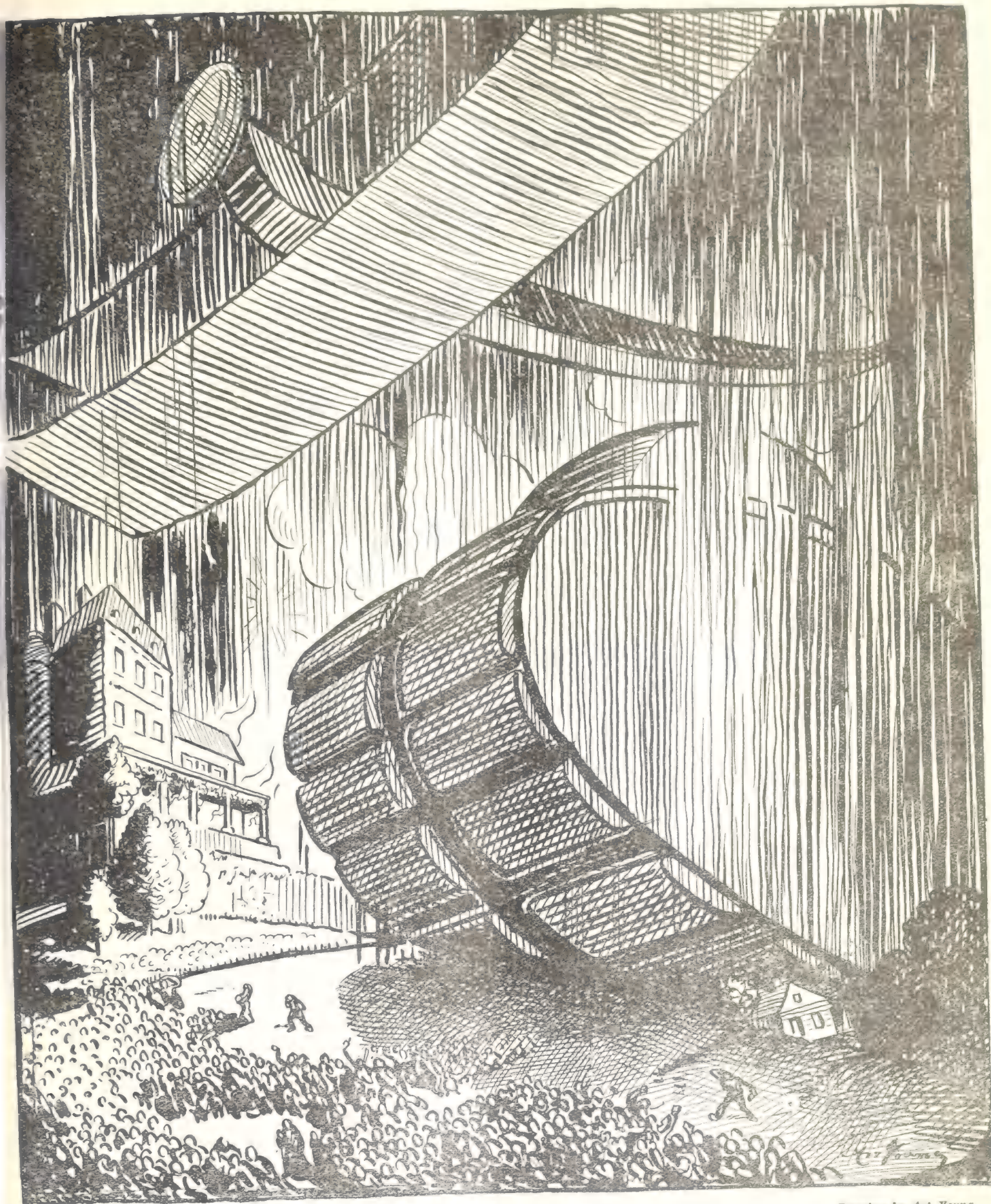
eration, they do not forget it, but think it will follow the flag. And in all this ugly business France's late allies have played into her hands. Ever since the armistice she has ridden roughshod over Europe; on no single occasion has any government or statesman dared to call a halt.

As a consequence, ambitious French generals and statesmen have come to believe there are no limits to their liberty of action; their appetite has increased with eating, and they are inclined to gamble on a continuance of our vacillation. Indeed, it may be said that in a sense the French Government is bluffing. For France, notwithstanding her African soldiers, is not in a position to make a serious war. It would be risky to mobilize French peasants to fight on German soil, or to make French "rentiers" pay when they expected an indemnity.

Perhaps the answer to the questions put above is that the French Government will go on bullying a disarmed and helpless Germany as long as the world lets her, and until the German people can save themselves; but that the moment they are resolutely tackled and made to face the facts, the French people will force their Government to be more circumspect. If, for example, that Government were informed once more that the occupation of the Ruhr was illegal and a violation of the Treaty of Versailles; and if it were also warned, publicly, that persistence in the occupation would involve repudiation by the other signatories of those clauses which concern the disarmament of Germany—then, even the hottest-headed chauvinist might pause. It is an odd and paradoxical situation, but it comes to this—that the arrival of some shiploads of munitions in German ports may be the first and indispensable preliminary to negotiations, whose final aim would be the prevention of a Franco-German war.

In point of fact the war did not cease with the armistice; it is raging now in another form which is just as destructive. The highest and most urgent task of neutral European and American statesmen is to intervene before it will be too late; to do so is a sacred duty. To remain passive spectators of this suicidal struggle would be a crime. But the task is not an easy one, and to accomplish it the Powers must speak with a single voice. Firmness is needed as well as a desire for peace. The French Government should be made to understand that, in the last resort, force can be met with force.

Two claims, seemingly conflicting, have to be satisfied: On the one hand France must have security, but not security based on armies and all the paraphernalia of modern war. On the other hand, all Germans must have the right to live as free citizens of a united Germany within frontiers determined by their race and speech; but at the same time, German industry must submit to certain limiting conditions. Since the armistice German industrialists have been able, and largely through the inflation of the mark, to free themselves from mortgages, extend their works, and evade taxation to a considerable extent. They are thus in an unduly favorable position for competition in world markets once they can get a start. If, through the efforts of other states, German industry is freed from the trammels put on it by French vengeance, common equity demands that the industries of those nations should have an equally good start. Lastly, all the Powers in concert should decide what Germany can produce in the way of indemnities, over and above the 55 milliards of gold marks which she has already paid.



Drawing by Art Young

The Next War

The Young Men Go Down

By HARRY HERVEY

WHEN I first saw him he looked like a pigmy in a giant's cup of stone, a lone figure standing near the rock pyramids that flanked the approach to the monastery. Behind him, the Lamasery—the Hermitage of the Buried Monks it is called—trembled in the afternoon glare. The very air of the valley seemed asleep, and dragon-flies, drowsiest of insects, hovered over the gauzy dust that wavered up from the road.

He met us at the gate—a magenta-robed, long-haired youth of the Nying-ma Order. A few words in Tibetan passed between him and my Lama guide. Obviously the latter was explaining that I was with the Expedition . . . that I wished to see the cells of the immured monks. . . .

He led the way to the gumpa or temple, and we dismounted in the courtyard. There, my eyes still aching from the sting of the sunlight, I studied him.

He was less than twenty-two, but his eyes gave him a mature, almost ancient expression—dark, somber eyes that challenged my memory. His features were dusky gold, with a suggestion of the Mongol in the salient cheekbones and thin mouth. No full-blooded Tibetan: his eyes were as melancholy, as haunting as those of the youths who live in the frosty twilight of the Lake Baikal region.

I wondered where I had seen him before; somewhere, I was certain. At the Mission quarters in Chang-lo? I doubted that. It seemed, instead, that long ago my brain had snapped a negative of those eyes (gloom and deep forests) and now their reappearance developed the picture.

From the dazzling sunshine I followed him into the temple, leaving my Lama and the Gurkha escort with the horses. The chapel smelled of incense and butter-lamps; a cool, cavernous place where burnished treasures smoldered in the gloom; altar ornaments and holy vessels of bronze; ancient Tibetan chain-armor and copper weapons embossed with silver and turquoise and coral. . . .

I was conducted into a courtyard in the rear. There the glare, reflected from the flawless aquamarine sky, was almost blinding, and a lone peach-tree shivered in the heat-waves. The young Lama gestured toward several large and crudely fashioned windows in the walls. Each was closed with a slab of stone; their very blankness was awesome.

"There . . . ?" I murmured, somewhat shocked.

He nodded.

"In darkness?" I pursued.

"Some have lights to read by," he answered slowly, with a clear enunciation that surprised me. "Their lamps are filled each day when water and tsamba-flour are given them."

His words conjured grim pictures: an atrophied finger tracing a passage in the Kanjur or Buddhist bible—a throat wrinkled like a mummy's—or a recluse in utter darkness digging at the riddle of Life and Death. . . . There was, suddenly, irony in the living beauty of the peach-tree.

"It is a life of prayer and meditation," explained the young monk, "entered into by those who wish to acquire merit or do penance. There are three periods: the first is six months, the second three years and ninety days, and the last—life. They"—with a wave toward the stone slabs—"are very holy men."

Upon a suspicion I asked: "You . . . ?"

A nod.

"But . . . " Again words refused to form.

Something like a smile stirred deep in his somber eyes, as though he sensed my horror of immurement and was amused that one should react against this holy practice.

"I enter the first period in four days," he informed me, acquiescence, even anticipation in his tone. And he added proudly: "I am from the North. We Mongolian Buriats are descended from Arahans, and our duty toward Spirit transcends allegiance to mere Flesh."

A word, an inflexion, a glance, something; and flint struck tinder, the spark flashed.

"In Darjeeling!" I pronounced triumphantly, for the memory unrolled like a scroll.

He nodded, no surprise in his face.

"Yes . . . Darjeeling." A faint smile, a reminiscent smile. "That was before . . . before I solved the riddle," he said absently. Then the smile vanished. "The Abbot is ill, but I am permitted to entertain guests. You will have tea?" . . .

We sat on cushions in a great, dim room where the horrors of the Buddhist Sheol were frescoed upon the walls and camel-gray mountains were visible through the one window. Chan Tsering (for he had told me that was his name) poured the tea—a sickening gruel mixed with butter—while two acolytes, maroon-clad, served, their sandals click-clacking on the stone floor.

"I met you in the old Lama's house," I mused, looking over my shoulder so to speak, and across a mental vista, into a little room where skull-masks and prayer-wheels and other Lamaistic emblems filled dusty corners, and a door opened toward icy, mauve-flanked Kinchinjanga. "You remember? You were going to teach me Russian," I reminded, smiling. "Where did you go? I came back the next day."

He did not respond to my smile.

"We left unexpectedly that night, Taglat and I," he answered solemnly. "Taglat was the Swami who was with me. He said we were going to Ceylon and from there to Russia."

"But you didn't?"

He shook his head. "I unlocked a riddle." And after a moment he repeated "A riddle"—gazing abstractedly at a cardinal-red curtain from behind which came the rattle of prayer-wheels and a monotonous intonation.

"I can remember that I *felt* this riddle as a boy," he continued thoughtfully, "up there where the tall pines grow out of the snow, near Verkhni Udinsk; even in the monastery at Urga . . . A riddle about men."

"You will understand"—he spoke directly to me now—"that I was very young when the Abbot sent me to Troitse-Casavsk to learn Russian and English, yes, very young, indeed—but not too young to see the thing, to wonder. I used to sit in the window of the school and watch the Siberian soldiers pass, with sunlight, gray winter sunlight, licking like white tongues on their bayonets. There were others, too, pale men from cities whose names confused me; Chinese merchants from Mai-mai-ch'eng, and Khalkas and Chakkars from my own country; young and old. But the old did not interest me; no; I watched the young men;

watched them pass, watched them go—going where?—and felt . . . How shall I say?"

He made a queer little gesture. "Picture a turquoise," he said; "picture, in its very heart, a flaw. You have seen a blemish in one of those stones and wished it were not there, yes? Then you understand how I felt when I watched the young men pass in Troitze-Casavsk.

"Women passed, too. And there were some . . . some with lips blood-red and cheeks white with rice-powder . . . but none so lovely as the Golden One; none. And, too, the Abbot had warned me against them."

A shadow had settled in his eyes. Apparently he did not see me, but, instead, gazed beyond at a person invisible. It was this ghost that he addressed.

From behind the cardinal-red curtain came a fragment of prayer: "'Om mani padme hum!' O, Thou Flower in the Lotus, hail!"

The invocation seemed to recall Chan Tsering to the fact of my presence, and, as one suddenly aroused from sleep, he looked at me and smiled apologetically.

"I forgot. You will pardon? But, you understand, you cause me to remember—particularly, the Golden One . . ."

"The Golden One," I repeated. "A woman?"

Again retrospection clouded his eyes, overcasting them with melancholy wisdom.

"It is my dharma that I tell you of," he said softly, dreaming as he spoke; "the dharma of one who sought the Way of Knowledge. I spoke of the Arahans. . . . An Arahant is one who has reached the state of Nibbana or perfect coolness after the fever of the flesh. To attain this state one passes through the Nirayas or Periods of Woe. In my instance, the beginning of this upward journey—which, like all soul pilgrimages, goes downward first—was when I set out for the Holy City of Lhasa. I was nineteen, then, and it was my first long journey. As a boy, I had seen the great caravans go south toward Tsang and Kham, had dreamed of the day when I, too, would travel to the Dwelling Place of the Auspicious One. But my dreams could not approach the reality, the exquisite reality, of those desert nights. . . . Campfires and the smell of camels . . . cold white nights in the snows of Kokonor, in the icy mists that hang between mountains mighty as the Red God of Thunder . . . nights when the air was clear and caravans of stars marched with us. The memory is sweet as musk!"

"The day after we reached Lhasa, the Abbot took me into the Potala, that is, into the palace of His Holiness the Dalai Lama. Through a thousand halls we went, up a thousand stairs, and into the very audience hall of the Auspicious One. He said a mantra over tea and we drank. Then he told me that I had been sent to school in Troitze-Casavsk to prepare for the time when I would travel into the country of the Russians. That time had come. The British planned to send great armies into Tibet, to destroy its towns and its people, he said. However, the king of the Russians was friendly and had dispatched emissaries to Lhasa. Now he, the Auspicious One, would return the honor. Taglat and I, with another monk called Ghomang Lobsang, were going down into India to the Bodhi-druma at Gaya, and from there to Ceylon, and thence on a ship to some Russian port. . . . When the Auspicious One had concluded the audience, he pronounced the blessing of the Three Konchog, and we went back through the thousand halls and down the thousand stairs.

"A few days later we left Lhasa, Taglat, Ghomang Lob-

sang, and I; traveled across the Ammo Chu, past Chumbi; went down into the world. And there . . . there I met the Golden One."

In the following pause he sipped his tea; a perfunctory act. There were no sounds in the nearby cloister now; no sounds outside; a silken silence.

"In Darjeeling," he resumed, "I saw her for the first time. I was standing in the bazaar, staring at the white men who passed, when she came down the roadway, with the soft cling-clong of anklets and the dust rising in little golden clouds about her feet. Her eyes . . . her eyes were brown and soft as a night moth's wings, her skin pale yet dusky under the throat. And as she moved, the spangles on her head-scarf shivered like the stars on a winter night. She smiled—yes, at me—and passed. And I followed . . . to watch the sun light fires in her golden hair.

"She went to an inn where there were several other women, all dressed as she. Jugglers were there, too; and musicians; and a great crowd watching. A man was playing on a lute, another beating a drum. She danced. And as she danced, cobras rippled and swayed about her feet like black flames. And when they struck, when they hissed their hate-calls, she only laughed and danced the faster. And I stayed . . . stayed until she ceased, until I saw her coming toward me, smiling, for me to place a coin on her forehead. . . .

"The next night we went down from the mountains and to the Mahabodhi Temple in Buddh-Gaya, where the Sacred Bo-tree whispers of the wisdom that Prince Gautama learned under its branches. And—although I tried to think of the goddess Palden-Ihano instead—I thought always of the dancing-nautch of Darjeeling as she came toward me, smiling . . ."

"We traveled through many towns and at last came to the City of Seven Pagodas. A strange city . . . great waves beat like a drum on the beach, and most of the people are black, quite black against the white sand and blue sky." Suddenly he glanced at me. "You are thinking that in this new country I had forgot the riddle. But how could I? It was ever before me, in the white lords who passed, in the turbaned soldiers, and in the black and brown men. But I found the answer . . .

"I do not know how I came to the Street of Throbbing Drums," he announced, lowering his eyes. "Taglat and Ghomang Lobsang were not with me. It was a dim street, for only a few lamps burned, and at one end a lonely palm leaned upon a purple sky. In a house a drum was beating. As I passed, it seemed to beat upon my eyes and heart. I imagined I could hear a musical cling-clong, imagined I could see her coming toward me, smiling. . . . But did I say I passed? . . .

"A woman ran out and caught my arm. She was a nautch, dressed in silks crimson as a Manchu woman's mouth, and her lips, too, were red, but red with betel-stain. From her hair came the odor of jasmine, a sweetness that closed about me like a cloud of incense. But I drew away. I would have run had not another woman appeared from a house across the street. She spoke angrily to the nautch, she even struck her. And I saw her face, pale as a young moon in the night. . . . There is a cobweb over that scene. I remember that she led me into her house, and that I went—to watch the fires dance in her golden hair.

"She gave me something to drink, something cool and sweet like the chilled juice of berries. She seemed sur-

prised when I spoke Russian and asked many questions. Russia was her country, she said. But she was not like the Russian women I had seen. . . . Presently, as I sat there—ah, she was a pale gold poem in the lamplight!—I grew frightened, as I had that day in Darjeeling. I left. At the door her hand touched mine; yes, a thread of hair, too, fragrant as the branch of a sandalwood tree; and she told me not to come again to the Street of Throbbing Drums."

His voice tapered off into a whisper.

I remained silent for a moment, picturing the burnished beauty of that half-caste Magdalene whom chance had brought from Himalayan heights to the coast of Coromandel. . . . At length I stirred; sighed.

"But you did go back," I pronounced.

Chan Tsering looked at me then, and that illusive, melancholy smile slipped into his eyes.

"The next night Taglat, Ghomang Lobsang, and I prepared to leave for Ceylon to visit the shrines at Anaradhapura before sailing for Russia. After dusk we went out to a great ship in the harbor, ah, an immense ship! It would not leave until morning, Taglat said. After he and Ghomang Lobsang were asleep I lay there, in the midst of men who sweated and stank, thinking—thinking. I could hear the surf on the beach, throbbing like a drum. I listened, and my very heart seemed to beat with it. I saw her coming toward me, smiling. . . .

"And so . . . and so I stole out on deck. A sampan was beside the ship and I bade the boatman take me to the beach. There I hesitated, almost decided to go back. When I reached her house I found the door closed, but I opened it and went in . . ."

A russet undernote had crept into the sunlight; the mountains, dim with shadow, locked the valley in like a stronghold. I realized that I had overstayed my time. Yet I felt reluctant to stir, felt that I had a task to perform before leaving.

"But surely," I began desperately, "surely you won't let . . ."

But I didn't finish. For I saw in his face (a face strangely like that of St. John cast in bronze but for the slight obliquity of the eyes) the unshakable conviction of the East. . . .

"I could have returned to Lhasa," he declared, "and the Auspicious One, whom I disobeyed, might . . . Ah, only God can tell what might have happened! It was too uncertain. I could not go into Nirvana with a flaw. Here, in my cell, the days will be spent in prayer and penitence. And then . . ."

He closed his eyes; quoted:

"If thyself thou art muted as a gong that is broken, thou art come to Nibbana, the perfect stilling of the voice of self-assertion."

Then, suddenly, his eyelids lifted from dark, troubled eyes. "But in my sleep," he said, "when I dream, I still see them—the young men going down into the world; some grave, some laughing, some heedless but all seeking knowledge. . . ."

When I last saw him (we were riding over the hill toward Dongtse, and dusk lay thick on the world) he looked like a pigmy in a giant's cup of stone. Behind him, the Lamasery blended into the gray of the mountains. The very air of the valley seemed asleep.

Warning to a Blasé Lady

By HERBERT S. GORMAN

Delicately discompose
Your airy knowledge of the rose
And learn awhile with me
Of life's dubiety.

This sweet sophistication kills
The ardor of the daffodils
And feigns a doubtful trance
Midmost our summer's dance.

So much is seen that we may see
In icy perspicacity,
But past our clicking brains
Another world remains.

And there the rose is not the rose
But something that may discompose
Our wit; the daffodils
Are of a race that kills.

And nothing that you there may see
But has a tragic history,
And subtly seems to dance
To Time's deliverance.

So uneventful are our brains
Beside the secret that remains
Behind the idle rose
And all our knowledge knows!

In the Driftway

THE DRIFTER cannot resist finding a place for the following letter:

"MY DEAR DRIFTER:

"Do you remember the night we went to see Meggie Albanesi? I went to see her again last fall in 'The Lilies of the Field.' How charming, how brilliant, how sparkling she was! And now comes the news of her sudden tragic death at only twenty-four. At seventeen she left some academy of dramatic art—and walked right into the front of the London stage. Child of a talented mother—the novelist—her rare personality dominated a too-slight frame and the English public recognized her gifts even in the dark days at the end of the war. Never has anybody won the favor of the London audiences more quickly. There was a polish, a mastery of technique, an assurance, a skill, in addition to her sweet and fetching personal appearance, which confounded those who aver that it is only by a long course of training in stock that an actor can really be schooled into something worth while. The London critics could see no limits to her possibilities; Shakespearean roles, they were sure, were hers to be conquered as soon as ever she essayed them. Now they declare that there has gone a first-rate actress in a time almost barren of great dramatic figures—they have no one to compare with our Walter Hampden over there. And so the 'curtain has gone down at the end of the first act.'

"THE FIRST SCENE, I should say. Never shall I forget the charm with which she played a part which had it not been skilfully done must have made the 'Lilies of the Field' ridiculous. It was the story of a country girl who made a hit in London by going around in a crinoline as a Mid-Victorian until, in a sudden overwhelming desire to be true to herself and her suitor, she stripped off the crinoline and stood, a slim young thing in undergarments, carrying the audience with her by the convincing power of her outburst. Meggie Albanesi in crinoline! It inspired some one to verse which the Playbox Theater program roguishly attributed to the Rev. John Head (Meggie's stage father in the 'Lilies'), 'upon the occasion of his first sight of Miss Meggie Albanesi in a crinoline.' I take from it these lines:

"The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown.
It seems a silly thing to do. But that's what's written down,
And I have lately seen a sight which beats that marvel 'aisy'—
To whit: the flimsy crinoline of Meggie Albanesi.

"ENVOY

"Dear friends who read these cryptic lines, I am not really
crazy,
But devastated by the charms of Meggie Albanesi.

"THE MOURNER"

Correspondence

Germany Hungers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was invited by the Quakers' Relief Committee in Berlin to see some of their relief work done. Today I saw over 1,000 children get their Christmas dinner, which consisted of rice soup with meat and a loaf of bread. They were also given two yards of linen each. The children brought their own plates or little pails to eat from, and often they received second or third helpings to take home.

It is something horrible to see these starving children, twelve or thirteen years old, with bodies of normal children of eight or nine. It is evident that they have been suffering from starvation for a long time. I saw one child stumble and fall to the floor, too weak to carry her small pail of soup to the table. Mothers stood anxiously waiting by the door to take their children home with the bread and the linen and the remaining soup. I saw one mother look into her child's pail and when she saw it was empty one could read her thoughts at once. Another man and I induced the child to go back to get some more of the soup so that her mother would also have a little.

The mayor and others spoke with great gratitude for the people of the United States for feeding these children, and the children with their feeble bodies cheered and cheered. In their hearts will ever remain a warm spot for the people of the United States.

There are at present about 60,000 children being fed in Berlin by American Quakers—only a small percentage of those needing help. In one school, for instance, there are 700 children of whom only forty are being fed. At least half of the 700 children are underfed, but only in the very worst cases can assistance be given on account of lack of financial resources.

I do not know of a better way at present to help the starving children than for the people of the United States to support, financially and otherwise, the Quakers' Relief Committee, which is doing such good work with so little money.

Berlin, December 21

JOHN VAN NULAND

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Austrian League of Nations Union has taken the initiative of addressing an appeal especially to the Anglo-Saxon world in favor of the famine-stricken population of Germany.

We earnestly hope that the Anglo-Saxon world, without regard to their political feelings, will contribute to the success of our humanitarian work. We other Austrians know what the suffering of a whole people means, having suffered ourselves so much during the last years. But at the same time we are very grateful, especially to England and America, which kindly helped us during our darkest days. We therefore hope that Great Britain and America will help the German people in its terrible situation.

We should be very much obliged if you would kindly print this appeal in your great journal. Donations and checks may be sent by registered mail to our Vienna address, Vienna I, Elisabethstrasse 9, Austria.

Vienna, December 24

DR. JOSEF L. KUNZ,

For the Austrian League of Nations Union

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I want to thank the readers of *The Nation* who, after reading my article *Missing Most of Europe*, published October 3, sent generous contributions for the relief of impoverished students at the University of Munich. At the time I wrote the article I thought conditions in Munich could not possibly grow much worse; but I am finding now that I had no conception of just how much misery the human constitution can endure.

Last spring the *Ausländische Studentenhilfe* (Foreign Students Relief) could support a student on \$2 a month. When I wrote, the amount had risen to \$3. And now it is \$6—and still going up. With \$6 a month we can supply a student with one fairly adequate meal a day and a pound loaf of rye bread for home consumption: nothing very sumptuous, to be sure, but enough to keep him alive if he has no funds and can't find work. There are somewhere around 100,000 unemployed in Munich now, and a student hasn't much chance.

The *Hilfe* has undertaken to see a number of the most deserving and advanced students through their examinations; and despite the enormous rise in the dollar cost of living we feel we cannot repudiate this responsibility. Besides at least several thousand students eat their dinners at the *Verein-Studentenhaus* at reduced prices; and now, when it is most needed, we don't want to see this kitchen closed for lack of funds. To Americans this may sound like only another of the many appeals for help coming from Europe; but I am hoping to reach students or college graduates who will be especially interested to keep the German university student on his feet and enable him to aid in the reconstruction which, after all, must some time come. We can use also old clothes in good condition—shoes, suits, shirts, overcoats, hats, etc. Address all contributions and packages to the *Ausländische Studentenhilfe*, Universität von München, München, Germany.

Munich, December 1

HARBOR ALLEN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I ask for a little space to call the attention of *Nation* readers to the starving condition of many well-known German musicians? Dr. Wölbing, in association with Herr Georg Heinrich, proprietor of the *Steingraber Verlag* and publisher of the *Zeitschrift für Musik*, has tried to collect moneys to assist German musicians. So far, however, their efforts have been unsuccessful in relieving the wide-spread distress.

It is not an exaggeration to say that scores of elderly artists whose names are known the world over are actually in a starving condition. Piece by piece, they have sold their household goods. Many of Germany's best public artists and composers now find themselves playing in motion-picture theaters, for the people find concert tickets too expensive a luxury to be indulged in at the present time. The majority of German musicians have, indeed, no profession any longer; they cannot travel to foreign countries; they are compelled to beg or to starve. Those who have been able to obtain some other kind of employment are very few. A musician makes a poor laborer in a country where unemployment is growing ever larger.

Thousands of American students have received their musical training at the hands of the very men and women who today are destitute and economically helpless. I know it is hard to conceive of an entire nation facing the slow torture of malnutrition and starvation, but that is the situation in Germany.

Will the readers of *The Nation* come to the assistance of Germany's musicians and composers? A month from now may be too late!

Contributions should be sent (either in the form of personal or bank checks) to Dr. Wölbing, care Verlag Steingraber, Berlin, W. 15; Uhland Str. 48, Germany.

Salzburg, Austria, December 7 JEROME LACHENBRUCH

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You were so kind as to open the columns of *The Nation* for October 3 to a letter of mine appealing for books, etc., on culture in the United States. It has been answered in a most wonderful way by many American people from Hawaii to New York. The number of parcels I received has grown so large that I am not able to thank each one of the generous donors personally.

We university professors in Germany have to be thankful that we receive at least the necessities of life so that we are able to pursue our aim of raising the young generation to the spirit of self-sacrifice for a rebirth of our country. But we are not able to buy any foreign books and periodicals or even too many stamps for letters outward bound.

So I am very thankful to *The Nation* for giving publicity both to my appeal for this literary material which had been lacking and to my thanks for its impressive fulfilment. The readers of *The Nation* have shown to me and my students that they at least in America are aware of the most precious thing that is at issue now in Germany: the faint belief in the common altruistic aims of this quarrelsome family of mankind.

Königsberg, East Prussia, November 21 GUSTAV HÜBENER

One Little Boy

By Hugh de Selincourt
HAVELOCK ELLIS:

"I have long regarded Hugh de Selincourt as one of the most interesting and original of our novelists. *One Little Boy* . . . is among the happiest examples of his art."

J. D. BERESFORD:

"What I so greatly admire in *One Little Boy* is Mr. de Selincourt's passionate and single desire to tell what he believes to be the absolute truth. No novelist has yet told the real truth about certain aspects of a boy's life as de Selincourt does here, honestly, I may say scientifically, and yet with such an intense feeling for beauty."

MARGARET SANGER

in N. Y. Tribune:

"*One Little Boy* is interwoven with irony and satire. But there is no stridency, no anger, in the pen of Hugh de Selincourt. Like his master, Havelock Ellis, there is only gentleness, tenderness, understanding. This curious blend of qualities makes possible in even greater daring in frankness of expression than the ordinary, since the author unites unusual power of expression with a fine delicacy of perception. He is never offensive or shocking. When we finish reading *One Little Boy* we realize as never before that the sins of the fathers that are visited upon the children are too often psychic sins—the sins of pruriency, hypocrisy, suppression and inhibition, diseases which may be more devastating to the younger generation than actual physical ailments. Unless we are honest, straightforward, and frank ourselves, we cannot expect our children to be healthy."

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BOOK ADVERTISING IN CHICAGO NEWS-PAPERS FOR THE YEAR 1923

	Comparison Agate Lines	Agate Lines
The Chicago Daily News.....	176,859	176,859
The Daily Tribune	127,429	127,429
The Post	100,532	
The Daily Herald-Examiner....	15,673	
The American	5,589	
The Journal	1,441	
Sunday Papers		
The Sunday Herald-Examiner .	27,381	
The Sunday Tribune	9,303	
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Enterprising publishers who back up the enterprising book dealers of Chicago with the most effective advertising do it in

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Books

Greek Fundamentalism

Hippocrates and His Successors in Relation to the Philosophy of Their Time. By R. O. Moon, M.D., F.R.C.P. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

THIS little book describes briefly the physiological and pathological theories, most of them quite erroneous, which lay under the therapeutics of Hippocrates, and then goes on to deal with the ideas of his followers. Among these followers there were, roughly speaking, four schools, the Dogmatists, the Empirics, the Methodists, and the Pneumatists, and Dr. Moon attempts to relate them to the four schools of philosophy of that time, the Stoic, the Epicurean, the Skeptic, and the Eclectic. The relationship, it seems to me, was often very remote, and seldom very important. Whatever their differences over metaphysics, all these post-Hippocratic Munyons had at least one essential thing in common, and that was their common ignorance. Their ideas, as set forth by Dr. Moon, are almost unanimously nonsensical. One generation after the death of Hippocrates the new art of medicine, lifted out of absurdity by his genius and made dignified and honorable, had already returned to the scientific and ethical level of politics, labor leading, and fortune-telling. And there it remained for two thousand years.

Against Hippocrates himself I am surely not one to raise a clamor at this late date. He was the first physician to keep accurate histories of his cases and to publish them without editing them. He suspected all drugs, and believed in water, fresh air, and a simple diet. He wrote very sagaciously upon fractures. He gave his name to the professional oath which, even to this day, forbids fashionable New York doctors to charge a patient more for "curing" a cold in the head than his total annual income. He described malaria, epilepsy, and anthrax, and improved the art of bandaging. But even Hippocrates, compared to a first-year medical student of today, was a dreadful ignoramus, and the tragedy is that, for century after century, the fame of his genius served only to perpetuate his worst errors. Down almost to our own time his influence was so vast that it was scarcely challenged—and that influence was heavily against free inquiry, experiment, the establishment of exact facts. He created an art of medicine without creating an underlying science, and the art without the science was as useless as an army of brave men without guns. The nineteenth century had come before the human race began to unsaddle itself of his childish theory of innate heat, his still worse theory of the four humors, and his surgical doctrine that what is not curable by iron is curable by fire.

As for his followers, their influence was ten times worse, for they left no good to offset their evil. To this day many of their nonsensical notions survive in folklore and contribute to the prosperity of osteopaths, chiropractors, and other such quacks. Yet all of these men lived and flourished in the Golden Age of Attica, and many of them were the contemporaries and friends of Plato and Aristotle. What moral is to be drawn from this circumstance? The moral, I believe, that the modern world, succumbing to sentimental nostalgia, has permitted itself to overestimate colossally its intellectual debt to Greece. Why is the debit side of the ledger so persistently overlooked? We think of the Parthenon—and forget the endless puerilities of Greek philosophy, a curse to the world down to the time of the Renaissance. We remember Greek ceramics—and forget Greek politics, still surviving among us in gaseous, abominable forms. We cherish the name of Sophocles—and forget that the Greeks invented the actor. We recall Praxiteles with a sob—and forget that the therapeutics of such salient Greeks as Dexippos of Cos, Menodotus, Asclepiades, and Thessalus of Tralles, between the years 300 B.C. and 1800 A.D., probably caused a billion deaths and filled Europe with cripples and incurable invalids.

Habits of mind, particularly if inherited, are hard to break. Dr. Moon is an intelligent man and a very learned one, and so he must be well aware, if only unconsciously, that nine-tenths of the Greek physicians he discusses were of little more skill or sense than so many itinerant quacks. Their observations of anatomy and physiology would disgrace a schoolboy of today; their surgery was barbarous and idiotic; their medical treatment, nine times out of ten, was entirely illogical and ineffective; compared to them a country horse-doctor of the present takes on the majestic stature of a Karl Ludwig or a Virchow. Yet Dr. Moon discusses them with perfect gravity, and endeavors solemnly to relate their silly dogmas and guesses to systems of "philosophy" that, realistically considered, are even worse. I denounce this Hellenic fundamentalism and pass on. It is more dignified than that other fundamentalism which now engages the newspapers, but by the same token it is more hollow.

H. L. MENCKEN.

Theseus Balks

Labyrinth. By Helen R. Hull. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

IT is much to be able to say, as one can of this book, that it is intelligent and records many delicate perceptions of personality and mood, even when one must add that it is probably intended chiefly as a thesis, since it does not too seriously concern itself with the difficulties of craftsmanship, of constructing those simple-seeming but infinitely ingenious nets which Turgenyev, Balzac, Flaubert, James, and other great novelists spread for their prey.

The argument assumes that a job outside the home constitutes self-expression, and without touching upon the inadequacy to that end of most jobs available in our industrial order, or the fact that self-expression is too often crammed into the leisure hours after work, whether that work is done in or outside the home, by men or women, regretfully records the failure of a woman with a husband and three little children to hold one down. Miss Hull is evidently almost overwhelmed by the difficulties and objections though she shows them to be arguable, and though she fully savors the humor involved in its being considered quite the thing for a woman to leave her children in the evening when her husband wants her to go out with him, but criminally negligent for her to leave them in the daytime to do some valuable work. And eventually she lets this particular woman be defeated and driven back to the approved domestic drudgery because the objections to her working career are held to be valid by the people with whom she lives. In the words of the introductory fable, Ariadne would not have been able to slay the monster without the help of Theseus, and the modern Theseus won't help. Or as Catherine's staunch feminist friend sums it up, "Women can't alone. Not without men helping them. Being willing to help them," a conclusion which one doubts on the lips of any feminist, since it is so at variance with the facts in woman's long struggle to win for herself the right to a personal life other than that she lives through her husband and children.

It is a serious defect in the book that it generalizes from individual and limited grounds. Charles may still be the typical man, but if so it ought to be possible for women to laugh him out of existence in the next half-dozen years, for Miss Hull shows him childish, petulant, a philanderer who wants a wife always at hand so that he can creep back to her to be mothered whenever his clandestine affairs strike rough going. In short, woman must give up trying to stand alone not because she is unable to do so, but because man needs her for a crutch.

There are other exaggerations. Children are more open to reason than the exigencies of this argument permit us to believe, and quite susceptible to pride in their mothers' outside achievements. It is difficult also to believe that all of Catherine's \$250 a month salary need have been absorbed by her domestic substitutes, since the same brains which made her a

successful investigator might have been supposed to enable her to run her house successfully by proxy.

The book reinforces the belief that the whole matter is a problem chiefly because we have struggled with it as such. Let once the generalization be accepted that it is fitting and desirable for a woman as for a man to have substantial activities outside her home, and the problem vanishes. That is not to say that life immediately becomes a charted, easy affair, only that it is not necessarily more complicated by a mother with a job than by a mother without one. Possibly less so, if we are to believe the educators who tell us that one of a child's greatest handicaps is a too devoted mother. For if a woman is to find her only self-expression through the personalities of others, it follows that she may commit the unpardonable sin of remolding those personalities to make them express her.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Nature and Nurture

Anthropology. By A. L. Kroeber. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

MAN, to the anthropologists, is a being whose distinguishing trait is that he has everywhere and always built up around himself an environment of traditional ideas, material adjustments and institutions, which transcends the individual as it transcends the physical processes in which it is ultimately rooted. This environment, or "culture," we are peculiarly ignorant about. We tend to explain its manifestations in terms of individual psychology, or of misapplied biology. Habitually we do not take into account at all the existence of cultures different from our own. Even in realms where provincialism would not be tolerated if it reached the light of day, we nevertheless are content to limit history to the story of our own antecedents around the Mediterranean basin, and to accept in sociology "laws" that are obviously applicable only to our own moment of white civilization.

Mr. Kroeber's book is a most stimulating presentation of the knowledge and lack of knowledge at the present time concerning these processes of cultural growth and diffusion. It is full of matter, but a book nevertheless so easily and intelligently presented, pervaded by so individual and wise an insight, expressed in so rare a surety of phrase that it stands high among those books to which the intelligent non-professional reader may go to discover the results of modern research.

The fundamental question, as Mr. Kroeber conceives it, to which the labors of anthropology are directed, is in how far the forces at work in civilization are cultural, and in how far organic or due to heredity; what is due to nurture, in the rhyming phrase, and what to nature. It is first of all necessary to be able to recognize those elements that are received from tradition, those which are ours because we have been brought up in a particular group or country. Only then can we presume to discuss that residue which is due to heredity and to the psychology of the individual.

Thus, in his discussion of race problems, he is fundamentally concerned with stripping off the cultural factors that have entered into the history of the great divisions of mankind, leaving in the end, as the total remainder of all the noise and shouting, nothing more than a problem of qualitative differences as yet unproved. He considers it as in the highest degree probable that congenital differences can ultimately be shown to exist in the mental as well as in the physical make-up of races, but no approach to the problem has yet been made the results of which may not be explained as due to facts of culture.

Culture plays a prominent part in what so often passes loosely as the biological problem of race, and Mr. Kroeber shows that it plays an equally important role in matters that are just as likely to be explained in terms of individual psychology. The seven-day week is not an instinctive need of mankind, nor even the logical consequence of man's early observations of

the passing of the sun and moon around the earth, but an arbitrary invention of one time and place, spread in several thousand years over the face of the globe. So also the arch and the alphabet; among all except one of the innumerable peoples who make use of them, that use is explained by the fact of diffusion or borrowing, and the problem involved is one of the social acceptance of a cultural trait.

The book, however, is not consistently focused upon the author's stated goal of the interpretation of the relations between the social and the organic forces in civilization. A considerable proportion is a topical presentation of the traditional main concerns of anthropology; of prehistory, especially, which he has expanded in the last chapters beyond the usual facts of paleolithic man to a rather cursory review of the prehistory of the world. In this Mr. Kroeber follows accurately the history of anthropological preoccupations, but it follows that the promise implied in his definition of the problems of anthropology is relegated for a considerable portion of the book to the role of the incidental and the illustrative. His discussion of aboriginal American culture, especially, where his knowledge is most rich and intimate, is organized toward the task of establishing time sequences and stages. The section on native California religion, which he uses as illustrative of the reconstruction of undocumented history, attempts very little more than a crude equation of space to time—the geographically widely distributed to the ancient, the locally distributed to the modern. Some such equation is of course one of the indispensable tools of such reconstruction, but it is capable of taking a finer edge.

The double approach of which Mr. Kroeber has made use, now from the angle of culture, now from that of time-sequences, makes possible the inclusion of a larger amount of anthropological fact than would have been possible otherwise. He has written the first book to make available both the raw material and the fundamental point of view of modern American anthropology, and he has done it with a felicity of phrase, a sanity, an individuality of outlook that leave us greatly in his debt.

RUTH BENEDICT

"Sport with Human Follies, Not with Crimes"

The Outline of Everything. By Hector B. Toogood. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind. By Donald Ogden Stewart. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

The Collector's Whatnot. Compiled by Cornelius Obenchain Van Loo, Milton Kilgallen, and Murgatroyd Elphinstone. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

WE have been told on high authority that "the remedy for democracy is more democracy." It needs no Byzantine logothete to press the analogy and to coin such unimpeachable adages as that "the remedy for misinformation is more misinformation" and "the remedy for ignorance is more ignorance." Acting apparently upon this principle a successful English dramatist and a reputable Royal Academician have been standing sponsors for certain "Outlines" of the world's art and literature from which it is expected that the demos will derive a thin smattering of culturine. I had thought to review these much-advertised "Outlines," but I have been convinced that such talents as I possess as a reviewer are of a serious and sober cast, and the volumes in question can be properly reviewed only by a Master of Burlesque. Perforce I must restrict my comments upon contemporary letters and arts to a few works of serious import, such as the three volumes under consideration. To be sure, the inattentive reader may be deceived into classifying these volumes as burlesques. In reality they are propaganda in favor of good, old-fashioned, much-neglected common sense; and they are cordially to be recommended to subscribers to advanced periodicals, devotees of civic forums, members of

women's clubs, patrons of little theaters, visitors to one-man exhibitions, haunters of cozy bookshops, frequenters of odd antique shops, girls with abbreviated heels and hair, men with artistic neckties, and other odd ingredients which boil and simmer on the surface of the American melting-pot.

The learned Doctor Toogood, with the cooperation of Sir J. Arthur Wellswater, Mr. Hugh Jawpole, and other distinguished specialists, has managed to compress an epitome of everything within the compass of a modest volume by means of an ingenious classification of all knowledge into -ologies, -ographies, -osophies, -isms, -onomies, and so forth. Like Bacon, and with similar success, he has taken all knowledge as his province and into this ample domain he introduces the willing reader. His method is that of the elimination of the non-essential. A thorough knowledge of the wombat is an open sesame to the insignificant remaining details of biology. What more need the average cultured reader know of Dante than that he "wrote the 'Divine Comedy,' but it is no joke to read it"? A Day in the Life of an Amoeba makes clear the mystery of evolution. The humble asterisk serves as a satisfactory diagram of the appearance of the planets. A distinguished authority contributes, for a stupendous emolument, a special article on Me and the Great War. I have mentioned but a few features of this invaluable compilation. True, the editors may not have succeeded in their high-hearted undertaking. Some readers may close this book without knowing everything; but upon their hitherto purblind faculties will have dawned some appreciation of that neglected and misprized but, by some of us, ardently desiderated quality, the aforesaid common sense.

I have sometimes wondered what sort of precipitate remains upon the infantile intelligences that have been held for a time suspended in the solutions concocted by Mr. Van Loon. Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart has tackled that problem in his satirical outline of progress, which is the second volume on my list. The wealthy Aunt Polly undertakes to "do something for" the three children of her less fortunate sister; and in a series of instructive afternoons tells them the story of mankind from the amoeba, through the cave man, the Egyptian, the Greek, Roman, and Crusader, to that apex of modernity upon which her husband, bulwarked between bank and church, is comfortably and complacently perched. The edifying narrative suffers certain changes as it passes through the alembic of the children's imagination; and it emerges in their games and squabbles, studies, chatter, and other activities as something rich and strange. Inconvenient questions are propounded; problems in childish casuistry are mooted that shock Aunt Polly; her effort to organize an army of Christian scouts, under the banner of the cross, breaks up in a free-for-all fight. Mr. Stewart has seen very far into the minds of children; nor are his portraits of adult characters less admirable. The millionaire banker; his spoiled, priggish, cry-baby of a son; his skeptical young nephew and nieces; the captain in the American Legion who drills the scouts; the successful clergyman—such a good sport, so liberal, so clever—who is honorary chaplain: these and other figures are deftly drawn. And the background of plushy elegance, limousines, and country clubs is thoroughly in keeping.

These two books may do some good. Alas! I fear that the mission upon which the authors of "The Collector's Whatnot" have set out is a hopeless one. The fads and follies of the collector are past hope and past cure. His eagerness, his greed, his willingness to descend to trickery, his pretended expertise, his credulity, his gullibility, his self-styled superior taste, his pose of aestheticism—all are beyond the reach of the sword of common sense and the silvery arrows of the Comic Spirit. He wears the enchanted armor of the elect. His good breeding conceals his scorn; and he turns away to his bibelots and *petiteries*, his dingy antimacassars and rickety whatnots, confident in the possession of "that personal taste that is distinctive" and murmuring in well-modulated tones: "They do not know; they cannot understand."

SAMUEL C. CHEW

The Old and the New

Jealousy, Enemies, The Law of the Savage. By Mikhail Petrovich Artzybasheff. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

A Week. By Iury Libedinsky. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50.

TO feel the force of Mr. Ransome's statement, in his introduction to "A Week," that here is something new out of Russia, read Artzybasheff's three plays on marriage. For here is something old enough to make almost anything seem new: old situations—marital quarrels, assignations, discoveries, deceptions, crimes of passion; old familiar characters reminiscent of his pre-revolutionary books—the student with tuberculosis, the pessimistic old doctor, journalists, officers, idle and aimless women; hoary old generalizations about men and women, particularly women, which boil down to some biological truism like "men are men" and "women are women."

It is apparently for the sake of the generalizations about sex and marriage that the plays were written. It isn't enough that the characters should express them, appropriately enough, out of their own emotional exasperations. The author has set them all forth in the preface, with the result that we begin to read the plays with a predisposition to argue, not to feel. Here are a few: woman isn't the same sort of human being as man (though she is a human being, it is conceded); they inhabit entirely different worlds; sexual desire builds a narrow bridge across the chasm; no matter how much husband and wife may love each other, they will, remarkably enough, always remain man and woman; a happy marriage is impossible, for man and woman are separated by an abyss of mutual misunderstanding; it would be possible only if the two sexes became absolutely alike in their modes of life, their physical and spiritual characteristics, and their reactions toward other people; "otherwise marriage becomes but a series of compromises and mutual concessions, which invariably infringe on the most precious right of a human being—personal liberty."

Is any human relationship free from compromise and concession? And how extraordinarily dull if any two people became identical! One incidental phrase is more significant than all the generalizations: "just as it is indecent and terrible that the spiritual life of man should be so closely linked with his animal needs . . ."—hatred and fear of the body. No psychoanalyst would pass by that admission without scenting a complex.

Most of the situations in the plays arise out of the assumption expressed by the author and his characters both, that men want only one thing from women—instead of the thousands of things they actually do want; and that the only problem of marriage is sexual fidelity. Only in "Enemies" is there any recognition of other factors. An elderly professor and his wife play a variation on the theme dear to Strindberg and Hauptmann, that the creative genius of the man is often frustrated by marriage. "Geniuses are unhappy married"—"And so are their wives," retorted Mr. Dooley.

The professor is far more interesting than the cynic and sensualist who betrays his friends and seduces his wife's sister and finally murders the man to whom his wife had gone to take revenge in kind on her husband ("Law of the Savage"); or the Othello who goes nearly insane because he can't tell whether his wife is lying or not—it was fairly obvious she was—and strangles her ("Jealousy"). After these performances it is an immense relief to turn to "A Week," where people kill one another for other reasons than sex and where the author is not trying to prove anything. It is this last virtue—the absence of propaganda either revolutionary or counter-revolutionary—that Mr. Ransome, surveying the field of recent Russian literature, finds encouraging.

The young author takes a minor incident of the hostility in the provinces between town and country, communists and peasants, and handles his carefully selected group of Whites and Reds as if they were all simple human beings. Fresh and sincere as his treatment is, he doesn't really break with the old

tradition. One is reminded of Chekhov, Dostoevski, Tolstoi. Of Chekhov, for instance, in the picture of the little town, which hides a timorous dislike of all change and stir; "the life of the people who live in these crowded houses is like a gray September day, when a drizzle of rain sounds monotonously on the window, and through the panes, lined with the running drops, you can see a gray railing and a red calf wandering in the mud." And there is a scene in the snowy forest, when five naked White Guards are executed, which thrills like similar scenes in "The Possessed" and "The Seven Who Were Hanged." To the young Communist who took part in the horror, life suddenly became meaningless, as it did to Tolstoi's Pierre, when he watched men executed. It was a frozen nightmare and afterwards, "it is just as if the blood of those naked White Guards had splashed my soul. They stick in my memory, undressing in the light of the moon, their trembling naked bodies, the rattle of the shots, and their groans." This is powerful, but not new. The book is not so much the literary pioneering that Mr. Ransome calls it as literary salvage.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

A Fairy Romance

Billy Barnicoat; a Fairy Romance for Young and Old. By Greville MacDonald. Illustrated by Francis D. Bedford. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

GREVILLE MACDONALD, son of George MacDonald, is a magician in his own right. Heir to "At the Back of the North Wind," "The Princess and the Goblin," and "The Princess and Curdie," he adds to his inheritance a fresh creation of character and incident. He conjures with moonshine and sunshine. His fancy, now wild and whimsical, now beautiful and tender, plays with true flesh and blood and with shadowy creatures of a wonder-world. A mermaid, the white-maned horses of the sea, the witch's cat Kreepiclaw, Billy's own Caroline with her sensible cat's talk are all convincing—"as real as pilchards." Mr. MacDonald's way of combining humor with realism and fancy is straightforward and charming. As far as I know nothing like this book has happened before. A child discovers here for us a world of human experience.

The story is localized in Cornwall, where Jack-the-Giant-Killer was born—a region unique for wild scenery and simple legend and a most suitable setting for a fairy romance. Greville MacDonald knows Cornwall intimately and finds there the real human personalities necessary for his purpose. He has taken as his thesis a Spanish proverb, "'Tis Love makes all ranks equal," and proves it by bringing a high-born "Papisher" soul into contact with primitive Methodist fisher people.

The baby boy cast ashore with other treasure from the wreck of the "Maria Santissima" was rescued by Rachel Hornisyde, wife of the fisherman Jacob Hornisyde, and taken to live with them in Primrose Cottage. They gave him the name Billy Barnicoat. As the boy grew older he got his bearings in the Cornish environment, which, strangely enough, suited his Spanish temperament admirably. His adventurous spirit was rough at times and ready for the buffeting of the storms that rage along the rocky coast. We feel the close bond between the wind's will and the boy's will. Billy often heard Aunt Rachel's neighbors say: "He come on the wave an' he'll go on the wind," so he took it for granted that sometime he would be off on the wings of the wind and was ready when the time came.

Sometimes his mischief brought him into conflict with the elemental human nature of Jacob Hornisyde, a strong man who had "found religion." That often meant a "lerruping" for Billy—all for the good of his soul. But the triumph at the end of the book is Billy's when he succeeds in changing his Wrongs into Rights because he has conquered his own soul. Then Billy, a small boy, and Jacob, a veritable giant in his sea boots, meet as man to man on the common ground of their nobility. Their rank is equal.

Greville MacDonald understands the poetry and the whimsy in a boy's nature. He plays in Cornwall like a boy himself. Among the rocks dreaded by sailors but prized by wreckers—and by authors whose trade is romance and adventure—he finds a smugglers' cave, a shipwreck, and a Piskie Town buried in the sand. His aunt Merrymaid has flopped into the story straight from ballads centuries old, sung by lusty sailors and fishermen of the coast.

We see and feel far Cornwall in Francis Bedford's pictures, which interpret the lore of Cornishmen and the author's fancy gloriously.

Children eight years old (Billy's age when he began "plotting") are ready for their own adventures. Some like one kind and some another. The important thing is to give all children their chance to enjoy such a book as "Billy Barnicoat," which is as simple as its title and as profound as life itself.

HARRIET SABRA WRIGHT

Books in Brief

Illini Poetry, 1918-1923. Edited by Bruce Weirick. Covici-McGee Company. \$2.

Collected Verse by The Poetry Club of the University of Chicago. With an Introduction by Robert Morss Lovett. Covici-McGee Company. \$2.

These two anthologies from the leading universities of that State which has produced Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay, and Carl Sandburg are an indication among other things that poetry still flourishes in the Middle West, and flourishes widely there. Much of this verse is merely on the level of American college verse generally, and that at present is high; but the best of it is remarkably vigorous and original. T. P. Bourland and Lois Seyster Montross at the University of Illinois easily stand first in both collections, but Janet Loxley Lewis, Jessica Nelson North, and Elizabeth Madox Roberts at the University of Chicago are represented by pieces of genuine and native distinction.

Aspects of Jewish Life and Thought. Letters of Benammi. Bernard G. Richards Company. \$2.50.

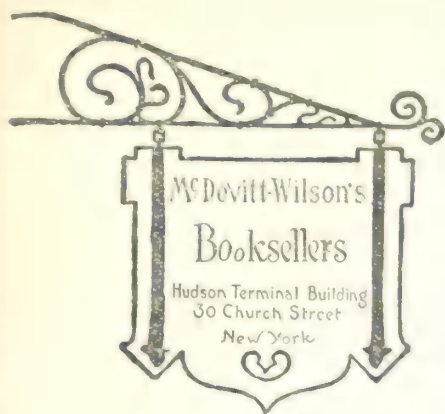
There is very little of Jewish life or Jewish thought in the writings of Mr. Benammi. This is Judaism of the canned variety served on a platter of very primitive design. The Jews are supposed to be pure angels doing nothing but musing over the glory and super-humaneness of their religious inheritance. All who know Jews to be simply human and Judaism as a religion and a church, will read this book (if they ever do) with a feeling of pity for the author's naivete.

The Tapestry of Life. By Raymond Blathwayt. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

This is Mr. Blathwayt's intellectual biography. He is a firm environmentalist, and has omitted no influence, however trivial its outward seeming, which might help to make him a more accountable figure. Mr. Blathwayt is an Englishman, a traveler, actor, raconteur, interlocutor of great men, and a writer. He is pedantically allusive as only an educated Briton can be, and as colloquial as familiar habitation in Hollywood, California, can make him. So his style is, by turn, starched and limp, making the way hard, too often, for both narrative and reader.

The Eighth Wonder, and Other Stories. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

These stories are compact and authentic; they have ideas and humor. Some are in the vein of "If Winter Comes," although one or two reveal a greater spiritual depth. Mr. Hutchinson might have expanded them into the dimensions of novels, but as they stand, they are well-considered and adroitly constructed narratives carrying no excess baggage.



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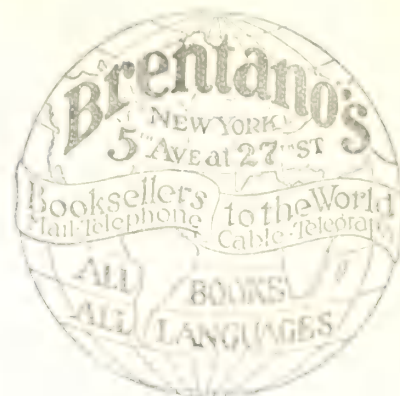
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Drama

"The Miracle"

THE DRAMA can pierce to one's soul through many mediums. The simplest words of a brief play on bare boards can seem to say all there is to say about existence; so much converges in a single character that his whisper or his cry brings all the universe singing against the breast like an arrow. Yet exactly the same poignancy may be achieved by opposite means, and it has been so achieved by Max Reinhardt at the Century Theater. "The Miracle" is not merely vast and bold, as any good spectacle must be; it is what the few great spectacles on record are—it is subtle. The wealth of Morris Gest, the genius in design of Norman-Bel Geddes, and the art of the incomparable German have combined to create a picture of life which in the very quality of its completeness strikes intensely upon the mind.

The audience sits almost disregarded in the nave of a medieval cathedral whose solid columns soar out of sight in a dusk only accentuated by hanging lamps. Great windows of stained glass glow softly overhead and behind the reredos, and from some undiscoverable place an organ fills the church—it is never a theater—with appropriate sound. For half an hour the candles at the feet of the Virgin burn white and silent in their solitude; then two processions of nuns rustle along the cloister walks that flank the audience and swarm before the altar, preparing for the ceremony to come. A tall abbess instructs the young Sister Megildis in her new duties as Sacristan, and the tone of her authority is echoed by the jangling of bells far aloft in the darkness.

Now the main procession floods the aisles, and it is this, more than anything else in "The Miracle," that overwhelms. The reason is not so much that hundreds of people participate,

or that they are costumed to the point of perfect convincingness, as that they represent an old and important world come back to life. These Crusaders with their sloping shoulders, these awed villagers, these creeping nuns, these knights in cumbersome armor, these little girls in meek dresses, with small daisies in their hair—all these long-dead people are marching toward the Virgin, and they are gazing at her with simple and equal and adoring eyes. After seven centuries their desire is real again; together they approach the thing through wanting which they have forgotten that they exist; and the spectator's sudden sense of containing so much life within his separate soul is likely at this point to be too much for him.

The spectacle is never again so powerful. There follows the long story of Megildis—the story already familiar to many through Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice" and John Davidson's "Ballad of a Nun." Her seven years away from the church in the service of Life the Piper are necessarily rapid and confused; and Reinhardt is certainly right in making them prevailingly grotesque, with their Robber Counts, their Princes, their Emperors, their battles and feasts and mobs. But unity of course is missing; the spectacle becomes a spectacle, and the audience is at liberty to admire its magnificent variety. Only at the end does it draw back into itself, with the return of Megildis to the cathedral where the Virgin has taken her place, and where she discovers that her experiences elevate her almost to sainthood.

Lady Diana Manners as the Virgin is at all times profoundly touching. Her slow, pale movements and her inviolable gravity make the adoration of the crowd a credible thing. The crowd in every case is adequate to its situation. Rosamond Pinchot plays Megildis impetuously and beautifully, though now and then with a slight stiffness, perhaps because of her inexperience. Mariska Aldrich as the Abbess is memorably stern. Rudolph Schildkraut is at once blunt and fine in the person of the insane Emperor. And over all these the ever-present Piper, Werner Krauss, performs a particularly difficult role with supreme skill.

MARK VAN DOREN

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International Relations Section

Italian Labor on the Rocks

By PAUL BLANSHARD

BEHIND a large flat desk in an office in Rome sits Edmond Rossoni, former leader of the I.W.W. in New York, now head of the Fascist unions of Italy. He is rotund and affable. "Yes," he says, "I know Mr. Gompers very well. You know we stand for the same thing as the American Federation of Labor—a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. It is a great mistake to assume that Mussolini is an enemy of labor; he is only opposed to international labor, not to labor that supports the nation. . . ."

"Yes, the government gives us protection. We have nearly two million members now. We will start a daily newspaper soon. Mussolini has given us permission. . . ."

Rossoni is like a figure in a picture puzzle. The whole Italian labor movement is in the puzzle and it is a puzzle without a key. There are no precedents to go by in analyzing the present situation. Fascism, which is itself a most complex movement, has been superimposed upon one of the most complex labor movements in Europe. The result can be compared to a camera film that has been twice exposed.

Three years ago Italy appeared to be following Russia. The seizure of the factories by workers led to wild prophecies by gullible journalists. The economic life of Italy was disorganized by constant strikes. In the spring of 1921 when the Confederation of Labor held its first national congress after the war the labor line-up was roughly as follows: The Confederation of Labor, which was definitely socialist, had about 2,000,000 members, not counting the independent federation of sailors and the Catholic unions, which had considerable strength in the Northern textile mills. The unions showed a marvelous and rapid growth. They trebled their strength in the years immediately after the war. Unlike the unions in England and America they had actually lost membership during the war. Along with the sudden growth of the unions there was a sudden and substantial growth of the Socialist Party, which at that time was the leading party in Italy with 156 members in Parliament. There was a feeling of expectancy in the air; it was taken for granted that capitalism in Italy was passing through its final stage. The Confederation of Labor voted down the Communists by 3 to 1, but the vote did not express opposition to revolution. It expressed a desire for an Italian revolution with no Moscow yardstick.

Then came Fascism. The Fascisti smashed the unions, they smashed the cooperatives, they smashed the Socialist Party. In the name of national safety they killed and castor-oiled and battered some of the best men in the Italian labor movement. They confiscated property ruthlessly and destroyed every independent daily newspaper in Italy. Far from being the motion-picture heroes described by the *Saturday Evening Post*, they often attacked the weakest places in the Italian labor movement, leaving alone the most dangerous revolutionary centers. Nominally, they were out to save Italy from communism, actually they spent their time putting labor in its place. They were successful in their campaign partly because of their own strength and partly because of the lack of capable leadership in the labor movement.

It is over a year now since Mussolini assumed dictatorship in Italy after the march on Rome. The year has been one of rapid and necessary readjustment for all those forces opposed to Fascism. In the industrial field the labor army is divided into three sections, the Confederation of Labor (Confederazione Generale del Lavoro), the Fascisti Federation (Confederazione delle Corporazioni Sindacali Fasciste), and the Catholic Federation (Confederazione Generale dei Lavoratori Italiani).

The Confederation of Labor, although reduced to about

400,000 members, still remains the most representative body of Italian workers in the industrial field. Even in normal times the figures of dues-paying membership among Italian workers are not of great significance. Italians are not noted dues-payers either in the United States or at home. The Confederation of Labor with some 400,000 members probably represents several million workers who are more or less loyal to its ideals, but who could not be officially connected at the present time without danger of battered heads. The confederation is not merely a convention of labor but a union of unions with power to call a national general strike. In 1919 it ordered a national general strike for the eight-hour day, but no strike was necessary because the Government yielded to its demand. It includes a few powerful national unions of metal workers, building workers, printers, electrical workers, street workers, and the fragments of many more. It also includes the city chambers of labor, which resemble our central trades and labor councils with this exception, that the Italian city chambers of labor have been vigorously revolutionary for many years. They have the power to call municipal general strikes and they have not hesitated to call such strikes for industrial and political reasons. During 1920 and 1921 the life of Milan was completely paralyzed on a number of occasions by municipal strikes ordered by the Milan Chamber of Labor.

The Confederation of Labor is now officially independent of the Socialist Party, having withdrawn its support last year when the Socialist Party expelled the reformists. In fact, the Confederation of Labor is run by the right-wing Socialists, who were expelled from the Socialist Party. Headed by Ludovico d'Aragona, the general secretary, these leaders have been maneuvering for some kind of cooperation with Mussolini, enough cooperation so that the local unions may be saved from further smashing. Mussolini has met them more than half way. The issue came to a head in a special convention of labor officials called by the Confederation of Labor in Milan in the last few days of August. The officials did not dare to call a great congress of workers for fear of Fascist raids upon the assembly and of Fascist persecution of local delegates. They changed their meeting-place twice in Milan and shifted the hour of assemblage, excluding all newspaper representatives. In spite of great pressure by the leaders the convention opposed actual cooperation with Mussolini and passed a meaningless resolution allowing "technical" cooperation. This means that Mussolini cannot pull the teeth of the Confederation of Labor by giving it a seat in his cabinet. In spite of the wobbling of the leaders the confederation remains the bulwark of working-class opposition to Fascism.

Meanwhile, the members of the confederation unions are not allowed to strike or to picket. They are intimidated by the employers and by the Government. But the confederation unions have grown in strength since last spring. In a recent election of a works' committee in the Fiat automobile plant in Turin the confederation leaders secured an overwhelming majority of votes although less than half of the workers belonged to the union.

The confederation has one great organic weakness: the railroad workers on the chief Italian railroads are not included. They have an independent union of their own which in the past has been rated as one of the most revolutionary of Italian unions. The absence of the railroad workers and the fact that Italy has practically no miners leaves the confederation without the two great mainstays of the labor movement of other countries.

The Fascist unions might well serve as a model for the industrial relations committees of our chambers of commerce. Their literature reeks of company-union propaganda. One can almost hear Governor Allen speaking at the employees' dinner of the J. Stuart Smith Company of Keokuk while the faithful

beneficiaries nod in well-combed satiety. "We stand for a realistic national unionism which recognizes the benefits of productive discipline, subordinates right to duty, and associates the destiny of labor with the destiny of the nation." (Official declaration.)

The Fascist unions have divided Italy into categories. The class struggle is abolished: it is superseded by the cooperation of categories. On the land, for example, there are three categories all in the Fascist unions: the farmers who work their own land, foremen and managers, and farm workers. They are never supposed to fight. "We do not believe in strikes," a Fascist leader assured me. "We settle our disputes by negotiation." The Fascist unions have recently made an agreement with the National Federation of Employers and Mussolini has issued a decree which will enforce contracts between employers and Fascist unions. The employers and the workers are to deposit money with the local government and the side which violates the contract first loses the money.

The Fascist unions have not gained many recruits from the city proletariat except the employees of local Fascist administrations. Scarcely any chambers of labor have gone over to Fascism in spite of the campaign of terrorism. The strength of the Fascist unions lies in the rural districts where the largest union in Italy, the Federation of Farm Workers, has gone over bodily to Fascism. This union with a membership of 850,000, constituted almost half of the Confederation of Labor, and it constitutes much more than half of the working-class membership of the Fascist unions today. It went over to Fascism chiefly because its members were helpless against Fascist raids when the farm owner cooperated to destroy the union.

The Fascist unions include all sorts of professional associations in their categories—doctors, lawyers, and midwives. They include thousands of foremen. They are organized in a highly centralized machine with Rossoni as dictator; he has the power to appoint or remove every secretary of every local Fascist federation in Italy. But in spite of the anti-strike gospel of the Fascist unions and the large injection of middle-class members, Italy has witnessed several Fascist strikes during recent months. In the province of Padua the Fascist union members rose and armed against the landlords who had formerly sent them against the Socialists. A Fascist strike against the chemical fertilizer trust lasted several months. A Fascist textile strike near Milan attracted some attention. Most of these strikes, like everything else which Mussolini frowns upon, receive scant notice in the press, but they are of great importance because of their effect upon the capitalist support of the Mussolini dictatorship. The landlords of Italy have been bled white in many districts in financing the activities of local Fascist hands: they are as fed up with Fascism as America was fed up with liberty-loan drives five years ago. The accession of many labor elements to the ranks of Fascism and a few Fascist strikes may cause a serious split among the Italian capitalists who are backing Mussolini.

The Catholic unions have lost their importance in the Italian labor situation. Their membership is small and consists chiefly of women in the Northern textile mills. They were organized before the advent of Fascism in order to give to Catholic workers an opportunity of belonging to trade unions which were not definitely socialistic.

In the political field Italian labor is as hopelessly divided as in the industrial field. The Socialist Party, which had already been devastated by the Fascisti, was finally split in two last year on the rock of Moscow. Since then the Socialist Party has had another split, also on the rock of Moscow. Today there are the reformists (Partito Socialista Unitario) with two daily newspapers in Milan and Naples, the regular Socialist Party with the great daily *Avanti*, which has maintained much of its strength through all the storms, and "the fusionists," headed by Serrati, who has been expelled from the Socialist

Party for continuing to attack and criticize it in his independent weekly *Le Pagine Rosse*. The reformists have most of the big leaders of socialism and they also have the Confederation of Labor, but *Avanti* continues to be the paper of the Italian revolutionary proletariat. The Communists have been almost destroyed as a party, although they still have several Communist deputies in Parliament. The old syndicalists have disappeared, some of them going to the Communists and some to the Fascisti.

Meanwhile, Mussolini dominates Parliament with only a handful of bona fide Fascist delegates and many small parties. The two largest parties in Parliament, the Socialist and the Catholics, are both officially opposed to Fascism and might command enough votes to overthrow Mussolini, but they cannot agree upon a suitable compromise policy. Of the Socialist delegates in Parliament the reformists have about twice as many as the regular Socialists. A reunion of Socialist forces is not altogether impossible if the council of saner leaders in both wings prevails. A coalition Socialist government backed by the Catholic Party seems to be the one plausible alternative to Fascist domination. The Catholic Party is attacked by the Fascist journals with the same bitterness that marks the attack on the Socialist parties. In July several Catholic papers were sacked and burned because the Catholic Party would not play Mussolini's game.

But, while local Fascist bands are fighting the Catholic Party, Mussolini is successfully playing politics with the Vatican. He has reestablished the teaching of religion in the schools and reinstated the crucifix in the classrooms. The church is putting its money on both horses, hoping that when Fascism and Socialism have killed each other off, the church may come in and dominate the scene with a humanitarian, middle-of-the-road program.

In spite of Mussolini's promises the condition of the Italian workers is deplorable. Real wages are low and they are going lower, especially in northern Italy. Although Italy is one of the worst countries in the world for statistics, it is possible to glean some general notion of wages from the reports of the Cassa Nazionale Infortuni, the government organization for workmen's compensation. The average wage of those workers who received workmen's compensation for injury in 1922 was 18.22 lire a day, which means that their wages will certainly not buy any more in Italy than \$10 a week would buy in America. As exchange goes now it is about \$5 a week. It is true that Mussolini has maintained the eight-hour day even on the farm, but the workers won this right originally through the unions.

The struggle between Fascism and Socialism is confined almost entirely to north and central Italy. Southern Italy continues to sleep in the sun, its village civilization quite apart from the industrialism of the north. Mussolini uses the south as conservative ballast in much the same way that a Northern Democratic President in the United States takes the South for granted. In both cases illiteracy is an important ingredient in political sluggishness. In north and central Italy the illiteracy ranges from 16 to 37 per cent (no statistics guaranteed). In south Italy and Sicily the illiteracy ranges from 50 to 58 per cent. The Socialist vote corresponds quite remarkably to the literacy of the people.

Originally the Fascisti were simply white guards out to crush the threatened revolution. Today there are indications that the whole basis of Fascism is shifting to an economic liberalism which will offer to labor all the most attractive substitutes for revolutionary unionism that can be found. Mussolini is making the most strenuous efforts to assume the role of defender of the nation and not defender of the capitalist class. If he succeeds in holding his capitalist support, Italy will be the scene of a great struggle between two types of labor thought, revolutionary-internationalism and patriotic cooperation.

The Janina Murders

WE print below the text of the report made by the special commission sent to Janina by the Ambassadors' Conference to supervise the Greek inquiry into the murders of the Italian delegation to the Greek-Albanian Frontier Commission. The *Manchester Guardian* of December 20 comments on the report and the decision of the Ambassadors in these words:

The Ambassadors' Conference appointed the commission on the express condition that its report should be forwarded to the Court of International Justice at the Hague, and that the Hague Tribunal should thereon decide what proportion of the fifty million lire deposited by Greece should be forfeited by her for her responsibility in the outrages. On the strength of this assurance Greece accepted the commission. The Ambassadors' Conference, however, never referred the report to the Hague, but on its own responsibility declared the whole fifty million lire forfeit. In so doing it went back on its word and by implication saddled the Greek Government with full responsibility for the murders. It had no evidence before it save that of the report which we publish today. Even if the report had found Greece clearly guilty, that would have been no excuse for taking the final decision out of the hands of the Hague Court. But, in fact, the report does nothing of the kind. The commission had only ten days in which to investigate, and reported that "it could not hope to elucidate the mystery" in that time, though it believed it was "getting near the truth." . . . Altogether the report is a document upon which no self-respecting tribunal would pass sentence, and clearly was not intended to be taken as such, for the commissioners at the end of the report suggest the proper procedure for pursuing the inquiry further. The Ambassadors' Conference had no right to arrogate to itself the right of judging, since it had already conveyed that right to the Hague. Least of all had it the right to judge on the strength of such evidence as the commission here brings forward. That it should not have dared to publish the evidence is natural, but confirms the belief that it acted, and knew that it acted, not in a spirit of justice, but in a spirit of base political expediency.

The text of the report follows:

By its decision of September 8, 1923, the Conference of Ambassadors decided to send to Janina a special commission composed of delegates from France, Great Britain, Italy, and Japan under the presidency of the Japanese delegate to control the inquiry operations carried out by the Greek Government with a view to the discovery of the authors of the outrage committed on August 27, 1923, against the Italian delegation to the commission for the delimitation of the Greek-Albanian frontier.

The Interallied Control Commission in Epirus, composed of Colonel Shibouya (president), Japan; Colonel Beaud, Italy; Lieutenant Colonel Lacombe, France; Commander Harence, Great Britain, was constituted at Janina on September 17 and immediately mapped out in its main lines the general plan of its work. [Here follows a list of the witnesses from whom the commission obtained evidence on which the report was based.]

FIRST REPORT

In conformity with the instructions received from the Conference of Ambassadors, the commission on September 22 telegraphed to that conference the result of the observations made by it in the course of the first five days of its work. In the first report the commission formulated its findings as follows:

At the present stage of its labors, both by reason of the difficulties and of the complexity of the problem to be solved, the Interallied Commission of Janina cannot yet formulate a firm, definite, and unanimous opinion on the responsibilities incurred in the outrage of August 27. From evidence collected and from observations made by the commission it follows that—

1. The crime was prepared and carried out in conditions so minutely studied that clearly it is a case either of a political crime or of a vendetta carried out against General Tellini, in which the other victims were sacrificed by the assassins only for the purpose of removing all the witnesses of the deed.

2. The inquiry carried out by the Hellenic authorities after the crime certainly shows cases of negligence on the part of those authorities, but the observations made up to this date are not complete or decisive enough to allow the commissioners to judge whether the Greek Government ought to be held responsible for the negligences revealed or whether these negligences are the result of the defective organization of a police administration which disposes of imperfect means of criminal investigation. For the moment the Italian commissioner for reasons more particularly of a moral order inclines rather to the first hypothesis, while the other commissioners incline to the second.

3. Search for the culprits: On this head also the commission has established several cases of Greek negligence, but it ought to be pointed out that on the one part the atmosphere of mystery and fear which surrounds the crime, and on the other part the nature of the territory, make investigations difficult.

4. The commission is actively pursuing its investigations, and is making energetic representations to the Greek authorities to continue the search for the culprits.

SUPPLEMENTARY REPORT

From September 22 to 27, the date on which it was asked to return to Paris to give an account of its work, the commission prosecuted its investigations and its researches both in Epirus and in Albania. It is able to define as follows the results of its findings:

BEFORE THE CRIME

(a) A fairly violent press campaign was launched before the crime against General Tellini, who was accused by public opinion of unfairly favoring Albania to the detriment of Greece in the work of delimiting the frontier between these two countries. The Hellenic Government appears not to have exerted itself to put a stop to this campaign or to calm down opinion, which had been stirred up by excited patriots.

(a1) The Governor General of Epirus and the authorities of Janina were aware of rumors which circulated in that town before the outrage of August 27, on the subject of the appearance of bands of brigands in the frontier region toward Kakavia (the point where the route from Janina to Santi Quaranta touches the Greek-Albanian frontier). Several days before the crime the Governor General had advised the Italian Consul not to travel without escort to Santi Quaranta, where he was to embark for Brindisi. Under these conditions it is astonishing that no special measures should have been taken by these same authorities to assure the protection of the Commission of Delimitation in the suspected region.

Even admitting that General Tellini did not ask for an escort, and even if General Tellini had refused an offered escort, it would evidently have been prudent for the Greek authorities to have insisted that General Tellini should accept this escort, and in case the general persisted in his refusal to have asked him to release them from all responsibility.

CONDUCT OF THE INQUIRY

In a general way the commission has established that the Hellenic judicial inquiry has been conducted with all the dispatch made possible by the habitual working methods of the Greek authorities. This inquiry reveals certain important gaps, to which the commission draws the attention of the Conference of Ambassadors.

(b) On the day of the crime the motor-car which carried General Tellini and his companions was preceded, at an interval of a few minutes, by the car of the Albanian delegation. The latter car held five people, not one of whom has been questioned by the examining magistrate of Janina. Their declarations might, however, afford a certain amount of interest.

(b1) The motor-car of General Tellini, at the moment of

the outrage, was stopped in the road by a barricade of tree branches which had been placed across the road by the assassins, who were posted in the neighborhood. That barricade would have afforded evidence for the trial; its constituent elements ought to have been preserved so that the finger-prints, which must have been on them, could be taken. It is true that orders were given with this object by the Hellenic authorities, but it appears that they were not precise enough. By the very evening of the crime the branches had disappeared, and were burned by the soldiers of the neighboring Greek post, although there was no shortage of fuel in the brushwood surrounding the post itself.

GREEK RESPONSIBILITY AS REGARDS PURSUIT OF THE CULPRITS

The crime took place on August 27, toward 9 o'clock in the morning. Now the Hellenic military authorities did everything to conceal the news of the outrage from the Albanian delegation which preceded General Tellini's car. During the whole day of the 27th this delegation, ignorant of what had taken place, was surprised at the general's delay in reaching the rendezvous, but the Hellenic military authorities forbade the delegation to return to Janina. It was only at 7 p. m. that the Albanian delegation received the authorization to return to Janina, which it had asked for several times.

Being prevented from traveling by a motor-car breakdown, the Albanian delegation asked the officer in charge at Kakavia to inquire into the reasons for the general's non-arrival. The answer he received was that General Tellini was tired and had returned to Janina with his party. It was only on the following morning that the Albanian delegation was able to find out about the disaster. . . .

It is a matter for surprise that the Albanian delegation, which was only 10 kilometers ($6\frac{1}{4}$ miles) from the place of the crime, was not told of this crime by the Greek authorities, in spite of repeated requests. The officer in charge at Kakavia was close at hand and had a telephone with which he could communicate with the telephonic post of the Battalion Reserve from which was given the order forbidding the Albanian delegation to return to Janina.

It is proper to observe that Kakavia is only 40 kilometers (25 miles) from Argyrocastro, and that an Albanian telephonic post makes communication possible with the chief of police of that town. If, therefore, the Albanian delegation had been informed of the crime as soon as it was discovered, immediate measures could no doubt have been taken on the Albanian as well as on the Greek side of the frontier. . . .

The British delegate observes that if the crime was so carefully concealed from the Albanian delegation it was no doubt because Lieutenant Colonel Botzaris was afraid lest the inhabitants of the Albanian villages near the frontier, in which he perhaps knew there were some of the accomplices of the crime, might take steps to conceal the authors of the assassination and prevent their detection. . . .

It appears that Lieutenant Colonel Botzaris had the entire responsibility for concealing the crime from the Albanian delegation.

(c1) Orders certainly appear to have been given in good time by the Greek military authorities for strengthening the vigilance of the frontier posts and for pursuing the culprits, but these same authorities do not appear to have assured themselves personally of the execution of the orders given by themselves or by their subordinates. . . .

ALBANIAN RESPONSIBILITY

On August 31 an inhabitant of the Albanian village Causi (five to six miles east of Santi Quaranta) named Timio Lollo went and warned the Albanian authorities that a band of thirteen brigands had come into his village, that the chief of this band, Yani Vancho, a man of Greek origin, had admitted to him that he and his band were the authors of the crime, that he had recognized in this band two men also of Greek origin but Albanian subjects named Stefan Cerea and Gola Senitza.

The Albanian authorities of Argyrocastro, as soon as they were made aware of this deposition, dispatched to Causi a detachment of thirty gendarmes. With the exception of Stefan Cerea the brigands escaped toward the Greek frontier, which they succeeded in crossing again, thus passing into Greek territory.

The Albanian authorities did not inform the Greek authorities of the deposition made by Timio Lollo, nor of the events which followed it.

Moreover, on September 12 Stefan Cerea was placed under arrest by the Albanian authorities of Argyrocastro, a fact which again was never reported to the Greek authorities, nor was anything said about it to the Interallied Control Commission when it went to Santi Quaranta on September 17.

COMMISSION'S CONCLUSIONS

The problem to be solved is very complex. Much time and caution are needed. In the short period at its disposal the commission cannot hope to elucidate the mystery of the outrage of August 27. The commission, therefore, is not in a position to pronounce definitely and emphatically on the real responsibilities incurred. At the present stage of the inquiry it can only refer on this subject to the opinion already given in its report of September 22. Nevertheless, we seem to be getting near the truth.

On the one hand, the Greek authorities have laid hands on a bandit Constantine Memos, notorious in Greece for his numerous crimes and for the price placed on his head by the Greek Government. Nothing as yet would authorize us to declare that Memos was one of the assassins, but the past of this brigand, whom rumor widely accuses, furnishes a presumption of guilt.

On the other hand, the arrest in Albania of the bandit Stefan Cerea gives to the Albanian authorities a serious basis for inquiry, and allows one to hope that a clue has been found which may lead to the apprehension of the leader of the gang, Yani Vancho, whose confession was received by a witness who has made a formal deposition on the subject.

Before leaving Janina the commission deemed it a duty to communicate to the Albanian Government the information collected in Greece about Memos, to the Greek Government the information obtained in Albania on the Vancho band and on the arrest of one of its members, Stefan Cerea.

INQUIRY INCOMPLETE

But this precaution is insufficient if it is desired to ascertain the full truth. To arrive at this result it is indispensable to insure that complete understanding between the Albanian and Greek governments. This understanding can only be realized under the energetic pressure of the Ambassadors' Conference. The Interallied Commission, therefore, earnestly requests the conference to intervene with both governments in order that the inquiry should be continued in agreement with the judicial authorities of both countries. And in order to assure that agreement the commission suggests that at least one neutral person, an expert in criminal investigation, should be placed at the disposal of the Greek and Albanian governments.

(Signed) The President, SHIBOUYA
The British Delegate, HARENCE
The Delegate of France, LACOMBE
The Delegate of Italy, BEAUD

ITALIAN DELEGATE'S DECLARATION

The Italian delegate asked that the following declaration be inserted after the present report:

The Italian delegate, while associating himself with the general lines of the present report, does so under the reservation of sending to the Conference of Ambassadors a special report about the circumstances which enable him to establish at once the grave responsibility of Greece, and to give indications which may lead to the discovery of the culprits.

(Signed) The Delegate of Italy, COLONEL E. BEAUD

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SOMETIMES THE FACT that we are in a presidential campaign works well. President Coolidge has at last discovered the alarming distress of the Northwestern farmer. In a special message to Congress on January 23 he informed that body that the existing situation "is reaching an acute stage that requires organized cooperation on the part of the federal Government." The picture that he draws of the present crisis is not exaggerated: "Great numbers of individual farmers are so involved in debt both on mortgages and to merchants and banks that they are unable to preserve the equities of their farms. . . . They are unable to meet obligations and thereby has been involved the entire mercantile and banking fabric of these regions." To give point to the President's message comes the news that 300 banks have failed in the Dakotas, Montana, and Nebraska and that 400 more failures are expected. Mr. Coolidge recommends the continuance of the powers of the War Finance Corporation until the end of this year, the loan of federal money direct to farmers, the creation if need be of new financing institutions, and cooperation with the government by the large business concerns, the railroads, the mercantile establishments, the agricultural supply houses, and all those businesses whose welfare is immediately connected with that of the farmer. While we agree with Senator Brookhart that the President's message "comes six months late," we welcome it none the less. A special session last summer would have saved many farmers from

ruin; now the effort must be to rescue the survivors. It is of the utmost importance that Congress respond at once and that the desired cooperation of government and private enterprise take place immediately.

IT IS WITH PROFOUND SATISFACTION that we record the decision of Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska to yield to the appeal made to him in an editorial in this newspaper (Thou Shalt Not Despair, December 26, 1923) and by hundreds of admirers and friends, and to become a candidate for reelection. The loss of this sturdy patriot, this consistent, high-minded, incorruptible legislator, would have been great at any time; at this hour when the trail of corruption leads to the Cabinet of the United States and stops only at the doors of the White House, Mr. Norris's retirement from public life would have been nothing short of a calamity. We assume that a grateful State will renominate and reelect him.

WHERE LEONARD WOOD goes look out for fighting. It was his record in the Philippines before; it is his record now. Our constabulary has been fighting vigorously with the Colorums, the religious fanatics in Sungao, where they went about the "pacification" of the island in the most approved civilized fashion. Thus Colonel Bowers reports that he burned the town of Socorro after landing his men under cover of machine-gun fire. To the surprise of the authorities, this kindly act did not have the desired effect. "The constabulary has practically given up hope today [January 24] that the Colorums will surrender peacefully." Three days later 54 Colorums were killed, 19 wounded, and 13 captured by Colonel Bowers with the loss of two men wounded—a nice little one-sided slaughter. It next appeared (January 28), ominously enough, that after all the trouble makers "are not religious fanatics but outlaws. . . . Observers here [Manila] believe that only most vigorous measures can now prevent a wide-spread and dangerous unrest in the Southern Philippine region." A Senator has attacked the burning of Socorro, declaring it to be "unnecessary, unjustified, and unlawful." Quite naturally Secretary Weeks denies once more the report that General Wood will be recalled; the worse his failure as Governor General the closer will Mr. Weeks stick to him.

EDWARD W. BOK and the senators investigating him acted as if they were engaged in a joint conspiracy to divert attention from the fundamental issues at stake. Mr. Bok at first refused to tell how much money the contest was costing him. Estimates set it at from a quarter to a half million dollars, and while Mr. Bok can only be praised for spending so much on propaganda for any kind of peace plan the public also has a right to know how much money is being spent in propaganda, good or bad. The senators' ill-mannered attempt to bully Mr. Bok and his able manager, Miss Lape, did not help matters; and apparently it occurred to no one to ask how the summary on the ballot came to differ so widely from the prize-winning plan itself. They were all engaged in hunting or denying the existence of a

deliberate, deep-dyed plot; a little study of the unconscious might have helped explain the accident of a jury so sympathetic to the League of Nations. Mr. Bok's sportsmanship in offering a new \$100,000 prize for a plan to be selected by the investigating senators was a safe and effective way of turning the tables; perhaps he knew how the thought of reading 22,164 peace plans would affect a senator's digestion.

THE MOTTO of the British trade unionists, upon the advent of the first Labor Government in the history of England, seems to be "business as usual." The railwaymen belonging to the Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen go out on strike; the railwaymen belonging to the National Union of Railwaymen for the most part act as strike-breakers; Mr. J. H. Thomas, who has resigned as secretary of the latter union to become Secretary of State for the Colonies, pursues the tactics of opposition to united action by means of which he broke the fighting force of the Triple Alliance in 1921; the dock-workers are talking of a nation-wide tie-up; and the usual sequence of conferences and compromises eventually brings the various crises to an inconclusive end. All of which events are typical of the country in which they are taking place. Labor's rise to power does not mean a cessation of disputes and strikes and embarrassing difficulties in the interests of a safe launching of the new Government; nor does it result in a sudden access of solidarity and united revolutionary action. British workers indulge in few heroic gestures and their own first Government will be allowed to cut its teeth on the gristle and bones of as tough a set of industrial problems as any previous Government has faced and failed to solve.

PEOPLE IN THE PALATINATE probably pay little attention to the advent of Ramsay MacDonald, the death of Lenin, or the exposure of Mr. Fall. They are too busy with their own troubles. The Separatists, supported by the French, are punishing the men who told the truth to Mr. Clive, the British consul general at Munich, who was detailed to investigate conditions. Even the Separatist leaders admitted to Mr. Clive that 75 per cent of their group came from outside the Palatinate; presumably, however, they will not punish themselves for so damaging an admission. Among these leaders Mr. Clive reported "a large element of ex-criminals." (We do not understand why he called them *ex-criminals*.) Most of the townsfolk he found utterly hostile to separation from Bavaria; some of the Socialist workmen favored a Rhineland state within the Reich. The peasants in general, he said, were "indifferent to politics and only wanted to be left in peace with no risk of expulsion." They would sign anything to be left alone, and their signatures, often obtained under threat, meant nothing. Now dispatches report that new expulsions and punishments have begun; the men who talked with Consul Clive are all in danger. What can a Bok prize do for peace while French militarism runs riot unchecked and all but unnoticed?

AN IMPERIAL SALUTE of 101 guns recently announced to the land of Nippon that its Prince Regent Michi-No-Miya Hirohito had been wed to Princess Nagako. The royal pair were magnificently decked out with all the art of silk and embroidery. Ten thousand soldiers and police lined the imperial path to make it safe. Gallant gendarmes cleared Tokio of "suspicious characters," radicals, and other

persons considered dangerous were rounded up and held in jail until after the ceremony. Simultaneously forty thousand miscellaneous convicts—thieves, cutthroats, and murderers were gloriously amnestied, among them Captain Amakasu, whose particularly brutal murder of the Socialist leader Sakaye Ohsugi, his wife, and young nephew was described in *The Nation* for January 16. To murder a Socialist family seems to be a lesser crime in imperial Japan than having "dangerous thoughts."

IN VARIOUS PARTS of the country the birth-control movement is adopting the simple course of challenging the law and then if necessary testing it in court. In Chicago a clinic has actually been opened and licensed by the city, by order of Judge Harry L. Fisher of the Circuit Court, who issued a writ of mandamus restraining the Mayor and the Health Commissioner from interfering. Judge Fisher in a rather remarkable decision said that "in the light of the difference of opinion on this subject, courts should not by judicial pronouncement, without legislation, condemn such an earnest movement as immoral and contrary to public policy. . . ." "Morality in a healthy state of society," he said, "must depend upon its acceptance as a principle of life and not upon fear and ignorance." Meanwhile in New York a birth-control clinic continues to run and so far the police have left it unmolested. The public mind is changing faster than our legislators choose to believe; even the League of Women Voters, a nonpartisan organization of real political power and of consequent caution, made up of middle-class women—Catholics, Jews, and Protestants—with the prejudices of their class and religion; even this body in New York State has voted to support an amendment to the present law. We Americans are slow and hesitant in matters that touch on moral taboos; it will be long before we approach this problem with the directness of the Russian Government, which has accepted the report of a commission of physicians—appointed at the demand of the women—and is now prepared to "furnish birth-control information professionally."

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has asked Congress to appropriate \$1,000 for a "claim against the United States, presented by the British Government for the death on November 1, 1921, at Consuelo, Dominican Republic, of Samuel Richardson, a British subject, as a result of a bullet wound inflicted presumably by a member or members of the United States Marine Corps" and recommends this payment "as an act of grace and without reference to the legal liability of the United States in the premises." But would it not be worth several times one thousand dollars to find just what is the legal liability of the United States for lives—other than native—in a country conquered by force of arms without declaration of war and in violation of all existing treaties? Thirty-three thousand dollars was the price collected by our State Department for the only American ever killed in Santo Domingo under autonomy—thirty-nine years ago. Has the cost of lives (white) so greatly diminished? Or are we confronted with a new form of rebating between the mighty for the accidentally killed trespassers on each other's imperial preserves?

THE MILLS OF THE GODS, grinding slowly in Minnesota, have finally ground out a measure of justice toward the great iron-mining companies that so long enjoyed unreasonable privileges. In the early days of the

industry, back in 1881, a pliant legislature was persuaded to pass a law exempting ore lands from all taxation and requiring instead the paltry sum of one cent on each ton of iron removed. This piece of stark favoritism lasted for sixteen years, when, after a bitter fight, the exemption law was repealed. But still the companies continued to despoil the State of its mineral wealth without paying anything for it as such. Finally, in 1921, the Minnesota Tax Reform Association, with C. J. Buell as its executive secretary, got the legislature to pass a law levying a 6 per cent tax on the net profits of all engaged in mining and shipping ore, and last year a law went through imposing a 6 per cent tax on royalties. After a fight in the courts in which the net-profits tax was finally sustained, the Oliver Mining Company (a subsidiary of the Steel Trust) paid the State more than four million dollars under the law last November. Later in the year two millions more were collected from other sources. An effort will be made to get the legislature which meets next year to increase both the royalty tax and that on net profits to 10 per cent.

THE PEOPLE of the State of Missouri will vote on February 26 on several proposed amendments to their constitution. Among these is a most hopeful one looking to simplification of legal procedure, shortening the law's interminable delays. Its purpose is twofold—to shorten the delays of litigation by enabling the judges to carry a peak-load of work all the time and to simplify procedure by giving to the judges themselves what amounts to legislative power over technical matters of legal procedure and practice. A judicial council is given power to transfer judges temporarily from districts where business is light to districts where business is heavy, and the appellate tribunals sit in two divisions, no appeal to be heard by the full bench unless there is dissent in the division. This last provision will well-nigh cut in half the time needed to dispose of an appeal, for the great mass of appeals are decided unanimously. The grant of power to the judicial council to legislate rules of practice is a step in advance of any yet adopted in this country, but it is in line with modern proposals for the reform of legal procedure. Certainly the processes of law need simplification, and this amendment reads like sound, good sense. We hope that the people of Missouri adopt it.

TWO HUNDRED EXCITED PERSONS gathered before Magistrate Bell in Princess Anne County, Virginia, accused seventy-year-old Annie Taylor of witchcraft. Whether convinced or not that Annie could kill a mule by waving a cane at him, "queer" the rising of good corn bread, or put snakes in a woman's stomach the court banished her to North Carolina. The judge was wise. If there are any witches left in the country North Carolina should welcome them. That State, through its Board of Education, headed by Governor Cameron Morrison, has banned from its public schools any biologies that "in any way intimate an origin of the human race other than that contained in the Bible." Governor Morrison admits evolution into his vocabulary but writes his own definition:

Evolution means progress, but does not mean that man, God's highest creation, is descended from a monkey or any other animal. I do not believe he is, and I will not consent that any such doctrine, or any intimation of such a doctrine, shall be taught in our public schools.

The Governor may be kept rather busy combing out of all the books in North Carolina every reference to evolution (even under his own Carolinian definition), embryology, comparative anatomy, or paleontology, lest some one read, put two and two together, and draw conclusions differing from the chief executive's.

PRESIDENT MEIKLEJOHN is gone from Amherst College, but one of the reforms which he worked for has just come to pass under his successor. In an effort to make college athletics less commercial Dr. Meiklejohn called a conference of the presidents of twelve of the smaller Eastern colleges and proposed that they agree to abolish the seasonal coach, arranging to have all teams coached by members of the faculty only. Dr. Meiklejohn believed that true sport had been edged out in a system in which overpaid outsiders came in temporarily to match their skill against similar men in other institutions. Games were actually played by the coaches, with the students as so much raw material in their hands. No direct results seem to have ensued in the colleges approached by Dr. Meiklejohn, although several already had in whole or in part the system which he advocated. Amherst put the plan through, and hereafter athletic coaches will be engaged and paid by the college. They will be in residence throughout the college year, with various other duties when not coaching. The evil of the professional coach is not all that is the matter with college athletics, but improvement here is a practical contribution toward better conditions.

MR. FRANK MUNSEY, dealer in dailies, has just purchased the *Evening Mail* of New York, the ninth newspaper he has acquired in that city. Just as he destroyed the *Globe* a few months ago by merging it with the *Sun*, the *Mail* is to be merged with the *Telegram*. Mr. Munsey has now destroyed six New York newspapers since 1891. As in the case of the *Globe*, he avows the economic motive with complete frankness:

This purchase puts the evening newspapers of New York in a safe, strong position. Financially they are now impregnable. . . . Fortunately for New York, there is and will be no lack of nourishment for the remaining five evening newspapers—the *Evening World*, the *Evening Journal*, New York *Evening Post*, the *Sun*, with which the *Globe* is intertwined, and the New York *Telegram*, with which the *Evening Mail* is now intertwined. The owners of the three first-named papers are rich men—very rich—and the owner of the last two is still able to take over another newspaper or two if pressed to do so.

Commercialization of the press is almost complete. The metropolis is without a single thoroughgoing liberal daily—the *World* and the *Evening World* still fall short of the opportunity and influence which should be theirs. At night the public now has the choice of getting its information and its newspaper opinions from Messrs. Hearst, Pulitzer, Munsey, and Cyrus Curtis. In the morning it must take its news and opinions from Messrs. Hearst, Pulitzer, Munsey, Ochs, Reid, and the Chicago owners of the incredibly bad and enormously read *Daily News*. Yet gatherings of journalists and teachers of journalism continue to assure us that all is well in the world in which they work. There is no more menacing development than this gradual control of public opinion by a smaller and smaller group, by men who, with only one or two exceptions, are in the business solely for money-making purposes.

Fall, Denby, Daugherty, Roosevelt, and Coolidge

FOR once the lid has come off at Washington and the people have had a glimpse of what is underneath. Why should anybody be surprised? The Teapot Dome scandal has merely revealed what every thinking man knew to be the truth about our government as it is now organized and run—that it serves primarily to enrich the privileged at the expense of the country as a whole. A vast public oil tract was bestowed upon a speculator whose counsel declares that he stood to make a profit of \$100,000,000 out of it. The excuse was that the tract was being drained by nearby wells privately owned; so the government was “taken out” of private business. Now it appears that the wells which tapped this reserve were granted to the Standard Oil some years ago in defiance of the protests of minor officials whose reports were “lost.” The navy officers who protested against the further alienation of the other naval oil tracts were exiled from Washington for their impudence. The Republican Party was true to its traditions. It is once more revealed as an aggregation of rich profiteers busily engaged in exploiting the country for the enrichment of its backers by means of tariffs and other favors. It is shown once more to be a government of, by, and for the holders of special privilege. Once more the country faces the question Boss Tweed insolently asked of the people of the city of New York: “What are you going to do about it?”

So the royal road which Mr. Coolidge was so smoothly traversing to the White House has suddenly led into a morass! Almost overnight there has broken the greatest scandal Washington has known in four decades, and, behold, the President, who seemed so certain of nomination, is in such jeopardy that he is calling on outside counsel to do the work of the Attorney General, is considering jettisoning several of his Cabinet members, and has issued a midnight statement to the effect that he will punish the rascals and otherwise perform the duties he took a solemn oath to carry out. Already there are frantic party appeals such as the telegram from five Kansas representatives urging the President to take drastic action at once, as well as easy-going assurances that the scandal will not affect Mr. Coolidge if he appoints prominent lawyers to conduct the prosecution. After all, it is argued, these besmirched men were Mr. Harding's appointees and the censurable acts were committed before “Lucky Cal” became President.

The public will be fooled by no such sophistry no matter if John W. Davis or Henry L. Stimson or anybody else undertakes the prosecutions. There are certain facts that all the dust which Mr. Coolidge can possibly raise cannot obscure. They are these: (1) Mr. Coolidge as Vice-President sat in the Cabinet when the oil leases were granted; (2) Mr. Coolidge retained Messrs. Denby, Roosevelt, and Daugherty in office and would doubtless have retained Mr. Fall had he not voluntarily resigned; (3) Mr. Coolidge, if a man of ordinary intelligence and information, must have known that the Teapot Dome scandal was brewing—he could have read of it in *The Nation* more than a year ago; Mr. William Hard and numerous senators and representatives could have told him all about it months ago had he been jealous of the good name of his Administration and of the rights and property of the American people; (4) Mr. Coolidge in his midnight statement betrays no indignation, no

alarm, at the facts revealed, none of the white heat that a sensitive statesman ought to feel at such a revelation of corruption and of incapacity in his own official family. He is content to declare that “every law will be enforced”—after his hand has been forced. Not by his own independent research and study has this corruption been revealed; he used neither the mighty powers of his Department of Justice nor his Secret Service to uncover wrongdoing. During all the weary months of steady, persistent probing by the Senate committee Mr. Coolidge lifted not one finger to aid. When the relentless pursuit of the truth by that extraordinarily able and right-minded public servant, Senator Walsh of Montana, brought out the facts—then the President moved.

Was ever any American President in so grave a position? Senator Caraway and others have declared that the Attorney General is of too damaged a reputation to be trusted to conduct the investigation to locate the crimes. Mr. Coolidge confirms their statement by appointing others to do the Attorney General's work at considerable extra expense to the taxpayers. And as we go to press, Mr. Daugherty is resting in Florida and there is no word that Mr. Coolidge has asked for his resignation. As for Mr. Coolidge's Secretary of the Navy, did ever a President have to read a debate as scorching—and as truthful—as the following about a member of his Cabinet? Referring to Mr. Denby's approval of the sale of the Teapot Dome leases, Senator McKellar of Tennessee asked if the Secretary of the Navy was not morally guilty of having aided in the disposition of these reserve oils. The debate then took this course:

“The Senator from Tennessee is a lawyer,” said Mr. Caraway, “and knows that a man cannot be held liable unless he has understanding enough to know what he does. He must have comprehension of the act. . . . A man who thinks it is a mere matter of detail to sell for a corrupt consideration every gallon of the nation's reserve oil upon which the nation must depend in time of war—a man who regards that as a mere detail to which he should give no concern I do not think could be liable criminally for anything he might do.”

Senator Walsh has since demanded that Mr. Denby resign and Senator Robinson moved that he be impeached. In the face of these facts how can Mr. Coolidge justify himself by retaining in office a single day Mr. Denby and Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, who induced Mr. Harding to sign the executive order disposing of the oil reserves?

Denby, Daugherty, Roosevelt—they must and should go. They have proved themselves at best too dull and too stupid to be intrusted with the interests of the United States. The President, if he is to save anything from the wreck, must throw them all overboard. A clean sweep, Mr. Coolidge, is what the country needs! The Harding Cabinet was an offense when it was appointed. It may be hard luck to those who are raising great sums of money for a Harding Memorial that this revelation of its essential inefficiency and corruption should come out just now. But the country needed the lesson. If these Teapot Dome revelations, these heaven-crying demonstrations that corruption has reached right into the Cabinet itself, do not arouse the country what else can? The very least thing they ought to accomplish is to make impossible the candidacy of Calvin Coolidge.

At Last a Pacifist Cabinet

RAMSAY MACDONALD'S Ministry has attracted the wide-spread attention a first Labor Cabinet deserves. To us, however, its pacifist character is as important as its Labor aspect. Both Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Philip Snowden, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, proved themselves consistent pacifists in 1914 when they refused to countenance England's entry into the World War. During that struggle Mrs. Snowden held five hundred peace meetings at some of which her husband spoke; not until after the war was he molested. Then, although compelled to use crutches, he was thrown to the floor in a theater lobby and maltreated by some returned soldiers. Lloyd George and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman opposed the Boer War while their country was in it and became prime ministers afterward; but their opposition to their country's course was not based upon the principle that all wars are wrong but was due to dissent from the attack upon the Boers.

But the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer are not the only members of the new Government who refused to "go along" in 1914. Charles P. Trevelyan, the new President of the Board of Education, resigned from the Government in 1914 as a protest against the war policy. Margaret Bondfield, Under Secretary for Labor (she should have been in the Cabinet itself), opposed the war; Lord Parmoor, Arthur Ponsonby, and F. W. Jowett stood behind every peace movement from the time the war began, the latter two being founders of the Union of Democratic Control—an organization of protest against the undemocratic system of government, the secrecy, and the lying which put Europe into the war. Noel Buxton and Colonel Josiah Wedgwood took service during the war, the former on the civil side; both have been proud to call themselves pacifists since. On the other hand, Arthur Henderson, J. H. Thomas, and J. R. Clynes were the three Labor leaders in the War Ministry; yet no one can doubt that today their voices would be lifted in unison against any policy which would involve the use of force. Even the general who has taken over the Air Ministry, C. B. Thomson, the author of the striking article in last week's *Nation*, resigned from the army at the earliest opportunity in thorough disgust and allied himself with the Labor Party as the hope of the future. If Sidney Webb was not during the war attuned to its real significance and its uselessness save as a destructive force, he is surely of a different mood now. Viscount Haldane, perhaps the most unpopular man in England during the war because of his supposed partiality for the Germans, has recently declared that today he is pro-German. Indeed, it is one of the glories of this Cabinet that there is no one in it with any war hatred, no one unsympathetic with the present plight of the former foes or blind to the fact that the restoration of Russia and Germany is essential to the reconstruction of Europe. Finally, in Sir Sydney Olivier, the new Secretary of State for India, one of the wisest writers on the Negro problem in America and the British colonies, a former most successful governor of Jamaica, Mr. MacDonald has selected a man who should do much to improve the relations between England and India.

We are well aware that the Cabinet is, in some respects, a compromise; Mr. MacDonald has undoubtedly desired to draw from the Liberals some strong men of cabinet ex-

perience. That this maneuver has helped to wring from the London press the universal admission that it is a far stronger Cabinet than Mr. Baldwin's proves its immediate wisdom. Whether, in the long run, the great differences of opinion between a man like Lord Haldane and John Wheatley, the Minister of Health, who represents the radical Scottish Labor men, can be reconciled remains to be seen. The point we wish to make today is that this Ministry represents an extraordinary break with the past; no ministry in England or in any other country, so far as we are aware, has embodied such a spirit of pacificism, of humanitarianism, of internationalism, of freedom from all imperialistic and capitalistic influences. Whatever may be said of Mr. MacDonald's Ministry in the future, no one will be able to allege that it spoke the voice of privilege or that it sought to exalt England at the expense of other human beings.

The Freeman

IT is with profound regret that we learn that our contemporary the *Freeman* is to suspend publication on March 5. The best written and most brilliantly edited of the weeklies of protest, its establishment and maintenance for four years have been acts of most generous public service on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Neilson, who had no other motive than to contribute to political and economic education in this country. That it should fail now for lack of popular support is quite as discouraging in its field as is the tendency toward monopoly and commercialization in the daily press. Here was a literary production to compel admiration, whether one agreed with its views or not. Yet, if we are correctly informed, it never obtained more than 7,000 readers.

It is a symptom of our political backwardness in America and our lack of interest in fundamental reform. It is true that the *Freeman* has been limited by belief in a panacea, the freeing of the land. It is true also that it has not been willing to advocate reforms of a palliative character; it did not feel it its duty to make practical suggestions of immediate value. So it has had to encounter much conventional fault-finding, as if criticism—self-criticism—were not the primary need of the hour in America. The memory of its vigorous differences from *The Nation* does not prevent us from expressing our sorrow that the *Freeman* is to go, our grateful thanks that it has existed, and our belief that it would be a misfortune if some other medium were not found to avail itself of Mr. Albert J. Nock's exceptional equipment for editorial service.

It is unfortunately true that the weekly field is extraordinarily difficult for journals of opinion be they conservative or liberal or radical. The *Outlook* goes the even tenor of its safe and sane—and dull—way; the *Independent* is in bankruptcy; the *Weekly Review*, which was to have counteracted the bad influence of the *New Republic* and *The Nation*, has disappeared. As the daily becomes a less and less reliable medium for facts upon which an intelligent electorate might form its opinions, there should be a strengthening of those journals which aim to give new ideas and to present varying political opinions. It is an ill omen, therefore, that the *Freeman*, with the excellence of its style and of its presentation of facts, and the brilliance of its book reviews and its literary comment, should perish for lack of popular approval.

Lenin

LENIN is dead. A half million people are marching past his red-draped bier in Moscow, and all over the world men are mourning or exulting.

What was the secret of his might? It is hard to analyze. No man of position in the world ever felt his power less. "I have never met a person so destitute of self-importance," said Bertrand Russell, and it was probably literally true. "Lenin struck me as a happy man," said Arthur Ransome. "I tried to think of any other man of his temperament who had had a similar joyous temperament. I could think of none. This little, bald-headed, wrinkled man, who tilts his chair this way and that, laughing over one thing or another, ready any minute to give serious advice to any who interrupt him to ask for it, advice so well reasoned that it is to his followers far more compelling than any command—every one of his wrinkles is a wrinkle of laughter, not of worry. I think the reason must be that he is the first great leader who utterly discounts the value of his own personality." He utterly lacked dignity; none of the outward trappings with which politicians and statesmen usually enhance their appearances played any part in his influence. He did not cut his hair impressively, like Lloyd George, or even Trotzky; he probably never wore a tall hat or a frock coat in his life; he had no pomp of manner. Sometimes, coming late to a party congress or Soviet assembly, he would stray down the crowded aisle and seat himself half way up the steps to the tribune, leaning over the next step to take notes, and when an opponent scored a point against him he would lean forward, ironically applauding.

Yet this undignified little man became the idol of his people. The hundreds of thousands who marched past his casket were not by any means all Communists, or even revolutionaries. They were simply Russians, mourning their national hero. Within Russia even those who despised Lenin's communist theories trusted him somehow to lead Russia out of the slough into which the years of revolution, war, and blockade had plunged her. No other leader, within or without the ruling party, had a tithe of the universal respect and devotion which was Lenin's. The peasants affectionately called him "Ilyich"; within his party he was "the old man," and his word carried conviction.

"His strength," Bertrand Russell thought, came from his "honesty, courage, and unwavering faith—religious faith in the Marxian gospel, which takes the place of the Christian martyr's hopes of paradise, except that it is less egotistical. He has as little love of liberty as the Christians who suffered under Diocletian and retaliated when they acquired power. Perhaps love of liberty is incompatible with whole-hearted belief in a panacea for all human ills." It must have required a terribly intense belief to hold office through the period of the "Red terror."

The generation of revolutionaries which came to power with Lenin had indeed been tried by fire. No group of men in the history of government has matched them in readiness for sacrifice. Lenin's own brother was hanged for participation as a student in a revolutionary movement. Lenin himself gave up his position as a member of the lesser aristocracy, spent three years as a prisoner in Siberia, and most of his life in exile in devotion to his principles. In 1905 he directed, from Finland, the work of the bolshevist minority in the first Duma. As an exile he was

recognized as leader by his own party, though almost unknown outside it. During the war he led the tiny band of international socialists who saw the whole carnage as a conflict of rival capitalisms and met in Switzerland to preach peace—peace by revolution. When the revolution came he sought the first opportunity to return to Russia, and was soon regarded in Petrograd as the most dangerous of those fiery street speakers who denounced the compromises of Kerensky and the imperialism of Miliukov. He believed in the destined mission of the industrial working class. He believed that parliamentary democracy, in a nation 90 per cent illiterate, with an aristocracy and an oligarchy used to the technique of rule, was a farce. Someone would have to dictate, and he was determined that it should be the class-conscious minority of the working class. It was.

That class rule infuriated the class which ruled the rest of the world. Germany invaded Russia, but fell victim to the virus of revolution; the Allies blockaded Russia, shut it off from the rest of the world by a "sanitary cordon," and then invaded it from all sides. They supported the Czecho-Slovak legion invading from within, Tchaikowsky invading from the north, Kolchak from the east, Denikin and Wrangel from the south, Petlura, Yudenich, and the Poles from the west. But Soviet Russia, under Lenin, stood the test of battle. It fought off the world, and then set an example unparalleled in history in the series of generous treaties which it made with its neighbors. That long struggle, however, following four years of war, sapped the strength of the nation. It was left in no condition to attempt the largest-scale social experiment of history. Whether, under other circumstances, communism might have worked, we do not know. It never had a fair chance in Russia. And Lenin, still far-sighted, was the first to proclaim the necessary compromises.

Compromise was another of his strange virtues. He was trained in the dialectic school of exiled revolutionaries, where theorists usually learn chiefly to chop logic in a thin world of abstractions. In office this café scholar directed the government of a hundred million people. Trotzky was an abler administrator, but Trotzky looked to Lenin for guidance and often enough after debating with him for months accepted his dictum and reversed his own position. Lenin early lost interest in world revolution. He made two right-about faces in his policy toward the peasants. But where lesser men would have devised ingenious arguments to show that they had never changed their minds, Lenin had the courage to say, "We were wrong; we must change our policy."

Lenin is dead. His country has had to make many painful compromises since his ragged crew took power, but it is running the railroads and marketing the wealth of Russia today. The Communist Government preaching and, to the best of its ability, practicing the gospel of economic revolution, still fills the breast of Mr. Hughes with alarm. Whatever may come of it in Russia that doctrine—that political democracy without economic liberation is a farce—has swept the Western world, and the Western world will never again be quite the same. The French Revolution was crushed, but it molded the history of nineteenth-century Europe. The Russian Revolution is compromising; Lenin is dead and Trotzky is ill, but they will long continue to make history.

Oil Speaks

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

EDWARD L. DOHENY, miner, prospector, finder of deposits, founder of properties, multi-millionaire, is about to testify. The large oblong room is crowded. Lights in three great glass glittering chandeliers, hung from the ceiling, give a touch more of gloom than of brilliance to the daylight air streaming into the room from windows all on one side. The opposite side shows high folding doors leading to the corridor of the Senate Office Building. In the middle of the room there stands a long massive table. At the head of it, with a mirror of stately proportions on the

wall behind him, sits Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin, chairman of the Public Lands Committee. His face is rigid and at the same time anxious—determined and at the same time uneasy. He has not been very much impressed by previous testi-

mony against ex-Secretary of the Interior Fall. Now it seems that he expects to be impressed.

At his right sits Senator Smoot of Utah. He, too, has not been much impressed by previous testimony against Mr. Fall. He, too, knows that Mr. Doheny's testimony will cause millions of people to be very much excited. Mr. Smoot, however, is not excited, is not anxious, is not uneasy. He remains imperturbable. He is not assertive about it. His face does not say: "I am imperturbable." His face just imperturbably says nothing.

About the table, on each side of it, for some distance down toward its foot, sit other senators. Then, beyond them, down and around the rest of the table there are newspaper men who arrived early. Other newspaper men in large numbers are seated between the table and the windows and are seated between Senator Lenroot and the mirror and are seated also in other parts of the room among the mere spectators. Among these mere spectators one also sees numerous senators who are not members of the Public Lands Committee, but who have come to see the most poignant play presented in Washington since Mr. Louis D. Brandeis put his pursuing foot upon the heel of Richard Achilles Ballinger, who was Secretary of the Interior by act of President Taft even as Mr. Fall, the person now of all persons the most pursued, was Secretary of the Interior by act of President Harding.

Among these visiting senators one notices the smartly dressed Hale of Maine, the expansively animated Ashurst of Arizona, and the poker-game-faced and dueling-ground-mannered Reed of Missouri. Above all, one notices La Follette of Wisconsin, who looks more than ever like a chunky charging little Japanese general about to assault

Port Arthur and who, having been the outstanding initiator of this investigation, has now come in to be the most observed spectator of its climax.

Many eyes search for Mr. Doheny, first in this and then in that part of the room. At last he is located by the preliminary locating of his well-known and magnificent attorney Mr. Gavin McNab of San Francisco. Mr. McNab is indeed worthy to be the attorney of an industrial magnate. He is tall. He is broad-shouldered. He looms and he glowers. He has an enormous dome of a head. He has an enormous steel-trap of a mouth. His lips curve down with a gigantic hold upon any bone of fact or argument. He looks able to crack raw bones and eat them.

Unobtrusively Mr. Doheny sits beside him. Mr. Doheny is small. His shoulders are not too narrow, but they are not broad. They are not commanding. At no point does Mr. Doheny seem commanding. He seems too gently inclined and too humorously inclined to be commanding. His eyes have a twinkling humor and also—perhaps always—perhaps only at this moment—a competing film over them of dulled sadness. He is dressed very neatly and even dapperly. On his wrist he wears a watch. On the little finger of his left hand he wears a large ring. His hair is parted in the middle, or just a few millimeters away from the middle. It is wavy hair, brownish, but beginning in streaks to be whitish. He has a mustache. It is a gleaming and total white. His complexion is a desert red. He wears spectacles with fine and almost invisible bows over his ears. He seems largely to consist of smiling pathetic eyes with a gleam of glass in front of them. He does not look dangerous. On the contrary, he looks extremely inoffensive. He looks as if he might well need the towering janizary, Mr. Gavin McNab, who looms and glowers protectingly over him. Many spectators, gazing at Mr. Doheny, immediately at this moment form a resolution to try to look as deserving of protection and of help and of ensuing millions as Mr. Doheny or Mr. Andrew Mellon.

Mr. Lenroot, at the head of the table, calls the table and the room to order. Mr. Doheny's name is mentioned. Mr. Doheny rises from beside Mr. McNab and steps forward to the table and sits in the chair which electrically has been left vacant for him. He sits in it and leans forward. Across the table from him he sees his pursuer-in-chief, his Louis D. Brandeis.

This new Brandeis is an old personal friend of Mr. Doheny's. It is Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, United States Senator, Irish like Mr. Doheny, a Democrat like Mr. Doheny, and Mr. Doheny's friend personally but, as it soon appears, not officially and not in any manner contrary to Mr. Walsh's immediate duty.



Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?



Too Much Oil in His System

Mr. Walsh in this inquiry has pursued Mr. Sinclair. He has pursued other Republicans. He also, however, has already pursued Mr. Doheny, his fellow-Democrat and his fellow-promoter of an Irish Ireland. He did it in a previous hearing. He is about to do it again now.

Mr. Walsh is a man of a slow, unrelenting speech. A sentence from him is like the laying down of brick after brick in a sort of verbal causeway across a deeply suspected swamp. He is not going to fall off into the swamp. Nor, on the other hand, is he going to be swerved from his destination. Slowly, patiently, often dully, he for months has been putting down these bricks while reporters absented themselves and notables went to luncheons on the other side of town and the White House was uninterested and the Department of Justice sent no representative to listen and numerous political experts said that in all this naval oil reserve inquiry there was an ultimate outcome of nothing. Mr. Walsh, learned, deep, pondering, just, scrupulous, charitable, regardful of right, tenacious of truth, continued to follow tame clue after tame clue till at length at the end of weary mile after weary mile of unregarded exploration he has brought this inquiry to the brink of this volcano now about to thrill the country with an eruption of inward national political scandalous secrets.

He has shaggy and protruding eyebrows. He used to have a mustache the corners of which came further down than those of any other mustache extant. They hung, or drooped, well down over the whole lower part of his face, so that at that time his eyebrows and his mustache together gave him the aspect of a cave man of savage hairiness. Of late months he has consented to abate the mustache.

He is among the few senators who cannot aspire to the White House. He is a Roman Catholic. Incidentally and irrelevantly it is said that he is a devoted and devout one.

His strongest political characteristic is that along with being a lawyer he has a sense of law as law. He has a sense of law not merely as a means of livelihood and not merely as a matter of legislation, but as a reign of duties and of rights. A leading member of the Democratic Party, a convinced follower of Woodrow Wilson's internationalist ideas, a detester of revolutionary radicalism, he wrote a report which covered the treatment accorded to alleged "reds" by Mr. Wilson's Attorney General, Mr. Mitchell Palmer, and which for all the recorded time through which the American republic may exist will demonstrate the illegality and injustice and unrighteousness of Mr. Palmer's "red" raids.

Undeterred by party, uncorrupted by friendships, Mr. Walsh automatically asks Mr. Doheny to speak. Mr. Doheny begins to speak. His voice is as uncommanding as his appearance. It is high, thin, almost shrill. It is shrill in pitch, not in penetration. It is not a noisy voice. It is almost a weak one. It is thoroughly unassertive.

In print Mr. Doheny's words seem to have been uttered with a roar. In life they proceed from him more with the effect of a diffident squeak.

Mr. Doheny begins to speak of Mr. Fall. He begins also to speak of himself. He and Mr. Fall were miners together. They were miners in a place where there were Indians. Mr. Doheny acutely observes that persons in peril may not like each other at the time, but they always like each other afterwards in their common memory of the peril and of the escape. Mr. Doheny adds this stroke of wit to the picture and then adds a stroke of pathos when he speaks of Mr. Fall's loss of his children by death. Mr. Doheny at this point finds it hard to continue speaking. He hesitates

and stops. He then regains control of himself and goes on. He goes on and reverts to humor. He describes Mr. Fall's reasons for finding himself without money. He remarks that people without money always find good reasons for finding themselves without money. They have had bad luck. Almost all his fellow-prospectors of his old mining-camp days have had bad luck. He now lends them money. Mr. Fall has had bad luck. Mr. Fall's mines in Mexico turned out to be poor in profits. This was largely because of revolutionary disturbances in Mexico. People in the United States do not realize what these revolutionary disturbances in Mexico are. At this very present time Mr. Doheny's employees in Mexico are resisting demands from the revolutionary Mexican De la Huerta Government for \$400,000. Many of Mr. Doheny's employees in Mexico in the course of the last few years of revolutionary disturbances have been killed. When Mr. Doheny speaks of their having been killed, he again for a time finds it hard to continue. He remembers his old fellow-prospectors. He remembers his old employees. Some of them are dead. The rest, if one may stretch his testimony a bit, seem to borrow money from him. He points out a certain difference between him and most other rich men. He does not merely possess property. He possesses cash. If he had to give somebody a million dollars tomorrow morning, he would not need to do it in securities. He would not have to sell part of his business. He could go to his bank and get that million in cash. His little low-volumed and high-keyed voice produces this thought to the hushed amazement or amusement of his auditors. Still more stimulated, still more stunned, they hear him then equably narrate his expectation of making one hundred million dollars for himself and his company out of his lease on Naval Oil Reserve Number One. Manifestly he sees nothing upsetting, nothing prostrating, in the idea of making one hundred million private dollars out of the public chore of draining a public oil reserve. Manifestly, moreover, he might have sent a mere one hundred thousand dollars to almost any affectionately remembered old fellow-pro prospector. He did send one hundred thousand dollars to Mr. Fall on a note and in a satchel, in cash.

At these words there goes around the room a shiver, a shudder, a grin, a pursing of mouths, a rolling of eyes, an exquisite pang of horror and of pleasure. Where a moment ago there was prurient curiosity, there now is satisfied virtue. Where a moment ago there was a trembling over the contestants, there now is a gloating over the defeated. Mr. Fall and Mr. Doheny lie on the sand of the arena. A year or so ago, back in the dim past, they were among our favorite gladiators. Shall they now be spared? A hiss of hostile breath from their old admirers, from their old friends, says gloatingly "No."

It was a victory for the service of the state. Senator Walsh did his duty. He looked across the table at his old friend Mr. Doheny. He had brought him to a public confession of a public error. He did not turn his head. If he had turned it, he would have gazed with contempt at the mob of pleasure-seekers who while evidence of the plundering of the public domain was being presented were not there, but who, when the blood of reputations was to flow, were present and exulting.

The voice of Senator Smoot is heard. He would like Mr. Doheny to see him in his office about the chances of an oil-well he knows in the West.

The making of the world's living goes on.

British Labor Celebrates Victory

By H. W. MASSINGHAM*

London, January 11

I HAVE seen many political demonstrations in England, beginning with the great Gladstonian progress of 1886, but I have never seen anything like this week's celebration of the Labor victory of last December. To understand it, it is necessary to say a word on the most critical situation in English politics that has arisen since the passing of the First Reform Bill. It is a new situation for which neither the constitution nor the party system makes any exact provision. We have had an indeterminate state of parties before—indeed, that condition held till close up to the seventies. We have also had a semi-revolutionary movement, like Chartism, arising out of a prolonged period of misery and repression. But Chartism was never able to win parliamentary power, and though parties in the early Victorian period were made up from loose and variable groupings, the grand era of liberalism was at hand, and was being steadily prepared for. Next week the curtain rises on a widely different scene. There are three definite parties, and only one of them offers a real aspect of solidarity. The Liberal Party, nominally reunited and subject to a momentary revival in numbers and discipline, is still on the decline, with an indifferent and divided leadership and a loss of faith and coherence which has persisted since the war and of which the causes lie deep in its constitution and social outlook. Toryism again is in a state of acute internal misery. It has come from one of the worst of its elections enraged with the naivete of its leader in challenging such an issue as protection in such a manner; alarmed at the prospect of the immediate arrival of "socialism," and yet unwilling to combine with the non-socialist liberalism of Mr. Asquith save on terms of a second and dominantly Tory coalition. From this solution the Liberals have drawn back in dismay. It would have meant the breaking off of the Radicals and the formation of a Liberal-Labor group, and it would have been downright treachery not only to Liberal idealism, but to the fairly progressive electoral program of the party.

It was with the knowledge that the Liberal vote would be used to destroy the Conservative Government, and that Labor thus stood on the threshold of power, that the great "thanksgiving" meeting at the Albert Hall assembled. The critical trial of the virtue of laborism—its leaders, ideas, and policies—had come to it as suddenly as the call to the prophet Elisha, found plowing with his twelve yoke of oxen in the field. And Labor's response was exactly what might be expected of it.

To the thousands of young men and women—the average age struck one as between 20 and 30—who poured into the Albert Hall, and moved to their places in one tier or another of its vast circumference, the event came as an almost solemn act of dedication rather than the flaming signal of party triumph. The British Labor Party resembles the Catholic church in at least two particulars. It has a faith and an organization, and it is the union of these two characteristics that produces the effect of disciplined enthusiasm of which these central assemblies are

the evidence. The order of the Albert Hall meeting was perfect, evolved as it was out of the simple and impressive ritual of the Labor demonstration and the close harmony of its poetry and aspiration with the temper of the audience. Vast as was the space to be filled, the work was done without a sign of bustle or confusion. In a few minutes every ticket holder had his seat, from the distant and slightly raised platform up to the dizziest tier of the arena. The singing, mostly in hymn tunes and led by a trained choir from the orchestra, was set to the three or four fine English poems by Morris and Carpenter, whose familiar rhythm makes the marching music of the party and spiritualizes their vision of a new social order. The programs, beautifully printed, closed with a commemoration of the saints and pioneer figures of the movement and of the great democratic hierarchy from which they sprang. Here and everywhere was the evidence of the spirit not of a party so much as of a religion, which it means to apply, in full confidence, to the art of government.

This tone of mingled buoyancy and seriousness, with its suggestion of a young evangelistic church in the bloom of its days of faith, was not the only remarkable feature of the Albert Hall meeting. There was something more notable still, and that was the harmony between leaders and followers. Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues had come to say a difficult word to an idealistic audience. The word was moderation. It was spoken, gently but with firmness, by every one of the orators, in particular by Mr. MacDonald, with the refined artistry of which he is a master, and by Miss Bondfield, who seemed to make every accent of her beautiful voice audible to its most distant hearer, with the persuasiveness of the religious teacher. Mr. MacDonald's speech contained one passage which could be called an appeal to passion, and that was the very homely passion, long denied to hundreds of thousands of English folk, of having a decent roof over their heads. Save for the necessary warning that if (as in the past) the ring which has hung up the housing movement since the war took the field against a Labor government that ring would be "broken," this vein of sober rationalism was never once abandoned. The effort of the Labor Ministry to establish itself as a governing force would, he made clear, proceed by a dual and connected movement. It would endeavor to establish a new concordat of peace, based on the immediate recognition of Russia and an attempt to bring Germany back into the European system. And it would make an offer to capital to engage with it in a great scheme of productive employment. I held my breath at an odd moment or two as this evolutionary movement was led up to and expounded in language of singular simplicity and skill. Impatient idealism might have revolted, and had it done so the life of a Labor government, if it had ever begun, would have dwindled to a short and inglorious episode. But the response was perfect. The enthusiasm of the meeting was restrained and enhanced; and it was evident that the new Government, basing itself not on the class-war, but on the cooperative and even the religious instincts of the whole nation, would have behind it the wonderful movement which brought it into being.

* It has been reported that Mr. Massingham will probably be appointed British Ambassador to Germany.

The Secret Corruption of the French Press

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

FILED away in the secret archives of the old imperial government of Russia lie tons of documents, some of which have been brought to light and some of which are still hidden. A new and amazing series has just been exposed by Boris Souvarine in the columns of *l'Humanité* of Paris. Souvarine, a young Frenchman of Russian descent, spent two years in Russia ransacking the files of the Russian Ministry of Finance, and returned with a load of sensational documents revealing in detail the manner in which the Czar's Government systematically bribed the French press from 1904 until the Soviet Revolution stopped the game. This was the period during which the Franco-Russian alliance was developed and the first Russian revolution put down in a bath of blood, during which Finland lost its autonomy and fifteen billion francs of French money were invested in Czarist bond issues. The crushing of the revolution and the strangling of Finland were made possible by the stream of French gold that flowed to Russia from the wool stockings of the French peasants and workmen, and the stream was maintained by a systematic press campaign to deceive the French people as to the true state of affairs in Russia. This campaign, the documents reveal, was bought and paid for by the Czar's Government, which in a critical year such as 1905 spent nearly four million francs to keep the Paris press quiet, and continued its subsidies intermittently until its downfall in 1917. Indeed, the Kerensky Government, which still nourished some of the imperialistic designs of its predecessor, continued the system of bribes, at least in so far as concerned the great semi-official mouthpiece of the French Foreign Office, the *Temps*.

Here, in downright bribery, is the secret of the strange alliance between republican France and imperial Russia; here, too, is the key to the rabidity with which the French press in peace-conference days opposed President Wilson's attempt to come to terms with Soviet Russia, and to the readiness of the French Government and of the Paris press to support any bandit chieftain who set himself up to oppose the Bolsheviks. For it must be remembered that in France all politicians are journalists, and almost all journalists are politicians, and that to bribe one group is to bribe the other. More than a score of Paris daily papers were on the Czar's pay roll, and still more individual journalists—managing editors, financial editors, owners, and feature writers—including Raymond Recouly, who came to the United States in 1922 to lecture before the Williamstown Institute of Politics as the recognized spokesman of France. On the same pay roll were several men who are still senators, among them Henri Berenger, who recently toured the Little Entente nations as Premier Poincaré's handy man and returned to recommend the loans of hundreds of millions of francs which are sealing France's diplomatic and industrial control of Central Europe. These men who sold themselves to the Czar are still making the policy of the Paris press and of the French Government; and if other revolutions come, political or industrial, we may discover their names on the post-war pay rolls of newer nations or of kings of finance and industry. Indeed, the fall of Stambuliiski in Bulgaria has exposed one of the Czar's

French henchmen again selling himself, as correspondent of the *Temps*, to another foreign Power.

The Czar's own agent used the phrase: "the abominable venality of the French press." Probably no press in the world is more venal. The French Government itself subsidizes it to keep it in hand; before the war one scandal after another revealed its readiness to accept money for editorial aid in floating various kinds of loans. There was a scandal in which the readiness of patriotic papers secretly to accept Austrian money was revealed; indeed, there is little reason to distinguish between acceptance of money from Austria and acceptance of money from Russia when one understands the sordid origin of the Russian alliance. The documents found in the Soviet archives incidentally reveal that French papers secretly accepted money from the Boers in the days when they had money to spend, and from Argentina and Brazil when they wanted to interest French capital in their countries. The Czar's money was used, of course, not only to influence investors but also to influence public opinion in politics. So close was its control that we find the Czar's secret agent writing to Petrograd to inquire whether he should consider the publication of a Tolstoi manifesto by the *Matin* as "a breach of contract."

Paris is not alone. The London *Times* and the London *Daily Telegraph* also felt the touch of the Czar's money. One of the favorite camouflages was to pay for the publication of special Russian numbers, the contents of which were carefully supervised by the Russian representatives. On April 19, 1914, M. Davidov, of the Russian Ministry of Finance, wrote to his chief, M. Bark, that he had been approached by the editor-in-chief of the *Monde Illustré*, and that while he had been unable to meet M. Dupuy-Mazuel's request in full he had felt its importance and had made a verbal report to the Czar, "who approved my views and agreed to grant M. Dupuy-Mazuel a subvention of 10,000 rubles, like that received by the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and a few other papers." This incidental reference is revealing enough; possibly some Englishman will follow in M. Souvarine's footsteps and track the Czar's money through the London press as thoroughly as Souvarine has traced it in Paris.

Paris is, however, probably alone in this: that it was at the direct instigation of the French Government that the Russian Government began its thirteen years of bribery of the press. This was in 1904, when the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War threatened the success of a Russian loan. It is worth referring to a report made in November, 1905, by Arthur Raffalovich, known to the public as an officer of the Legion of Honor, member of the Institute of France, a regular contributor to the *Journal des Débats* and the *Economiste français*, and as editor of the *Marché financier*. Unknown to the public Raffalovich was the Czar's secret agent who advised upon methods of corrupting the French press. Raffalovich wrote:

These subventions to the press began in February, 1904, at the time of the panic provoked by the outbreak of hostilities in the Far East. Upon the express request of M. Rouvier, then Minister of Finance [later Prime Minister of France] . . . the director of the [Russian]

Ministry of Finance agreed to open a credit of 200,000 francs through the Russo-Chinese Bank. The Paris banks, in the common defense of Russian credit, furnished 100,000 francs in addition to our 200,000. The money was expended through the regular agent of the French Ministry, M. Lenoir, and continued until the issuance of the 800-million-franc loan in May. Our sacrifices were then interrupted until autumn, when the monthly allocations were resumed, slightly increased. In March, 1905, after the battle of Mukden and the failure of the French loan by fault of the bankers, Verneuil demanded an enormous sum each month until peace was signed. . . . After consulting M. Rouvier semi-officially, we agreed to increase the monthly allotment by about 110,000 francs. . . . The internal events in Russia, the disturbances, mutinies, and massacres created a very uneasy state of mind among the owners of our securities in France and it appeared that if the press were left to itself it would not fail to upset the public still more. When M. Noetzlin returned the outlook was so threatening that the Banque de Paris put 50,000 francs at our disposition, which was used as follows: 10,000 francs to the Havas Agency [the Associated Press of France], 7,000 francs to Hebrard of the *Temps*, 4,000 to the *Journal* on November 30, as much again on December 30, plus Lenoir's commission. The costly sacrifices to Havas and the *Temps* are absolutely necessary. In our difficult circumstances the support of the majority of the press is—unfortunately—indispensable to us until the loan is put through. The papers have become greedier as the loan becomes more distant, and one may judge what they would say if given rein by the tone of a few papers which have remained outside the arrangement. . . . We must continue the 100,000 francs for three months, and look forward to paying Havas 10,000 francs for an even longer period. . . . The canceled checks are in the hands of the Ministry of Finance.

In all, the Russians spent on the Paris press in that expensive year of 1905, 3,796,861 francs—and the franc was then at par. The list of papers which received the gold, some of it in the camouflaged form of loan advertising, included the *Temps*, the *Journal des Débats*, the *Echo de Paris*, *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, the *Journal*, the *Petit Parisien*, the *Matin*, the *Liberté*, the *Presse*, the *Patrie*, the *Libre Parole*, the *Petit Journal*, the *Eclair*, the *Rappel*, the *Radical*, the *Intransigeant*, the *Lanterne*, and a host of others. Of course the financial papers received their share, and even the *Vie Parisienne* appears upon one list of the favored.

The subsidies continued, somewhat less fluently, for more than two decades. They were resumed in 1912, the disbursement being supervised by M. Poincaré. Of that, and of his use of the Russian gold to stifle pacifist sentiment during a war scare, I shall speak in a later article. The *Temps*, as the mouthpiece of the French Government, the most influential and most quoted paper in France, was a chief beneficiary. During the World War the alliance between the *Temps* and the Russian Government assumed a unique intimacy. Perhaps never in history has a great newspaper so sold itself, body and soul, to a foreign Power. The terms of the contract, signed at Petrograd on January 15, 1916, tell the vile story:

The Imperial Ministry of Finance and M. Charles Rivet, representative of the *Temps* in Russia, have agreed as follows:

The special numbers of the *Temps* devoted to the financial and economic life of the Empire will appear as free supplements, folded in with the paper, beginning in 1916.

There will be two numbers per year, to appear toward the end of January and of June.

M. Charles Rivet, correspondent of the *Temps* in Russia, is authorized in a letter signed by the director of the *Temps* corporation, dated January 14, 1916, to prepare the aforesaid supplements in collaboration with the Minister of Finance. To facilitate relations and in the interest of the publication all matters concerning it, journalistic or financial, are the exclusive concern of the Petrograd office of the *Temps* and are to be handled directly between the chancellery of the Ministry of Finance and M. Charles Rivet.

The Russian Ministry of Finance has entire freedom to select the text of the Russian numbers, which will be published only under its supervision. It may, accordingly, dispose of all or part of the 5,000 lines contained in each of them, just as it may furnish all or part of the photographs to illustrate them.

The Ministry's material should be at the disposition of M. Charles Rivet or of his representative about one month before publication; if the material exceeds the volume of a single number it may be carried over into the next.

Furthermore the Russian Ministry of Finance, exclusively through the Minister's chancellery, may transmit to M. Rivet or to his representatives such economic or financial news as may seem to it of a nature to interest the readers of the Temps, and this news will be printed in that paper. These communications will be handed to the Petrograd office of the Temps and should not include such news as the Russian Government may feel it wise to give out in Paris—as to which the Temps is not bound by the present agreement. The Ministry's communications will not exceed 5,000 lines per year. To facilitate their transmission and in order not to overburden the budget of the paper the Russian Imperial Ministry of Finance will recompense M. Rivet or his representatives for the telegraphic expenses of the Temps, to the extent of a maximum of 500 words per day, or of 15,000 words monthly, this to continue until the conclusion of the diplomatic pourparlers and of the events which follow the war and constitute its liquidation. This telegraphic gratuity may be continued still further if the Ministry of Finance does not object.

The *Temps* assumes all the cost of printing and distributing the Russian numbers. *The Ministry of Finance grants M. Charles Rivet an annual subsidy of 150,000 francs, payable in two instalments of one-half each when the material for the numbers is transmitted, or in one lump sum at the beginning of the year, at the option of the Minister of Finance.*

The publication of the Russian numbers will continue in following years upon the same conditions unless one of the two parties objects. In that case the changes to be made are to be noted when the last number of the year is in course of publication, i.e., in June, in default of which notice the present agreement will remain in force for the ensuing year.

Rivet and the *Temps* were hard up and greedy. This contract was not enough to satisfy them. In August, 1916, we find them pressing the Russian Government to pay in advance the 150,000 francs for 1917. "In return, dear sir, we are entirely at your service; what we ask is one of those things which one never forgets, and we shall be most sincerely and profoundly grateful." Groveling could hardly go further. In September Rivet was begging again. His annuity of 150,000 francs came from the Russian Ministry of Finance. He tried to get more from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It was a question, he wrote, "of an agreement of a high political bearing"; Sazonov, Neratov, and

Baron Schilling were all favorable, but the Prime Minister had not formally approved the project. Rivet felt that as "an enlightened patriot" the Minister should approve this second subvention. Rivet got an advance of the first half of the 1917 subvention, but in January he was begging again for the other half; "you can count on our entire devotion," he wrote. The Foreign Ministry doubted the wisdom of a second subsidy and telegraphed to Raffalovich in Paris for advice. He replied uncertainly; the *Temps* was important, but it was already heavily subsidized. However, he added, "in view of the state of war, and looking forward to the need which the Ministry may have of enlightening public opinion upon Russian interests during the peace negotiations, it might be useful to make sure of a means of having our ideas and communications printed in that paper, on condition that they be printed in the paper itself, not in the supplement."

The Kerensky Revolution made no difference to Rivet and the *Temps*—what they wanted was the money, and if Kerensky would pay they were as willing to serve him as the Czar. In April we find Rivet announcing that he had made such changes in the forthcoming supplement as the occasion required, and offering to print whatever the new Finance Minister desired. He even suggested that he had had "his modest part in the happy changes in Russia"! On May 2 he acknowledged a check from the Kerensky Government. Meanwhile Rivet had formed a little "Balkan Telegraphic Agency" of his own, and was soliciting aid for it too.

The Bolshevik Revolution put an end to this gold mine and naturally Rivet and the *Temps* bitterly opposed it. In that counter-revolutionary period their tracks are covered;

no revolution has yet disclosed what financial dealings, if any, Kolchak and Denikin and Wrangel had with the Paris papers. Rivet in the course of time was sent as a special correspondent to the Balkans. There new evidence of the corruption of the *Temps* and its correspondent has come to light. The Belgrad *Vremya* printed in November, 1923, a facsimile letter from Rivet to one of the agrarian leaders. Rivet said that he needed money in order to complete a three-weeks journey through Bulgaria for which the *Temps* could not pay. The Bulgarian Embassy in Paris had paid for his outgoing journey, and the rest of his expenses were to be covered by the Bulgarian Government. He wanted Stambuliiski to settle the account. The *Vremya* recalled that Rivet and the *Temps* had systematically belittled Serbia and praised Bulgaria, and suggested that Serbian statesmen were naive if they thought they could get the truth about Serbia into the French press without paying for it.

American journalists are hardly subject to such crass corruption as these documents reveal in the French press. But there is a subtler form of corruption which was practiced by the Czar before the war and is in vogue with the French Republic today. French journalists used to vie with each other for the honor of decoration by the Czar, and American correspondents today covet the rosette of the French Legion of Honor. Some of them have won it. Can it be that the achievement or hope of that bit of red ribbon has anything to do with the strange fact that these men who send daily cables to their American papers have not noticed the amazing news which *l'Humanité* has been printing day after day for weeks, undenied by the culprit papers themselves?

America in Polynesia*

By PADRAIC COLUM

I. Where Sugar Is King

IN acres and acres and hundreds of acres spreads the green that is richest of all greens—the green of the sugar cane. In the Hawaiian Islands it is only when we go away from where water can be poured out, it is only when we get to places where a black lava-crust lies upon the earth that we lose sight of that triumphant green. Sooner or later, if we would understand the islands, we will have to go by one of the roads that lead through this green growth and come to someone who can really tell us about the plantations.

All the islands except Molokai which is lacking in water have great sugar plantations—Oahu, Kauai, Maui, Hawaii. But it is on the island of Hawaii that the production of sugar is at its simplest; there the abundance of water permits of direct transportation from the field to the factory, and furnishes power besides for the running of the factory. On the other islands one sees the brown stalks of burned and cut cane being drawn on railway trucks through the living green of the plantation. On the island of Hawaii the bundles of the cut cane are transported as

lumber is transported down the rivers—they are rushed by flumes to the factory.

The cane crop is continuous and the fields need never lie fallow; leave the roots in the ground and the crops will rise up again, thinning only after four years. Here is a field that the power cultivator has broken: bundles of cane lie near—they are to be planted in the ridges by the women and children of the plantation. Here is a field that has not yet come to maturity; it is due to ripen in from three to six months, and here is a field that has been burned to get rid of the growth of leaves so that the cane can be easily cut.

Water comes swiftly down in a flume that is about eighteen inches across. The flow is in a concrete trough, and it rushes along like the water of a mill-race. Bundles of cane are being swept along in it; it is carrying the cane down to the factory six miles away. Day and night, in a twenty-four-hour shift, this flume and the flumes converging on it are carrying the cane from the field into the factory—carrying it, in this particular place, right into the machinery that cuts it, crushes it, and makes it yield up its juice.

So there is the utmost simplicity here. But indeed on the Hawaiian Islands generally the conversion of land and labor into wealth by way of the cane-plantation and the sugar factory has a rather terrifying simplicity. There

* This is the first of a series of three articles by the same author on the subject of American Polynesia. The other two articles will describe village life in the islands and the origins of Hawaiian folk songs.

is no curve in this conversion; it is in a perfectly straight line. Practically the whole economic life is concentrated on the production of sugar. I suppose such a concentration amounts to an economic scandal. On Maui, perhaps the most productive spot on the globe, it is impossible to get fresh vegetables; the lettuces, even, come from the coast; butter comes from New Zealand; everything comes out of a can. One has to go into the wild recesses of the land to find Hawaiians, Portuguese, or Chinese working a farm on the smallest and simplest scale. And there are no markets for the stuff they produce.

We follow the flume that is sweeping to the factory the brown bundles of the burned and cut cane. We come to the mill, and we are ready to view the climax of all this drama of growth and labor.

The mill is not spacious, not imposing; it is not much more extensive than the ordinary street-car barn in New York. And there are not many hands about. The cane comes down the flume; it is cut by four knives at the entrance; it is carried a little lower down and crushed, and we see the oozing juice.

One follows the juice as it is drawn to the compartments above; here are great inclosed boilers with glass retorts on the outside that permit us to see the dark-brown juice as it becomes more and more purified. Molasses is formed; by centrifugal force the sugar is separated, and the molasses again is made to yield up its sugar. Brown sugar comes out warm; we see it packed in bags, carried away, and stowed in the wagons that will take it to the steamer; it goes to New York to be refined into the white sugar that we use. The bundle of cane that we saw being rushed along by the flume has added its crystallized juices to the mass that has gone into one of these bags. There is one thing more to be looked at. As we leave the mill we note a heap of dark-brown soil near the railway tracks. This is the clay and fiber that has been pressed out of the cane; it will be used as fertilizer. Then there is the molasses that in spite of the centrifugal force has remained molasses more or less; it is in a heap outside; it will be used as fuel in the factory or as feed for the horses and mules of the plantation. Everything in the cane has been accounted for.

When you are in the Hawaiian Islands you hear the word "camp" over and over again. Now although one-tenth of the military forces of the American Republic is stationed in these mid-Pacific islands, the "camps" spoken of are not for soldiers; they are for the laborers, for the workers in the plantations.

The Hawaiian Islands are singular in this—whereas other countries have not always enough work for their populations, these islands have not enough population for their work. Since the thirties and forties when the monarchy sanctioned the importation of Chinese, labor agents have been searching for and bringing into the islands labor from many quarters—Chinese, Portuguese, Japanese, Filipino, Porto Rican, Korean. You come to note the different types as you go through the plantations. The Japanese have the biggest quota, the Portuguese come next, then the Filipino. Few Hawaiians are on the plantations; the Kanaka, a small farmer and fisherman by tradition, does not take to the hard-driven labor of the cane-fields.

The very word "camp" gives the history and status of this imported labor. There are no villages here for the

plantation workers, for the village belongs to generations of people, and these men and women have not grown up, they have been dumped down, on this land. The word "camp," too, implies something regulated, and the places where the workers and their families live are under supervision.

And yet the collection of houses that form the newer "camps," from the point of view of hygiene or of comfort, are ahead of most villages in Europe. They are neat, these framehouses; they have a washhouse for the family outside with a shower-bath; they have runs for fowl. Every "camp" has a clubhouse for men. The schools that are about the plantations are pleasanter than any schools I have ever been in; the teachers are of a high type, and they have not only consideration but affection for their polyglot charges. In Ireland, or England, or Scotland, places like these "camps" would be regarded as model villages, and it would be altogether out of the question to have schools like these near-Irish, English, or Scotch villages—schools so well built, so well staffed, so well equipped.

And the people who live on the plantations have wages that would look good to a farmer in many parts of America. They have a dollar a day to begin with. They have a bonus with this pay. They have money for overtime, and their women and children are able to work alongside if they like and make a good addition to the wage of the head of the family. They have a free house; they have free light, fuel, nursing, and medical attendance. The plantation owners are quite open to suggestions for the betterment of life in the "camps"; indeed they have, in several places, brought in enlightened and devoted welfare workers, who are putting into operation well-conceived programs for social betterment.

And yet, if there is one thing clear about it all it is that in this beautiful country, in this ideal climate, in this paradise for children the workers, with steady jobs and many advantages, are not at all anxious to stay on the plantations. Few of the children grown up here go into the cane-fields. The adult workers do not regard themselves as settled here; when, a few years ago, the bonus was so large that they were able to save a considerable sum, a great many plantation workers pulled up stakes and left the islands. During war time when sugar was at a high price the owners almost bribed them to work. But when they got their large bonus they stayed away from the plantations for weeks and weeks.

Is the aversion to the cane-field due to the work there, or is it due to conditions outside? I have an idea that to a great extent the aversion to the plantations begins in the "camp." It would be wise, I think, for the plantation owners to discard that word with its suggestion of transitoriness and regulation and rootlessness. These collections of houses should be given names—names perhaps derived from another land and endeared to the people who live or grow up in them. The namelessness of the place he lives in is one more way of showing the worker that, for the plantation owners, he is only the economic man.

In the camps there is no wine-drinking, no cock-fighting, no uproarious love-making, no festivities that go on through days and nights; a man cannot have a good row with his wife, a family cannot throw things at each other without the camp-policeman appearing on the scene. There is nothing, in short, to remind one of the normal, energy-wasting, dramatized life of the European village. There are movies that the plantation worker and his family can go to; the

young people of the camps, no doubt, have ways of getting together, but human life is certainly subdued—it is subdued for the production of the economic person—the man or woman who can put in eleven good hours in plantation work.

There is something in human nature that asserts that man is not purely an economic creature. He is an economic creature some of the time, but most of the time he is something that is quite different. "Sometimes we experienced surprise that they should labor so arduously at their sport and so leisurely at their plantations and houses, which, in our opinion, would be far more conducive of their advantage and comfort," wrote the Rev. Mr. Ellis, an early missionary to the Hawaiians. "They generally answered that they built houses and cultivated their gardens from necessity, but followed their amusements because their hearts were fond of them." The Hawaiians who made that answer spoke on behalf of the whole human race—the Japanese in present-day Hawaii perhaps excepted. Man created as an economic creature—even well-treated as such—is left with much of a grievance.

The camps are of all conditions—they vary as they are old, new, or very recent constructions. The recent camps are very much improved; they are in better situations, they have roomier houses, they have wider gardens; they have—a worth-while privilege, this—access to the plantation dairy, where they can get milk and butter at cost price. The old camps, built for the earlier Portuguese laborers, are like slums set down in the countryside.

They stand, these nameless villages, through all the greater Hawaiian Islands, collections of board houses without chimneys, beside the green of the cane-fields and inclosed by the many-blossomed hibiscus hedges with their high greenery. The races are segregated; one does not find Japanese and Portuguese families or Filipino and Porto Rican families living side by side. The houses, even the houses in the most recent constructions, are small. But then much of the home life is lived in the open air and the cooking is always done outside. A *lanai* or veranda is outside all of the houses, and this makes an extra room—the room, indeed, that is most frequented. Near the camp is the plantation store with its enormous array of goods in cans, biscuits, and salt meats, with its display of camp notices in Hawaiian, Japanese, Portuguese, Spanish, and that odd-looking Malay language full of "ngs" and "bangs" that a section of the Filipinos have for a vernacular. Down the road is the school charmingly arranged in bungalows, with trees and delightful flowers around and with happy-seeming children within and without—Japanese children mostly, with their shy geniality, their slit eyes and their microscopic noses, and their little flowered kimonos—and with few Hawaiians, some Portuguese, and other children representing odd racial mixtures. One is made sad to think that so few of these little people will grow up with any attachment to this beautiful place, that they will come to have the mind of transients, the children of a camp.

Out in the cane-fields the men and women are working, and the *luna* or overseer watches this group and that group. What do they feel about their work in the field and their life in the camps? They are not inarticulate, this alien-speeched folk, and two of their testaments have come my way. The first is a poem—a poem that for all its uncouth, foreign words and all its cramped expression has power and impressiveness.

Battle Hymn of the Laborers

BY A LABORER OF MAKAWELI

At four-thirty the bugle sounds.
Still camps rouse into motion
And the noise of men breaks the stillness of night.
Companies are armed—
Regiment of hapaiko men,
Regiment of "cut cane" men,
Regiment of hanawai,
Regiment of hoehana.

A mixed battalion of Japanese, Filipinos, Chinese,
Koreans, Portuguese, and Spanish.
Our Captain is mean.
He rides on a horse with a big rod.
Companies are divided in two;
They press forward riding on train,
To the Castle of the Capitalists,
To the Castle of the Poor.
Hapaiko! Cut cane!

Hey! Enemies are strong—
Big rain, terrible storm.
Why fear, you cowards!
Front-line men are killed,
Second-line men are wounded,
Third-line men are aged.
Alas! Only help is National Guard.
Hapaiko! Hanawai!

You're shot!
Your bayonet is broken!
Your ammunition is gone!
You fool!
Fight! Fight! until it falls—
Castle of the Poor!
Cut cane! Hoehana!

Fight!
Fight for the freedom of mankind!
Scholars, be baptized with mud!
Priests, be baptized with spirit!
Rich men, be baptized with love!
Poor men, be baptized with freedom!

Charge!
Charge!
Be not misled.
Hapaiko! Cut cane!
Hanawai! Hoehana!

There is no mistaking the resentment that is back of this poem. Written by a Japanese plantation laborer, it was published in a Japanese newspaper on the island of Kauai; it was brought to the notice of the Hawaiian attorney general, who had to consider whether the publisher of the poem should be tried for revolutionary intent. Thanks to its being brought to the notice of the law and being published as a document in the case, we can glimpse plantation life as seen by an embittered plantation worker.

The "Captain" who is "mean," who rides "on a horse with a big rod" is the *luna* or overseer. The rod that is so sensationally noted is only a riding-crop. "Front-line men are killed"—that refers to the first importation of Japanese laborers who are now all dead or incapacitated by age. "Second-line men are wounded." That is an allusion to the crippling effects of the *hapaikou* work at which men weighing 140 pounds or less pack bundles of cane weighing 180

pounds or more from the fields to the freight cars. "It is true that they themselves set the weight of their own bundles," says the Honolulu journal that published the poem after it had been brought to the attorney general, "but it is also true that, after five or six years of it, they become permanently deformed and can be distinguished from their fellows by the depression of the shoulders on which the bundles have rested. It should be said in justice that the planters for years have been seeking to develop mechanical leaders that could compete in the field against the human pack animal and that it appears they are on the verge of success." The flumes and the wires that carry the bundles from the upland plantations to the factories are mitigating the labor of the human pack animal.

You're shot!
Your bayonet is broken!
Your ammunition is gone!

All this has reference to the strike of the year before last and the dissipation of the strike fund.

I believe that there is only one solution for the population problem in Hawaii—that is the break-up of the great plantations and the creation of a body of homesteaders engaged in the growing of cane or pine-apples. Looking at it humanly, the problem of the islands is not a problem of labor, but a problem of population. What kind of population can Hawaii afford to have? Is it an unrooted population, living in nameless collections of houses, or is it a population of homesteaders living in real villages? The effort to settle homesteaders on the island lands—notably on Molokai—is quite distinct from the effort to break up any of the large plantations. The first is being already discussed. "So far as land is concerned there is no difficulty, but these men do not want land unless it can be proved to them that they can make a little money on their gardens. For this reason efforts are being made to test all kinds of crops. . . . When these experiments have demonstrated that small farming is profitable and feasible as well in Hawaii as on the mainland, it is hoped the plantation laborers will work to earn enough money to buy an upland farm, not tickets to San Francisco. They and their children will come down to the cane-fields to work in harvesting the crop, just as a similar class of small farmer works in the harvesting season in California. In this way only will the problem of laborers for the plantations be permanently settled, and, at the same time, the Territory will have gained a steady and reliable population." This is from "Hawaii Past and Present," by William Castle, Jr., and it is interesting as showing that a member of one of the ruling families is looking to the abolition of the camp.

That solution still envisages the wage-earner in the field. I believe that another solution some time will be urged—the break-up of the plantation, the acquiring of lots by homesteaders, and the production of sugar on a cooperative basis. A labor leader whom I have talked with speaks out for such a solution. And a man whose name places him among the half dozen families who have great proprietary rights in the islands has talked to me hopefully about it.

But the labor question in Hawaii is now taking on some of the mythology of a racial issue. The bulk of the work on the plantations—that is to say, the work that has meant the largest turnover for the islands—has been done by men and women of the Japanese race. They were brought into Hawaii in the eighties to take the place of

Chinese coolies, who had become unsatisfactory to the government and the plantation owners. The Japanese were worked unsparingly in the beginning; they have worked themselves unsparingly since. Will their children born on the islands be permitted to have votes and to enter the legislature? That is the great political issue in Hawaii now. And if they acquire political power—and their numbers entitle them to considerable political power—what effect will that have on labor in the plantations?

In the Driftway

FULTON FERRY has stopped running. To the Drifter it is almost as if a friend had died. That ferry has made history and poetry. It was a very Methuselah among American ferries; as early as 1642 boats ran regularly from what is now Peck's Slip, Manhattan, to what is now Fulton Street, Brooklyn. That was a year before the settlement of "Breuckelen" itself, and the colony about the ferry terminus was known simply as The Ferry. In its day Fulton Ferry was a fashionable passage, and before the fire of 1848 lower Fulton Street, Brooklyn, was lined with dignified buildings and shaded by fine old elm-trees, which made Talleyrand's exile in America a joy. Half a century after Talleyrand Fulton Ferry still bore a thousand listeners from Manhattan each Sunday, eager to hear Henry Ward Beecher preach.

* * * * *

IT was in those days that Walt Whitman learned to love Fulton Ferry:

My life was curiously identified with Fulton Ferry [he wrote], already becoming the greatest of its sort in the world, for general importance, volume, variety, and picturesqueness. Almost daily I crossed on the boats. . . . I have always had a passion for ferries; to me they afford inimitable, streaming, never-failing, living poems. The river and bay scenery, all about New York island, any time of a fine day—the hurrying, splashing sea-tides—the changing panorama of steamers, all sizes, often a string of big ones outward bound to distant parts—the myriads of white-sailed schooners, sloops, skiffs, and the marvelously beautiful yachts—the majestic Sound boats as they rounded the Battery and came along toward 5, afternoon, eastward bound—the prospect off toward Staten Island, or down the Narrows, or the other way up the Hudson—what refreshment of spirit such sights and experiences gave me!

On that ferry Whitman wrote:

Now I am curious what sight can ever be more stately and admirable to me than my mast-hemm'd Manhattan, My river and sunset, and my scallop-edg'd waves of flood-tide, The sea-gull's oscillating their bodies, the hay-boat in the twilight, and the belated lighter . . .

The ferry has ceased running! Whitman never dreamed of such a fate:

Others will enter the gates of the ferry and cross from shore to shore;
Others will watch the run of the flood-tide . . .

Others will see the islands large and small.
Fifty years hence, others will see them as they cross, the sun half an hour high;

A hundred years hence, or ever so many hundred years hence, others will see them,

Will enjoy the sunset, the pouring-in of the flood-tide, the falling-back to the sea of the ebb-tide.

THERE is still the bridge—though most who cross it ride on the “L” and bury their noses in newspapers. There are even new glories that Walt Whitman never knew—the fairy garden of skyscrapers when fog or night blots out the architect’s lines and leaves a chaotic heaven of star-like windows, and the glorious aspirations of the topmost towers when the early morning sun catches them triumphantly piercing a low-hanging cloud. In the forties, when Walt Whitman rode the ferries, the bridge was beginning to live in imagination, but the Woolworth tower was still beyond fancy, and tunnels beneath the river had not been dreamed of. The ferry filled the stage. Today there are three downtown bridges and three tunnels, and more are under way; skyscrapers have been born and are taking ever new fantastic forms. Eighty years hence—will the bridges seem as archaic as the poor little ferry today? Will the tunnels be closed and air traffic seem as commonplace as the subaqueous route today?

* * * * *

WELL, the ferry is gone. The Drifter will miss it; he will seek consolation in the hope that the three doors on the Manhattan side may long continue to bear the cryptic inscriptions “Freight,” “Passengers,” and “Crabs.”

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Still Eating

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Where is this pumpkin pie that your designers of the All-American dinner so glibly speak of? Where can it be found? Is it not non-existent, like the “million dollars” that small boys bet each other so blithely?

To the best of my knowledge and belief the last American pumpkin pie was baked toward the close of the nineteenth century by a stern old New England matron, who carried the secret of its composition and blending to the grave. Surely you do not believe that the chrome-yellow, glucosey disk they purvey in New York restaurants is an American pumpkin pie? For one thing it is usually not made out of the field pumpkin at all but of the so-called “sweet pumpkin,” a hybrid of the true pumpkin and a squash; a monstrous, warty, insipid melon; the latest rape upon Mother Nature by the horticulturists.

Your true pumpkin pie was made from the common field pumpkin, those globes of gold whose fair, round bellies shone among the ripening corn. It was seasoned judiciously with but few spices; tinct with cloves and ginger and cinnamon; a comparatively simple affair. Like the chiseling of the sculptures on the frieze of the Parthenon, all that it required was a couple of centuries of study and eighteen or twenty years of practice. In appearance soothing, smooth, and mild; in taste an exquisite pleasure approaching pain, the bewildered palate not knowing whether to seize on the flavor of the pumpkin as distinguishing this true food of the gods, this Theobroma, or the saucy cloves, warm ginger, or aromatic cinnamon.

But it is gone! The pumpkin pie is gone! That confection that made the mouth gape like a wound is gone! Thus would Burke cry if, living today, he surveyed the state of culinary affairs in America.

Philadelphia, December 18

H. H. SMITH

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our fathers were very religious. They had to fight each other, and they had to fight the Indians and the wild beasts. There was no medicine and few doctors. Their chances to live were fewer than their chances to die. So they had to

be prepared to die. To prepare them to die was the office of religion. Therefore, the country camp-meeting was an important part of their affairs. Each summer the old-time corn-fed circuit rider would hold protracted meetings under brush arbors. The old settlers would revive their religion and the new-comers would “get” religion. Everybody had to have religion. The preacher at these camp-meetings would preach practically all day. But during the noontime there would be a sort of recess and the ladies would spread white cloths and have dinner on the ground. These dinners were not trumped-up in a hurry. The women-folk had prepared for them since the last camp-meeting. Fried chicken, country-cured ham, and good biscuits were piled high, surrounded by all kinds of accessories, and to cap it off egg custards were hauled out of the grub-boxes. Gosh! I say “gosh” because those egg custards bring back pleasant memories and start my saliva glands to running. I looked forward to those dinners as one looks forward to Christmas or the Fourth of July. They were in fact annual feasts, and as a boy I would eat until I could hardly navigate for several hours afterwards. Being a child those gorges did me no permanent injury. The old folks, being lean, stood them admirably. The preachers thrived on them, for they worked hard.

But the period—the long, long period—of isolation is gone, and gone, and going, with it are the characteristics it produced. Today our manners and our food come to us, from the four corners of the earth, standardized and ready for use. All of our stomachs and all of our backs receive about the same blessings.

Dallas, Texas, December 28

D. W. KING

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps the dinner subject is rather worn out—but it impresses me that your correspondents have all forgotten to consider, in connection with their menus, what a dinner *ought* to be. That is, scientifically—or perhaps I should say chemically—speaking. Of course, most people don’t think of dinners in that way, and they are inclined to look upon anyone who does as a queer type of cold-blooded ascetic that’s trying to take the joy out of life. Yet it’s a simple enough fact that there are certain other elements which the body must secure from food, and certain other elements which it cannot utilize in excess quantities. And when our traditional menus crowd the medicinal fruits and vegetables into the corner to make way for plentiful dishes of meats and devitalized sugar and starch products—well, our doctors are usually kept busy.

So here’s another menu, and I think it will stand the test of a chemist’s laboratory as well as of a healthy appetite:

Radishes, or ripe olives
Lettuce salad
Baked potatoes
Omelet
Creamed spinach
Chopped figs with cream
Sweet apple cider

Yankton, S. D., December 27

BEULAH CHAMBERLAIN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our country is too big for any one menu. Its various sections eat with characteristic differences. Also, our kitchens are melting-pots where, though recipes from the old countries have always been our mainstay, yet these in many cases have

... suffered a sea change
Into something rich and strange.

(Or if not “rich” most decidedly “strange,” as when the apple pie of the parent country—deep below the rim and rising to a mountain height above it—was most regrettably flattened out by us into a thin tart, a form in which its own mother wouldn’t know it.)

Yet, nevertheless, and notwithstanding, we have made you a menu, and further we have made you a commentary on that menu. It stands for the kind of dinner *we* would serve Mr.

Lloyd George if he were our guest, and it has in it several dishes that he would not be likely to get at an English or a French dinner, and which are acknowledgedly American dishes. This, we think, is what he wanted when he asked for an American dinner.

I		
Okra and Tomato Soup		
Saltines		
Radishes		California Ripe Olives
II		
Planked Shad		
Parker House Rolls		
Sliced Cucumbers		Stuffed Celery
III		
Roast Vermont Turkey		Peanut Dressing
Cranberry Sauce		
Succotash		Franconia Potatoes
Pickled Watermelon Rind		Barberry Jelly
Sweet Cider		Frozen Punch
IV		
Hearts of Lettuce		
Thousand Islands Dressing		
V		
Washington Pie		
Baked Alaska with Maple Sugar Sauce		
Concord Grapes		Florida Kumquats
Jonathan Apples		
Salted Pecans	Coffee	Wintergreen Candies

Three more courses could be added: a cocktail to open up with; a fritter to follow the fish course; a game course with or preceding the salad. Too elaborate, is it? Well, no, for we think it is only in keeping with our guest, and to be expected of any hostess who would entertain such a guest, and who would want to put her best foot first and make a good splurge, and let the Spread Eagle spread himself for all he was worth.

P. S.—We forgot to insert our accompaniment to the hearts of lettuce salad with the Thousand Islands dressing. Here it is: Wee triangular sandwiches of Boston brown bread filled with sage cheese. These are really very dainty; the bread is cut very thin, the filling is thin, they look attractive, and they taste good. Naturally, you would expect us to include our Boston specialty in any American menu.

JANET M. HILL AND MARY D. CHAMBERS,
Editors of *American Cookery Magazine*

Boston, December 31

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Frankly, our sympathies are with Oscar, because we do not believe there is an American dinner. American cookery is as cosmopolitan as its citizenship, and in our judgment it is little to be wondered at that Oscar found difficulty in making a single selection that would be typical in the one meal of all the wealth of American tradition. The New England dinner is to be sure an American dinner; but the Southern fried chicken is no less so. Moreover, in its own locality the one is an entire stranger to the other.

Perhaps, after all, Oscar was not so far wrong in offering to his English guest a dinner that was flavored by that contact with the Old World which America enjoys.

New York, December 27 MILDRED MADDOCKS BENTLEY,
Chairman, Advisory Board, Good Housekeeping Institute

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Aw, heck! Why continue all these epicurean essays on How to Overfeed Mr. Lloyd George in the face of a starving world? Why will we Americans insist on trying to "put on the dog" for a man who has seen more "dog" than we can produce? Novelty and nourishment will appeal to him more. Therefore, in behalf of the greatest State in the union, Texas, and in the name of some of its most virile citizens, I rise to suggest the typically American dinner of "sow belly and beans."

Delhi, California, December 14

E. L. PACKARD

YOU THINKERS OF THE NATION—

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THE FORUM seeks to discover rather than to guide public opinion; to give a hearing rather than to impose a doctrine.

Note the Contents for February

Than which there are none better in any magazine.

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL: Anne Douglas Sedgwick, the author of "Tante" and "Adrienne Toner," begins her new serial novel. It is a story which presents highly colorful pictures of life in semi-Bohemian France, in vivid contrast with the staid habits of life in rural England.

MY LIFE IN ART—some chapters from the life of Constantin Stanislavsky, Director of the Moscow Art Theatre. A truly remarkable account of the materializing of an ideal—the building up, from apparently nothing, of an organization which attains the pinnacle of success wherever it appears. This is the first instalment of a series.

THE FLY: Luigi Pirandello, author of "Seven Characters in Search of an Author."
HOW CAN PSYCHIC PHENOMENA BE EXPLAINED?

1. Fragments of Psychical Science, Walter Franklin Prince.
2. The Animus of Psychical Research, Joseph Jastrow.

Mysterious manifestations which never lose their fascination are debated by two philosophers who have devoted years to the investigation of the subject.

WHY EUROPE HAS NOT MADE PEACE: Guglielmo Ferrero.

One of the greatest living European historians makes some illuminating and caustic observations on the general bungling that has been indulged in by European statesmen.

And Many Other Features

THE FORUM

A Magazine of Discussion

Edited by Henry Goddard Leach

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Books

Musical Chronicles

My Musical Life. By Walter Damrosch. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.

Musical Chronicle: 1917-1923. By Paul Rosenfeld. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

ACCORDING to Voltaire the secret of being a bore is to tell everything. Walter Damrosch, far from imparting boredom in "My Musical Life," leaves the reader in the plight of Oliver Twist, begging for more. Not a little of this volume is taken up with family matters, ancestry and childhood and sprightly memories of calf love ("The following year I fell madly in love with Madame Teresa Carreño. . . . I was sixteen and she was twenty-four, radiantly beautiful, brilliantly educated, and a remarkable linguist. . . . But my schoolboy adoration received a severe shock when, on the last day of our tour, a handsome and very robust Italian baritone, by the name of Tagliapietra, came to meet her and I found that she was madly in love with him. They were married a short time after"). These and kindred subjects would not need dwelling on in another volume, and Mr. Damrosch could continue without stint to gossip of his memories and recount illuminating anecdotes about musicians dead and living. For one suspects that in the present volume Mr. Damrosch makes only a small, though highly entertaining, draft on an inexhaustible store.

Several of the chapters in the book are valuable as contributions to the musical history of America. Still, it is the less official reminiscences that make the most engrossing reading. They run from James G. Blaine and Andrew Carnegie to Theodore Roosevelt and General Pershing; from Liszt, Wagner, and von Bülow to Saint-Saëns, d'Indy, Nadia Boulanger, and Fauré. Indeed, there are moments when the reader becomes positively dizzy before this unremitting procession of the mighty. But Mr. Damrosch carries it all off most gallantly at a pleasantly allegro pace.

Quotation is inevitable. Take the story of Marianne Brandt, the Austrian contralto, calling for a registered letter at the New York post office. The clerk asked her for some identifying document. The lady had none with her, but she was Marianne Brandt of the Metropolitan Opera House and she wanted that letter! The clerk stood on the strictness of the rules.

By this time Brandt was in a state of high indignation. "You will not give me the letter? I will prove to you that I am Marianne Brandt!" And then she proceeded with full voice to sing the great cadenza from her principal aria in "Le Prophète." Her glorious voice echoed and reechoed through the vaulted corridors of the post office. Men came running from all sides to find out what had happened and finally the agitated official handed her the letter, saying, "Here is your letter, but for God's sake be quiet!"

There is a delectable glimpse of Lilli Lehmann and Lillian Nordica going out from a "Lohengrin" rehearsal into a terrific New York downpour.

Lilli saw Madame Nordica approach a coachman in livery who was waiting with opened umbrella to take her to her coupé. Lilli, clad in a long, gray rain-coat and old hat, turned to Nordica: "Ha, you ride? I walk!" she said, as she lifted her dress and showed a pair of great boots.

Mr. Damrosch adds:

Our performances of "Lohengrin" with this combination proved artistically very interesting. . . . Lehmann's Ortrude was truly demonic, worthy to rank with that of Marianne Brandt's in its representation of concentrated hatred.

The chapter on Hans von Bülow is one of the richest and most vivid in the book. An engrossing chapter on Liszt and Wagner ends with an unexpected and enthusiastic appreciation of Liszt's

oratorio "Christus," of which Mr. Damrosch conducted the first complete performance in America.

Mr. Damrosch has one passage that is simply priceless on the hidden orchestra system, à la Bayreuth, versus the "prima donna conductor," he who through his gestures "dramatizes" the music:

By the skilful manipulation of his arms and hands, his hips and his hair, he gives the impression that when the 'cellos play a soulful melody it really drips from his wrists, and when the kettledrums play a dramatic roll it is really the result of a flash of his eye. There are many people, especially among the gentle sex, to whom admiration for one conductor entails a deep hatred of all others. It would be interesting to note how many of them could pick out their favorite if half a dozen of the prima donnas of the baton were to perform invisibly with an invisible orchestra in quick succession.

Two or three surprising inaccuracies have crept into the book. Of course Mr. Damrosch knows that 1861, not 1849, is the date of the historic introduction of "Tannhäuser" to Paris, but his idea that Bispham, not Mertens, was the Chillingworth in the first stage performance of his opera "The Scarlet Letter" might be set down to an unfulfilled-wish complex.

Mr. Damrosch devotes one chapter to "dead composers," meaning the composers that are dead for him. Bruckner, Mahler, Raff, and Rubinstein are conspicuous on his obituary list; he pronounces lifeless the "Anacreon" overture of Cherubini, the "Melusine" overture of Mendelssohn, and the "Sakuntala" overture of Goldmark. Well, each and every one of us is entitled to a private tonal cemetery. Mr. Rosenfeld in his "Musical Chronicle" has his, but regards Bruckner as very much alive, and though he chants the requiem of Mahler and Saint-Saëns he is an earnest apologist for the "Mona" of the late Professor Parker.

Mr. Rosenfeld denominates his book a "chronicle," but it deals far less with the actual experience of the concert-room and the opera house than with the musical bookshelves. Since his opinions are expressed with great positiveness and little nuance, his readers will have sport a plenty agreeing or disagreeing with him. I am personally grateful to him for his praise of Arnold Schönberg's orchestral transcription of two Bach choral preludes. These finely sensitive and skilful arrangements, shot through with moted sunbeams from the Leipzig cantor's Thomaskirche organ loft, found little favor in New York, seemingly because they present Bach as Bach, not as an overgrown teak-wood packing case.

PITTS SANBORN

The Vitalizing of Education

Sidney Ball: Memories and Impressions of "An Ideal Don."

Arranged by Oona Howard Ball. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 10s. 6d.

The Story of a Great Schoolmaster. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

"CAN these bones live?" was the text of one of the most famous of Newman's sermons from the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford. It was the possibility of a religious revival that concerned the great preacher, but the same question has been pertinently asked with respect to the national service rendered by the university as a place of higher education in general. Nothing short of a miracle, it has seemed to many, would avail to emancipate Oxford from deadening conservatism and bring her into vital contact with the progressive movements of the new time. How far she has traveled since Newman's day may be gauged from the fact that a few weeks ago the Master and Fellows of Balliol placed the college buildings at the disposal of the Drapers' Chamber of Trade of the United Kingdom for a summer school! The reforms which have so drastically transformed the older universities during the last few decades are due in the main to the influence of such men as Sidney Ball—a college don wholly unknown to the popular newspapers and

the general public, but with a personality that made a deep impression upon the academic world.

A strong Liberal with Socialist views, he was elected in 1882 to a fellowship and tutorship at St. John's, where the spirit of the place was ultra-Tory and an ecclesiastical tradition of High Church Jacobitism was zealously maintained. How his rare qualities of mind and character speedily disarmed opposition can be learned from the contributions made to this memoir by some of his colleagues. The active help he gave to the foundation of Toynbee Hall was one of the earliest indications of his desire—one might almost say his passion—for making the universities a force for social amelioration. "Languor," he once said, "can only be conquered by enthusiasm; and enthusiasm can only be kindled by two things—an ideal which takes the imagination by storm, and a definite intelligible plan for carrying out that ideal into practice." That belief was virtually the key-note of his own life. It found expression notably in the service he rendered to the Workers' Educational Association, the most fruitful of all the recent movements for the democratization of education in England.

But, however keen may be the interest of a college tutor in social problems outside, his first duty is to his own pupils. If anyone wishes to understand why Oxford men swear by their tutorial system, let him read and ponder this biography. After all, the main element of Sidney Ball's influence was his power as a teacher and inspirer of youth. Old pupils testify that he stimulated more than he directed or formed; that he did not mold minds so much as kindle them and bring them into living touch with the great thinkers; that he was a fountain of generous encouragement to younger men, always seeking, and always ready to welcome, any signs of promise; and that he had a ready responsiveness, which invited and deserved confidence.

The problem of modernizing an ancient institution without destroying its most characteristic and valuable features is no less difficult and insistent with regard to the old endowed schools of England than with regard to its universities. The composite biography of Sanderson of Oundle shows us with what courage, insight, and skill one headmaster of recent years set himself to solve it. He took hold of an obscure and dwindling school of fifteenth-century foundation and raised it to the front rank. In this respect his achievement suggests comparison with Thring's at Uppingham, and he resembled Thring also in the gusto with which he flung himself into every task, in his constant insistence upon more abundant life as the great desideratum, and even in the explosiveness of his temper. The school, he maintained, must be closely linked with community life, so that adult life should not be a breaking away from it but a continuation and development of it.

It was a maxim of Sanderson's that "a modern education does not consist in discarding Greek." He was no enemy of literature and the arts, as the importance he attached to the teaching of music clearly showed. At the same time, he emphasized the necessity for giving science a more effective place. He complained that, although science had come into the schools, the scientific spirit, outlook, and method had not touched the fringe of school life. School, he insisted, should be a place where a boy comes not to learn but to create, and it was the creative value of science that most appealed to him. He was, himself, experimenting all the time; he wanted his masters to be always experimenting in new directions; and he stimulated the same spirit of inquiry and initiative in the boys. Another of his notable traits was his love of spaciousness. "A school," he said, "should be 'a spacious garden' in which each boy has been set that he may 'dress it and keep it.'" When a school chapel was being planned, the building was to be lofty and spacious, with no fixed seats—a place not for the mind to sit down in but for the mind to move about in. He hated "wretched little books"; boys should have free access to sumptuous, "spacious" editions.

This biography might be advertised as a teachers' tonic.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

More China Broken

Lazy Laughter. By Woodward Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

TO abjure that most perverse of critical vices, finding fault with a book for not being something it never was intended to be—as for instance berating Mr. Van Loon for not being Mr. Wells, and berating Mr. Wells for not being Mr. Gibbon—it is necessary to discover what the author does intend, a task more difficult in the present instance than would at first appear. For at first one says this is a story of laziness, too blithely told for offensive moralizing, hereditary laziness, aided and abetted by the possession of sufficient wealth to make activity unnecessary. But as the pages proceed without shedding any new light on the motivation of laziness, or on its manifestations, this easy conclusion appears questionable. We are not led to infer that Dagmar is unable to act because she is neurotic, or because of any twist in her nature traceable to a cause. She is simply a lively, saucy, piquant girl who rides and dances and criticizes the older generation and her own with sufficient fervor, but is too lazy to get up in the morning or to do any work requiring continuous application.

Yet laziness as a theme has various connotations that might have borne directly on Dagmar's story. The book reveals a healthy disdain for inaction, but it would seem to be of the unquestioning, naive variety, since it gives no hint of any possible work better worth doing than remaining idle, the implication apparently being that one should work for work's sake. Mere activity as such has little more in its favor than quiescence, a discovery that the sons and grandsons of self-made men are making, not without bitterness. Here is material for a drama of our generation quite as absorbing as the older one having to do with man's development of a newly discovered continent. But the writer passes it by. Dagmar is a lazy girl and laziness is reprehensible, though charming and provocative of despair in the Marthas of an unequal world.

But if the book is not written with the malicious object of making people more energetic by contemplating the sad fate of this heroine who, very like her mother before her, is obliged at the end to marry a fifty-year-old man whom she doesn't love instead of a handsome blond boy whom she does, all because she is too lazy and too spoiled to be poor; if, in short, the book isn't written to point a moral, and isn't written to give us a picture of laziness, what is it all about?

It contains the usual sprightly exposé of the younger generation, but with Floyd Dell turning out his third painstaking monograph on the subject, with Scott Fitzgerald, C. Kay Scott, and numerous runners-up all active, the competition in that field has become so keen that the jaunty tossing off of half-a-dozen samples of the argot of the species no longer suffices to make a successful book. In "Lazy Laughter," in spite of every inclination to feel initiated, one is even a bit suspicious of the genuineness of some of the patter. When Dagmar says to the fifty-year-old admirer who sits next to her at a dinner given by one of St. Paul's Social Register hostesses: "I think he's an egg, don't you?" "Rather," said Will, smiling. Joe Brown, however, had caught the last part of the conversation. He beamed. "Egg? Oh, yes, egg. I think that's an awfully good expression. I always use it!"—even senile credulity balks.

This is a horrible example. There are much better specimens. As Dagmar of her mother: "A concert's awful on the poor thing's muscles. She's a nice woman and a good mother, but she will pose at concerts. I do it sometimes too. It keeps me from being bored thinking up different scouful expressions. Margaret does it all the time. She always has to have an extra-facial massage after a concert."

But a book of 295 pages relieved by some dozen high spots like this?

In short this book of and by the younger generation leans rather heavily on the lipstick and the rouge-pot. Some hundred

pages of sloppy, commonplace writing such as "Dagmar was not of the caliber which frets either openly or secretly because she is deserted for wealth. She had too much charm to ever be deserted completely," etc., are relieved by an occasional bit of red on the cheeks or maspero under the eyes. But to find that "the eraser rampant is the heraldic insignia of the younger generation" is insufficient compensation for the heavy passage work. Laughter is its own excuse for being, but it can't carry too heavy a load.

Miss Boyd has a talent for satire. She is a well-informed and saucy reporter on the younger generation, and is able to view her surroundings with some detachment. For the present she is still engaged in crowing over her toes and breaking over again those poor battered pieces of china which have been smashed so profitably times out of number during the last few years.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Don Juan

The Love-Rogue. Transmuted from the Spanish of Tirso de Molina by Harry Kemp. Charles and Albert Boni. \$1.75.

OFTEN there is a magic about words half understood that entirely disappears when their exact meaning and connotation are known. Especially is this true in reading in a foreign language, where although we grasp the common meaning of the individual words the strangeness inherent in sound and syntax throws over the whole a kind of poetic haze where none exists. Only thus can I explain the enthusiasm that Harry Kemp professes he felt in "transmuting" "El Burlador de Sevilla y Convidado de Piedra" (The Deceiver of Seville and the Stone Guest), the seventeenth-century Spanish play from which, directly or indirectly, springs the vast Don Juan literature.

This play, usually ascribed to Tirso de Molina, is certainly not great in the sense that Harry Kemp believes it to be. "As I read on and on," he tells us, "the greatness of the work dazzled me. . . . Its dialogue was at times as succinct and rapid as Euripides at his best" and the long speeches and soliloquies were buoyed up by a "rushing flame of poetry." If Tirso's play deserves the attention of posterity, it is rather because of the creation and depiction of the character of Don Juan. In poetic expression it falls far short of most of Tirso's work and the best productions of his contemporaries. Mr. Kemp, however, contrives to find in its prosaic language and the poetic clichés common to Spanish literature of the time, a "running fire that sparkles and lives beneath the flow of verse and line." In justice to Tirso, however, it should be stated that the play has come down to us only in a very imperfect text, which undoubtedly suffered mutilation after leaving the dramatist's hands.

Mr. Kemp tells us that his method of translation is that of Fitzgerald in his rendering of the Rubaiyat, a free carrying over into English of the aroma and richness of the original. In all fairness it should be said that Mr. Kemp has succeeded in doing this in so far as his original allowed him. He has even added some lines of his own making, most of them not out of keeping with the spirit of the Spanish play. A totally incompatible addition is, however, Don Diego's remark when Don Juan's deceptions become known, that his son "knows no honor." For if the modern reader is to find the character of that Spanish Don Juan at all convincing, it can only be by understanding the peculiar ideas of morality and honor held in Spain at that time. Judged by them Don Juan was the arch-deceiver of women, immoral certainly, but not dishonorable. Dishonor for the Spaniard of those days could come only from the failure to avenge a wrong done to him or to a woman of his immediate family, and Don Juan was never in such a predicament. His betrayal of the daughters and sweethearts of other men brought no stain upon his own reputation. Indeed, in accepting, not without mockery and bravado, the fatal challenge of his enemy Don

Gonzalo, returned from the other world, he kept his honor unsullied until the very end of his wild career, though he lost his life and soul. However hard we may find it to stomach this Don Juan today, the conception of his character was consistent with the age and race that produced it.

W. L. FICHTER

What Do We Want?

A Theory of Consumption. By Hazel Kyrk. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

WHY do we want what we do want? Miss Hazel Kyrk has written a 300-page Hart Schaffner and Marx book to tell us, and probably she has succeeded about as well as anyone can in the present rudimentary stage of social psychology. She concludes, unflatteringly enough, that most of our choices are quite unreflectingly determined by standards of living foisted on us mostly by social inheritance. By the time a man is old enough to be free to buy what he wants, his tastes are largely formed, and thenceforward he simply helps tyrannize over the oncoming generation. So we go forward, formally free to choose, actually subject forever to a social control subtly exercised through our individual choices. It is certainly a discouraging world for an independent man, and the worst of it is that it's true. Give an ordinary person a larger income, and the only thing he can think of to do with it is to incorporate into his standard the expenditures of his pecuniary betters. Some of us concluded a long while ago that the worst thing about gross inequality in distribution of wealth is the wholly factitious and undeserved importance it gives the rich in helping determine what the rest of the community shall spend their money for. Miss Kyrk comes near proving it.

But if we are all tied to existing standards of living, like horses to hitching posts, standards of living, unlike hitching posts, themselves move, happily or unhappily. Miss Kyrk doubts whether the producer bosses us in this respect quite as much as we like to assume in our moments of indignation, and she even has the temerity to suggest that he is interested in stability rather than instability of styles. However, "behind all the incentives to change and expansion of the mode of living inherent in the individual and the social organization, there is the pressure of the deliberate organized effort of profit-seeking producers. They augment and accelerate, if they do not initiate and govern, changes in standards." Odd that we think it safe to let any genius who cares to do so make us want Gorton's codfish or Gillette safety razors or Wrigley's spearmint gum. It's an odd world anyway in its irrationality, and Miss Kyrk's book will only help rob the reader of any sneaking suspicion he may have harbored of rationality in his own choices or in social choices—in a world of war and politics, and of love and sunshine.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Three English Critics

Some Authors. A Collection of Literary Essays, 1896-1916.

By Walter Raleigh. Oxford University Press. \$5.

The Continuity of Letters. By John Bailey. Oxford University Press. \$4.20.

George Gissing. A Critical Study. By Frank Swinnerton. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

R. L. Stevenson. A Critical Study. By Frank Swinnerton. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S posthumous volume gathers up the best of the critical work which for one reason or another was never included in any volume while he lived. If he had been the editor, he doubtless would have found a few commonplaces or statements of irrelevant fact to remove; but the essays in general stand by themselves, and admirably round out a body of critical writing which included books on Milton,

Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Johnson, and Stevenson, and which without doubt belonged with the richest modern writing of its kind.

Sir Walter was a professor at Oxford, but he had very little patience with professors. "One misfortune which attends the growth of universities," he says in his essay on Boccaccio, "is that learned debates and investigations on the incidents of the life of a great man are carried on by trained bores, whom no one would dream of trusting to give judgment on any incident in the life of any one who is still alive." And later on he dismisses the awful academic concern with "sources" as superfluous in view of the fact that Boccaccio himself did not know the origins of his stories. "He picked them up where he found them—the greater part, perhaps, in conversation. A man who buys wares and trinkets from a traveling peddler does not generally concern himself much with the trade routes of Europe." Sir Walter was sensible, direct, and imaginative, and he had the experience of life and literature which makes it possible to drive straight into the center of a great author. His account of Boccaccio is perhaps the finest thing in the present volume, though Cervantes fares almost as well. The deeper layers of irony in "Don Quixote" are carefully uncovered, and an understanding of the Don himself is reached which makes it clear how the reader's love for him complicates that irony. The essay on Sir Thomas Hoby is well known to those who have used the translation of Castiglione to which it was an introduction. It is ripe with lore of the Renaissance, and richly expressive of the ideal of many-sidedness which Sir Walter cherished. Sir John Harington, Dryden, and the first Marquis of Halifax are handled with characteristic discernment, and there is a most informing study of the seventeenth-century battle between the ancients and the moderns. The essays on Burns, Blake, Shelley, Arnold, Whistler, and Burke are slighter, but all of them contribute toward the self-revelation of a scholar who, while subscribing to the oldest and most respectable of literary traditions, never lost himself in generalities and always had something shrewd to say.

Mr. Bailey has less to say. He evidently aspires to the company of Saintsbury, Raleigh, and Ker, and if enthusiasm or wide reading alone sufficed he would be there. But he tries to cruise with too slack a sail along the shores of the world's literature, and he seldom arrives definitely in any port. His vast commonplaces settle fewer questions than at first they seem to settle. Of what value, for instance, is the conclusion that poetry should be compounded of both life and art—not too much or too little of either? How can the Grand Style be defined by one who relies loosely upon the adjectives large, serious, and noble? What does sanity mean, and centrality, and universality, and immortality? Mr. Bailey never quite tells.

Mr. Swinnerton's studies of Gissing and Stevenson are reprinted with a few changes from the original issues of 1912 and 1914. They were called astringent then, and they are astringent now, but fewer now will call them unjust. They are the farthest possible in temper from the more leisurely, genial essays of Raleigh and Bailey. For one thing, they deal with contemporary authors about whose figures no irremovable deposit of sentiment and idea has accumulated. For another thing, they are the work not so much of a professional critic as of an artist concerned intensely and practically with the rules of his art. Mr. Swinnerton is a writer of fiction, and he has very bravely sat down to see how capable his subjects were as writers of fiction. He has not cared in the least to make allowances for Gissing's poverty or for Stevenson's ill health; for his purposes Grub Street and R. L. S. do not exist. The result is harsh but refreshing. Gissing is found to be the author of half a dozen almost first-rate novels, and Stevenson is reduced to his style—such as it is—and a handful of perfect short stories. Contemporary English criticism can profitably emulate this terseness, and it will do well to attain this accuracy.

MARK VAN DOREN

Books in Brief

Problems of Modern Science. Edited by Arthur Dendy. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.50.

This attractive volume consists of a series of eight public lectures delivered at King's College, London, by officers of that institution. For the most part these lectures present well-written, interesting, and up-to-date statements of the problems in process of solution in various scientific fields. Unfortunately, however, the treatment is not uniform, and in three of the fields, namely, organic chemistry, biology, and botany, the accounts given seem inadequate and somewhat out of tone with the rest of the book. This is unexpected, for from the material available one would expect to find these fields among the most interesting. Thus, in the chapter on biology, where many of the most vital and interesting problems lie close at hand, Mr. Dendy gives what really amounts to a rather uninspired classification of the various biological sciences. Perhaps Mr. Halliburton's chapter on physiology appeals most strongly.

The Complete Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.

Contains over two hundred new poems, most of which are occasional and scarcely worth reviving except for the sake of completeness.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1923 and Yearbook of American Poetry. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. B. J. Brimmer Company. \$3.

The latest volume in Mr. Braithwaite's famous and invaluable series. The introduction this time is pessimistic, for although the editor has seen many good poets born during the past year he has seen no great ones; and among those who were great already he is alarmed to note a tendency to waste creative energy on other things than poetry—on fiction, criticism, anthologies, and biography. Is the new poetry, then, so early old?

Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany. By M. C. Howe and others. Volumes I-IV. Harvard University Press. Vol I, \$3; Vols. II-IV, \$4.

Perhaps nowhere in America was there more genuine passion for the war as a holy crusade than at Harvard. These boys went out as eager volunteers, gallant, adventuresome, courageous. Their stories, told in their own letters and journals and in the reminiscences of their comrades-in-arms, form an authentic chapter, one of the noblest and, in the light of post-war events, one of the most pathetic in the whole history of the war. These were fervid and sensitive spirits who found in battle an ultimate test and realization which civil life had failed to give them. There are relatively few doughboys among them—most of them naturally took their places as officers (with a proud sense of noblesse oblige that made them beloved of their men)—and if they felt it they omitted from their letters the overwhelming monotony and dirt which to Barbusse and Dos Passos were symbols of trench life. Nor is there in their letters more than a rare hint of any realization of the futility of their sacrifice. They died, like so many Americans, still incurable romantics. Romantic hope, after all, is the power of America, and these memoirs record more than the loss of lovable boys; they bare the enormous waste of a generation given no better way to spend its generous energy.

Drama Amid Shadows

THE PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE reopened the other night with Strindberg's "The Spook Sonata." The program leaflet contained brief essays by Mr. Eugene O'Neill, Mr.

Robert Edmond Jones, and Mr. Kenneth Macgowan, all very interesting and subtly intelligent and well-written and all saying that the imitation of nature in art was crude and *vieux jeu* and that the new drama, the expressionist drama which derives through Wedekind from the plays of Strindberg's last period, is the only kind of drama which can, so to speak, get under the flesh and bone of life and show the forces by which this human and this cosmic show is run. It may be so. And it is doubtless true that naturalism, having been brought to a point of marvelous perfection by Strindberg and Hauptmann, must yield—in the swing and sway of mood—to some immediately fresher form of projecting action and meaning on the stage. But what our expressionist friends always forget is that the imitation of nature is one of the permanent moods of literature, that it is not outworn because "A Doll's House" seems a little stale to them, and that the "fat-facts," in Mr. O'Neill's contemptuous phrase, radiate significance in Homer and Goethe and Fielding as well as in Ibsen and Hauptmann.

Having taken this theoretical exception I welcome the new Provincetown group. The production of "The Spook Sonata" was extraordinarily sensitive. Nothing in it was more interesting than the use of Mr. James Light's masks for certain of the characters. One accepted these without question; they made for both the remoteness and ghostly intimacy which are the strangely blended notes of these latest "chamber-plays" of Strindberg. And Mr. Walter Abel, Mr. Stanley Howlett, Miss Helen Freeman, and, especially, Miss Clare Eames all, in their several ways, tugged at one's nerves if not at one's heart with the blind pain of their lives. . . .

The blind pain. . . . That is what is rendered here. That is why, with an enormous admiration for Strindberg, the whole Strindberg, I am comparatively unimpressed by "The Spook Sonata." It is not very profound; it is only opaque. And it is opaque because Strindberg never, for a moment, freed himself from the seven veils of illusion. As a naturalist he is great; his facts speak out beyond his vision. Here he seems to seek vision. But his eyes are neither on the earth nor on the horizon. They are still fixed on the old, old wounds in his nerves.

I do not, Heaven forbid, ask for silver linings. I ask for transcendence. It may be of the sternest kind; it may be of the kind expressed in Bertrand Russell's "A Free Man's Worship." But to me, at least, the synthetic or symbolic treatment of life in art has, from the nature of things, no inner reasonableness, unless there is a transcendence. There is none in "The Dance of Death." There need not be. All that is perishable is an intelligible symbol. In "The Spook Sonata" we are robbed of our own interpretative function. Nothing remains but a rendering, in dark, confused, muffled tones, of the pain and wretchedness and hatred of the dance of death gone quite blind and cold and stale.

Fresher and more interesting is "The Race with the Shadow" by Wilhelm von Scholz, which the Theater Guild presents in special afternoon performances for its subscribers only. Scholz belongs to a small group of German playwrights, of whom Moritz Heimann is the chief, that rebelled against both Hauptmann and Wedekind and attempted a kind of psychological neo-classicism. "The Race with the Shadow" explores the secrets of the creative imagination, rather, perhaps, of creative intuition. Without words Dr. Martin has drawn from his wife the necessary history of her past. He embodies it, with naive creative instinctiveness, in a novel. The progress of this novel catches in the snares of the creative imagination the wife and the man who comes out of her past. The play, though difficult, is full of profound perceptions, reachings out into the unexplored country of the soul, new relationships and new shadings. Mr. Arnold Daly and Miss Helen Westley gave very adequate performances. Mr. Ben Ami was vocally heavy, almost melodramatic. This admirable artist needs passion as his theme. He is a stranger among shadows.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

British Labor and the British Labor Government

WITH the completion of its first Cabinet, the debate that has been stirring the forces of British Labor since December has acquired a new edge: What will, what should the first Labor Government do with its power? Labor's answers to this question, as reflected in its journals, reveal what wide differences of aim and outlook separate one group from the other within the labor fold. In its general support of the new Government, labor from the Communist Party to the Social-Democratic Federation is a unit; in its advocacy of governmental program labor is sharply split. While recognizing generally the difficulties confronting the new Government, opinion on this latter point tends to fall into one of three categories: official (reflecting the aims of the dominant group in the Labor Party), opposition, and trade union. The following extracts from current British labor journals illustrate respectively each of these three types. The *Labor Magazine*, official organ of the Trade Union Congress and the Labor Party, expresses its attitude to the task at hand as follows:

We remain unconvinced of the sincerity of those who opposed a Labor government on the ground that it will be a minority government, but who would welcome either a Tory or Liberal government on the same basis. Political power does not rest solely upon party numerical strength. The quality and merits of government measures are a vital factor, and if the Labor Party sets itself to deal faithfully, wisely, and prudently with the pressing problems of unemployment, the international situation, housing, industry, education, and finance the strength of their position will not be accurately measured by voting power. This can only be the case if Liberals and Tories refuse to deal with Labor proposals on their merits and decide their parliamentary attitude in a narrow partisan spirit. If this were done, we believe the country would, in due course, express its indignation in a very emphatic manner. . . .

Premier Ramsay MacDonald has insisted from the outset that the task of the new Government will be more political than an administrative one. In his election message he sounded the major note upon which he has played ever since:

The task of the Labor Party is to move in such a way as to consolidate political issues in two camps divided on principle (i.e., to eliminate the Liberal Party from British political life).

It is significant that in a signed editorial in the *New Leader*, weekly organ of the Independent Labor Party, of which Mr. MacDonald is the leader, Mr. H. N. Brailsford expressed the same view:

We must limit our outlook to a period of two or three months. . . . The danger before us leaps out from some of the extensive programs which have already appeared in Labor speeches and in print. If we set our hopes on a big agenda, if we talk even of six or eight months of office, then inevitably we shall drift into the fatal attitude of buying it on the only possible terms—by arrangement with the Liberals, which would obscure our Socialist policy, compromise our independence, and make us in the end mere caretakers of a capitalist and imperialist system. . . .

The actual issues considered by the supporters of the

dominant group within the new Government emphasize unemployment relief through guaranties and some loans, the "recognition of Russia within twenty-four hours of our assumption of office," tax reforms, "parliamentary procedure" and electoral reform, and a new foreign policy.

THE LABOR OPPOSITION

To the opposition groups a desirable program for the new Government is very different. The position of the *Communist Review* reflects more or less faithfully that of this entire bloc within the ranks:

The idea of conquering capitalism by a policy of "gradualism" is one of the fundamental errors of MacDonaldism. . . . The advent of a Labor Government, even of a liberal type, would, nevertheless, be a matter of tremendous importance in world politics. For one thing, it would help to spread confusion in the camp of the swash-buckling reactionaries now rampant in Middle Europe. This, in turn, may open a period of democratic pacifism which would have an effect upon such large masses of the working class, instinctively yearning for peace, as to postpone any revolutionary action for a decade. . . . A Labor Government, therefore, in Great Britain might conceivably give rise to that era of "Wilsonism" predicted by Comrade Trotsky at the Fourth Congress of the Communist International. That is a prospect to which we Communists cannot shut our eyes and ignore.

But for the Labor Party as a whole such a prospect presents a dilemma. Is it the business of the party to restore and preserve the economic balance of Europe in favor of capitalism? Or should it work to neutralize and paralyze, if need be, the baneful system of exploitation which has brought ruin and starvation to millions of the world's workers? On this point we have already two clearly marked tendencies before us. Officially, we may reasonably assume MacDonald, Webb, and the other Fabian leaders of the party will strike the road of "Wilsonism." In the opposition camp of the party we have Wheatley, Maxton, Johnston, etc., already committed to the policy of a fight to the finish with capitalism. Wheatley is right when he says to those who show concern at the present political stalemate and the importance of carrying on the King's Government, "We do not see the necessity."

. . . By all means, then . . . let it [the Labor Government] declare for a radical policy on unemployment, such as will establish the principle of work or guaranteed adequate maintenance, while aiming at cutting out the demoralizing anomalies in relief schemes and insurance acts. In this connection, political recognition of Soviet Russia with extended credits must be an essential part of any policy to tackle unemployment. There is also the principle of nationalization of the mines with a guaranteed minimum wage to meet the overdue claims of the miners, which are again being brought to the front. With such elementary and pressing home demands backed up by the policy of an all-international conference, including Russia and Germany, the Labor Party can give such strength and stimulus to the whole working-class movement as would sustain it in the challenge sure to come from both Liberals and Tories.

We insist, therefore, that the Labor Party will neither succumb to the bourgeois fetish of the two-party system, nor be deflected from a bold course by the sudden campaigns for reform in the electoral machinery. The demands of the working class are too serious to be postponed by playing at being "His Majesty's Opposition" or "His Majesty's Government. . . ."

The *Worker*, official organ of the British Bureau of the Red International of Labor Unions, and the *Labor Monthly* give voice both to warnings and to program suggestions very similar in underlying thought and aim. An outstanding characteristic of the opposition is the support it asks for the new Government in spite of differences. The *Labor Monthly* puts it as follows:

The first need for all of us at the present moment, whatever our differences, whatever our criticisms and distrust, is to unite in support of a workers' government and its supremacy first and foremost, and to exert all our forces one and all to fight on its behalf foursquare against the whole capitalist world.

The Communist Party had no candidates running against Labor Party candidates. In its election plea the *Communist Review* said:

We must close up the ranks of all the working-class organizations in a single united front against all the representatives of capitalism. . . . The Communist Party, while putting forward its own candidates and program, urges forward at this election the return of a Labor Government.

The *Worker*, too, is asking from the Government the creation of "a united front of labor" in politics and industry.

TRADE UNION OPINION

Most of the trade union journals grant the new Government their full trust and faith. Some, however, insist upon the separateness of trade-union activity. In view of the recent railway strike and the threatening miners' strike this latter attitude may lead to significant developments. The *Electrical Trades Journal*, official organ of the Electrical Trades Union, voices the trust typical of the majority of unions:

We believe that, notwithstanding the difficult circumstances under which the Labor Government will take office, they will be able to effect a real improvement in the economic and social conditions of the people.

The *Record*, official organ of the Transport and General Workers Union, ends its discussion of "Fit to Govern—and Ready" with a warning:

It appears obvious that at no distant date—in fact, in a few months—there must be another appeal to the country. That will be the true testing time. It behooves us to be prepared. . . . Funds for the next fight must be collected now. Machinery must be perfected.

The *Railway Review*, official organ of the National Union of Railwaymen, which was "neutral" in the recent strike, reprints a New Year's Message from Mr. C. T. Cramp, union leader of the striking enginemen and firemen, in which he says:

Even a Labor Government can only deal with national and international affairs at present and it must be left to trades unions to deal with the actual conditions of labor.

On the other hand, the *Labor Magazine* appeals for the political phase of the movement to the miners whose present balloting on the termination of the current agreement may precipitate a strike:

We are sure that the miners will not embarrass the first Labor Government by pressing untimely demands.

[The above is the first of several summaries of the opinion on various important questions of British and European labor and its organs.]

Economic Revival in Russia

1. THE LOW POINT OF 1920

INTERNATIONAL war, revolution, civil war, invasion, the blockade, and the famine combined to disorganize Russian economic life so completely that in 1919-1920 the total output of big industry had fallen to 511 million gold rubles, or 14.6 per cent of the pre-war figure. This proved to be the low point in Russian production. The three subsequent years show a steady improvement:

	Production in millions of gold rubles	Per cent of pre-war
1920-21.....	527	15.1
1921-22.....	754	21.3
1922-23.....	1,127	32.0

(*Russian Information and Review*, December 1, 1923, p. 346.)

The gain of each succeeding year has been greater than its predecessor. Thus the improvement has been progressive.

2. THE REVIVAL IS GENERAL

The improvement in production is not confined to any particular economic group, although it varies considerably from one group to another. In all groups, however, the progress made within the past year may be seen from this summary of the productivity of state industry for the year ended September 30, 1923:

Industry	Output	Per cent of 1913	Per cent of 1921-22
I. Fuel—			
Coal (mil. tons).....	10.3	37	114
Oil (mil. tons).....	5.1	55	114
II. Metal—			
Cast iron (mil. tons) .	.3	7	176
Steel (mil. tons).....	.6	14	186
III. Electrical goods—			
(mil. rubles).....	26	61	174
IV. Textile—			
Cotton thread (thous. poods).....	71	27	140
Wool (thous. poods) ..	14	36	137
Flax (thous. poods) ..	28	83	174
V. Chemicals (thous. poods)	205	45	152
VI. Leather—			
Hides (mil. pieces)...	5.4	33	132
Footwear (mil. prs.) .	3	6	103
VII. Glass (thous. tons)....	61	34	246
VIII. Paper (thous. poods)...	63	43	230

(The same reference.)

These figures show that within the past year the fuel industry has improved about 14 per cent; that the steel industry has advanced about 75 per cent; and that other important industries show corresponding gains. Metal mining, though far below pre-war levels, has doubled since 1921-1922.

3. RUSSIAN CURRENCY AT PAR WITH STERLING

The debacle of the ruble made any form of foreign trade difficult or impossible. About a year ago the Russian Government established a form of currency based on a gold reserve in the Russian State Bank equal to 25 per cent of the note issue. These new notes, called "chervonetz," after a pre-war ten ruble piece, stood, on December 1, 1923, at 26.9 million chervonetz, making the proportion of gold reserve to note issue 33 per cent.

On November 25, 1923, the chervonetz was quoted in

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London at 21s. 1d., which is the equivalent of ten pre-war rubles. On this basis, British and Russian business is being carried on with the two currencies at par.

The report of the State Bank Note account for December 1 shows gold coin and bullion of 8.7 million chervonetz. (*Russian Information and Review*, December 15, 1923, p. 377.)

This financial rehabilitation of Russia is probably the most important economic achievement of the past year. It has stabilized both internal and external trade relations.

4. THE RUSSIAN BUDGET FOR 1924

A budget department has been created in the People's Commissariat for Finance, and the state budget for the new year has been issued. The estimated sources of revenue include 28.8 million chervonetz from the agricultural tax, 4.5 millions from the industrial tax, and 4 millions from the income and property tax, making a total of 37.3 million chervonetz from direct taxation. Indirect taxes are counted on for 26.4 millions; income from state properties is placed at 6.4 millions; the railways, posts, and telegraphs are expected to yield 65 millions, making, with some miscellaneous items, a total of 140 millions. In addition, credit operations are relied on to yield 25 millions.

Heavy reductions have been made in the expense account of many of the departments. The one exception is the Commissariat for Education, which carries an increase of 15 per cent.

Although the Russian budget does not balance, it comes closer to it than that of any of the other great budgets, except that of Britain. The real test of the economic rehabilitation of Russia lies, not so much in its budget or in its finances as in its mining, farming, transport, and manufacturing industries. In some of these directions, at least, the past year reports quite a phenomenal improvement.

Back in the Fold

AN advertisement published in the *Economic Review* (a London business paper) for December 15, 1923, reads as follows:

State Bank of the Russian Federated Soviet Republic
Created by Decree of the Soviet
Government of October 12, 1921.

Chervonetz
Capital 5,000,000
Total amount of notes issued on Dec. 1, 1923. 26,776,000
Gold Reserve of Issue Department. 8,741,240
Note: 1 chervonetz is equal to ten gold rubles.

Head office:

Neglinni Proezd, 12, Moscow

The bank is represented by over 200 branches and agencies in all the principal towns of European and Asiatic Russia; the bank accepts deposits and opens current accounts in foreign gold and Russian currency; remittances to all parts of European and Asiatic Russia, payable both in Russian and foreign currency, effected; documentary credits opened; bills discounted; documents payable in Russia collected; banking business of every description transacted.

London Agents:

Lloyds Bank Limited
Barclays Bank Limited
Westminster Bank Limited
J. Henry Schroder & Co.
Arcos Banking Corporation, Ltd.

Thus completes the advertisement, with the exception of one phrase. Here is the Russian Soviet Government, advertising a full fledged banking business in the heart of the London financial district, having as its agents some of the strongest and best established of British banks, and having, in addition to the five already listed, "Guarantee Trust Company of New York, 32 Lombard St.,"—the London Branch of one of the most powerfully connected of all American banking institutions.

German Note Circulation

OFFICIAL records of the Imperial Bank of Germany of its "notes in circulation" at intervals from January 6 to November 30, 1923, together with the value in United States dollars and number of marks equaling one dollar, at the current rates of exchange for the respective dates, give the following startling picture:

	Marks Note Circulation ¹	Number of marks equaling one U. S. dollar ²	Equivalent of note circulation in U. S. dollars ²
Jan. 6.....	1,336,500,000,000	8,695	\$153,697,500
Feb. 7.....	2,253,963,000,000	36,363	61,983,980
Mar. 7.....	3,871,256,000,000	20,619	187,755,910
Apr. 7.....	5,624,110,000,000	21,062	267,145,225
May 7.....	6,723,070,000,000	36,764	183,203,657
June 7.....	9,309,532,000,000	76,923	121,023,916
July 7.....	20,241,750,000,000	222,222	91,087,875
Aug. 7.....	62,326,659,000,000	3,125,000	19,944,530
Aug. 15.....	116,402,515,000,000	2,777,778	41,904,905
Aug. 23.....	273,906,373,000,000	4,347,826	62,998,465
Aug. 31.....	663,200,000,000,000	9,523,809	69,636,000
Sept. 7.....	1,182,039,000,000,000	33,333,333	35,461,170
Sept. 15.....	3,183,681,000,000,000	105,263,157	30,244,969
Sept. 22.....	8,627,730,000,000,000	172,413,793	50,040,834
Sept. 29.....	28,228,815,000,000,000	204,081,630	138,321,193
Oct. 6.....	46,933,600,000,000,000	909,090,909	61,626,960
Oct. 15.....	123,349,786,603,000,000	4,000,000,000	30,837,446
Oct. 22.....	524,330,557,246,000,000	41,444,444,444	11,797,487
Oct. 31.....	2,496,822,908,936,000,000	166,666,666,667	14,980,937
Nov. 7.....	19,153,087,168,804,000,000	2,500,000,000,000	7,661,234
Nov. 15.....	92,844,720,742,927,000,000	4,000,000,000,000	23,211,180
Nov. 23.....	223,927,315,083,796,000,000	5,000,000,000,000	44,785,463
Nov. 30.....	400,267,640,291,750,000,000	6,666,666,666,667	60,040,146

¹ From official reports of the Imperial Bank of Germany.

² At current rates of exchange at the dates named.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR.'S, political course seems run. We cannot believe that after the Teapot Dome revelations he will be available as a candidate for Governor of New York or for any other than some decorative diplomatic post. The Republican politicians in New York are rejoicing at this because they have felt that he was not of the caliber to merit the governorship. They have not forgotten the grim jest at the Albany correspondents' dinner last winter when in reply to a question whether Theodore, Jr., would rise as high as his father the reply was: "Why not? He's light enough." The plea is made for him that he did not understand the significance of Teapot Dome, though he is charged with drafting the transfer order which Mr. Harding signed. But any son of the President who sponsored the conservation policy should have understood these things and resigned. Archie Roosevelt is praised by Senator Pepper and others for getting out of Sinclair's company and informing. The fact is that he saw no harm in being vice-president of a company doing such vital business with the Department of which his brother was assistant secretary. By his own confession on the stand he was a mere figurehead. To Senator Walsh's query, "Your official position seems to have been somewhat nominal then?" Archie Roosevelt replied, "Yes." Subsequently he admitted

he had had nothing whatever to do as vice-president of the Sinclair company during the past year except to supervise a little Russian business. In other words, he was merely selling the Roosevelt name for a good salary.

ONCE MORE THE AMERICAN LEGION is indulging in wild anarchy, and setting itself up as a sort of fascist super-government. The action of legionnaires at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, in marching armed with bayonets into a hall where a Lenin memorial meeting was being held, and in breaking it up at the points of their guns, was a disgrace to the Legion and to America. The public abdication by Mayor Daniel L. Hart, however, was even more humiliating. "I shall not tolerate any organization holding meetings in this community that is opposed by the American Legion," said this abject official, who presumably once swore to uphold the law. "All meetings of this character in future will be submitted to the Legion committees for approval before they are permitted. Freedom of speech under the American flag is welcome, but under the red flag of anarchy will never be tolerated." Some day the mayor might take five minutes off from his other duties and look up the meaning and derivation of the word "anarchy," and then reflect upon his own acts as coming under the definition. In Connecticut, too, the Legion has been seeking to abolish free speech and to stop Lenin commemorations. In Springfield, Massachusetts, and in Newark, New Jersey, the police have stopped Lenin meetings, and are properly being sued for false arrest. It is high time for a revival of the good old-fashioned American principles of free speech and free assembly. "Reds" cannot possibly do as much to bring the Constitution into contempt as these public officials with their arrogant disregard of its explicit guaranties.

GREAT BRITAIN has granted unconditional de jure recognition to Soviet Russia! Ramsay MacDonald's note, to be sure, adds that "to create the normal conditions of complete friendly relations and full commercial intercourse it will be necessary to conclude definite practical agreements on a variety of matters," such as the pre-war treaties, the old debts, and propaganda. But he has taken the ostrich-head of diplomacy out of the sand and faced the fact of the existence of Soviet Russia. To the visitor from Mars it might seem obvious that the way to settle these questions was to discuss them with the rulers of Russia, but this simple theorem has been too much for the great minds that have guided Allied diplomacy since the war. Italy is reported on the point of following England's lead. France still hesitates, worried by the fifteen million francs which Frenchmen invested in Russian imperialism; but it is almost certain that the April election will bring the same change of heart in France as the recent overturn brought in England. Curiously, financial circles seemed to like the news; the pound sterling actually rose five points.

GANDHI HAS BEEN RELEASED from prison. It is a satisfaction to think of this twentieth-century saint once more breathing fresh air and living in the sun-

light, even though physicians report that his health is so badly undermined that he must spend six months on the seashore if he is to recover. He is, apparently, set free only when it is believed that he is too sick to preach his gospel effectively. Yet this is the man of whom John Haynes Holmes said in a recent issue of *The Nation*:

In his organization of a vast social movement in terms of non-violent coercion or non-resistant love, his life marks a new epoch in the annals of the race. In purpose, method, and ideal he reveals to our time, as Jesus revealed to his, the way of life. Yet England today, like Rome yesterday, sees nothing to do with such a man but to destroy him!

Perhaps this release is another indication of the new humanity of England's Labor premier. Ramsay MacDonald could do nothing greater for his century than to show that it is possible for the government of an empire to cooperate with a saint.

WHAT EFFECT THE FRIENDLY EXCHANGE of notes between Mr. MacDonald and M. Poincaré will have upon European politics is not clear. It may remove the initial irritation which M. Poincaré must have felt when he read the Labor premier's frank interview in the *Paris Quotidien*, beginning "We blame you for the occupation of the Ruhr." "We can be frank without being hostile," Mr. MacDonald says to M. Poincaré, "and can defend our countries' interests without being at enmity." M. Poincaré replies that he will be no less frank than the British Prime Minister, and no less fervid in defense of French interests. This is a good way to begin, but it reminds us a little of the traditional kiss with which French boxers used to preface their battles.

SMEDLEY BUTLER, OF THE MARINES, has not yet returned to Quantico. He is very busy in Philadelphia. He is shuffling, dealing, discarding members of his police force by the hundred; thumbing his nose at politicians and the civil service. He is god in Philadelphia, and it's a hard job. One of the most annoying aspects of deity is the recalcitrant behavior of the rest of the world. You wave an Olympian finger—nothing happens. Vice, for instance, continues to flourish. You close a dive from 10 p. m. till morning, and lo, the next day it runs from morning to 10 p. m., and somehow vice seems particularly vicious when it flowers by day. Saloons remain objects of suspicion even though your police "chaperons" accompany every man who enters, and sniff the beverage he drinks. You announce forty-eight hours as the longest period the last criminal may remain at large and alive—and then you give him another forty-eight hours. What, in circumstances like these, in a world like this one, is omnipotence to do? We have only one suggestion: let it tie up its wounds in the rags of its self-esteem, take off its special near-civilian uniform, retire to Quantico, and leave the job to ordinary human beings.

WE HAVE EXPRESSED occasional doubts about the methods used in awarding and advertising the Bok peace plan; we even have looked with an unfavorable eye upon the plan itself and believed it inadequate in the light of a world in chaos; but we have no feelings of either doubt or disfavor in regard to the winner of the prize. Charles H. Levermore is a scholar and an educator and a man whose work for peace, covering a period of many years, leaves no

question about his honest desire to find a way to international decency and to control by reason. The thought that a man who is so obviously disinterested, whose opinion is controlled only by his own conscience, has suddenly become the possessor of world-wide fame and a considerable fortune, is one that warms the heart. We almost wish that we had taken the opportunity offered by the innumerable ballots deposited on the desk in the outer office and sent in a few score votes. It would be a pleasant sensation to help any one win \$100,000; and who would not rejoice to help transfer such a sum from Mr. Bok to Dr. Levermore!

HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENTS in New York City voted the death of Lenin the "biggest news" of the week ended January 27; they ranked the accession of Labor to power in England second in importance, and the Teapot Dome scandal third. The record of this vote in the columns of the *New York World* may interest the historian a century hence almost as much as the events themselves. Labor governments may have become commonplace; Lenin may appear as a personal incident in a century-long struggle; Teapot Dome may be forgotten. The historian will want to know what boys and girls growing to maturity were thinking. It is surely a hopeful sign that students in their 'teens should look thus broadly across the world. Would a poll in Chicago or in Denver, we wonder, have shown as world-wide an interest—how much did New York's cosmopolitan makeup affect the vote? The *World's* first prize, we note, went to Elihu Platowsky, who says that *The Nation* is his favorite reading. His essay asserted the importance of the Labor Government in England, whereas Lawrence Fleming, with as Anglo-Saxon a name as could be invented, was the prize-winner who wrote on the death of Lenin. Would a poll of parents show as striking a result?

POOOR RICHARD in a singularly effective fashion reminds us of his "Hints for Those that would be Rich":

A Penny sav'd is Twopence clear
A Pin a Day is a groat a year.

One hundred and sixty-five years ago Benjamin Franklin, then in London on the business of the American colonies, placed £100 in the hands of members of the Society of Friends, as a trust. After one hundred and fifty years the trustees were to make awards from time to time, at their discretion, for the most valuable contributions to the science of "cures," particularly in relation to surgery, the nervous system, and "mind-treating." The trustees now announce their first awards: a major award of a £2,500 scholarship to Pierson W. Banning of Los Angeles for his volume "Mental and Spiritual Healing" (Franklin, it is to be remembered, was one of the commission that exposed the impostures of Mesmer); a posthumous award of £1,000 to Charles P. Steinmetz of Schenectady for his privately published treatise "The Nervous System as a Conductor of Electrical Energy"; and a minor award of £500 to Fusakichi Omori of Tokio for his unpublished treatise "The Rotary Knife in Surgery." The faith which we already had in the canniness of Franklin will keep us from being too much impressed by the success of this "trick" of his "for doing a deal of good with a little money," but we are fairly humbled by the long vision of a man who in the eighteenth century could foresee three of the subjects which most concern medical science in the twentieth.

Of the Making of Books

IN spite of the Psalmist it is a very pleasant circumstance that of the making of books there is no end. We may retire to the great masterpieces of the past, but meanwhile there is, as Browning once remarked, our life here. We want its immediate chronicle and comment; we want to see it clarified and made objective in art—we want and need that both for instruction and delight. Above all we want recurrently to be assured that the creative spirit is not a thing of legend and dim years, that it lives and functions here and now, that the wonder and glow of the muses is in our midst no less, if with less splendor, than it was in Florence, Stratford, Weimar, Athens, Rome.

To descend from such general considerations to the actual American books of the year is by no means as violent a process as it might seem. The creative spirit has an infinite variety of manifestations. There have been other periods when beauty and exaltation were not the chief notes of literature. There is an analogy which will, to be sure, not bear pressing too hard, between, let us say, Fielding and Smollett, and Dreiser and the Chicagoans. We have, perhaps, less humor and exuberance and style; we have higher veracity, a deeper searching. At moments, for instance, in Mr. Anderson's "Horses and Men" a thing happens that was said of Wordsworth: Nature seems to take the pen from his hand and write. The same thing is felt in long passages of Miss Fannie Hurst's "Lummox," intolerably mannerized as much of it is. We feel that plain inevitableness also in parts of Mr. Dell's "Janet March."

Meanwhile there is no lack of beauty either, though the beauty is frugal and scrupulous. It has not perhaps been sufficiently noted that American poetry has definitely entered a new stage of development. One no longer thinks primarily of the hoarse vigor of Sandburg or the glittering futility of Amy Lowell. There are the new women poets: Edna St. Vincent Millay, Elinor Wylie, Genevieve Taggard. What a curious and unheard-of age in which young women write with Horatian precision and finesse and stylistic self-discipline and in which so many poets of the sex once called stern fail to trim their lamps and gird their loins! Miss Millay's "The Harp-Weaver" is especially important. She has not the steel-blue sheen, the jade and granite polish of Elinor Wylie. But she is more lucid than either Mrs. Wylie or Miss Taggard, and lucidity is a crying need in all our finer literature.

What we miss, as so often in our modern American literature, is fine prose. The novelists, except Hergesheimer and Miss Cather, are no more than adequate. Mr. Anderson has moments when he writes with a beautiful simplicity, but he does not yet distinguish constantly enough between ease and sloughing. Mrs. Wharton's last book failed utterly on the side of substance, and her style, exquisite at its best, was always derivative. One of the finest American prose books of the year is Mr. Paul Rosenfeld's "Musical Chronicle." We are aware of Mr. Rosenfeld's mannerisms, excesses, Corinthian tendencies. But he has both fire and polish; he is sedulously aware of the problems that are involved in the shaping of fine prose; he has passages that are in truth both rich and racy, that have both lovely flesh and the taut muscle beneath the flesh. The novel, of course, still leads in both appeal and importance, and we have no quarrel with this natural fact. But those

who are concerned with beauty, with style, with literature as a fine art among us, will find much that is genuinely stirring in the fact that our American generation is making books such as Miss Millay's and Mr. Rosenfeld's.

Reformers Must Reform

WILLIAM H. ANDERSON, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York, has been convicted of forgery in the third degree. He will appeal from the verdict of the jury—but apparently the appeal will be based upon technicalities rather than upon denial of facts.

What was Mr. Anderson's crime? The substance of it was this: Mr. Anderson hired a Mr. Phillips to collect funds for the League; he agreed to pay him 20 per cent of the first \$25,000 collected yearly, and 10 per cent thereafter; but when Mr. Phillips's commissions were about to produce for him an income larger than Mr. Anderson's own salary, Mr. Anderson insisted that Mr. Phillips split commissions with him—not with the League, but with its director. This transaction did not appear upon the books of the League; it was a secret arrangement between Mr. Phillips and Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Anderson personally ordered that the books be altered so that the sum split was transferred from Mr. Phillips's salary account and charged as "expenses." This order the jury considered "forgery in the third degree." Incidentally the trial brought out the fact that Mr. Anderson had secretly received considerable sums from mysterious private individuals. These sums were not entered upon the books of the League, but were used, according to Mr. Anderson, for the good of the cause.

Officials of the Anti-Saloon League profess to see in this conviction no reason to lose confidence in Mr. Anderson. For the sake of their cause they should wake up and clean house. Mr. Anderson's usefulness to the forces fighting liquor is done. It is undoubtedly true that he has been persecuted beyond the merits of his case; the forces opposed to prohibition have yelped with joy, and magnified into a sensation every minute disclosure of his trial. We do not doubt Mr. Anderson's sincerity in the fight against liquor, but that is not enough; those who set out to reform the world assume a peculiar obligation to meticulous honesty.

Prohibition has suffered much from its advocates. There has been a fanaticism which has led to the assumption that the end justified any means. Mr. Anderson's methods of lobbying, effective as they have seemed at the time, have redounded against his own cause; denunciation of all who do not believe that one-half of one per cent of alcohol constitutes a sort of divinely set limit of innocence in drinks has lost many worthy soldiers to the ranks, and the firmly fixed theory that all who oppose prohibition are in the pay of the brewers and distillers is another unfortunate delusion. *The Nation* believes that this country wants some kind of prohibition made effective, but that it is sick and tired of a fanaticism which only renders enforcement more difficult. Washington is tossing in the throes of one scandal today; another, perhaps even greater, will soon be uncovered. There have been more than hints that Anti-Saloon League officials have winked at the loss of bootleggers' lists containing the names of high Washington officials. When the housecleaning comes, if prohibition is to stand the strain, its advocates must be above all suspicion of careless financial standards.

Woodrow Wilson: A Supreme Tragedy

And so, once upon a time, there came out of the vineyards to speak brave words one as with a silver tongue. Young and old, rich and poor, stopped their work, gathering in the market-place, saying: "Behold, there is one who tells the truth. Do you not see that he is not of the Philistines? Let us listen and be guided of him." Whenever he spoke men echoed his words, so that more and more came to listen and to revere. When all the tribes of Israel went to war it came to pass that his words winged their way wherever men battled and women suffered; as men lay dying of their wounds they cried out to him to prevail in order that none others might perish like unto themselves. Widows with starving babes at their breasts called down blessings upon his name. Serfs and bond-slaves lifted up their voices before his image, saying: "Lo, He has come again." And when the day dawned when men fought no more, and he went abroad, humble folk kneeled down before him, crying: "Thou art the man!"

Yet one day, falling upon evil companions, his strength and wisdom went out from him and his voice was no longer as the trumpets before Jericho. Conceiving greatly he yielded greatly, doing wrong in the hope that some little good might come. Beholding, the people cried: "He is no longer the Messiah that he was. Do you not perceive how now he strikes hands with those who have misled us?" Soon were heard lamentations throughout the land. Men beat upon their breasts, declaring that woe was theirs, that darkness was now indeed upon all His people, and that there was no light upon the waters. Returning thence to his own tribe, men cast him aside, saying: "Thou hast no longer the voice of thy other days; we are betrayed and by thee shall we be led no more."

WOODROW WILSON came into the political life of America as if in response to prayer. It was given to him as to no other to step suddenly out of a cloistered life into high office. Then, as today, there was profound distrust of those conducting the government; startling revelations had laid bare both the corruption in big business and the control of the government by those in the seats of the commercial mighty. Neither the spurious liberalism nor the halfway, compromising reforms of Theodore Roosevelt, with his incessant knocking-down of men of straw, had satisfied the thoughtful or cut deeply into our political sores. To Mr. Wilson, as he once remarked in the office of *The Nation* during his governorship, what the country needed was "a modified Rooseveltism"; what he preached was not only that, but a far greater vision of reform, with a far keener and truer analysis of what was wrong. This he set forth with an extraordinary skill and eloquence which placed him in the front rank of American orators of his or of any time—by the beauty of his language, the wealth of his imagery, the aptness of his illustrations, and the cogency of his arguments.

His "modified Rooseveltism" seemed to the business masters of America far more dangerous than the doctrines of Roosevelt himself; they had known how to get around the latter when the pinch came. Wilson was of a different type. There was none of the swashbuckler and far more of the true crusader in him; his lips set in different and more dangerous lines; his eyes blazed with a different fire;

here was all the stubbornness of the Scotch-Irishman with a Roundhead's absolute faith in the completeness of his wisdom and the infallibility of his judgment. Plainly he was not to be trifled with, and the way he went after the New Jersey corporations with his "seven-sisters" laws boded ill for big business everywhere. When the election of 1912 came Wall Street was ill at ease. Taft, its favorite, could not win; so the choice lay between the "wildness" of Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, who, as former president of one of the staidest and most conservative of universities, the very citadel of intrenched wealth, should have been safe and sane, yet was nothing of the kind. When big business men examined Mr. Wilson's speeches and his book, "The New Freedom," their hair bristled. Here was radicalism indeed. He declared that the government had been transferred from Washington to Wall Street, whither the President must go "hat in hand" for orders. He affirmed that the "strong have crushed the weak," and that therefore "the strong dominate the industry and the economic life of this country." "Our government" he asserted to be "under the control of heads of great allied corporations with special interests." Again and again he cried out: "We stand in the presence of a revolution . . . whereby America will insist upon recovering in practice those ideals which she has always professed, upon securing a government devoted to the general interests and not to special interests. We are upon the eve of a great reconstruction." Since "an invisible empire" had been "set above the forms of democracy" Mr. Wilson demanded an end to the "exploitation of the people by legal and political means," saying "the masters of the government of the United States are the combined capitalists and manufacturers of the United States."

This was treason, and when Mr. Wilson entered the White House the severance between it and Wall Street was complete. The members of J. P. Morgan & Co. were for the first time denied admission to the President's office. So far as Mr. Wilson could make it his was a government of the people and in its interests. To him men rallied in increasing numbers, even of the disappointed bands who had followed Colonel Roosevelt to defeat with a fervent personal idolatry and a religious enthusiasm unsurpassed in our history. Mr. Wilson's followers were actuated less by adoration of him than by admiration for his ideals; yet there were plenty to give him a personal devotion and loyalty such as men are capable of but once in their lives. This kept up even though a change rapidly came over the President. As Governor of New Jersey he had sat in an office where all might see him and approach; in the White House he became less and less accessible. What was probably an unconquerable shyness was coupled with much intellectual pride and relentless bitterness toward all who disagreed. No friendship could survive long when the other party to it criticized the President. It became more and more his habit to work alone. Thus it came about that when the Lusitania was sunk, the note that satisfied the country yet kept it calm was written in his closet without personal contact with any members of his Cabinet until it was read to them for their approval only—not for their criticism or advice. In this it resembled many another state paper.

Progress there was. The federal-reserve system came in time to take up the shock of the outbreak of the war;

a system of rural credits was established; there was a real tariff revision downward; a beginning was made of a most hopeful series of arbitration treaties. The whole atmosphere of the government changed for the better. Then came the catastrophe of catastrophes, cutting squarely across the pathway to domestic reform, to end Mr. Wilson's "bloodless revolution." His first steps after the war clouds broke were all good; he commanded for the country a neutrality in thought and deed which he himself at first lived up to. His unusual executive talents were at their best. But the old spell was broken. Declining Mr. Bryan's God-given suggestion for an organization of the neutral countries headed by the United States, to compel respect for neutral rights and then to compel peace, Mr. Wilson gradually violated his own precepts for American neutrality. The powerful note to Great Britain in protest against the seizure of American ships on the high seas—the Solicitor of the State Department declaring publicly at this time that "there was not a canon of international law which England had not violated," a statement now admitted by Englishmen—lay upon Mr. Wilson's desk from May, 1915, until November, finally to be sent so emasculated that its author in the State Department could hardly have recognized it. As Mr. Tumulty finally confessed in his book, the scales were no longer held even. Yet when seeking reelection, Mr. Wilson eagerly benefited by the slogan "he kept us out of war," only to violate later this implicit pact with his people.

On January 22, 1917, Mr. Wilson rose to the highest point of his often extraordinary intuition and of his statesmanship. Then he gave utterance to words of profoundest wisdom, acclaimed at the time by almost the entire press of the country—these words that have been justified ten thousand times over by every event since the treaty of peace:

It must be a peace without victory. It is not pleasant to say this. . . . I am seeking only to face realities and to face them without soft concealment. Victory would mean peace forced upon the losers, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which terms of peace would rest not permanently, but only as upon quicksand. Only a peace between equals can last.

The crimes of Versailles, the collapsing treaty which has made that name infamous, attest the profound and perpetual truth of these words. There is no prophecy in history so justified by the event, so marvelous in its tragic fulfilment.

Three months later the breach of faith was complete. America entered the war. Wilson, the champion of democracy, struck it one of the deadliest blows received since the theory of democracy was conceived. That fatal day every reform for which Mr. Wilson had contended lay prostrate. For the first time he found himself congratulated by Henry Cabot Lodge, warmly indorsed and visited by Theodore Roosevelt, for whom there was in his heart the bitterest hate. He was acclaimed with joy by every munition-maker, every war profiteer, every agent of big business, all the evil forces against which he had fought for the "new freedom." To the partners of J. P. Morgan & Co. the White House doors now swung wide open. Positions of the highest responsibility were given to them; they were among his most trusted advisers at Paris. When the war ended the control of the government by big business and the war profiteers was complete—the gift of Woodrow Wilson himself.

What it was that won Mr. Wilson over to the war is not yet clear. It is the great unsolved mystery of his career. Whether it was due to the desire he cherished from 1914 on to be the arbiter and dominator of the peace, whether it was a yielding to the pressure of those who deemed the millions they had invested in Allied securities doomed unless the Allies won, whether an emotional desire to save the Allies from defeat, or sincere belief that no other way remained, is yet to be revealed. In any case Woodrow Wilson sinned against the very ark of the American covenant. Not a civic right of the American but was trampled upon with Mr. Wilson's knowledge and consent. The suppression of free thought and free speech, the terrorization of great masses of loyal Americans, the fettering of the press, the ruthless imprisonment of dissenters, the turning over of the destinies of the people to lawless officials and judges, the filling of the country with the bitterest diatribes of hate and Berserker rage—these Mr. Wilson neither checked nor reproved; they were "necessary acts of war time." He was unable to see that whenever and wherever liberalism links itself with war and war-madness it is liberalism which perishes. He could not perceive that he had struck down as with a dagger the causes he had held dearest. He could not, of course, for all his rare intuition, divine that he himself would be the most tragic victim of the anti-social, anti-democratic, anti-Christian forces which he had unleashed. It was the same Wall Street crowd, the same Henry Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelts, who had applauded him in April, 1917, who were the first to turn and rend him when he had done what they had wished. This they did as soon as we were once more out of the hell of the war in which we Americans made so needless and useless a sacrifice. What honest American citizen who looks upon Europe today can deny that our hundred thousand dead might as well have perished against walls in the streets of New York for all they did to end war, safeguard democracy, or destroy that militarism which today rears its head more ominously than in 1914?

Yet the Fourteen Peace Points, whether they came, as alleged, from the pen of Walter Lippmann, or from Mr. Wilson's own, lifted the spirits of men; it seemed, if they could be achieved, that a new charter of liberty, a new world order would be mankind's. Mr. Wilson went to Europe exalted on high; he *was* the Messiah. And if only he could have met his supreme test he would rank today in the minds of men next after Jesus of Nazareth. The kneeling, praying masses before whom he passed, prayed and kneeled in vain. It was to Orlando, to Foch and Clemenceau, to Lloyd George, in whom the good and evil demons struggled hourly for control, that the victory went. Hate, revenge, and brutal force, the lust and avarice of the conquerors prevailed. It was indeed "a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished," "accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice," with the result that today the next great war looms upon the horizon. To Paris Mr. Wilson went unprepared, ignorant, by his own confession, of the secret treaties widely published in the United States ten months before his departure, which were the key to all the Allied acts from the day the war began. They were the explanation of the Allies' motives and the charter of the real aims so skilfully hidden behind altruistic assertions that the Allies were the anointed of God and their cause entirely unselfish and righteous. So Mr. Wilson was not on guard in Paris against aims as self-seeking and

as godless as those of the enemies he had defeated in the war. Nor was he able to cope with what then confronted him. The evil habit of compromise, which came upon him in the White House, as on many another, making him accept doctrines which he had previously declared that he never, never would, beset him here. His personal weaknesses, like his compromises, fell upon him and disarmed him; his very taking counsel of himself became part of his undoing. But above all it was foreordained that the truth that good shall not come out of the evil of war should remain beyond challenge wherever men walk.

Upon these things will the historians of the future pass, each according to his bias and to his interpretation of state papers now sealed, documents now hidden, events yet to take place. Philosophers will always wrangle as to whether that man's offense is worse who deliberately destroys the rights and liberties of a people or the crime of

him who exalts the spirits of men by a glorious vision of a new and inspired day, only to let the uplifted sink back, utterly disheartened and disillusioned, into the darkest slough of despond. As to the merits and demerits of Woodrow Wilson books will be written to the end of time. Those who worship him will continue to keep eyes and ears closed to facts they do not wish to hear; those whose very souls he outraged and betrayed will judge as through a glass darkly. But one fact no one can deny: Aspiring to the stars he crashed to earth, leaving behind him no emancipation of humanity, no assuaging of its wounds, only a world wracked, embittered, more full of hatreds, more ready to tear itself to pieces today than when he essayed the heavens. The moral of his fall is as immutable as the hills, as shining as the planets. If humanity will perceive and acknowledge it that will be Woodrow Wilson's priceless legacy to the world he tried to serve so greatly.

O. G. V.

The Political Deepes Breaking Up

WHAT Woodrow Wilson called the "invisible empire . . . set up above the forms of democracy" is being unveiled in Washington. We are at last permitted to see what has been going on underneath, just as in Germany government by Hugo Stinnes and his piratical associates has boldly come out into the open, negotiates with sovereign France, and rules beside or in front of the government of Ebert and Dr. Marx. Like lightning out of a clear sky the revelations have burned upon the consciousness of the people things ordinarily hidden as by the darkness of the night. The bolt has seared and burned and destroyed. Men's reputations have withered overnight. The press reports that the politicians of both parties are in a funk, that "no such panic has been known in Washington since the Civil War." Even one of the most conservative news agencies now admits what it would not two weeks ago—that Mr. Coolidge's candidacy has been fatally injured and that an irresistible demand is likely to come up from the country for candidates entirely unaffiliated with Washington and its political stews. The friends of the President still hope that by vigorous action he may make clear his independence and let all the blame rest upon President Harding. It is too late. Whatever Mr. Coolidge's own record the mere fact that he sat in the Harding Cabinet while such things as the sale of these oil leases were under discussion is enough to make his candidacy impossible. Only the Progressives are unmoved—their record is clean.

What has come out so far? Among the Republicans Secretary Fall accepted "loans" of \$125,000 from Messrs. Sinclair and Doheny at the time when he was secretly giving them the navy's oil reserves, and then lied about it before the senatorial committee. The Secretary of the Navy was a party to the transaction from the beginning, not, apparently, from corrupt motives, but because he was too stupid and ignorant to understand what it was all about; his Assistant Secretary, Mr. Roosevelt, helped to transfer the oil reserves to Mr. Fall's department and personally took the order to Mr. Harding for his signature. The Attorney General, Mr. Daugherty, knew all and did nothing. Among the Democrats Mr. Lane, ex-Secretary of the Interior; Mr. McAdoo, ex-Secretary of the Treasury; and the former Attorney General, Mr. Gregory, all upon

retiring from office accepted retainers from Mr. Doheny or his companies, which were in large measure offered because of his belief that these gentlemen would have influence with the Administration from which they had just retired. George Creel, the official publicity director and apologist for the Wilson Administration, fell over himself to take \$5,000 in an oil transaction as the price of his influence with Mr. Daniels. This, of course, is nothing new; it is all part of the easy political morality of Washington. But a keen ethical sense, the kind of ethical sense the American people have a right to expect of their highest government officials, would certainly lead a man to refuse to accept money for using his personal influence with his former associates in office, as did Mr. McAdoo when he accepted Mr. Doheny's retainer.

Now conservative circles are frankly saying that the worst feature of these revelations is that they will increase radicalism in the country. These wiseacres are not hanging their heads with shame that corruption is in the highest places; they have no words of denunciation for the bribers who were found out. We have noticed no sizzling denunciations of Messrs. Fall and Denby from the American Defense Society or the National Security League. What concerns the super-patriots of this type is only the thought that the radicals may gain strength by these revelations.

If American citizens sit supinely and permit themselves to be robbed in this way, they are certainly beyond help. If they wish merely to leap again from the Republican frying-pan into the Democratic fire they will richly deserve their fate. It is the hour for a new party. Yes, the revelations *will* increase the radicalism of the country, if by that is meant that they will increase popular dissatisfaction with the organized system of political plundering in Washington. Mr. Wilson asked the public in 1917 this question: "Don't you know that some man with eloquent tongue, without conscience, who did not care for the nation, could put this whole nation into flame?" This country needs today more than anything else some man with eloquent tongue, *with conscience*, to put the whole nation into flame, to wipe out both the rotten, crooked, and meaningless old parties, and make room for a new alignment like that in England, where the issue is now clear and sharp.

The Triumph of Lenin

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

FEW men in our time have lived so fortunately and died so triumphantly as Lenin. No man in all history has been so widely and so affectionately mourned.

For never till modern times have conditions existed in which one man could touch so intimately the lives of tens of millions. To the peasants of the greatest stretch of farming country on earth he is known as the ruler who gave them at last their land. To the city workers of Russia he is the comrade who gave them dominion over government and industry. To the patriots within the borders of Russia, even old Czarist generals and anti-communist professors who have suffered the loss of property and the pangs of hunger, he is none the less the strategist who brought their country through wars which the whole world launched against them, and laid the foundations of national greatness on which they are now building in peace. And to tens of millions of plain people, outside of Russia, in every land of earth, he is the prophet of a new era in history.

Down in the famine area I have heard peasants cursing the local authorities corruptly administering taxes. But they have ended: "We will send to Moscow about it. Our Ilyich [Lenin] is a good man." I have heard discussions among country people about sins of Communists and the human frailties that made communism in their view impracticable; but often these discussions ended: "This communism our Ilyich tells about—that is truly the right way to live."

I talked in Samara to a French governess who hated all things Russian. Employed years ago by a noble family, she had been stranded in the midst of civil war and famine. She could not say enough evil about the Russians—"They are barbarous, dirty, lazy, dishonest." Then we passed into an office and she saw a photograph of Lenin. "One honest man," she said, regretfully, "but what can he do in a nation of thieves?" Even she, the most prejudiced woman I met in Russia, believed in Lenin.

From the Arctic Circle to the warm shores of the Crimea and the hot deserts of the Baku oil fields, in villages and mines and factories and children's homes, I have traveled. Only once in my two years in Russia did I meet anyone who spoke ill of Lenin. For while to the outer world he has remained the leader of upheaval, to the dwellers in Russia he has been for six years the steady preacher of order and discipline and hard work and production and punctuality and efficiency and all the other unromantic virtues whose achievement in Russia would be the height of romance.

He was the leader who never disguised mistakes, who never deluded himself or his followers with optimism.

Not once through the six years of the revolution to the end of his days did he prophesy sure success. Instead, he emphasized difficulties, dangers, shortcomings, saying coolly: "But there is a *chance* of success, if we conquer these things." In his last significant message to the Russian Communist Party Congress a year ago he warned them clearly that their progress toward socialism would be defeated unless they eliminated red tape and bureaucracy from the state machine. Such were the dull, technical details to which he gave his life, and which every pamphlet of his treated; but he handled them with such will and intelligence that they became studies in the essential building and managing of human society.

Thirty-five years ago he first planned revolution, and laid down clearly even at that time the road he would follow. His father, a successful schoolmaster and later director of schools for the province of Simbirsk, had spent his life in slow education of the peasants as the hope for Russia's freedom, only to see the schools he founded taken over by the most backward church in Christendom. His brother, impatient, had followed the path of individual terrorism with the students of his day, and been executed for an attempt on the life of Alexander III. Lenin chose a different road

to revolution—his plan involved the organization of the city workers under the leadership of professional revolutionists. For thirty years he studied and organized in prison and exile, he watched the World War prepare the way. When the time came and the old forms of Russian society collapsed utterly under the strain of war and corruption he was ready with his organization and his plan.

How much of the detailed action of those first years of Soviet power was due to previous planning, and how much was forced upon him by the necessities of war on a dozen fronts, prolonged for many years, is a matter for the historian to analyze. The nationalization of property took place to a large extent as a war measure, partly because empty properties were left abandoned, and partly as a spontaneous seizure by workingmen, which had to be regularized afterward in some way. The seizing of the peasants' food was also a measure of war, not of Socialist planning. The "terror" was an outburst after assassination and invasion had created an atmosphere of suspicion and revenge. Many things, which through those years were called bolshevism, were either the tactics of a besieged city, or the wild dreams of people shut off by a ring of iron from an outside world which they consequently were bound to misinterpret.

But step by step, through disorder and mistake and hunger and defeat, Lenin built the disciplined and organized government which carried Soviet Russia through to ulti-



A drawing from life by Nathan Altman

Lenin

mate triumph. Without him there would have been indeed a great upheaval and chaos; this outburst was created by events, not by any man. But without him there would not have been the final success of organization; there would have been a vast territory of broken peoples, each under its own dictator, all of them the playthings of international imperialism, as China is today. The Russians know that it was from this that Lenin saved them.

No man could have chosen a better time to die. If he had died in the midst of the civil war, the war might have ended otherwise. If he had died before the new economic policy was planned and carried into being, a conflict between peasants and city workers might have permanently wrecked the revolution. But he lived to carry through the purpose he held from his youth; he perfected an organization

which could continue for indefinite years after his death.

Then he died, knowing that he was loved by the people of a great nation and by millions of simple folk in all the lands of earth; knowing, as few rulers have ever known, that within his own government he had no whisper of opposition to his personality or his achievements; knowing also that he had lived through a great turning-point in history and had had the chance to play in it a directing part; and that his work, as far as a man's work may be, was finished, and sealed, and secure, and that for generations to come, past his grave under the Kremlin walls, in the great Red Square, the workers and children of free Russia would celebrate May Days and October Days in triumph.

What more could any man hope from life—or from death?

What—After All—Is “Progressivism”?

Senators, Representatives, Editors, Poets, and Private Citizens Compete in William Hard's Prize Contest

WILLIAM HARD'S offer of a lock of Senator Shipstead's hair for the best definition of “progressivism” has called forth as many answers apparently as could have been evoked by an offer of mere money. One contestant only is dissatisfied with the nature of the prize held up before him to reward his efforts.

Mr. Charles A. Darius of Upper Montclair, New Jersey, refuses “Senator Shipstead's hair” and demands “Senator Smoot's scalp.”

Mr. William Floyd of the *Arbitrator* indeed brings forward a point which all contestants have a right to have cleared up. Mr. Floyd has written Mr. Hard as follows:

The value of your prize so rare,
Plucked from its deep, progressive lair,
Depends upon the power to wear.
So tell us—you'll admit it's fair—
What color is this Shipstead hair?

It is a very beautiful color—a soft brown streaked attractively with a thoughtful white. Also, it exists in profusion. The contestants are wrong who in considerable multitudes have written in to say that of course they realize that Senator Shipstead must be bald. This contest is an honest one.

Senator Shipstead has hair; and Senator Moses's Committee on Propaganda has been unable nevertheless to discover that in Mr. Hard's Prize Contest there is any element of any improper use of anybody's possessions, in trust funds or otherwise, for the purpose of manufacturing public opinion or of coercing the Senate. Senators and newspaper editors agree that Mr. Hard has found a way of conducting a contest for a prize of great historic value without exposing himself to the charge of trying to convert anybody to anything by bribery and corruption.

The Baltimore *Evening Sun*, it is true, makes short work of it by saying that Mr. Hard's curiosity and confusion of mind regarding progressivism is due precisely to his looking for definitions instead of looking at the actual behavior of progressives in real life. That behavior, according to the *Sun*, can be described thus:

Here is a railroad. Things aren't going right with it.

It has capable and intelligent managers and it serves a rich and valuable territory. But it doesn't do what it ought to do. What remedy does the progressive prescribe? He prescribes a law.

Here is a section of the country—rich, fertile, peopled by industrious and progressive farmers. Something happens and the farmers all go broke. Call in a progressive and what does he prescribe? He prescribes, invariably, a law.

Here is the shipping industry. It isn't doing what it ought to do. Cargoes are scarce, wrecks are frequent, insurance is high, and operation shows a deficit instead of a profit. What to do? Consult a progressive, and the answer is inevitable. There ought to be a law.

The progressive, in brief, is a man who believes that there is some magic in government which enables commonplace men to do something through its agency that they cannot do without it.

Meanwhile, however, the San Jose *News* follows a different trail to a different water-hole, thus:

Our reply to Mr. Hard is that the conservatives in general represent big business and that the progressives in general represent little business. Little business shades off into big business on the one hand and into labor on the other in such a vague and indefinite fashion that it is inevitable that progressives are divided in their counsels. Progressivism inevitably has here and there a tinge of stand-pattism just as it has inevitably here and there a tinge of socialism. Progressivism is constantly shifting and wabbling. Nevertheless this newspaper is avowedly progressive and proud of it. We are prepared to indorse neither extreme communism nor extreme corporationism. We prefer to fumble along, trying to salvage some of the old pioneer Western American qualities of courage and independence, being illogical, inconsistent, and full of fight.

The contestants who have answered by mail are as individual and as determined as the two editors of these two widely separated newspapers. Naturally it is physically impossible to print more than a tiny proportion of the number of answers received, and it is impossible equally to print more than excerpts from most of those few. However, from time to time, as the contest proceeds, we shall print such answers—and such excerpts from answers—as Mr. Hard, on chance or on merit, happens to send to us.

This week Mr. Hard, out of the first flight of answers arriving during the first few days of the contest, has sent us the following:

MR. HAPGOOD LEADS OFF

It is not devices but purposes that distinguish the progressive or liberal from the conservative. He whose purpose is honestly to seek a wider diffusion of power, political, economic, and social, is a liberal. He who instinctively resists all proposals aimed at this wider diffusion is a conservative.

Norman Hapgood

HORSE SENSE AND LANGUAGE FROM THE WEST

A progressive is a person who wants to do the greatest good for the greatest number all the time, and he keeps the pulling collar filled with his shoulders and the traces taut. A conservative is one who seeks class advantage and who backs into the breeching along the road of life.

B. S. Rodey, Albuquerque, New Mexico

AS SEEN FROM WASHINGTON

Progressivism is a status of the ego in which a statesman mirrors himself as the sole anointed to lead his flock where others do not take them.

Elisha Hanson, Washington, D. C.

ANOTHER VIEW FROM WASHINGTON

A progressive is a Republican who thinks his district is going Democratic.

*Henry T. Rainey,
Democratic Representative from the
20th Illinois Congressional District*

OFFICIAL!

FROM THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE "PROGRESSIVE GROUP"
HIMSELF

What is a progressive? Looking within, listening to my progressive associates in Congress day by day, and thinking over the long political life of such a leader as La Follette, it seems to me that a true progressive is one who seeks to approximate in politics the moral code. By that I mean, broadly speaking, that in legislation he looks for righteousness. And what is right is the only direct way to what is good. He seeks the light of truth in principles and in facts, facts, facts, everywhere; and, above all (or, rather, as the fruitage of seeking the right in the light of truth), there comes into his heart a fiery zeal for service to his fellow-men. This naturally leads him to abhor and to fight special interest or privilege, to detest hypocrisy and sham, and to despise selfishness and greed in public life. Being only human, with all the frailties of the race, he finds it very difficult always to see clearly and to apply practically his ideal (reflected for all time in the great principles—justice, wisdom, and love); so he becomes broadly liberal in his personal relations with all classes of men, especially in the humbler walks of life, believing that the tyrant of all tyrants is intolerance. He speaks of himself as progressive because he realizes that life means action, endeavor, progress, and that reaction always ends in individual or national death.

*John M. Nelson,
Republican Representative from the Wisconsin 3rd
Congressional District and leader of the House
"Progressive Group" of both parties.*

A DROP OF ACID FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE

Progressivism, as a principle of American political philosophy, means the seeking of special privilege for groups and classes at national expense and the enforcement of special prohibitions through the agency of the national government; distinguished from conservatism, which means the preservation of the rights of the indi-

vidual to equality in opportunity, in liberty, and in working out his own salvation according to his intelligence and his conscience.

Progressivism as a present political phenomenon is the composite blur of the mental disturbances of those all dressed up with no place to go, and of those who do not know where they are going but are on their way.

Richard D. Ware, Amherst, New Hampshire

ILLINOIS SPEAKS AGAIN

Progressivism is that principle of political conduct which holds that, from time to time, laws should be framed and institutions molded so as to be adjusted to meet the requirements created by changed conditions, in order that the greatest amount of happiness and prosperity, both present and future, may be enjoyed by the largest number of persons.

*Henry R. Rathbone,
Republican Representative at Large in
the 68th Congress from all of Illinois*

WITH APOLOGIES TO HERBERT SPENCER

Progressivism is an integration of humanity and a dissipation of riches, during which the people rise from an indefinite incoherent heterogeneity to a definite coherent homogeneity and during which the retained capital undergoes a parallel transformation.

Archibald Craig, Jersey City, New Jersey

SOMEWHAT MORE PSYCHOLOGICAL

Three qualities are essential to the progressive.

To begin with there is tolerance. People who cannot see the other person's point of view are in no sense progressive, since in a larger way they thus fail to see the general currents and tendencies of a given epoch.

Another essential quality of the progressive is mental flexibility. Life is forever changing, and in order to be a progressive one must be able to follow life.

And that brings us to the most essential quality of the progressive. It is vision. People without vision can only see their own narrow pet ideas and so-called principles and the immediate present, which is altogether fatal to progressivism.

Beatrice S. Greenberg, Boston, Massachusetts

SUSPICIOUS, BUT COMES THROUGH

You, William Hard, are so much of a spoofer that I hardly feel sure you are not kidding us in this invitation, but I guess you are in earnest. I'll bite anyway; and if a considerable proportion of your *Nation* readers do, your scheme should in some measure answer the purpose of a Progressive National Convention. So here is the idea of a dirt farmer, a western New York grape grower.

The "clearly-defined distinction between a progressive party and the older parties already existing" should appear in a platform which emphatically recognizes the control of the old parties by big business. This is the outstanding issue.

We should be looking forward both to the time when in the United States the primary purpose of industry generally will be the freest possible production and distribution of the necessities and comforts of life for the many instead of the production of dividends for the few. The progressive surely knows that the existing system of industry must remain until a better one is ready to replace it and that the replacement must be gradual. If he is really awake, he knows that this radical change has already been brought about on a tremendous scale and with great success in Europe through the cooperative movement.

*Frank R. Rosseel,
Rosseel's Vineyard, Church Road, Eden Village, N. Y.*

SENATOR McCORMICK'S PLEA

We ought to strive resolutely, intelligently, and considerably for orderly and ordered progress. We ought to strive to enact laws and so to administer them that in ever greater degree economic and social justice may be done every man, woman, and child in this land. You have only to read the Declaration of Independence to realize that the Fathers of the Republic believed that it was better to endure, and patiently labor to redress, wrongs rather than to have recourse to violence and revolution. In these days who shall say who is a conservative or a progressive? And who shall distinguish between the industrial, financial, and agrarian radical and conservative? Those of us who believe in political progress, in social justice, and sound economics ought to think a little more upon the modern history of society, ought to be more mutually tolerant, and ought more eagerly and more open-mindedly to seek to learn from one another.

Medill McCormick,
Member of Republican Steering Committee of the United States Senate

TOO MANY PTOLEMAISTS

No doubt progressivism should progress toward something. But toward what? Conservatism too should conserve something. But, again, what? The official progressives have no common thought except perhaps a vague notion that economics may possibly have a bit of heft that should be considered in legislation.

The difficulty, as I see it, is that our political astronomers are all Ptolemaists. They are tangled in a system of cycles and epicycles by which some problems may be solved after a fashion, but which is utterly and totally inadequate to do the job which must be done now. In this day of grace we need a political Copernicus to give us the key to the practical complexities of economics, psychology, and spiritual living.

Do you see him any place in the offing? I do not.

George A. Briggs, Los Angeles, California

ANOTHER CALL FOR COPERNICUS

A progressive is one who knows what human nature is under unjust social conditions and strives to improve those conditions so that human nature may express itself in an ideal human brotherhood.

Henry C. Lippincott, Woodstown, New Jersey

EVERYBODY SLIGHTLY MIXED

No one is wholly progressive or conservative; and this is aptly illustrated by William Hard, a most unusual correspondent, in comparing his articles published in the *Nation* with those published in the *Chicago Daily News*, as to degree of progressivity.

Fundamentally the present condition of society is ruled to too great a degree by competition and those instincts that evolve from conditions under the general term of hate. This fundamental condition the progressive wishes to change to cooperation and to the dominance of those instincts evolved from conditions under the general term of love. So we find that the progressive wishes progress toward real democracy.

Joseph Pestal, Lamar, Colorado

MORE ACID

Progressivism is an attempt, politically, to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. After the "kill" has been made the weeping hunter—or progressivist—tries to revive the corpse of the poor animal. But it insists upon remaining dead, defying all attempts at resurrection. That corpse is orthodox republicanism.

Reuben Freedman, Chicago, Illinois

Page Dr. Coue

By H. S. STOCKTON

FOR some weeks we had been noticing in the paper that the Society of Applied Psychology met in the public library on Wednesday evening. So when an open meeting was announced we spent a dollar to have the children taken care of and went to see what it was all about.

The room was in the cellar of the library, inadequately lighted and furnished with folding chairs on which in brightly expectant attitudes sat eight or ten men and thirty or forty women with an average age of thirty-five or forty and mostly with that thin, drawn but determinedly hopeful look of half-starved dogs. The front wall above the shallow platform was covered with a huge American flag forming a background for a grand piano and a small deal table. Behind the table sat a lean, artificially colored lady, her mouth a thin red line of courage—or was it obstinacy? Beside her sat a severe lady in black with horn-rimmed glasses and white collar and cuffs who toyed with a long book with a black cover. Lounging about in attitudes meant to betoken ease and self-confidence was a gentleman in correct black clothes, black hair, curly black mustache, and with a red rose in his button hole.

The thin red line of the chairwoman parted sufficiently to emit muffled sounds to the effect that the meeting was open. The gentleman with the button-hole bouquet advanced toward the front rows with a confident smile and shouted in a hearty voice:

"How do we all feel this evening?"

To which the answer came back in startling unison:

"Fine and dandy and getting better every day!"

"Very good," said the gentleman in black.

It seemed evident that this gentleman was the Applier for the Society of Applied Psychology, for he proceeded to say in engaging tones:

"You know you can't be a psychologist without relaxin' to get in tune with the universe. Most folks don't relax because they can't concentrate on the part they want to relax. We aren't conscious of the parts of our body and have to concentrate to relax 'em. Now we'll relax from the tops of our heads to the tips of our toes. I want you to relax by concentratin' your attention on the part of your body as I name it and relaxin'. Are you ready?"

All bent forward as if in prayer and shut their eyes.

"The top of your head—relax.

Very good.

Your mouth and ears—relax.

Very good.

Your chin and neck—relax.

Very good.

Your right arm and shoulder—relax.

Your left arm and shoulder—relax.

Very good.

Your hands and fingers—relax.

Your chest and back—relax.

Very good.

Your hips and thighs—relax.

Your knees and legs—relax.

Very good.

Your feet and toes—relax."

(A pause—"VERY GOOD—Very good.")

"Now you know they say you can't be a deep thinker unless you are a deep breather so we will take a breathin' exercise. We'll all have to stand up for this (everybody got up). Take a deep breath and count."

Everybody took a deep breath hissingly and counted in unison—1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14 (some of them began to come up for air but they valiantly continued counting anyhow) 15-16-17-18-19-20. The last number was shouted by a large lady in the back row who seemed quite proud of her ability to hold her breath and count longer than anybody else. Whereupon the Applier seemed pleased and said: "Very good—Very good."

"Next to relaxin' the most important thing for a psychologist is concentration. We should all learn t' concentrate, and I want somebody to give us a constructive word to concentrate on and while we're concentratin' we'll have a little soft music to help us."

Someone suggested "harmony."

"'Harmony' has been suggested as a constructive word to concentrate on. Very good—very good. We will concentrate on 'harmony.'" He put his hand over his brow in thought and the members of the Society of Applied Psychology did likewise while a lady in a large hat with a feather went to the piano and played soft music, her feather keeping time with her hands and feet.

All breathed hard while they concentrated on the con-

structive word "harmony" and the soft music went on.

The music stopped. The Applier lifted his hand from his brow with an effort.

"Very good," he said.

By that time my wife said if she didn't get out in the air she would undoubtedly scream, so we left. She said she felt sorry for them, they looked so starved and hopeful, but what hurt her worse than anything else was to know that such people had a vote.

I think I got something out of the meeting. I know now why Christianity was so successful at the break-up of the Roman Empire. The vast majority of the people of that day were just such mentally and physically starved and just such empty-souled, hopeless specimens. To have a hope and to live for something outside of themselves offered a new world and new life; these people were seeking the same thing and not finding it in present-day Christianity. How are you going to reach them with new ideas? They are seeking for something and, not finding it, are swayed by every passing gust of fancy or every hope held out by every well-meaning fool. You cannot get them by reason, statistics, or a constructive program. A "constructive word" is about their limit and their minds are excrescences on their emotional complexes. What are you going to do with such people—breed them out of the world by restrictive eugenics or give them something to live for?

The Republican Party—A Stricken Mob

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE Republican Party seems to be suffering from a violent attack of panic in the legislative branch, complicated by an almost equally violent attack of obstinacy in the executive branch. Both ailments go back to the same cause. They go back to the present modernistic decline and decay and, one might almost say, demise of effective party organization.

This situation indeed exists almost equally in both parties. In 1920, when the Democrats were getting pounded, and when President Wilson had fallen ill and was unable to take the field against his accusers, there was no Democratic party organization effective enough to present a really coherent and coordinated defense to the Republican attack. Today, even with a President who is well and who is alert, the Republicans, finding themselves similarly exposed to fire, behave similarly like a stricken mob.

The legislative part of the mob is for the most part engaged simply in running for its life while the Democrats bombard it with charges about the naval oil reserves, about the Veterans' Bureau, about the prohibition-enforcement service, and about other administrative functions and activities which the Republicans are accused of perverting to private property. Meanwhile the executive part of the mob, in the various departments and bureaus, where a secure separation from the electorate produces a haughty scorn for "politics," puts its head into the bureaucratic sand and discards both the ignominy of flight and the shame of any concession to popular opinion, and awaits the kick of doom with its tail held high in air.

The Treasury Department, for instance, insists upon

it that the Republican taxation bill in Congress must reduce the top surtax from 50 per cent all the way down to 25. This drop, the Treasury Department magnificently unpolitically argues, is demanded by economic industrial considerations. Therefore, according to the Treasury Department, it must be put into the bill. If no miracle of conversion, if no heavenly stream of enlightenment, is granted to the Congress, this unpolitical, economic, industrial, austere idea will be congressionally smashed. Nicholas Longworth, floor leader of the Republicans in the House of Representatives, and William Raymond Green, chairman of the House committee dealing with taxes, have both of them explained to the executive branch its virtually inevitable approaching humiliation in the final tax-bill vote on Capitol Hill. The executive branch, however, is permeated with the idea that even if it is defeated in Congress it can go to the country on a platform demanding Mr. Mellon's full and unabridged reduction of taxes for the higher taxpayers and can get sweepingly returned to office.

The flaw in this reasoning, to the mere political mind, is that such an appeal to the country would be made by a divided party—a party only half willing to go along and accordingly fully half willing to turn and flee. The Mellon taxation-reduction plan, irrespective of its economic merits, has diminished the political fighting power of the Republican Party because a certain considerable proportion of the total number of regular Republican congressmen are not convinced by it in its full and unabridged form and cannot valiantly and effectively fight for it in that form.

Yet the executive branch insists upon that form with

no dimple or freckle of it removed. In former days, when the Republican Party was a party and not a chance encounter of miscellaneous passengers proceeding to different destinations in the same cruising omnibus, it was not infrequently possible to weld the opinions of legislative Republicans and of executive Republicans into one sword. Now, increasingly, there is no party sword and every political personage has his own little bowie-knife.

He accordingly, if he is a Senator or a Representative, having never received any tribute of consideration from the Treasury Department in the initiating of taxation schemes, or from the State Department in the originating of foreign policies, or from the Interior Department in the adopting of new anti-conservation decisions, or from the Navy Department in the unauthorized alienating of conserved naval oil for administratively invented long lines of steel storage tanks, is at any moment ready to desert them when they fall into popular criticism and disrepute.

A certain defense of the leases of naval oil reserves to Mr. Doheny and to Mr. Sinclair is possible. The Republican Party in Congress did not make that defense. Stunned by revelations of improprieties, ignorant of Interior Department and Navy Department policies and performances, sundered from the executive branch both by the old inherent haughtiness of that branch and by the new absence of authoritative cohesive party organization, the Republicans in Congress, without information, without guidance, without morale, broke and ran. A few individual heroes, Nicholas Longworth conspicuously among them, were seen at least shaking their fists and hurling curses of "You too" and "You're another" at the Democrats as the rout rolled across the legislative landscape. These few maledictions were the bulk of the Republican defense. Except for them the debates in the national legislature on the naval oil-reserve leases produced few sounds except the firing of the Democratic guns and the gasping of Republicans running for funk-holes.

At the same time in the executive branch the retention of Secretary Denby at the head of the Navy Department continued to be thought desirable. The Republican Party in the executive branch continued to shelter Mr. Denby. The Republican Party in the legislative branch left him argumentatively naked to his enemies. There was one attitude toward him in the party at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue. There was another attitude toward him in the same party at the other end of the avenue.

Unless mitigated and replaced by some restoration of party discipline, these conditions portend a near day when the party in opposition will always find it easy to get into power and, having gained power, will find it almost impossible to keep it.

In the Driftway

WHEN Woodrow Wilson was Governor of New Jersey he was quoted as saying that experts are generally fakers. He had learned this, he said, in Princeton University. A good school, no doubt, in which to come by such wisdom; but there are others. It was in others that the Drifter long since reached a similar conclusion. It is pathetic how many men and women there are who can talk or act intelligently in regard to nearly every subject except the one in which their own pretensions or the flattery of ill-

advised friends has set them up as experts. There are numerous clergymen who are delightful conversationalists on sport or literature, but are insufferable coxcombs when they launch upon theology; there are plenty of soldiers whose opinions on politics or painting are entertaining but whose ideas on war give one a stomach-ache.

* * * * *

NOT that the Drifter would deny the value of expertism in technique. He would rather be operated on for appendicitis by a man with some reputation as a surgical expert than by a tinsmith; if he had the construction of a suspension bridge over the Mississippi River he would call in an engineer in preference to a deep-sea diver or even a hangman. In the field of technique expertism is only another word for craftsmanship, something for which the Drifter has the highest respect and reverence in the world. It is not in the creation or the doing of something that the Drifter resents expertism, but in the appraisal of it. The job is up to the craftsman, but the finished product is up to the public. It is not for the artisan or the artist to judge his work or that of his fellow-craftsman. Its acceptance or rejection is the privilege of the community which supplies his bread and butter.

* * * * *

WHEN the Drifter comes into the ownership of a great metropolitan daily, say the *New York Evening Post* (everybody else has owned it, so why not the Drifter?), he will get to his office at 9 a.m. on the first day of possession and at 9:01 he will issue an order decapitating all the critics and experts in the shop. He gives them fair warning herewith. On second thought, he makes two reservations: (1) He will not get to the office at 9 a.m. (2) He will not decapitate the critics and experts. The Drifter imagines that about the time he becomes the owner of a great metropolitan daily he will conclude that 11 or 12 o'clock is plenty early enough to get to office. And as for the critics and experts the Drifter has, on consideration, a better scheme than to set them on the street. His scheme is this: he would send the financial editor out to write up the performance at the Metropolitan Opera House; he would pack the sporting editor off to cover the varnishing day of the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design; he would instruct the musical critic to attend the baseball series for the world's championship; he would assign the art critic to give his impression of the session of the Stock Exchange. The Drifter would impress upon them all that they were to write exactly what they saw and felt and thought. The public would learn things about both Wall Street and the National Academy of which it had never dreamed. It would get the response of an average, intelligent man to the arts and institutions which are—or ought to be—maintained for other average, intelligent men; instead of the prejudices and sophistication of the professional critic. The result would be the greatest criticism and the best reporting ever done.

* * * * *

ONLY it would be nothing of the kind. On mature reflection the Drifter realizes that the sporting editor would not give his honest, individual opinion of the pictures in the National Academy; he would write what he thought he was expected to think. And the art critic would shed no new light on Wall Street; he would get one of the old-timers to give him the "dope"—or chuck up his job.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

In Defense of Osteopathy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of *The Nation* for January 30, H. L. Mencken, in an attempt to be amusing, speaks of "osteopaths . . . and other quacks." This may appear a subject for persiflage, but to those of us who are practicing this specialty it is a reflection which cannot be passed over lightly.

In the dictionary definition of a quack—"a pretender to medical skill, an ignorant practitioner or empiric"—a lack of education, training, and regulation is implied. For the benefit, then, of Mr. Mencken and others who are laboring under a misapprehension regarding the status of the osteopath today, be it known that the osteopath is a licensed physician. He takes the same examination that any other doctor does before the State permits him to practice. In order to take this examination he must have been graduated from a college which is under the control of the State Board of Regents; this insures definite educational entrance requirements and definite scientific training. This course in the college is four years and is substantially the same as that of other medical colleges, with this exception, that orthodox drug therapy is omitted and osteopathic and physical therapy substituted.

The osteopath, having been trained in colleges under State supervision, takes State board examination in surgery, diagnosis, obstetrics, pathology, bacteriology, hygiene, sanitation, and allied subjects. Having, therefore, as thorough a comprehension of disease as any other doctor, it is reasonable to suppose that an osteopath can prescribe proper treatment.

This of course is a thing apart from quackery.

New York, February 1

EUGENE R. KRAUS

A Protest from Emporia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have your note in which you say "a dishonest trick" has been played by the man who wrote the advertising for the Bok award. You base this, as I understand it, upon the fact that the World Court is first mentioned in the advertising instead of the League of Nations. As a matter of fact, the plan distinctly does not provide for membership in the League of Nations. When a joint resolution of Congress provides an appropriation of money for the use of the President in naming commissioners to cooperate with the various welfare commissions of the League, and when the entrance has been made under the Hughes resolutions into the World Court, and further, when a committee for codification and development of international law has been appointed with American participation, every positive provision of award No. 1469 of the American Peace Award will have been accomplished as I see it.

The clauses referring to entrance into the League of Nations are negative clauses, providing specifically that entrance shall be denied until all articles establishing the use of any kind of force have been abrogated by the League.

This being the case, it seems to me there was no moral turpitude in making the order of the advertising read "World Court, cooperation with the League, and international law commission." I am a subscriber to *The Nation*. I am quite sure your advertising, which I regard as a model of perfection, does not emphasize the fact that sometimes you are a mean and inconsistent pacifist. It puts forth all the good things that you stand for in their best form and order, and when I run across an editorial like The Great Bok Humbug I don't feel I have been cheated by the advertising of *The Nation* which lured me as a subscriber; but I feel this is a free country and if you have that idea about the Bok Peace Prize there's no reason why you shouldn't utter it and no reason why I should com-

plain your advertising was misleading. Even though I think your editorial was unfair.

After all, in this world, I think we go further and happier if we assume a certain amount of honesty in our fellows and don't read ulterior and impossible motives into the conduct of either our friends or our enemies.

Emporia, Kansas, January 15 WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

[When Mr. White admits that the summary of the prize plan printed on the ballots was "advertising," i.e., designed to win votes rather than to give an unbiased and impartial summary, he seems to us to justify our criticism. And when he says that "the clauses referring to entrance into the League of Nations are negative clauses," he leads one to fear that he has read the "advertising" rather than the plan itself.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

The Bok Plan and the League

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I call your attention to a significant indication that a vote in favor of the Bok peace plan is a vote in favor of the League of Nations. Those students at Harvard who voted Yes in the recent referendum are receiving the following invitation from the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association:

The Bok peace plan has received the support of the university by an overwhelming majority. Inasmuch as you were one of those who voted for the plan, will you not help put the plan through by joining the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association, which heartily indorses this plan and through which you may lend your support to the project.

I submit that this appeal is excellent follow-up work.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, January 28

A. G. H.

Magnus Johnson on the Army

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial on Prussianism in Our Army, describing the treatment of Captain Paxton Hibben, hits the nail on the head in regard to the situation of our army—or perhaps any other army, for that matter.

It is an outrage that Captain Hibben should be treated so shamefully simply because he has had the courage to come back here and state the facts as he found them in regard to Russia. But if I am any judge, it will not be long till Captain Hibben's position will be fully vindicated. The important thing now is to prevent him from being deprived of his commission in the army.

Washington, D. C., January 21

MAGNUS JOHNSON

Contributors to This Issue

SCUDDER MIDDLETON is the author of two volumes of poetry, "Sheets and Faces" (now out of print) and "The New Day" (1919, Macmillan). He was born in New York City where he still makes his home.

CHARLES MERZ is a journalist of note, formerly on the staff of the *New Republic* and the *New York World*.

KIMBALL YOUNG, who is now at the University of Oregon, was formerly professor of psychology at Clark University.

HUGH LOFTING, creator of Doctor Dolittle, has been lecturing in this country on internationalism and the education of children.

H. W. NEVINSON, a British writer and press correspondent of many years' experience, is the author of a new volume of personal experience, "Changes and Chances."

CHARLES J. FINGER is the editor of *All's Well*.

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International Relations Section

"To Laboring Humanity"

AT the funeral ceremonies when the body of Nikolai Lenin was laid in the tomb the following declaration from the Federal Soviet Congress, addressed "to laboring humanity," was read aloud to the thousands of listening mourners:

We are burying Lenin. The genius of the workers' revolution has gone from us. His great sagacity and will to action are dead. Hundreds of millions, peasants and colonial slaves, mourn the death of the powerful leader. Laboring Russia, which he united through all dangers in the victorious struggle, in hundreds and thousands are crowding to his final resting-place.

From the whole world swells a wave of lamentation, mourning, and sorrow. His enemies, against whom he waged the struggle of a flaming revolutionary, unwillingly lower their flags. All recognize that a bright star of humanity is eclipsed. From his grave Lenin rises before the world in gigantic stature. On the threshold of a new epoch he will stand for centuries as a grandiose figure. For Lenin was, and will remain even after his physical death, the lord of a new humanity, its herald, prophet, and creator.

Through the centuries human attempts to win freedom from persecution, slavery, and oppression have followed one another. For the first time in world history the oppressed classes came forth into the arena of struggle and conquered. They were the first to clothe their victory in the armor of the proletarian dictatorship. They were the first proletariat of the cities, poor peasants and downtrodden slaves of the old imperial colonies, to take the mastery of the new life and direction of their historical destiny into their own hands. For the first time in human history these laboring masses realize their own strength.

Yes, they can conquer. Yes, they can gild, and are gilding, the kingdom of labor, of which the best and brightest spirits of humanity have dreamed. The peoples of Asia, enslaved for centuries, have hailed the father of this new humanity. The revolutionary proletariat of Europe and America, the greatest civilized continents of our world, recognizes Lenin as its beloved and brilliant leader. And in this wonderful unity, this universal alliance of all the oppressed, all the enslaved, all the producers, lies the guaranty of victory over capital, that devilish obstacle to general progress.

Lenin is an unquenchable volcano of revolutionary energy, from which spouted the whole sea of underground revolutionary lava. But possessing all that was best of the old culture, he took in his hands the mighty weapon of the Marxist theory, he the man of storm and thunder, and led the potent, scattered masses to the granite shore of revolutionary accomplishment.

His vision was colossal, his intelligence in organizing the masses was beyond belief. He was the greatest leader of all countries, of all times, and of all peoples. He was the lord of the new humanity, the savior of the world.

Lenin is dead. But Lenin lives in millions of hearts, lives in the great alliance of workers, peasants, and colonial slaves; he lives in the collective intelligence of the Communist Party; lives in the workers' dictatorship which he established, solid and menacing, on the boundary between Europe and Asia.

The old world is dying. Ruined, crippled, and disfigured lies Europe, the hoary mother of capitalistic civilization. For centuries European capital labored, achieving with the hands of her workers marvels of technique, living in the full daylight, enslaving millions, establishing an iron yoke upon both hemispheres of the globe. For centuries it built upon the earth its empire of cruelty and oppression, blood, slavery, and terror.

But, caught in its own net, putting its skill and technique at the service of scientific self-destruction, it caused the first

gigantic fissure in its own structure by the World War. The devilish machine of capital, shaken and tottering already, will soon fall to pieces. But today capital in Europe and the whole world still holds out; only one force, a gigantic savior, victorious, can sweep it away. That force is the laboring mass—that energetic and powerful class guiding and uniting hundreds of millions of men.

The leader of the soul of these masses was our comrade Lenin. He held the key to the spirit of all the workers and peasants. Penetrating to the depths of every human heart he stirred the consciousness, aroused the class instinct, and set the most downtrodden and oppressed on their feet. At the mighty ones of this world he flung the simple and madly daring slogan, "All power to the Soviets," and the miracle was performed.

The union of our governments is growing and waxing stronger. Toward the new life the masses—workmen, workwomen, peasant men, peasant women—are striving. More and more avidly and resolutely they are seizing upon governmental power and abolishing step by step old, decrepit, worthless things. After the bloody struggle our country stands firm on its feet and the kingdom of the workers and peasants is growing.

We have lost in Lenin the beloved captain of our vessel. That loss is irreparable because in all the world there never was such an indomitable will, such mighty energy, such radiant sympathy, as that of Lenin, who held the rudder of the state through all dangers.

Henceforth his work is on the right path. Hundreds of thousands of comrades of Vladimir Ilyich hold his mighty banner firm. The whole world is taking on a new shape.

Comrades and brothers, raise our red flag higher. Do not falter in the struggle for liberty. The working class can never lose. Already it is transfiguring the world. Proletariat of all lands, unite!

The German Unions Fight for Life

WE take from a recent issue of the *Advance* parts of a translation of an appeal received by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers from the German Wearing Apparel Workers' Union. In response to this appeal the Central Executive Board of the Amalgamated has sent the sum of \$3,000 to the German workers.

The steady and rapid sinking of the mark, and the demoralization of German economic life as a result of that, have created conditions unparalleled in the history of civilized peoples, conditions which no people can lastingly endure. . . .

The first ones to realize the true situation are the unions and their responsible officials. Their constantly growing tasks in the interests of labor have reached proportions which are entirely beyond their strength. Volumes could be filled by an attempt to give a general outline of conditions in the labor movement. We shall confine ourselves to a brief statement of conditions in our own wearing-apparel industry, represented by our organization embracing a membership of about 150,000. This organization includes men's and women's tailoring, young men's and boys' clothes, rubber goods, ready-made clothes, waists, men's and women's white goods, and all kindred branches.

. . . Germany, as a highly developed industrial state, with manifold relations with the world market, is dependent in every way in its economic life upon international trade relations. Isolated from the world market, Germany cannot live. . . . In the textile and clothing industries we are entirely dependent upon foreign countries for raw materials. The fact that this demand for raw materials, such as wool, cotton, flax, silk, etc., may be met only by countries with a high rate of exchange makes con-

ditions in our industry particularly bad. Each fluctuation in the rate of exchange affects the market value of raw materials, which are within the country, and prices change automatically. Expressed in terms of dollars, the fluctuation in the rate of exchange presents the following picture:

	Marks
July, 1921	76.67
December, 1921	191.93
July, 1922	493.20
December, 1922	7,589.30
August, 1923	7,700,000.00

You may judge from this the effect on prices in the wearing-apparel industry. The purchasing power of the German people is constantly weakened and, in the end, it is not sufficient to purchase the daily necessities of life. The workers and the salaried employees, with their dependents, who constitute 80 to 85 per cent of the German population, are, as a result of this depressing state, no longer available for the German business market. Prices prevailing today are: Eighty to one hundred million marks for a suit of cloths, six to eight million marks for an ordinary shirt. That makes those goods prohibitive for the workers. That small section of the population which is still able to buy has such a large supply of clothes that it needs no more. As a result we have a business crisis, with general underemployment and unemployment. . . . In previous years it was possible by means of strenuous trade-union activities to keep wages more or less at a level with the cost of living; now lack of employment is reducing us to pauperism.

A brief statement of the changes in the scales of wages for the past year—August, 1922, to August, 1923—will give a slight idea of the tasks of our organization and its officials. On August 12, 1922, we had in the men's tailoring industry in Berlin, Frankfurt-on-Main, Hamburg, Cologne, and other large cities a maximum wage of thirty marks per hour. Since then there have been, in this one branch, under the direction of the general organization, twenty-eight wage increases. In those cities the wages are now from 400,000 to 500,000 marks per hour, an increase of fourteen thousand to sixteen thousand five hundred times.

In the men's and ladies' tailoring industry, forty-two wage increases have been effected in 250 cities. About 200 more cities, in which there were no employers' organizations, accepted the standard set by the others. Since the last negotiations, as a result of the opposition of the employers, the method of uniform adjustment of wages has been discontinued. Wages must now be determined in more than 400 places each week, locally, which is a practically impossible task for our organization. It is, therefore, impossible to determine wages on a uniform and sound basis. Increased resistance on the part of the employers will probably force the workers to a stubborn struggle.

In the men's and boys' ready-made clothing industry we added, in July, 1922, to the pre-war wage scale an increase of 1,850 per cent to meet the higher cost of living, whereas in this week, after twenty changes in the scale, the cost of living has risen to 3,904,800 per cent (or 390,481 times). The weekly wages for Berlin present the following condition:

	Marks	Marks
	Week of July 31, 1922	Week of Aug. 24, 1923
Cutters	2,214.90	26,885,090
Pressers	2,025.10	23,464,740
Tailors	1,784.80	21,763,320

This means an increase for the time workers of about 12,500 times in the course of the past year.

In the men's underwear industry the weekly wages in Berlin were:

	Marks	Marks
	Week of Aug. 12, 1922	Week of Aug. 13, 1923
Cutters	1,645.00	16,163,300.00
Tailoresses	1,063.00	10,126,350.00

The wage increase in this branch has been 10,000 times. . . .

In those branches in which wages are largely regulated weekly and locally, because of the absence of employers' organizations, we conducted in the past year about 22,000 wage-increase movements. What work that meant for the officers of the union need not be said here. Frequently a new revision became necessary before the ink on the first agreement had dried.

It may, therefore, be seen that there are no uniform wage scales in the twenty-four branches represented in our union, and the changes are likewise unequal, as the increases are lower where the organization is weaker.

We also have the task of our own financial management in view of the fluctuations in the rate of exchange. The longer this state of affairs continues the more burdened the organization becomes. As a result of this state of affairs the members are very much in arrears with their dues to the organization.

Even if the members could pay their full dues to the union, our difficulties would still be great, for it takes five or six weeks for the dues to reach the central office from the different parts of the country, and by that time the value of the money has fallen so low that it is not even enough to meet the most urgent administration expense. As a result we are now confronted by tremendous difficulties. Despite all the sacrifices made by our members, the union's ability to serve its members is endangered.

The fact that we are now, in our great distress, appealing to you for fraternal help to save the life of the union should be sufficient proof to you that our need is real.

German Students and the Jews

THE Jewish Telegraphic Agency in its *News Bulletin* for January 15, prints the following dispatch from its correspondent in Berlin:

As already reported briefly by cable, a group of Aryan student bodies, including the Berlin Waffening, the Finkenschafft, and the corporation of the High School Ring of Germanism, a section of the German students' organization "Guilel-mia," have proposed the following resolution for consideration by the executive of the Berlin Students' Organization and the Berlin Students' Parliament:

In order to prevent the excessive growth in numbers of the Jewish students the executive of the students' bodies is instructed to take steps to provide that in future all candidates for admission to the university should be obliged to state whether they are of German origin and whether German is their mother-tongue. They should also be obliged in all cases to state their religious belief. The German middle-class is unable at present to afford the luxury of allowing their sons to study at the universities. We must therefore be on guard that the Jews do not take advantage of the situation to swamp the German universities with an overwhelming percentage of Jewish students.

This resolution is regarded as a first step toward a *numerus clausus* agitation in Germany. Nationalist student circles declare that two-thirds of the Berlin students are organized into Aryan nationalist bodies, and that approximately the same ratio obtains in regard to the rest of the German universities.

In the event of the resolution being adopted, the next step will be to submit it to the Prussian Ministry for Education. The *Vossische Zeitung*, in reporting the resolution, draws the attention of the Minister for Education to the ordinance issued in July, 1922, declaring that there must be no discrimination against Jewish students. The *Vossische Zeitung* expresses the hope that the Minister for Education will know how to deal with the resolution when it is submitted to him, and points to the urgent necessity of nipping the *numerus clausus* agitation in the bud before it has grown to formidable proportions.

The Nation

Vol. CXVIII, No. 3058

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1924

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Midwinter Book Section

The Nation's Prize Poem for 1924

Jezebel

By SCUDDER MIDDLETON

We know she lives upon that thorny hill,
We see her lights and watch her chimneys spark—
But her we have not seen. The old wives say,
Remembering when she came, her ways were dark,
And that her only name is Jezebel.
One gray idiot tells his tale of love,
Mixing her beauty with the stars of May.

Perhaps we idly wonder if she wore
A flower in her hair, or if the beat
Of her small heels upon the sidewalk stone
Was heard at midnight through our lamplit street;
Or why it was she went away to live,
With all her perfumed satin and her lace,
In that wind-beaten, far-off place, alone.

We never wonder more of Jezebel.
We have our work to do and God is hard.
Serving the wheels or guiding straight the plow
Leaves little thought of frankincense and nard.
Yet, she is like deep waters of the Spring
Running along our minds; down at the roots,
The miracle that makes the April bough.

No man goes near that house above the town.
No man has seen her shadow on the blind,
Though through the night, till dawn, the tallow drips.
But, sometimes, when the chains of duty bind,
Because we reach too eagerly for Heaven,
Sometimes, like little bells within our sleep,
It seems we hear the music of her lips.

Then we have left what we most dearly love,
And, momentary lords of Heaven and Hell,
We have gone up through briars and the night,
And seen the secret face of Jezebel.
There, in that still confessional where she waits,
We all have had the blessing of her breast,
As over us she leaned to blow the light.

Up in that room above our godly town,
We have denied the vows we bleed to keep,
We have torn off the lying masks we wear,
And sown without the fear that we must reap.
The young, the pious, and the old alike
Have been glad penitents upon her heart—
She has absolved us by her kisses, there.

She has forgiven us and let us go,
And we have wakened in our homes again,
To hear the breathing of an earthly bride,
To watch the real world blooming on the pane.
The field, the wheel, the desk have called once more,
And we have stooped to pick the slender threads
By which we weave the patterns of our pride.

That day, we do not bargain with the sun,
Or curb our pride because one angel fell—
We are the wilful brotherhood who sing!
We bend, without a thought of Jezebel,
Above our work, no longer do we drudge;
We are, awhile, like happy, armored men
God's searching whip of anger cannot sting!

From three thousand poems submitted by fifteen hundred writers, the editors of The Nation have chosen Scudder Middleton's poem "Jezebel" for their annual poetry prize of one hundred dollars. However, they were so impressed by the distinguished workmanship and character of "A Parable of Paradise" by Genevieve Taggard that they have decided to award a second prize of fifty dollars to this poem. It will be published in next week's issue. They would like also to give honorable mention to Wilbert Snow's poem "Advice to Clam Diggers," which will appear in the issue of February 27.

Carl Van Doren

By CARL VAN DOREN

WITHOUT being clever or notably astute, Carl Van Doren has always been lucky. Ten years ago, when he set out to become a specialist in American literature, he seemed to many of his friends to be cutting off his future with an ignorant if not with a deliberate knife, much as if he were some improvident youth who had vowed, against all advice, to court Cinderella while she still huddled among her cinders. Then came the sudden prosperity of Cinderella. New poets began to step forth on every bough and sing; new novelists discovered that honesty is a good policy in their trade; new critics lifted powerful and not entirely untrained voices which were heard in circles heretofore quite innocent of such exciting sounds; even new dramatists wriggled in the womb of eternity. Commentators and interpreters being called for, Mr. Van Doren became one of them, and has ever since busily made hay under the unanticipated sun.

It may be hoped that there is some connection between his sense that he has been rather fortunate than deserving and his discreet method in criticism. So far as it is possible for a critic, he stands quietly, if not stealthily, behind his work. The shortest of the pronouns is almost the rarest of the words he uses; if he were writing about himself, he would be likely to write in the third person. Whatever noise he makes in the world he prefers to make vicariously, with the subjects of his criticism the real protagonists—his subjects, in fact, and not his victims. They are as he sees the matter, the source and end and test of the critic art. The authors who mean enough to warrant criticism do not always reveal their meanings unmistakably. Their books have been conceived in passion and brought forth in enthusiasm, these at one period of growth and those at another, some successfully and some unsuccessfully. Public opinion concerning any given author is generally confused, based upon loose hearsay, false guesses, insufficient knowledge of his whole significance. To the problem thus arising Mr. Van Doren likes best to address himself. Intending to exercise no craft but that of sympathy, he turns the documents of his author over and over until he has found what he believes to be the central pattern. This is his chief delight in criticism: to find a pattern where none has been found before. He would probably stop here if he had his choice, but being by profession a journalist, and having so many pages to fill each week or month, he goes on to his explanation of the pattern and his incidental interpretation of the author to the general public. His business with the problem ends, he thinks, when he has made it clear to the limit of his capacity. He leaves to other-minded critics the fun of habitually pointing out what meanings, what patterns, would be better.

Confined as he has been by his specialism to the literature of one country during barely three centuries, and still further confined, for the most part, by his journalism to writers of the present century, Mr. Van Doren nevertheless surveys his field not without perspective. Euripides is the tragic dramatist, Lucretius the poet, Montaigne the essayist, Fielding the novelist, Heine the wit, Shaw the comic dramatist, Socrates and Leonardo da Vinci are the persons and the saga-writers the historians, whom this home-keep-

ing specialist and punctual journalist actually most enjoys. Yet in his criticism he seldom ventures into argument by comparison. With what must seem a kind of chameleon ardor he has managed to discuss the most varied types of Americans. A striking number of these subjects of his analysis, and those not the least diverse in aims and achievements, testify that Mr. Van Doren has come as close to their designs as any critic can decently be expected to come. He would, however, be one of the promptest to admit, what he has had enough critics to point out, that he is singularly, if not fatally, non-committal. Where are the scalps, they ask him, that should dangle bloodily at the critic's belt? Is so much impartial interpretation anything but virtually so much praise? Has the roving critic no prejudices, no principles, no causes? Is he a critic of many minds and therefore a man of none at all?

In answering these questions it is only just to turn the tables upon so reserved a critic and to look for any pattern, any ground-plan, which may underlie his movements. What first of all appears is his preference for those authors who are civilized: intelligent, skeptical, ironical, lucid. Viewing the general life of mankind, its dim history, its shifting manners, its tangled aspirations, as a thing which is, for the artist, both raw materials and fair game, Mr. Van Doren looks particularly in an author for the mind, the rational conception of existence, by which he shapes his matter. This may be a mind as detached and disciplined as George Santayana's, as impetuous and loose as Vachel Lindsay's, as speculative as Mary Austin's, as empirical as George Ade's, and Mr. Van Doren can still give it all the benefit of the philosophic doubt whether one kind of mind is absolutely better than another; but he does not really sympathize with it unless it stands definitely on the side of the reason as against superstition or mere tradition. He does not greatly trust impetuous surmises or mystical illuminations: "Civilization, after all, is but the substitution for first thoughts of second or third or hundredth thoughts, reason supplanting passion, and polity guiding anarchic instinct"; "All the tools with which mankind works upon its fate are dull, but the sharpest among them is the reason"; "At least as much good is done in the world by the devils who merely question as by the angels who merely pray; and the devils are more entertaining."

So implicit a confidence in the rational faculties of the human race might well suggest in Mr. Van Doren an exaggerated taste for the universal, the abstract, the mathematical, or the smart in literature were it not offset by his equally implicit confidence in an element which he discusses in connection with his favorite doctrine of "the fourth dimension in criticism." It is not enough, he argues, to ask about a masterpiece only "Is it good?" "Is it true?" "Is it beautiful?" There is still the unavoidable query, "Is it alive?" "The case of Socrates illustrates the whole argument. Was he good? There was so great a difference on this point among the critics of his time that the majority of them, translating their conclusions into action, put him to death as dangerous to the state. Was what he taught the truth? . . . It seems clear that he had his share of unscientific notions and individual prejudices and mistaken

doctrines. Was he beautiful? He confused Greek orthodoxy by being so uncomely and yet so great. But whatever his shortcomings in these regards, no one ever doubted that he was alive—alive in body and mind and character, alive in war and peace and friendship, alive in bed and at table. Life was concentrated in him; life spoke out of him.

"So with literature, which collects, transmutes, and utters life. It may represent the good, may speak the truth, may use the modes of beauty—any one or all of these things. Call the good the bow which lends the power; call the truth the string which fixes the direction; call the beautiful the arrow which wings and stings. But there is still the arm in which the true life of the process lies. Or to change the figure, one of those gods who in the mythologies model men out of clay may have good clay and a true purpose and may shape his figure beautifully; but there is still the indispensable task of breathing the breath of life into it before it will wake and go its own course and continue its breed to other generations. Life is obviously what makes the difference between human sculpture and divine creation; it is the same element which makes the difference between good literature and dead literature. . . . Neither creator nor critic can make himself universal by barely taking thought about it. He is what he lives. The measure of the creator is the amount of life he puts into his work. The measure of the critic is the amount of life he finds there."

Mr. Van Doren is of course aware that this creed of vitality can not be held to equip the critic with any idiot-proof formula for estimating works of art. Not all persons will agree upon what it is that makes a book alive, and some will find a book throbbing when others find it cold. No scheme of measurement is impartial or precise enough to determine whether Shakespeare creating Hamlet or Goethe appreciating the achievement was indubitably more or less alive than the random citizen cracking his best joke or his companions roaring at it. Criticism, however, being rarely the concern of random citizens, finds it prudent to consider the processes of the Shakespeares and Goethes whom it does concern. Thus biased to the side of experts, the critic habitually tends to lose himself in technical considerations, to admire masterpieces because of the minor difficulties they have overcome, to approve the exquisite adjustments of matter to form. By this tendency the pedants and puritans of criticism are manufactured. To resist it the critic who wishes to be alive must keep his attention fixed much of the time upon the primary substances of art: the stormy passions of mankind, the swarming hopes, the noisy laughter, the homely speech. Let him be delighted as he may be by the final product, he must still, behind all the modes of literature except those whose chief merit is their artifice, feel the rough document. He must understand that the best civilized poets or novelists, though perhaps not the most civilized, have shaped their art out of materials which, being original and obstinate, did not too glibly slip into neat molds.

For Mr. Van Doren it has doubtless been easier to be a critic of this sort than it might have been had he worked with some literature not so relatively rich in documents as the literature of America and not so relatively poor in final products. But his chosen specialism has exacted a penalty. It has confirmed him in his native disposition to overlook deficiency in art for the sake of abundance of vitality. Back and forth over the continent of American literature, with possibly too much gusto and certainly not enough

fastidiousness, he has moved in search of biographers, travelers, amateur anthropologists, adventurers, and eccentrics no less than of conscious artists; and he has expounded them all with a sympathy which is to blame if now and then the swans and geese, the sheep and goats, within Mr. Van Doren's critical fold look lamentably of the same dimensions and significance.

Taken in some candid moment, this friendly critic would undoubtedly admit that sympathy, however valuable a function of criticism, is not its total function. There are authors who deserve less to be explained than to be attacked like weeds in a useful or lovely garden, without too much consideration for their unavoidable instinct to be weeds. But for such lethal functions Mr. Van Doren has apparently small appetite. He has, with all his considerable industry when enthusiastic, the particular kind of indolence which seeks to avoid controversy. Though his vivisection of Booth Tarkington and of Winston Churchill seems to have been accomplished with certain cruel thrusts and twists of the scalpel, he ordinarily prefers to use in such cases the colder knife of silence. Nor is this preference the result of any calculated pride, unwilling to stoop to the smaller fry of letters. It comes from a positive aversion to reading undistinguished or trifling authors and to doing the hard work upon them which goes into Mr. Van Doren's criticism. If he touches an author of this sort at all, it is because he thinks the author's works have settled into a false place in history.

Rather an historian, strictly speaking, than a critic, Mr. Van Doren is bold enough where history is in question. He has labored untiringly to dig the weeds out of the annals of American fiction; he was nearly the first to lift a voice in the revival of Herman Melville; among his contemporaries he reaches a probably too eager hand to many if not to all kinds of excellence, in something the spirit of a radical historian quick to welcome new materials to the record. Being so occupied with history, that is, with things already done, Mr. Van Doren has almost no interest in the metaphysics of criticism. He seldom struggles in the speculative void where subtler critics argue about the boundaries and purposes of art. He undertakes only plain jobs with definite materials. He sets forth the patterns which he believes he has found in his subjects of investigation as if they were any other contribution to knowledge. Subtler critics may disagree with him, but he does not return to the theme unless he has found new facts which force him to modify his opinions. Though no longer given so much as formerly to minute research, he still insists that his usefulness, if he has any, must be based upon the opportunity which he affords for unprofessional readers, with his professional help, to make up their own minds about the authors whom he interprets.

The truth of the matter is, Mr. Van Doren practices one branch of criticism to the exclusion of several others. That he is little perturbed by his limitations, that he does not greatly care to rise to passion or to descend to prejudice, means, in part, that he is more wilful in his behavior than sometimes appears. It means, also, that criticism has never been with him a major aim. What really interests him is human character, whether met in books or out of them, and it is always human character which he studies. His fourth volume of more or less formal criticism being now completed, he plans, so far as it may be permitted him, to withdraw to other provinces.

Children and Internationalism

By HUGH LOFTING

MR. BOK'S peace-essay contest is concluded and the winning "essay" has been published. It cannot be said to be a very fertile document. But the contest (besides conferring vast publicity on the name of Edward Bok and the publishing house with which he is associated) at least took the twin topics of Permanent Peace and International Cooperation out for a nice airing.

Presumably timeliness is of the essence of good publishing. The peace prize has been offered at a time when the question of internationalism, consciously or unconsciously, occupies the political cogitations of almost all of us. It would not be too much to assert that recently there has been hardly anyone—of those who give thought at all to public affairs—who has not experienced a lurking suspicion that we're not going to get anywhere until we do face this question of nationalism versus internationalism.

One can't help thinking that it might be an excellent thing if Mr. Bok were to follow up his idea with the offering of a second prize to be competed for by children. For when the structure of our society conscience and conduct is analyzed it becomes apparent that the mental reorganization necessary for the development of internationalism begins—perhaps begins and ends—with the children. Certainly by offering the schools a prize for an essay of this kind we would at all events show that we are not afraid to tell the rising generation that its political duty to society goes further than waving a national flag. Whether or not that would eventually show our children that there can be only one flag, the flag of Justice, would remain to be seen. But in the schools it would unquestionably give a boost to the advocates of peace as opposed to those adults who play with tin soldiers.

An ingrained admiration for tin-soldierdom seems as yet to be part of every child's metamorphosis. It too, like the Hymn of Hate, will pass—in time. But for the present it seems to have very tenacious roots. Many zealous advocates of internationalism complain that their small boys, who have heard nothing in the home in praise of war since they were born, insist when they reach a certain age on making wooden swords, marching up and down the garden, and smiting off the heads of dandelion enemies.

The reason for this is not very far to seek. The boy may not have heard his father boasting of the glories of a crack regiment, but he has read a whole heap of so-called Children's Classics in which highly painted heroes galloped, glorious and victorious, across bloody battlefields. That kind of battlefield has gone for good—it is still bloody, but you don't gallop. And since that kind of battlefield has gone, that kind of book—for children—should go too. Even the rabid nationalist ought to concede that. Surely it is very wrong to misrepresent things to children—and none the less wrong when we plead patriotism as an excuse.

Suppose that a book of merit, truthfully descriptive of modern war, were written for children; it would be interesting to see if any publisher would accept and print it.

The trouble with all heroes and all heroic games has been that they were always selectively reported. Both sides were very seldom fairly given of either the man or the game. Yet truthfulness, realism, is a prominent charac-

teristic of modern writing. And you can make a hero out of anyone, e.g., Potash and Perlmutter. There's no misrepresentation there. Yet people love them.

So the experiment, after the military heroes of past times have been respectfully interred, of initiating a 1919 school of war literature for children should not discourage the enterprising writer.

No one would want the supreme sacrifices made by the soldiers who died in the World War to be forgotten. But neither must we forget that the main thing they died for was to make future war impossible, to make peace permanent. And the modern battle-book for children should depict the war of 1914 not as a field on which any individual army showed its sportsmanlike excellence over all others; not as part of the "good old fighting days"; not as a chance to win medals. But beneath all the braying of the brass bands and the cheering of the girls who lined the streets it should be displayed as the death throes of two ugly giants, the epochs of Competitive Industrialism and Armed Imperialism. In this great struggle, it should be shown that millions of men gave their lives for ideals which the rest of us, as soon as the armistice was signed, failed to live up to. And that whether the giants are to come back to life and have their ugly fight all over again, with still less of the Queensberry code of rules in evidence, rests with them—the children.

Such a book, provided that it got a good sale (which would largely depend of course on its being interesting as well as meritorious), would contribute a great deal toward the chances of permanent peace—as much as, if not more than, Mr. Bok's late contest.

In the determination of his aesthetic leanings and sociological opinions the force of emulation from a boy's books is almost as potent as that from his living heroes and companions. Charles Dickens did a great deal of good with his novels directed against the Debtor's Prison and the Work-house. He did a lot of harm with the "Tale of Two Cities" and his apotheosis of Sydney Carton, the picturesque martyr-drunkard.

Neither militarism nor Sydney-Cartonism (the romantic pastime of drinking yourself to death when your girl jilts you) quite enjoys the popularity today that it once did. Post-war taxes have done much to discredit the first; and Senator Volstead has made the second very expensive. But there are still those who would tell us that juvenile saber-rattling and the sowing of wild oats are a necessary part of the normal development of every "red-blooded" male.

But now, when so many of the old idols and ideals that molded society have crashed in fragments about our bewildered feet, the voice of the laboratory prophet is heard telling us that vitamins and Scotch oats contribute a good deal more to the making of red-blood than nitro-glycerine or wild oats. And for personal prowess and adventure (which is all the youngster is really seeking) there are always the amateur boxing ring and those uncharted portions of our planet which still dare the hardihood of the explorer and the enterprise of the pioneer.

Those terrible, conservative, apoplectic "red-bloods," those bombastic "he-men," the "what-was-good-enough-for-

father" school, they will be the die-hards of war and nationalism. But they cannot stay the tide. With the professional demagogue and the race-hatred trafficker they will finally be swept by the flood of enlightened evolution into the limbo of anachronism.

But how long must we wait? How many wars will they start, and others finish, before they pass?

If one were to suggest that all the war-hero books that are outdated be closed to ages under twenty one would probably be met with opposition from still another quarter. This, the romantic curator of the folk-tale. Those dear people who, blinded by the need of antique glamor in an ugly utilitarian world, would raise the child upon the sagas.

The beauty of the sagas is something none of us would like to see disappear. Yet their aesthetic burden includes many things besides beauty. Bloodthirstiness, superstition, bigotry, and primitive ignorance are among these. Of a great deal of this lore of old stories and rhymes which we hand down to our children the only virtue allowable is that it is old—that it was handed down to us. What merit has

A diller a dollar

A ten-o'clock scholar

that it should be included in the Mother Goose Rhymes? And still less excuse can be found for

Taffy was a Welshman,

Taffy was a thief.

The war of 1914 began with the murder of the Archduke at Sarajevo. Before that it began with two big empires striving for economic mastery of the world. Going back further still it began with the misrepresentation of government bureaus and the press. But before all of these it began with the sagas—with the folk-tales, the tribal legends that were purposely designed to keep alive race hatreds combined with a paramount respect for military prowess.

"Arma virumque cano!"

The little naked boy listening over the peat fire, or at the door of the tribal tent, grasps his wooden sword, his small frame quivering with ardor! And as the song goes on, telling of the evil deeds of the hereditary enemy, he lifts his toy weapon and shakes it toward the stars. "I, too," he cries, "when I am a man, will be a warrior such as these great ones. And woe to any of that tribe who wronged our people if he cross my path!" And the old gray-beards nod approval, saying: "He is a true son of a martial race. Our enemies shall tremble at his name."

That was where the war of 1914 started. And there perhaps is where the most effective work for rational internationalism can today begin. By education, by getting the child to realize that the day of the old-fashioned military hero is gone; that war henceforth, if we must have it, will be at best a contest of chemists and machinery design, we shall do more toward laying the foundations of permanent peace than by any devices of statesmanship which run ahead of popular education. If, beginning with the children, we launch a campaign for the right kind of Peace Preparedness, the working out of governmental plans later will be easier.

It is in this education which we the older work out for the younger generation that another great stumbling-block to internationalism and peace is obtrusively apparent. And that is the attitude which we encourage in our young nationals toward the peoples of races other than their own.

Our passive offenses in this direction are perhaps more pernicious than our active. We don't always say, "Remember that you are the only wholly decent people on the earth," but we very frequently let our children think it. And soon they begin pretty nearly to believe that "God's Country" really is the country where God (and I) come from.

If we make children see that all races, given equal physical and mental chances for development, have about the same batting averages of good and bad, we shall have laid another very substantial foundation stone in the edifice of peace and internationalism.

Recently a good deal toward this has been done by the new schools of pedagogy and aesthetics. Here, as in all fields of up-to-date thought, internationalism crept in whether invited or no. Learning has always been international, ever since pilgrim-students flocked to the universities of Salamanca and Paris: so has art—ever since the Caesars scoured the four quarters of the earth to find craftsmen to beautify the city of Rome.

Within the last few years one or two candid history-writers have helped too.

But what is needed above all is some association of parents who will band and pledge themselves against that terrible phrase "My country, right or wrong." Those teachers who are valiantly trying to show the children their duty to society through mutual tolerance and undisturbed self-expression cannot accomplish very much while they are vastly outnumbered by benighted mothers and fathers who have the children's attention through more than four-fifths of the total hours in the year.

If parents will give children a chance to get away from some of that bigoted misrepresentation which it took most of us so many years to learn and unlearn, then the children themselves will bring about some form of a rational internationalism.

And with that Rational Internationalism will come Permanent Peace. For the one cannot exist without the other.

Books

How the Empire Grows

The Story of My Life. By Sir G. Harry H. Johnston. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$5.

WHENEVER I have met Sir Harry Johnston, either at the Royal Geographical Society, or at public dinners, or on the platform speaking for woman suffrage, or in his own sequestered and ancient home in Sussex, his very appearance has filled me with astonishment. I have seen a short, active but "dumpy" little figure, surmounted by a little head with a rather smug, commonplace, and self-complacent little face, but on public occasions so covered with medals, orders, ribbons, and decorations of all sorts that really there seemed no room for any more in front. Do you have Bands of Hope, and Oddfellows, and Teetotal Foresters in your country? I know you have Elks, and Crocodiles, and the Ku Klux Klan, all no doubt wearing their peculiar insignia. Well, our Oddfellows and the rest look something like that when they are celebrating their Orders, and Sir Harry Johnston looks just like an ordinary official among them.

And then I have thought to myself, "Can this really be one of the greatest travelers in the world, one of our greatest Empire Builders, the man who has probably seen more of Africa's enormous continent than anyone living, and has administered savage provinces in regions unexplored and indeterminate?" The thing looks obviously ridiculous, and yet, like so many Brit-

ish absurdities, it is true; it has worked. That rather insignificant-looking person has accomplished all those exploits. His name is almost as well known in Africa as that of Livingstone or Stanley or Rhodes, and there he stands before me, covered with high distinctions for service, and speaking in a high-pitched little voice equally well on the suffrage or Liberal politics or the Bantic languages or that queer animal the okapi, which he discovered in the forests of the Upper Congo. It is hard to believe.

Now that he is sixty-six, he has given us the story of his life in this volume of 520 pages, and it must have taken him all his time to compress it even within those spacious limits. (While I am in the way with it, I do protest against the publishers' slovenly manner of bringing out a large and discursive book like this without any Table of Contents, without any names to the chapters, and without any headings to the pages except the weary repetition on each page of *The Story of My Life*. Why on earth should we have that title repeated 520 times? Who wants it more than once? Or what guide and help is there in such futile repetition?) No one could have foretold such a life for the little student at the Royal Academy Schools where Harry Johnston learned to draw. And here again I think it a great loss that Sir Harry and the publishers have not included reproductions of his own admirable drawings of places he has visited and especially of the splendid and fast disappearing animals he has seen. His brilliantly painted pictures of African animals and birds have astonished me almost as much as the contradiction between his own appearance and his real greatness. The insertion of a dozen of them in addition to the very meager supply of the four illustrations (two portraits and two unnecessary photos of his present house) would have given much pleasure and revealed the artistic side of his nature. In any case, however, if one reads the book one recognizes the artist's eye for beauty. What delight he has in fine scenery and noble architecture! How he hates the hideousness of modern life! How he loathes the invasion of his lovely Sussex by villas and golf courses!

Consider to what diverse regions in Africa alone he has journeyed, not as a mere traveler or tourist, but as one holding authority and having definite business in hand. Angola and the islands of San Thomé and Principe, in the west; East Africa and the mountains of the Moon, Kilimanjaro and the vast volcanic region; Egypt, Tunis, and Uganda; the Cameroons, again in the west; Mozambique and Nyasaland on the east and center; the Cape and South Africa; and a finish in Liberia, again in the west. All these he has known, and in most he has intimately studied mankind and its different languages, all animals and plants, and the soils and rocks. Even so I have left out the Lower Congo, and outside these African journeys there are India and your own country, both the Northern and Southern States. It is an amazing record, all the more when we remember that for the most part the African lands were then unexplored, uncharted, and devoid of the uninteresting convenience of railways. In the greater part of them also he was not a merely independent traveler, but stood responsible for the future and well-being of that peculiar collection of races called the British Empire.

When I read his account of his visit to Angola and the two Portuguese islands in the Gulf, I had to force myself to remember that it was his first journey to tropical Africa, that it all happened long ago—forty years ago, and nearly twenty years before my own careful investigation into the slave trade there—that, as he says, the cocoa tree was then a new source of wealth and had not developed anything like its present commercial importance, and that in reality he was far more interested in the landscape, the fauna, and the vegetation than in the social conditions of the people whom he met or saw. Very likely the slave system was not then so atrocious as it had become when I was there, and as we fear it has become again since the war, though it was fast declining in 1913, largely owing to the vigorous representations of the British Government and our Anti-Slavery Society. Otherwise I think a kindly and sympathetic man like Sir Harry Johnston could never have written of this

abomination with the easy nonchalance he appears to affect. For he writes:

From about 1878, from the dawn of cocoa success, the Portuguese had been introducing into San Thomé many recruits for labor from Angola and the western Congo. I dare say there was pressure, an unfairness over this; that it was a disguised slave trade. But once these people reached San Thomé I can aver they were well treated, though I dare say—in those days—their wages were meager and their chances of regaining freedom in their old homes very slight. The initial fact was that originally they had been prisoners of war or "criminals"—you could have been in those days a "criminal" in native Africa without having done wrong under any European code—and that they escaped a far worse fate in coming to San Thomé.

No doubt that is a fair account of what Harry Johnston himself saw as he traveled about San Thomé with "a Portuguese doctor" who had charge of the "laborers." But when I was on that island twenty years later I could not soothe my conscience with such easy-going optimism. I had traveled far into the interior of Angola and seen how the slaves were there bought or captured, sometimes nominally as "criminals," it is true, but far more often by force or fraud; how they were driven down to the coast, shackled up at night to prevent their escape; how they were there sold and apportioned to the various cocoa plantations on the islands of San Thomé and Principe; how they were shipped to those islands, never—never by any chance—to return. I had the opportunity of being the first to expose this abominable traffic, but my report has since been abundantly confirmed by others, some of whom were perhaps sent out in the hope of disproving it, but in the end could only admit that I had even understated the horror. Before the war the case was proved beyond contradiction, and owing, as I said, to the action of the British Government and the Anti-Slavery Society, new regulations were ordained by the Portuguese and many thousands of the slaves were even returned to their homes. What the conditions have been since the war we cannot say for certain, but Portuguese regulations are no better than other government regulations unless their execution is carefully enforced.

It was just after his return from this first African journey that Johnston was invited to visit Leopold, the notorious King of the Belgians. He wondered, as well he might, why it was that this monarch of evil repute was taking so much interest in the Congo and was even expending enormous sums upon its exploitation. Apparently he did not foresee, as Leopold foresaw, what immense commercial assets lay hidden in the unknown forests of the Congo, if only rubber could be extracted from them in lucrative quantities by the employment of barbarous troops and officials who were encouraged to stick at no atrocity but to practice every possible cruelty and torture upon the natives in order that ships might reach Antwerp with cargoes fully laden. Though Johnston accomplished much excellent work in Nigeria and the Cameroons at difficult crises of our Colonial history, I think his name will be most connected with Uganda and Nyasaland during his service as special commissioner in regions in those days almost unknown and unexplored. On many occasions there he displayed that quick resource and quiet resolution which have certainly characterized our "Empire Builders," and also that sense of justice and hatred of oppression which we should like to think of as characterizing them too. But throughout the book one is frequently reminded that the author is no ordinary imperialist, but is endowed with a sensitive feeling for other interests besides territory and commerce.

Sir Harry described his visit to Cape Town in 1893, and the rapid degeneracy he detected in Cecil Rhodes at that time, together with his observation of "the extent of drunkenness in South Africa in those days, unbelievable by the modern generation." I hope it is unbelievable, but I can vouch for the degeneracy and the drunkenness that only six years later were to bring such woes upon South Africa and the people concerned, whether British or Boer.

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Nowhere Else in the World. By Jay William Hudson. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

THE labor which goes to the making of one of Dreiser's books is not concealed in art. All his dogged determination to conquer his inarticulateness and all his struggles with a craft for which he has none of the superficial fitnesses are painfully evident, but one must not complain too much about that, because his virtues as well as his vices are in a large part due to the fortunate fact that he was born not an artist but an honest man.

Whereas most writers begin with a love of words—with the desire to say something rather than with something which they desire to say—the reverse was true with him. Life interested, puzzled, and shocked him so intensely that he could think of no way of unburdening himself of his emotion save by setting it down, and he set it down in so clumsy and unlicked a form that only those whose love of truth was great enough to overcome their aesthetic sensibilities could stomach him. "A barbarian who never learned to write" was the judgment passed some years ago by Stuart Sherman, and as far as it went it was right, but it did not obviate the fact that Dreiser is infinitely more worth reading than scores of cultivated gentlemen who before their twenties could write better than he will ever learn to do. The most important fact about him is that facility and glibness have never betrayed him for the sufficient reason that he is incapable of either, so that when he is not sincere and painstaking he can not be anything at all.

To some he is merely coarse and repulsive, but to others, as to me, there is not a little of the pathetic about his personality and the way in which he has wandered up and down America, insinuating himself into all sorts of milieus—from Mills Hotels and East Side tenements to the studios of the sophisticated illuminati whom he so dumbly admires—and then turning away greatly troubled by his inability to comprehend what any of the things he has seen signify or how he can reconcile the bewildering diversity of men's fates and characters with any conceivable scheme of religion, ethics, or philosophy.

The sketches of low life in New York between 1900 and 1915 which were written at various times and here collected are interesting, if for no other reason, for the evidence which they afford of the persistent curiosity which is both the mother and the father of his muse. He will, for instance, interrogate a dozen inhabitants of an East Side quarter in order to find out why the ward boss is considered a great man, or he will, quite without any excuse, follow a push-cart peddler into his tenement home to ask him how much he earns per day. As a result of years of this sort of slow-moving curiosity he has a grasp of the actualities in the lives of his people which few writers can equal. The newspaper offices in which he was trained are not, I presume, very good schools in which to cultivate either a very idealistic view of human life or the graces of English style, but it so happened that American literature, before his time at least, had rather more than it needed of these two commodities and was at the same time rather short on the sense of actuality which certainly can be cultivated there. He enlarged its field as no other contemporary writer has done. It may be that the materialistic pessimism and moral anarchy which were the only lessons he could read in events are, when stated abstractly, commonplace and unsatisfactory enough, but he dragged into the field of literary consciousness characters, situations, and states of mind which politer writers preferred to ignore, and he challenged easy optimistic generalities with facts which subsequent interpreters have not been able to pass over. He has faced, as he himself once expressed it, the comfortable generalities of editorial writers with the facts of the news columns and, accordingly, though he may be no true literary god he has at least shown how pitiful the half gods are.

If anyone wishes to realize how successful Dreiser's sketches

are, in spite of all their crudities, in catching the color of a city, he should compare them with "Nowhere Else in the World." Mr. Hudson once wrote a rather impressive romantic novel, but he now presents us with a very feeble realistic one. With a certain glib competence he tells a sensible story of a young American who was so enamored of Paris that he was convinced that he could never be satisfied anywhere else and then discovered that his real home was in Chicago. But the difficulty is that Mr. Hudson does not convince one that he has ever come to grips with the realities of either city. A facile, guide-book view of Paris gives way to a glib Carl Sandburg Chicago, so that one romantic illusion is replaced by another and the reader has the uncomfortable conviction that if the hero were to fall in with, let us say, the works of Mr. Frederic O'Brien he would be off for the South Seas and fully convinced that something or other absolutely necessary to the proper development of the soul is to be found nowhere else in the world except in Tahiti. The story is rapid and not without a certain narrative interest, but it is precisely not what it is supposed to be—an awakening to the realities of life—because when the hero, with a fine show of manly vigor, rolls up his sleeves to begin the work of the world, one is perfectly convinced that he is not plunging into actuality but merely preparing another book.

J. W. KRUTCH

A Man Out of His Time

Life and Confessions of a Psychologist. By G. Stanley Hall. D. Appleton and Company. \$5.

THE reading of this book leaves one a trifle depressed. It is a pathetic life-epic in a minor key. It might even be called an apology for failure. Hall, essentially a poet-dreamer, decidedly subjective in temperament, is touched by hard, materialistic science and everywhere its dehumanized hand has either made his work abortive or else left him with a feeling of incompleteness. To overcome this insufficiency he resorted to a new form of religious tenancy. Even in the author's most interesting self-revelations one senses the conflict between his introversion and his cloak of critical and unbiased analysis. Born to be a poet and a mystic the man has attempted to be a scientist and a leader of empirical thought.

Brought up under the influence of a mother preeminently religious in nature with a belief in the sort of God whose presence one may feel and on whom one may cast his burdens, Hall was thrown by the winds of chance into the maelstrom of modern biology, anthropology, and psychology just as these young sciences were engaged in their first struggles against theological obscurantism. Darwinism was in the initial swing of its influence during Hall's student days. The author, torn asunder in his old faith by his contact with modern thought, finds in evolution a new nexus with his deep religious tendencies. Catching the Hegelian sweep of the idea of Evolution, he makes it his god and Recapitulation, as its modus operandi, becomes for him its prophet. Like all gods, man-made as they are, this one bears the mark of its author's wish-fulfilment. With evolution replacing Jehovah, Recapitulation gives the laws of the new deity with the same fervor and finality as the Old Testament's "Thus saith the prophet."

Had Hall followed his first inclination toward the ministry, he might have become a prominent exponent of a deeper faith built upon a new psychology, or had he lived a generation earlier he might have associated himself with the Concord group of transcendentalists. As it is, throughout all his life, he has been a man out of place and his dominant isolation is a reflection, in part, of this fact.

Moreover, in all his work he never escaped a deep desire for a teleological universe. For him there are forces in the individual, in the folk, and in the cosmos moving toward some final beneficent end. Thus the religious pattern of his early life remains with him throughout. It is simply the province of science to help man find his place in this cosmic evolution



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more adequately. If Recapitulation is the prophet of the God, Evolution, then the Research Magnificent is the ritual which brings the Scientist, as High Priest, into the Holy of Holies where he glimpses God, the Creative Spirit, at work.

This may be an agreeable picture for poet-mystics but for the ordinary run of tough-minded men of science it is the veriest *Träumerei*. Thus Hall's constant injection of his teleology into his scientific writings was met not only with ridicule but with scorn. To Hall, on the other hand, there is nothing more futile, nay, even foolish, than a science which is not applicable to human life. Thus we note that the man is not only a poetic dreamer and a teleologist; he bears the additional badge of his kind, he is a moralist and a reformer. Things must change and change for the "better." Science is merely to lead the way. For him there is no more damning indictment of science than the assertion, by some scientists, that their work has nothing to do with practical human affairs.

When one maintains, therefore, that a sense of failure is the key-note of this book one is not far amiss. From the beginning of his life to the present, every significant thing Hall has stood for has been buffeted and storm-blown until he feels that little remains. His years of eclectic preparation in Germany, where he touched more sources of modern thought than any of his American student contemporaries, brought slow returns in teaching opportunities here. His high hopes for Hopkins were transferred, enhanced, to Clark University only to meet the colossal disappointment due to Jonas Clark's stubborn ignorance of what a university is or might be. Recapitulation, as an explanation-principle in biology and psychology, is long since passé. Child study, so earnestly begun, was taken over by other hands and carried into other channels. Psychoanalysis, brought to the temple of psychology, was rejected by the builders to become, with some satisfaction to Hall, no doubt, the chief corner of modern psychiatry in this country. His contribution to religious psychology, with its alleged scientific basis for faith and religion, finds little sympathy in modern Christendom and no support among his experimental co-workers. And now, although this last disappointment is unmentioned in his autobiography, he sits across the way and watches, a sad but silent spectator, the final scene of one of the academic tragedies of America, the destruction of a small but true university which he had rescued from the broken promises of its founder. Clark University has gone—the one lasting contribution he felt he had made. But the outsider viewing his life as a whole can not agree fully with the self-analysis which depicts him so peculiarly a failure.

Hall's trenchant but not bitter criticism of the present economic order and its effects upon our education is a pertinent asset in our culture history. Like Henry Adams, he felt the first compressions of the rising industrial system in this country with its mechanization of life, its quantity production, and its rampant commercialism. Hall, believing in individualism and in a great variety of methods and materials of instruction, and feeling, further, that pedagogy was taking its cues from the sordid economic order, viewed with disgust the increasing standardization of American education. Particularly through the example of Clark University, though gravely handicapped by lack of funds, he was able somewhat to influence this country in the interests of higher education. He got around him a small but earnest group of men and women concerned with study untrammelled by the usual academic machinery. Research to them became "nothing less than a religion." It was his belief that a "university ought to be the freest spot on earth, where human nature in its most variegated and acuminated types can blossom and bear fruit. The factory type of efficiency has no place here." Of the college and university deans, who have come to assume such obvious power today over both students and faculties, he writes: "It is they largely who have broken up knowledge into standardized units of hours, weeks, terms, credits, blocking every short cut for superior minds and making a bureaucracy

which represses personal initiative and legitimate ambition."

Hall has never been a careful, systematic writer. His style is discursive, uneven in merit, and at times heavy. The book lacks the free and easy way of Bok, the finish of Lewisoohn, and the sustained, well-phrased pessimism of Henry Adams. It is, nevertheless, an important autobiography, and one can only regret that the author's persistent timidity and reticence restrain him from exposing those inner phases of his life which would prove most instructive for others.

KIMBALL YOUNG

Economic Vitamin

The Theory of Social Economy. By Gustav Cassel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.

Essays in Economic Theory. By Simon Nelson Patten. Edited by Rexford Guy Tugwell. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

IN the realm of economic theory we praise a man for consistency when he has one idea and sticks to it like grim death. That praise Gustav Cassel deserves. His big and important book is built around one idea, namely, that through the mechanism of price the supply of scarce things and the demand for them are adjusted in such wise as to effect the best satisfaction of wants possible under the circumstances. The primary function of price is to check demand, thus keeping it within the limits of the supply of scarce goods and services (and only scarce things, of course, command a price). Mr. Cassel is an unflinching price economist. A special theory of value, he declares, is at least "quite unnecessary," and theory must be "essentially a theory of the fixing of prices." For the Austrian subjective school, with their elaborate paraphernalia of marginal utility, he has scant respect—a judgment shared by many of us who in our younger days were the victims of that misdirected adventure of intellectual ingenuity. Mr. Cassel, however, has little more patience with cost theories as historically worked out.

According to his view, in the continuous process of production there is a continuous process of pricing which continuously determines costs at the same time that it holds demand within the limits set by the available supply of goods and services. It likewise automatically determines the pay of labor, the interest of capital, and the profits of enterprise. The whole traditional theory of value and distribution thus becomes simply a theory of price. By means of a system of equations Mr. Cassel shows that neither the "marginal utility" nor the "cost of production" is determinate until the price is fixed, which is, being interpreted, that the price of things depends on how scarce they are and how much people want them, not on some mysterious hocus-pocus comprehensible only to the initiated. This is all quite comforting to the ignorant, but infuriating, needless to say, to the economic Ph.D.

Mr. Cassel's theory of interest, enunciated twenty years ago, is that interest is the price of "capital-disposal," that is, the price one must pay to get command of the means of production over a certain period. The theory is not based on the "productivity" of capital or on the "preference for present over future goods" so dear to the Austrians, but solely on the scarcity of capital essential in the unceasing process of production. Interest, then, is not that antique fiction of Karl Marx's, unpaid labor, but is a plain unavoidable fact of the exchange economy, resting on the disagreeable further fact that capital is not abundant enough for the production of everything men want, and that therefore it must command a price—a conclusion plain as a pikestaff. Who owns the capital has nothing to do with the fact of interest, which would still exist under a socialist economy provided the consumer were still accorded freedom of consumption within the limits of his income. Capital ownership, of course, decides who gets interest. The rate of interest depends chiefly on the increase of population, technical progress, and the length of human life. Until life is lengthened, Mr. Cassel believes, it is impossible for the rate of

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interest to fall much below the 3 to 5 per cent level that it has maintained throughout modern times. His speculations on this point are interesting and ingenious, if not wholly convincing. His whole book is one of the most important and suggestive of recent works in economic theory.

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With mind of crystal and heart of gold, he has gone out into the silence, best-loved of American teachers, but in this volume he being dead yet speaketh. As we reverently turn its pages, we thank God and take courage.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Mr. Frank Looks at His World

An American Looks at His World. By Glenn Frank. The University of Delaware Press. \$3.

GLENN FRANK is editor of the *Century Magazine*. He writes about the press, the church, the state, the arts, the music of the spheres. Personally I should be willing to read him on William Jennings Bryan, foreign missions, and the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen. He is a good hand at finding some fresh point of view even in dead-tired themes.

Mr. Frank is definitely liberal in what he says and feels. He is definitely an evangelist. He has an eye for fun and beauty: but fun is best when it means getting people started, and beauty is essentially an attribute of a more noble social scene. Mr. Frank tours the provinces several months of every year, on the lecture platform, and likes to talk to crowds. The essays in this book are evidence that he has a message for them. But the crowds give something in return. That is a style.

Echoes from the forum remain in Mr. Frank's writings. Generalities like this, for instance: "Labor and capital must join in a high resolve that both shall strive in consonance with the spirit of peace and tolerance, to think less in terms of the battlefield and more in terms of the council chamber." A text like that, with no application of the case method to interpret it, can stand the test of lecture-hall acoustics better than the laboratory tube. Mr. Frank, no doubt, knows what he means, but doesn't take the time to say it.

Then, in what he writes, there is something of the platform speaker's willingness to slay the dragon while you wait. "Are we in the grip of blind forces carrying modern civilization to destruction?" "Is the efficiency of autocracy really efficient?" "How is a rich man to provide for the continuous functioning of his fortune after his death?"—those are three of a good many dozen questions Mr. Frank asks himself, and hustles off to answer in a page or two. You must remember that the crowd is waiting and does not care for splitting hairs. You must make the ultimate your goal and do your best to get there.

Again, the platform teaches you to reason with your fingers in the air. Point one. Point two. Point three. Point four. You find Mr. Frank engaged in this in most of the themes he handles. The *five* right modern ways of dealing with disease. The *four* factors that limit teachers' freedom in the schools. The *five* qualities a public speaker ought to have. The *eleven* reasons why young men no longer flock into the church. The *three* world movements that may together put our prostrate culture on its feet. There are critics who object to "four" and "five" and "six" and "three." Why not "thirteen," "thirty-two," and "forty"? But this man instinctively starts counting when he talks, and starts talking when he writes. His audience is sitting on the wooden seats before him.

Here is an eager mind, never tired of speculating, never tired of asking questions. Suppose the scientists should close their laboratories and declare a general strike until humanity began to use their new inventions socially? What would happen if the clergy forgot, some Sunday morning, its theology and thought-insulating jargon? Would Christ have escaped crucifixion, or been crucified all the sooner, if Jerusalem had had a modern press? There is a little essay in this book on doctors, four thousand words or so, that shows as well as any other chapter how keenly Mr. Frank pursues ideas. It is called *The Politics of Health*, and starts off by asserting that "One of the serious social needs of our time is a statesmanlike organization

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	Agate Lines	Comparison Agate Lines
The Chicago Daily News.....	176,859	176,859
The Daily Tribune	127,429	127,429
The Post	100,532	
The Daily Herald-Examiner....	15,673	
The American	5,589	
The Journal	1,441	

Sunday Papers

The Sunday Herald-Examiner .	27,381	
The Sunday Tribune	9,303	
The Daily News' excess over the next highest score, that of The Daily Tribune		49,430

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of the medical service of the nation." That text is a large one; with four thousand words available, most editors might feel content to sketch a point of view. Not Mr. Frank. He admits that this is a risky subject for a writer who wants to preserve a reputation for his sanity. But nothing ventured, nothing gained. Fingers in the air, he starts counting off the points. First we ought to have a truthful critique of doctors and their code, their fee system, and their training. Second, we ought to zone the country to keep doctors from locating as tailors locate, exclusively where the trade is best. Third, we've got to hold industry responsible for its workmen's health as strictly as the workmen are held responsible for output. Fourth, we ought to tax the state for the means to institute an adequate health program instead of permitting an enterprise like that to rest upon funds that can be wheedled from private pockets into endowment funds. Fifth, sixth, seventh—before you finish these four thousand words Mr. Frank has given you a vest-pocket program some of which you may approve, some disapprove, but all of which will challenge you to think.

And that, I take it, is the contribution Mr. Frank is making with his pen and his lectures. He is not afraid of the specific when he attacks the general—and to the specific he brings a clear mind and a wealth of eager interest. He writes honestly, keeps an open mind, goes back continually to reevaluate his own ideas. To his trade he is an asset, and to the rest of us a useful neighbor, in a day when the building of a better balanced social order is by no means an idle dream.

CHARLES MERZ

A Gaelic Romance

Deirdre. By James Stephens. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

MR. STEPHENS might have made use of one or another of the accepted ways of rendering the elements of Gaelic romance into English—Standish Hayes O'Grady's way, or Campbell of Islay's way, or Whitley Stokes's way, or Douglas Hyde's way. But he takes up none of these conventions. He does not even use those approximations to Gaelic locutions that make the writing in his "Irish Fairy Tales" so distinctive and so delightful. His style in "Deirdre" is as personal as his style in "Here Are Ladies." Indeed I feel like using the word "wilful" in speaking of the writing in a book that is the retelling of the most famous of Irish romances.

I have no doubt that those who have been taught to look back upon Ireland of the heroic age as a place of brave and blameless champions and blameless and beautiful ladies will be repelled by episodes and utterances in "Deirdre." There are many people who still expect a Tennysonian smoothness in any re-creation of the Ireland that was the only survival of barbaric Europe, forgetful of the fact that it is quite some time now since J. M. Synge took farewell of the accepted heroines now demi-gods of Celtdom:

Adieu, sweet Angus, Maeve, and Fand,
Ye plumed yet skinny Shee,
That poets danced with hand in hand,
To learn their ecstasy.

We'll stretch in Red Dan Sally's ditch,
And drink at Tubber fair,
And hunt with Red Dan Philly's bitch
The badger and the hare.

James Stephens's Conachur and Maeve, his Naoise and Deirdre, his Fergus and Lavarcham will be perfectly recognizable by those who have gone the ways that Synge spoke of.

It does not require any special knowledge of the Irish tradition to enjoy "Deirdre." James Stephens's is a tragical love story the scene of which is laid in the Ireland of victorious champions and hard-fighting kings, of poets and magicians. How different that world is from the world of medieval romance is shown in Maeve's speech, a speech that Mr. Stephens gives not without warrant:

"My husband," she said, "must be free from cowardice, and free from avarice, and free from jealousy; for I am brave in battle and combats, and it would be a discredit to my husband if I were braver than he. I am generous and a great giver of gifts, and it would be a disgrace to my husband if he were less generous than I am. And," she continued, "it would not suit me at all if he were jealous, for I have never denied myself the man I took a fancy to, and I never shall whatever husband I have or may have hereafter."

Conachur, king of Ulster, is married to Maeve, who is destined to be the leader of the invasion that brings his kingdom to ruin, when Mr. Stephens's story opens. So far, no story-teller has had the hardihood to bring into the same story the two heroines Maeve and Deirdre. The story-tellers have shown us a Maeve with Deirdre out of the saga and a Deirdre with Maeve not yet in it. Mr. Stephens dares to give us both Deirdre and Maeve, both Helen and Clytemnestra. And he dares set up the girl of the woods against the queen who can say "No other queen shall waggle her toes in my draperies, nor enjoy what is proper for my enjoyment alone." He gains power through having Maeve in Conachur's palace while Deirdre is growing up as his ward in the woods. Maeve deserts Conachur, leaving him a baffled and thwarted man. And it is this baffled and thwarted man who sees Deirdre in the beauty of her girlhood and then becomes as one who has a new life before him. Deirdre deserts him too; she runs off with the youth Naoise, and thereafter the destruction of all that Conachur has built up becomes inevitable by the act of treachery that the king's passion drives him to. To get Deirdre back and to kill the man who took her from him becomes the end of Conachur's policy; his treason sets his great champions against him and makes a breach in the heroic companionship that has guarded Ulster. And yet that treachery is inevitable given the Conachur that Mr. Stephens projects:

Love is told in this way and that way, but it is not told of as it is. . . . It is a savagery in the blood, and pain in the bone, and greed and despair in the mind. It is to be thirsty in the night and unslaked in the day. It is to carry memory like a thorn in the heart.

So Conachur speaks to Lavarcham on the day before he gives his word that Deirdre and the sons of Uisneach can return to Ireland unjudged and undoomed.

The episode of Deirdre's elopement and the episode of the return from Scotland are told with all of a story-teller's art. Mr. Stephens makes no situation out of the first meeting of Deirdre and Naoise—it is simply the discovery of youth by youth. It just happens. The girl goes and sits by the camp-fire and listens to the talk of the youth Naoise and his young brothers, held in spite of her shyness. But before she looks upon the king for the first time she has been back to the camp-fire, and this time Deirdre and Naoise know each other and there is passion between them. Then when Conachur looks upon her, and speaks of his delight in her beauty, she is remote from him, and there is no way of bringing him near to her.

The return of Deirdre with Naoise and his brothers, turning as it does on the observance of *geasa*, or taboo, is difficult for a modern story-teller to make convincing. Fergus, who is to protect them, is under *geasa* regarding a feast offered him: he can never refuse one. Conachur arranges to have Borach offer him a feast as soon as he arrives in Ireland with Deirdre and the sons of Uisneach. After that the company has to go forward without their great protector. It is difficult for a dramatist or a story-teller of our day to make the observance of the *geasa* an adequate incident: Mr. Stephens does not succeed in making it deeply convincing, but at least he makes a situation out of it.

The men and women in "Deirdre" stand up with humor, shrewdness, poetry, and adventure in them: they are no pale reflections of people in a saga. And they are very Irish. They are such people as existed within the four seas of Ireland in

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the times of the chariot-using chieftains, and they are such people as exist there still. Ask the British Intelligence Service if they have ever met a MacRoth within the past few years and they will probably answer that they have had a glimpse of such a person:

MacRoth had her frightened, and could have cowed her any time he wished. In her own craft he was her master, for, after all, she was only a household spy, but he was a—spy. She could glean from the kitchen or the Sunny Chamber everything that was there; but she must have walls about her and work behind those; while MacRoth did not mind whether he was in a room or in a forest; he would spy in a bee-hive; he would spy on the horned end of the moon; he would spy in the middle of the sea, and he would know which wave it was that drowned him, and which wave it was that urged it on.

The writing in the book is, as I have said, wilful; it is a wilfulness that carries the writer into unexpected beauties, startling humors and extravagances.

PADRAIC COLUM

For Students of Art Criticism

Western Art and the New Era. By Katherine S. Dreier. Brentano's. \$7.

American Artists. By Royal Cortissoz. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

THE student of art criticism in America will find these books invaluable; they should be read together. Miss Dreier, though she begins with Assyria and Egypt and traverses European painting, is focused upon the experimental work of today. She traces the vital chain of Western art from Byzantium to post-impressionism, developing her thesis that painting is expressive of life, that art is always in the making, and that, being an expression of different people in different times and places, art must always find new forms. From this benevolence toward modern art Mr. Cortissoz is distinctly aloof. He hates modernists. He hates experiment. "There should be no tolerance for inimical influences." He believes in fundamental principles which "art has recognized"; and he is ready to force those principles even upon nature. Thus, he says of Albert P. Ryder: "His apocalyptic skies are flatly incredible as skies in the ordinary understanding of the word, skies filled with an authentic blue and relieved by accurately modeled cloud forms." Not only the painter but heaven too, it seems, must furnish this critic with "authentic" blue and "accurately modeled" clouds.

Here then are two critics: Miss Dreier sounding a tucket for the experimenters; and Mr. Cortissoz assuring us that their work and what he calls Ellis Island art are beneath notice. Mr. Cortissoz names no living specimens of the modernist species but handsomely concedes that Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Gauguin, all dead, "retained just enough contact with the normal conventions of art for their subversive tendencies to be overlooked to a certain extent."

For merest acquaintance, therefore, with the dearest aversions of Mr. Cortissoz, we must turn to Miss Dreier.

Sharing as I do Miss Dreier's admiration for one of the most significant of these men, Marcel Duchamp, in the truest sense a genial and leading spirit, I regret her misconception of the effect produced by his painting, *Nude Descending the Stairs*:

Never in the history of American art has any picture taken such hold of the common people—the gate receipts rose into the tens of thousands and the prophecy which Apollinaire, the French critic, had made years before, about Duchamp being the one to enthral the public as Cimabue had done in Florence in the thirteenth century, when his picture was carried in triumph through the streets of Florence, came true in a modern form in New York in 1913.

Alas! Duchamp's renown was of another sort. The painting, because of its title, achieved a notoriety absolutely foreign to Duchamp's intention; created a huge scandal which was the basis of the Armory Show's large attendance; and is still men-

tioned, not with the respect and admiration it deserves, but in terms of uninformed derision. Possibly this very painting was one of the "cubistic fantasticalities" which Mr. Cortissoz reports had upon Mr. Kenyon Cox "the effect of a vulgar affront." One never knows and Mr. Cortissoz doesn't tell.

A number of other inaccuracies in Miss Dreier's book are the more regrettable in that she undertakes to be an apologist for modern painting. On page 76 she says "no expression reached us until 1913," meaning that modern European work was first shown in the Armory Exhibition of that year. On page 123 she contradicts her own statement when she refers to "'291,' the first gallery to introduce the spirit of Modern Art in New York." The Photo-Secession, later "291," had been functioning for seven years before the Armory Show of 1913—not to mention London's introduction to modern art through Mr. Roger Fry in 1912—and 291, in an uncommercial series of demonstrations, had introduced the entire range of European expression to America, from Cézanne to Picasso and Braque, from African Negro sculpture to Matisse and Brancusi, including most of the important contemporary Americans. In fact, it is doubtful if, without the pioneering of 291 and the London exhibition of 1912, the Armory Show would ever have been held.

Miss Dreier's book suffers, too, from a number of gross omissions. Where, in her list of contemporary painters, is MacDonald Wright? How about Demuth? Among women painters why is there no mention of Marie Laurencin, the Frenchwoman? And how about Georgia O'Keeffe, the American? Miss Dreier does not mention Berthe Morisot and Mary Cassatt, though even Mr. Cortissoz writes of them. Surely the Misses Katherine S. and Dorothea Dreier are not the only women painters—though theirs are the only names of women painters to appear in the index of Miss Dreier's book.

For one so consistently enthusiastic about contemporary expression Miss Dreier indulges one strange foible. Though she deplores the dominance of the machine in our civilization, yet she repudiates the one complete mastery of the machine, in photography. She asserts that photography can never "rival" art, and says no lens has ever been invented that can "emphasize certain forms or eliminate others, or which can give accurate reproductions of the proper proportions of one given object to another." But these statements contradict the experience not only of the general public, and of painters who have learned from photographs; they also contradict the affirmations of scientists and of persons like Maurice Maeterlinck, G. B. Shaw, Auguste Rodin, Matisse, Steinlen, Roland Rood, Picasso, De Zayas, and a host of others.

However, with all its faults, and they are exceeding plentiful, Miss Dreier's book nevertheless holds some germ of feeling for the humanity whose expression in all ages is related. And she does name men and movements, futurism, vorticism, dadaism, which have had no adequate historian as yet, though she often fails to get her facts about them straight: dadaism, for example, was not, as Miss Dreier says, started by Tzara and taken up by Picabia; it was an offshoot of Picabia's magazine *391*, which in its turn had been derived from the American *291*. This force coming in contact with Tzara undoubtedly played its part in the development of dadaism. The failure to give Americans credit for things originated through their work reminds one of D. H. Lawrence's remark, that while European moderns were *trying* to be extreme, the Americans just were it. Lawrence made the statement about literature. It is fully as true of the arts, where Americans are always the last to recognize and give credit for the pioneer achievements of their countrymen.

To turn from the sometimes hazy enthusiasm of Miss Dreier to Mr. Cortissoz is to enter the realm of authentic blue skies and accurately modeled clouds. He knows how to write English and, within the rigid limits he prescribes for himself, gives a panoramic view of American painters and sculptors accepted in conservative circles. His personal acquaintance with painters and architects as well as with collectors and especially with art dealers embraced outstanding figures like Stanford White and Mc-

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Kim, La Farge, Abbey, Abbott H. Thayer, Duveneck, Chase, Kenyon Cox, and Charles Freer. He has assembled many respectable if hardly thrilling facts about the bygone sedate age of American painting. But it is unfortunate that in a book named "American Artists" he could not persuade himself to name one of the greatest living water colorists, John Marin; or Marsden Hartley, distinguished for his "Adventures in the Arts" and his poems as well as for his sensitive painting. There is one more than strange chapter on New York as an Art Center, wherein the purchases and sales of paintings, often inferior in merit and since depreciated in value, are cited as phenomena that "spell an astounding play of taste, of judgment, of genuine artistic wisdom." When Mr. Cortissoz speaks of the prices in New York's picture mart as constituting effective insurance against "subversive modernism," one rubs one's eyes. How about the thousands of dollars paid for work of Matisse, Picasso, and Cézanne, at recent sales and auctions—of the Kelekian collection for example—not to mention Brancusi and even Seurat, and the constantly rising prices of other modern work? These dollar standards have nothing to do with American artists, though they seem to concern Mr. Cortissoz intimately. Is there not, in this point of view, more than a little adulation of dealers and of "super-collectors like Morgan, Altman, Frick, and Widener," and the late Charles Freer? Are there not some who would question the assertion that art dealers on and near upper Fifth Avenue "have kept pace with every phase of our aesthetic experience"? At least these statements are invaluable for the student of art criticism in America, for whom, it may be repeated, this book of Mr. Cortissoz, together with that of Miss Dreier, constitutes a veritable treasure trove.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

Uplift and Understanding

From Pinafores to Politics. By Mrs. J. Borden Harriman. Henry Holt and Company. \$5.

Three Generations. By Maud Howe Elliott. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.

THOSE who have despaired of finding intimate and unknown details in autobiographies will find Mrs. J. Borden Harriman's "From Pinafores to Politics" a pleasant surprise. I, and perhaps others, had always thought that the Democratic Party slipped into power in 1912 through the broken ranks of the Republican Party. It is bewildering to realize that Mr. Wilson was elected because Mrs. Harriman gave him a dinner at the Colony Club. As for the Colony Club itself, that august body came into existence so that Mrs. Harriman could have a place in which to sleep when she came down from her summer house and her town house was undergoing repairs—"Bordie" not wanting his wife to stay alone at the Waldorf.

People on this side of the ocean when Germany invaded Belgium strained their meager imaginations to picture the chaos of frenzied Europe. Mrs. Harriman, who was there collecting reports on labor problems, tells us all about it: "It makes me realize now that . . . the next war, too, will come to most of us out of the sky, catch us laughing again at garden parties." And from her diary, August 15, 1914:

The Ambassador is too wonderful. . . . Dear Mrs. Delia Field is at the Ritz lending money to everyone who wants to find lost relatives in Belgium, giving Ethel and me long suede gloves to cover our nakedness until our trunks are found and generally being a good angel to all stranded Americans. She always makes more people happier than anyone I know.

On the labor problem she meditates: "Queer how philanthropy and a real adjustment between capital and labor don't quite mix." And, later, reporting the conation of our troops in France to President Wilson, she becomes really emphatic with: "The want of food in Europe is dreadful. Even I was hungry the last days in London."

A realist of the highest order, Mrs. Harriman spares her horrified reader no detail of the discomfort she has undergone for the sake of "the public" whom she "really did represent, I believe." If it was cold motoring back from a labor hearing she never forgets to mention the fact, and in war-time France she had to wear her fur coat indoors to keep warm. Our sympathy is aroused when she tells how hot she became driving her ambulance in Washington before she could deposit her patient and go to a drug-store for a cool drink, and with what difficulty she and her orderly persuaded a patient to refrain from being "seasick" and "spoil" "our new ambulance" that "was our pride and our joy."

To those Americans who thought the G. H. Q. of the A. E. F. was at Chaumont it will be interesting to learn that, though it was nominally stationed there, it was really at the Ritz in Paris, as were also the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. Mrs. Harriman leaves no room for doubt: "I say in my diary that everybody was at the Ritz the winter of 1918-1919. And not the least noticeable of everybody was Elinor Glyn." "I only know that to the populace it [President Wilson's coming] was the greatest of good news. My manicure at the Ritz chattered for days about his arrival."

And of the author herself we have a definite impression long before the book is finished. She confides to us that during certain trying times "my sense of humor tided me over." That a member of our present-day civilization could actually come in contact with so much suffering, could know personally so many prominent individuals, could hold such important political positions, and still come through it all as blithely untroubled and effervescently self-assured as Mrs. Harriman does certainly necessitates some remarkable quality. Doubtless, it is the "sense of humor" of which she speaks.

The ridiculous has its place in the world as a foil for the sublime and thus it is that "From Pinafores to Politics" becomes interesting when compared with "Three Generations." For, though Mrs. Elliott's book may not attain to absolute sublimity or Mrs. Harriman's to the completely ridiculous, the step from Mrs. Harriman's carefully selected list of political dinner guests to a breakfast in the home of Julia Ward Howe is the stride of seven-league boots. From over-impulsive lobbyings and easy money one's mind catapults back to a real balance of values as it is reassured that there have been famous names in the world not intimately associated with diplomatic and political intrigue—as senators and generals give place to Henry and William James, Bret Harte, Francis Marion Crawford, Edward Sothorn, William Dean Howells, Richard Mansfield, Henry Adams, Queen Margherita of Italy as a patron of the arts, John Sargent, and many others.

A few quotations will point the comparison: August 15, 1914, in her diary, Mrs. Harriman worried about long suede gloves. August 9, 1914, Mrs. Elliott wrote in her journal: "The papers are too full of the small discomforts of these travelers. Millionaires are coming home in the steerage; this may improve the conditions in the steerage for future emigrants." And September 24:

The worst of it is, the mildest people are turned into furies, even by the faint and distant echoes of the passions that are destroying Europe and England. I feel a savage exaltation when I hear of so many Germans killed or wounded. Then comes remorse for the hateful feeling, the remembrance that those men are inspired by a passionate patriotism, that their wives and mothers love them as much as English wives and mothers love their men; but the ugly feeling was there, was uppermost before reflection seized and tried to down it.

Where Mrs. Harriman sat in uplifting patronage at labor hearings, Mrs. Elliott, as a child, accompanied her father on his inspections of public institutions. "I have slept in almost every poorhouse and insane asylum in the State [Massachusetts]." While Mrs. Harriman stumped for Wilson in 1912, Mrs. Elliott, in the interests of woman suffrage, whole-heartedly backed

Roosevelt. She says: "Could I hope to be remembered at all, it would be as one of the founders of the Progressive Party."

Artist life in Rome, travels through Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land with her mother, Julia Ward Howe, the Art Association of Newport are all described with a simple dignity and rare insight. If the book is somewhat too religious for certain readers, if its characters are so universally beautiful and lacking in malice that one wonders where all the mean people are in the world, for myself I can put that down to the gentle and sincere nature of Maud Howe Elliott herself, and overlook its unreality in my gratification that an intelligent woman of seventy can still look with sweet tolerance upon the world about her. Her book is a real addition to the memoirs of the last three decades.

KATHLEEN MILLAY

Passionate Cooperation

Cooperative Democracy. By James Peter Warbasse. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

THIS book makes me a little dizzy. The same in the face of the fact that I have just laid down Mr. Veblen's "Absentee Ownership"—supposed to be as turbid a pot of the King's English as ever was brewed. But Veblen, for all his alarums and fanfaronades, sticks pretty relentlessly to his point:

Christendom is governed in recent times by three several systems of use and wont, sovereign action-patterns induced by the run of past habituation: (a) the mechanical system of industry, (b) the price (and credit) system, (c) the conception of national integrity. The existing industrial system is dominated by the technology of physics and chemistry. The price system is dominated by absentee ownership. The nation, considered as a habit of thought, is a residual form of the predatory dynastic state of early modern times, with some superficial alterations due to a suffusion of democratic and parliamentary institutions.

Under the adjectives and the adverbs, Mr. Veblen strips the economic structure of its last garment until it stands naked, clear, and insolent against the sky. There is little use of capitals and no indignation, but we have here such an indictment as no professed agitator has ever written.

Mr. Warbasse tends to follow the older school. He is generous with his capitals. He gets righteously indignant. He views with alarm. For 376 pages, with Cooperation firmly clutched in one hand and a battle-ax in the other, he hews his way into a forest of Capitalists, Profiteers, Farmers, Trade Unions, State Socialism, Guild Socialism, Anarchism, Syndicalism, Communism, Democracy, the Tariff, the Producer, the Consumer (I never have been able to get these latter two gentlemen properly pulled apart), Service, New Ethics, and Translating the Finite into the Infinite. As I say, it leaves me impressed, but a little dizzy.

Mr. Warbasse has a good cause and a good case. He produces arguments—telling arguments—as to the possibilities of the cooperative movement ameliorating the three key systems of use and wont which Veblen sketches. Cooperation does use modern technology for satisfying the needs of the consumer, rather than for private profit. (Witness the great research laboratories of the European cooperatives.) Cooperation does tend to break down the evils of absentee ownership. Cooperation does move—slowly to be sure—across national frontiers.

Perhaps the trouble is that my habit-patterns are such that it seems to verge on the immoral for cooperation to produce a prophet as passionate and as logical as, say, a socialist, a single-taxer, or a birth controller. Cooperation takes an incurably pedestrian gait in my mind. Here is a movement that has been steadily sawing wood for half a century, while all the other movements have been tearing their beards. Somehow it does not seem quite proper for so respectable, so tan-

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gible, and so formidable an organization to stoop to the Brotherhood of Man, Adventurous Youth, and Restitution and Forgiveness. It is like a copy of the *Liberator* on a banker's desk. And yet I must confess that when Mr. Warbasse tells of what the Flemish cooperatives have done for sculpture, I come near to shouting.

The last part of the book is less upsetting and more seemly according to the dictates of my upbringing. It comprises a very able and interesting summary of where consumers' cooperation stands today in the various countries of the world, together with the types of industries handled, and an outline of cooperative history. With its thirty million members, the movement does a very considerable fraction of the world's business, and perhaps, as Mr. Warbasse intimates, it is the only force which can keep Europe together in the tumultuous years ahead. Consumers' cooperation in the United States has languished, and continues to languish.

Finally, here is one thought which gives me particular pause:

Cooperative organization begins with the people as consumers and represents the individual as an absorber and user of the things that have been produced. This means that its first concern is for the human being in the enjoyment of things. It begins with the home and the family rather than with the workshop and the worker.

And when you come to think of it, why isn't this the place to begin? The current phrase, and current business practice, runs "supply and demand"—fit the market to the goods. Cooperation would make it, "demand and supply"—fit the goods to human needs.

STUART CHASE

Blunt the Rebel

Gordon at Khartoum. By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Alfred A. Knopf. \$6.

TEN years ago I read Blunt's book, and I then thought that my unfortunate association with bank wreckers and railroad grafters had not a little to do with my fury of admiration for the author. But now, having read it a second time amid a kind of arcadian quiet, I find it no less thrilling. Reading, you rub your eyes and wonder, for it seems that no one has presented a more faithful reflection of his contemporary world than Blunt. No, not even old Samuel Pepys, frankest of chroniclers. For Pepys had something of the sycophant in him, and, again, he was at a handicap in writing of a circle of which he was no part. Blunt, the man of affairs and gentleman of wealth and leisure, was able to write from the inside, making use of his intimate knowledge of nineteenth-century political society, setting down everything as it was, sparing none and caring for none, giving pictures of those met, and in the pictures recording expressed and discovered prejudices; penning the motives of men as they stood revealed in a thousand conversations; indicating always personal ambitions, hopes, ideals. Perhaps he discovered the men behind their masks by antagonizing them, by angering them, by putting them on the defensive. Often, it is clear, he prodded them into self-revelation, and most certainly he himself always stood in the light of a challenger. A challenger, I say, because as you read you visualize a man standing four-square, a most uncompromising enemy of what is called "civilizing imperialism," a denouncer of absurd alliances, and a laughter at flamboyant boasters. You imagine him transferred to America to stand, a fervent denouncer of dreams of national glory as being utterly incompatible with the ideals of Lincoln, of Jefferson, of Washington. The attitude explains much. It explains, for instance, his ex-coriolation in his "Diary" of Roosevelt, who, the aggressive soul of him alive, characteristically plunging into matters he understood not at all, taking snap judgment, played his part of political rhetorician. "The Egyptian papers have been full of Roosevelt's adventures at Cairo, and the speech he made to university students in praise of British rule. He is a buffoon of the

lowest American type and roused the fury of young Egypt to the boiling-point, and it is probable that if he had not cleared out of the country there would have been mischief." Or this about his friend General Gordon: "Much as I liked Gordon personally, I considered him to be in the wrong and the others in the right, and I would rather see him perish than cause the death of one of his opponents" (p. 221).

For Blunt was all for Egypt and all against England in its occupancy of the Nile country. More than that, he held that Crown colonies are, after all, nothing but slave communities in disguise. In Egypt and in India England stood as an invader, as he saw it, and the life of the invader is never sacred. He went further still: he felt that all the talk about civilization and the white man's burden, all the babble about spreading the gospel among the heathen and teaching others to govern themselves was pernicious claptrap and pinchbeck oratory, and that the paramount aim behind all was a kind of industrial slavery. Seeing so-called enlightened nations at works of conquest, of extermination, burning, killing, bombarding, and subjugating the weak, Blunt finds them not Christians at all, but plunderers filled with the mere lust of conquest, full of ideas about trade gains, hungry for lands to be won and profits to be snatched by fraud. And in the mealy-mouthed protestation of politicians masquerading as statesmen, in all sanctimonious professions of higher motives he finds nothing but mere pretenses to cover the nakedness of bare spoliation. As for the heaven-inspired missions of nations and the extra-mundane intelligence planning all things for an ultimate good, "I am," he writes, "too little believing in the divine government of the world."

This, too, is important. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt most thoroughly understood the trend of things and realized that the acts of his government must inevitably bring upon the world something of that malaise from which we suffer today. There's golden merit in the book, for while it relates the true story of foreign occupancy of a protesting land and of a series of campaigns between 1882 and 1886, it is also a signpost and a danger signal if like causes produce like results. For it cannot be doubted that the path upon which England entered in India and in Egypt is not at all dissimilar to the path which some would have the United States government tread in Mexico; and it is most certainly the path that Spain trod in the days of her madness when her buccaneer chiefs destroyed, most wantonly, civilizations superior to those which she imposed.

Obviously, such a man would give the sentimentalists short shrift, would be enfent terrible to the platitudinists who talked about the "thin red line of heroes" and those who "bled for their country." And bearing that in mind, small wonder that old parliamentary hands foamed at the mouth and discussed the famous entry of June 22, at Westminster. But what Blunt's heart felt and what Blunt's mind thought, that would Blunt's hand set down for weal or woe. So:

News of the battle of Abu Klea—Burnaby killed, as it serves him right, for he was a mere butcher. . . . These English soldiers are mere murderers, and I confess I would rather see them in perdition than that a single Arab more should die. . . . A mongrel scum of thieves . . . commanded by young fellows whose ideal is the greenroom of the Gaiety—without beliefs, without traditions, without other principle of action than just to get their promotion and have a little fun. On the other side men with the memory of a thousand years of freedom, with chivalry inherited from the Saracens, the noblest of ancestors, with a creed the purest the world ever knew, worshiping God and serving him in arms like the heroes of the ancient world they are. . . . Gladstone! Great God, is there no vengeance for this pitiful man of blood, who has not even the courage to be a man of iron? What is he that he should have cost the world a single life? A pedant, a babbler, an impotent old fool. . . .

A tremendous book indeed, this; a book written by a man with a clear, definite idea; a book most pregnant upon politics, history, religion, and world affairs. CHARLES J. FINGER

On Some New Music

By PITTS SANBORN

THE autumn was uncommonly rich in its harvest of new music. Or, to speak with a more meticulous approach to exactitude, it made known to New York audiences more than the usual amount of unfamiliar music. Some of it was already familiar elsewhere. Stravinsky's "Chant du rossignol" dates in its original form as opera from 1914, in its revised form as symphonic poem (thus Walter Damrosch introduced it to us at the concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra on November 1) from 1917. Stravinsky's "Renard," which the International Composers' Guild brought forward in December, was produced first in 1922. These two pieces, I think, are the main contributions of a harvest copious, varied, and in large part of genuine interest, but both were already known to the public of Paris and of other European cities. The newness of the rest of the "new" music ranged from the "world première" of Ernest Bloch's quarter-tone quintet for piano and strings to some anonymous English Christmas carols of the fifteenth century!

Even so brief and fragmentary a glance at a general situation as this demonstrates immediately the efficacy of guilds and leagues. The International Composers' Guild, the League of Composers (they once were one, but now are twain), the American Music Guild, and the Franco-American Musical Society (a recent entry in the field) are our official and active modernists. Except for their ministrations, our concert rooms would have no choice but to depend on the established instrumental and choral organizations, and on a few such tireless individual gospellers of the new as Mme Gauthier, Mme Leginska, and Mr. Ornstein (at least, as he used to be) for knowledge of the latest developments of musical art. Perhaps the truth of the matter is that the established bodies feel the lash of competition, but in any case it is a fact, and a very healthful and gratifying fact, that where they might go on diffusing Tchaikovsky to the crack of doom and their audiences would never say them nay, they do take some cognizance of the creative ferment in the world about them.

Mr. Monteux, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has been an intrepid producer of modern music (Arthur Bliss's "Color Symphony" is his latest discovery), even though he has hardly courted popularity thereby with the Boston Symphony following in New York. Mr. Stokowski and the Philadelphians once dared bring us, though very late in the day, the notorious "Five Pieces" of Arnold Schönberg. Perhaps the expostulations of their New York patrons over that artistic "outrage" persuaded them subsequently to keep the Stravinsky "Sacre du printemps" for Philadelphia consumption only. If so, they served New York jolly well right! The Philharmonic Society's programs for this season are rather surprisingly poor in unfamiliar compositions, though the Stravinsky "Sacre" does appear on Mr. Mengelberg's provisional list.

Mr. Stransky, always eager to do his part for the new, promises to maintain his praiseworthy record in the ministrations of his recently organized State Symphony, and as earnest of good faith found early opportunity for the performance of Frank Bridge's "Sea" suite. Walter Damrosch, whose New York Symphony programs are proverbially catholic in selection and spiced with novelty, went further this autumn than is even his custom by not only giving New York its first hearing of Stravinsky's "Chant du rossignol" (the American "première" had occurred a few days before in Philadelphia under the leadership of Mr. Stokowski), but by repeating the work twice in quick succession. As it happened, Mr. Damrosch's courage was rewarded with the heartiest sort of approval by his applauding audiences and even by the press.

Kurt Schindler, of course, is always quite amazing in the extent and interest of the discoveries that he lavishes on the

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programs of the Schola Cantorum. His Christmas concert of this season was one of the richest in novel and important matter that even he has ever sponsored. Mr. Schindler's "new" music began with an archaic group consisting of the early English carols before mentioned and other antiques hitherto unperformed here, by Senfl, Sweelinck, Eccard, and Praetorius, and it reached on down to Bela Bartok and Ildebrando Pizzetti! But, alas, the admirably notable concerts of the Schola Cantorum occur only twice a year!

The Society of the Friends of Music introduced to America in October that mastodonic cantata, "Von deutscher Seele," by that singular Munich composer Hans Pfitzner. Pfitzner's music (which is conservative in manner and of inspiration mortally scant) may have some domestic import, but it surely isn't matter for export. The Friends devoted to the performing of it intelligent, skilful, and unsparing effort that might have been expended much better on something else.

Stravinsky, as I have said, was the feature of the autumn harvest. His symphonic "Chant du rossignol," scored with a ravishing sense of timbre and color for an astonishingly small orchestra, draws its inspiration from the farthest East. The particular nightingale—a human soprano in the opera, a flute in the symphonic version—is of the Chinese species, and to the delighted senses of the Emperor of China he sings until the arrival of a mechanical nightingale (clarinet accompanied by piano and harp), a gift from the crafty Emperor of Japan, offends him so sorely that he disappears. But when thus deserted the Chinese monarch lies at the point of death, the bird relents and works a marvelous cure by "singing so alluringly of the Garden of the Dead that Death, impatient to return to his own realm, relinquishes his claim upon the emperor and retires." From this quaint kernel of story Stravinsky's music rises like a spell of magical and jeweled tone which for a moment glistens against the background of silence and, like the offended nightingale, is gone.

For the other Stravinsky, the "Renard," we are indebted to the International Composers' Guild. It was done at their December concert by a group of players from the Philadelphia Orchestra, led by Mr. Stokowski, and by four singers astutely chosen for their tasks. In the small auditorium of the Vanderbilt Theater, without scenery and with no more of miming than pertinent glances exchanged among the men who sang the Fox, the Cat, the Goat, and the Rooster, this "little 'parade' for a fair," with its naive story of a cat and a goat that between them save the life of chanticler, seemed a veritable masterpiece of musical gaiety and irony.

This was the important autumn contribution of the International Composers' Guild. The kindred, but more restricted, American Music Guild offered at the Town Hall in December a program of works that an American committee selected for presentation at the Salzburg festival of modern chamber music last August. The presentation did not come off as planned, and for that there need be no sorrowing. The program would hardly have added to the prestige of American music on the continent of Europe. On the other hand, the League of Composers started its career at the Klaw Theater in November with a novelty that cannot be neglected, because in it Ernest Bloch, the up-to-the-minute man of music, boldly essays the use of quarter tones.

Alois Haba's quarter-tone quartet proved one of the most discussed of all the pieces done at the aforesaid Salzburg festival. Perhaps Mr. Bloch was too hasty in following so fast on its heels with his quintet for piano and strings. Aside from the quarter-tone innovation, this quintet sounded commonplace and uninspired—distinctly one of the lesser compositions of Mr. Bloch, who has written impressive music. Its only claim to distinction lay in the use of quarter tones, and they sounded as if lugged in from without, not as if part and parcel of the harmonic fabric. Perhaps in time Mr. Bloch, if he persists, will evolve a quarter-tone procedure that assumes the inevitability of real art. To date he hasn't. And so the autumn honors were to Stravinsky without serious dispute.

Drama

Max Reinhardt

ABOUT Reinhardt there is something of the pure visionary. He is a little aloof from the earth and its cares. Through a magnificent career he has preserved a great simplicity and through the direst catastrophe in modern history the freshness of his ardor. No one could have done that who dwelt less wholly in the realm of the imagination and more in that of the concrete. Nothing has laden with dross the vision that he pursues. The future historian of the various arts will note this fact and, as a consequence of it, that "The Miracle," the most astonishing and astonishingly beautiful thing in the entire art of the theater, is built around a legend that has no reality as either fact or symbol. Its medievalism is the constant mark of pure romanticism, of the flight from reality into an easier world of accident and wonder.

Yes, Reinhardt is a romanticist as all the artists of the new theater are. To him and to them the theater is not an art of expression but an art of flight. They do not know it, but what they seek is a refuge, an island of beauty and serenity amid the clashing of the steely waves. Thus Reinhardt produces "The Miracle," and the famous third studio of Moscow produces "Phèdre" and takes pride in the morbidly exquisite grotesquerie of the costumes. And those addicted to this species of art—art as a pure anodyne—will ask you to turn from the stage that portrays the acting and suffering spirit of man to these "divine manikins." Art as an anodyne—that is the pure doctrine of Schopenhauer, of romanticists, and neo-romanticists, and our contemporary artists of the theater do not know that merely because they do not know much about the history of the arts anyhow.

I do not wish it thought that I yield to anyone in my admiration for Max Reinhardt. I have spoken of him here before, of the creative impulse by which he turned a profession into an art, of the variety and power and literally epoch-making character of his achievement. What I am trying to do is to define, to clarify, to understand. There is too much "amazement and blank awe" in our critical reception of even the greatest things; there is too little understanding and far too little integration of them into the intelligible scheme of things.

The Reinhardt of "The Miracle" is of course not the whole artist or the whole man. He himself does not overvalue the stupendous. He told me that he was returning to Vienna in order to establish a small but very perfect repertory theater, the only kind of theater, he added, that has any permanent value or significance. To begin with it would need a subsidy and such a subsidy he has succeeded in procuring. A greater difficulty, he feared, would be met in the matter of gathering an excellent company, since all good German actors have been driven by imminent or actual want into working for the films. Would it not be admirable if Mr. Gest might later bring to us for at least one season what will without doubt be an exemplary theater?

I must return for just another moment to Reinhardt's personality and the spirit that it breathes. He is not only a great artist, but a very practical man of the theater. A theater costs money. There is no affectation about him, no pretense that the practical soils. But there is in him so simple and passionate an understanding of the fact that all this is ancillary or only a means to an end that he can be quite frank and quite severe about it. To Reinhardt art is the reason for his existence and the existence of the theater and almost of the world. If it costs money, then the money must be raised, shall be raised, and, since people are probably not utter fools, will be raised. That spirit of his cannot be taught. It is a pity that Reinhardt is so shy about speaking English that more of the men of our theater could not get at least a glimpse of it from him.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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GENERAL DAWES and his fellow-experts have been digging through piles of statistics with magnificent energy. They have already reached certain obviously wise decisions. They have made it clear that the estimates of German capital abroad have been enormously exaggerated—that far less German capital is invested abroad today than before the war—and that what is there cannot be reached for reparations except by building up Germany in such fashion that capital will be attracted homeward. This disposes of one futile suggestion. The correspondents have cabled too few details of the proposed gold bank under international control to make judgment of its significance possible. One dangerous hint has crept into the dispatches. "Instead of closeting themselves as 'practical business men,'" says Mr. James of the *New York Times*, "they will keep in close touch with members of the Reparation Commission . . . who are in close touch with the political aspects of the situation." If they attempt to double their role of economic experts with that of political fixers their usefulness will be at an end.

RAMSAY MACDONALD continues serenely to plow the soil of diplomacy in new patterns. He is demanding that France permit Germany to be elected a member of the League, suggesting that the United States join Great Britain in a new conference to limit armament, and persistently treating M. Poincaré as a human being and a friend. The British press is skeptical of the efficacy of this latter policy, but it seems to be bearing some fruit. An

agreement regarding the Cologne railways has at last been reached, and apparently the French have agreed to abandon their support of the Separatist movement in the Palatinate. This policy of friendship with the man most responsible for the present state of Europe is dangerous, but Ramsay MacDonald is unlikely to slip into compromises without being aware of them.

EUROPEAN POWERS one after another recognize Soviet Russia just as if Mr. Hughes did not exist. Italy signed a commercial treaty in the week which followed Ramsay MacDonald's unconditional recognition of the Power which Mr. Hughes still refuses to see. The Little Entente nations, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, announce their readiness to follow suit, and France, despite her record of relentless hostility, is obviously maneuvering for position in Russia. Russia still has its difficulties with China over the South Manchuria Railroad, and the negotiations with Japan drag. But if Mr. Coolidge does not get a new Secretary of State we may wake up some fine morning to discover that instead of leaving Russia out we have been left out ourselves.

FOR BLIND UNMITIGATED IDIOCY the refusal of the German Embassy in Washington to go through the form of displaying a flag at half-mast in respect to the memory of a dead President might seem beyond rivalry. But the action of the young men who arose in the night and under cover of darkness tacked an American flag to the porte-cochère of the Embassy was, if anything, even more idiotic than the German refusal to pay a formal tribute to a man whom they could not, at heart, mourn. Just what the Germans expected to achieve is hard to conceive; probably the chief effect of the action will be to check the American campaign for the relief of German children. Just how the Americans thought they honored Wilson or America in dodging the police at night and nailing a flag where it was not wanted is as obscure.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE can hardly add to his own reputation by attacking Woodrow Wilson for surrendering to the French in Paris. It is ridiculous to claim in 1924 that he knew nothing in 1919 of the agreement between Wilson and Clemenceau upon which were based the peace-treaty clauses fixing the occupation of the Rhine. Yet American newspapers are hasty in assuming that there is nothing at all behind Mr. Lloyd George's sensational charge. Mr. Harold Spender, who wrote the famous interview, is Mr. Lloyd George's biographer and close friend, and there is little likelihood that the interview was a freak. Mr. Lloyd George charged that Mr. Wilson made "a secret compact" permitting the French to occupy the Rhineland. This much truth there is in it: When Lloyd George returned to England on April 13, 1919, the Rhine frontier was left unsettled, to be the main topic of discussion in the following week, as is evidenced by the Associated Press dispatch of that date, which presumably was based on statements by the American commissioners. Ray Stannard

Baker, Mr. Wilson's faithful man Friday, says, in his official defense of the President, that "the agreement regarding the left bank of the Rhine was completed on April 16 by the consent of Wilson and Lloyd George to an occupation for fifteen years." Obviously Mr. Baker is wrong, for Lloyd George was mending his political fences in London on that date; the surrender was made by President Wilson when Mr. Lloyd George was in London. But why should Lloyd George, who is responsible for the inclusion of pensions under reparations, care to raise the question of responsibility for this or that clause of the treaty?

THE BACKBONE of the Mexican rebellion seems to have been broken. The rebels' greatest asset, control of Vera Cruz, the country's largest port, terminal of four railways, has passed to the Federals. De la Huerta's headquarters from now on will be wherever he hangs his sombrero. Guerrilla bands may hold out a long time, but the stability of the Obregon Government now seems assured, and a peaceful election and transmission of the presidency through political forms likely. De la Huerta's attempt to substitute force failed, but he wrought terrific destruction in a country struggling to recuperate from ten years of civil war. Miles of railroad torn up, bridges and tunnels dynamited, commerce paralyzed—the material cost alone has in two months run into many millions. The spiritual damage, when an era of constructive peace seemed at last to have dawned, is perhaps even more serious. And irreparable in Mexico, where conscientious and capable leaders are rare, is the loss of Felipe Carrillo, Yucatan's governor and reformer. The lessons of the rebellion should be taken to heart. The professional army which made it possible should be scrapped. The army has always been a drain on Mexico's treasury, a focus of corruption, and a permanent menace to order and stability. Although half of it remained loyal, Obregon's victory is chiefly due to the rallying of city and country workers who realized that their newly won economic emancipation, slight though it is, was at stake. And it is upon just such a volunteer militia that the revolutionary governments of Mexico will have to depend in the future whenever treason and reaction strike hands.

HAITI'S CONSTITUTION, drawn up under the American Occupation by the then Assistant Secretary of the Navy of the United States, provides for the holding of national elections in even years. But our regime of military occupation has as little respect for a constitution drafted in Washington as for laws passed by Haitians. By agreement with the so-called President of Haiti (who was not elected by the people but was installed by the Marines) it proclaimed that in 1924, as in 1922, 1920, and 1918, there would be no election of the legislature. The Haitians, however, weary of existence without a parliamentary body, determined to comply with their constitution at any cost. Candidates were named, and campaigns conducted. The clerks of the courts, by order of the Government, refused to accept their declarations of candidacy, but the people paid little attention to this. On January 10, despite the fact that gendarmes under the order of the United States marines watched the polls, thousands of Haitians wrote in on the ballots provided for the communal elections the names of their candidates for the two houses of the Legislature. Many deputies and a majority of the Senate were accordingly elected. Of course the Government declared

these elections null and void. How long will the people of the United States permit such tyranny to continue in its name and under the protection of its flag?

IN THE TWENTY-NINE YEARS from 1889 to 1918 3,224 lynchings—an average of 111 each year—were officially recorded in the United States. In 1919 the number had shrunk to 83, in 1920 to 65, in 1922 to 52, and in 1923 there were only 28 instances of this particular form of primitive brutality. An unprejudiced judge would hardly call twenty-eight lynchings a record to be proud of, but it does mark a steady decline in the activities of our own American anarchists. If the South is undergoing a change of heart the reasons are perhaps not far to seek: the migration of the Negroes to other regions is one; the publicity which the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill has received is indubitably another. Since 1919 the bill has twice been reported favorably in the House, and in 1922 it passed the House by a vote of 230 to 119. Its rejection by the Senate was chiefly due to a Southern filibuster. Senator Borah and others doubted its constitutionality, though the bulk of competent legal opinion seems to hold otherwise. There will be ample time and opportunity to determine this question after the bill has been passed; and meanwhile the advertising which the crime of lynching receives from the able campaign of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in behalf of the bill can only result in a more widespread disgust with the practice.

MORE MONEY IS NEEDED by the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee. The New England Civil Liberties Union has issued a pamphlet setting forth the outstanding features of the Sacco-Vanzetti case and explaining the demand on the part of the defense for a new trial. Witnesses in the first trial have sworn that they were coerced. William H. Proctor, firearms expert, testified with great effect that the "mortal bullet" had marks "consistent with being fired by that [Sacco's] pistol." He has since made affidavit that before the trial he repeatedly explained to the district attorney that he did not believe the "mortal bullet" had come from the Sacco pistol; that the form of his answer at the trial was made necessary by the form of the question put to him; and that the district attorney knew at that time that in his opinion that particular bullet had not been fired by Sacco's pistol. In confirmation of Captain Proctor's expert opinion the defense can now produce photographs of the pistols and bullets concerned, taken under a compound microscope, equipped with a micrometer registering one hundred-thousandth of an inch. The comparison of the photographs of the "mortal bullet" and of those of test bullets known to have been fired from Sacco's pistol shows by the difference in their markings that the so-called "mortal bullet" did not come from that pistol. It is on such evidence that the demand for a retrial is based, and it is for this new trial or, failing that, for an appeal to a higher court that money is needed. Contributions should be sent to the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, 256 Hanover Street, P. O. Box 93, Boston, Mass.

THE INNUMERABLE TRAGEDIES and comedies at Ellis Island seem at last to have made a very slight dent in the sensibilities of the House Committee on Immigration, now engaged in amending Representative Johnson's latest bill. The committee still holds that if immigra-

tion were not closely restricted the entire population of Europe, Asia, and Africa would descend upon these peaceful shores in a body and put all the honest, God-fearing Nordics out of their jobs, but at least it is disposed to better the plight of the unfortunate immigrant who comes to Ellis Island not knowing whether or not he may be shipped back on the same boat in which he came, merely because the quota is full. The proposed immigration bill provides that certificates shall be issued abroad by the American consuls to persons desirous of entering the United States, the possession of a certificate indicating that its holder will come within the quota for a given period. The trend of the bill is to prevent overcrowding and uncertainty at Ellis Island, and to lay the burden of counting applicants for entry on the other side of the Atlantic. The most obnoxious feature of the bill, providing for a quota of only 2 per cent based on the census of 1890, apparently will be scotched because of fear of the political effect of such a drastic change in a presidential year.

THE *DAILY WORKER*, born and published in Chicago, may live and prosper after many another labor paper is forgotten, for it has several sources of strength that many of its ill-fated contemporaries have lacked. It is the organ of a cohesive and highly disciplined organization whose members will support it as a matter of party loyalty. It is a propaganda sheet; its news and its editorials are frankly "colored"—and their color is red. It makes no effort to please various factions, no pretense at being a "general" newspaper. It is the voice of the members of the Workers Party, and its money and its readers will presumably be drawn from that group. Such are the sources of the *Worker's* strength; they are also the sources of its weakness. In so far as it refuses to cater to the non-Communist workers, it will also fail to win them. We so need a labor daily in these days of high journalistic mortality and low journalistic standards that we welcome the existence of the *Worker* and admire its straightforward vigor; but we hope that it will yield to the human demand for general and non-partisan news with propaganda relegated to the editorial pages.

WHEN THE FEDERAL Department of Labor investigates conditions in sweated industries we admire it unreservedly. Unfortunately, it also attempts the school-teaching business. Its newly published "Federal Citizenship Textbook," for use in the public schools, offers our children such advice as the following:

We must respect those above us. It pays.

Be loyal to your employer. Don't be fooled by wrong talk. . . . Speak well of your bosses to other workmen.

America has been made by hard-working people. All have helped together—some with their hands, some with their brains, some with their money. . . . All these people are needed. All are workers.

Especially if your boss is an oil operator you must speak well of him to your fellow-workers while he is toiling away at Paris or Palm Beach. The "Federal Citizenship Textbook" tells you he is helping to build America.

STATISTICS OF EUROPEAN BOOK PRODUCTION which tell again the story of the last ten years are contained in the December 15 issue of *Le Droit d'Auteur*. In 1922 (the figures for 1923 are not yet complete) Ger-

many with 35,859 books led the world as she has long done in the publishing of books; Great Britain followed with 10,842; France brought out 9,432, the United States 8,638, and Italy 6,336. These totals are appalling; the world would be much better off with fewer books. But if book production is an indication of the cultural activity of a country there is matter for speculation in some of these figures. Of all the European countries only Germany and Great Britain have reached their pre-war book production—and they only in 1922. France, that in 1913 was publishing 11,460 books, is still 2,000 short, and Italy lacks 5,000 of the 11,100 she produced before the war. For England, Germany, and Italy the low production mark was in 1918. France, with little concern for anything except the catastrophe of that first war year, reached her low production mark in 1915, bettered the mark a little in 1916 and 1917, only to fall again in a depression shared by all in 1918.

FICTION CARRIES OFF THE HONORS in every country except Italy. In Italy the social sciences lead. In France and Germany books on sociology and economics have second place, but in Great Britain and the United States they fall to fourth place. Religion is almost as popular as fiction in the United States, while in Great Britain juvenile literature, which before the war occupied the seventh and lowest position on her classified list, is now second only to general fiction. The book situation in Germany, despite its apparent recovery, has from the German point of view an almost wholly tragic aspect. The greatest book-producing and book-reading country in the world now produces its books to be read by others. Handsome editions of German classics are being brought out, translations of every sort, and thousands of books on the fine arts, beautiful examples of printing and color work—for foreign consumption. The German who buys books today is that rare person who, finding himself possessed of more marks than he needs for his day's living and knowing that his marks will be worth nothing tomorrow, invests them in books as representing a more permanent value.

Three men who have risen from the ranks of the workers are assigned to the British Royal Household by the Labor Government. John Parkinson, who began work in the coal-pits at ten years of age, is Controller of the Royal Household; John Davidson, whose career started in a boot-shop, is the Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, and Thomas Griffiths, a former half-timer at fourpence a day in a tin-plate works, becomes Treasurer of the King's Household. Their duties will be largely nominal.—Press dispatch.

THOMAS GRIFFITHS

WHEN I was a young lad I worked on tin
And fourpence a day was all that I took in.
But now I am grown and a lord of the land
And I rule all the tin that the king can command.

JOHN DAVIDSON

When boots and shoes were my trade and my life
Then labor was my mother and weariness my wife,
But the Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal House
Has honor for his dam and ease for his spouse.

JOHN PARKINSON

I worked in the coal-pits along of my betters
When I ought to have been home a-learning of my letters,
But now, lord love me, what does learning mean?
Of a sudden I'm Controller of the King and the Queen.

The Call for Borah and La Follette

WASHINGTON is in such a turmoil as it has hardly known since its foundation. The nation, aroused by the foulness in its capital, looks on anxiously waiting rather helplessly for some constructive rallying cry, for some man or group of men who will lead it out of the dismal wilderness of a "business" administration. No answer comes. Senator Walsh steadily digs away at the mess of corruption, but apart from his sturdy pick-work there is no response to the country's need. Mr. Coolidge refuses to lead; he is struggling only to keep his own skirts clean, while the politicians of both parties scurry about hunting for one of their own kind who has not yet been smirched by the smell of oil. They plead piteously that men must earn a living, and lawyers must accept retainers from big business. Yet they know that the country is sick of big business and its acquisitive ethics, and yearns for men of another type. There is a groundswell such as in 1912 forced the politicians unwillingly to turn to a college president, and again they are looking about for a clean man unsoiled by Washington's unclean ways.

The dearth of men of real caliber in our political life today is pathetic. There are, however, two men in Washington, either one of whom could, if he would, put himself at the head of a movement to drive both the existing parties out of business and to give the public a new and a square deal. To Senator Borah and to Senator La Follette these scandals come as real tests of their statesmanship, their unselfishness, and their independence of petty party considerations. If Senator La Follette should announce his candidacy the standpat Republican managers would be appalled; they would be compelled to admit the loss of perhaps eight States. Senator La Follette, running on a third ticket, might not carry all eight, but his candidacy would put into the Democratic column those States which he did not win. His tremendous prestige in Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, Washington, Iowa, and Nebraska gives him the whip hand. He cannot much longer put off the decision as to whether he will head the third party for which the hour calls.

Or—Mr. Borah. If he really is through with both the old parties and if he is ready to put his powerful mind and shining uprightness at the service of his fellow-citizens, for him, too, opportunity is ripe. His plea for Denby, however, is disappointing. If he delays longer, there will inevitably be suspicion that he is waiting in the hope, perhaps, that as the Republican convention nears and the danger of a standpat candidate becomes clearer, the party will turn to him as a progressive less radical than Senator La Follette.

Hanging back is emphatically not the need of the hour. That man will command the scene who comes forward now with a ringing declaration and specific pledges. Nor will it be enough to purge the parties and the cabinet-room in the White House; government by and for the big industrialists must be ended. Such a leader ought to give the country a definite and far-reaching program of reform. He should be ready to move for government ownership of the railroads and nationalization of the mines and oil reserves; he should urge a constitutional convention to give our organic law a thoroughgoing revision. Congressional government is breaking down; as the House is now organ-

ized talent is practically barred from it. Senator Couzens has moved in the right direction in presenting a bill to give cabinet members seats in one of the houses where they could be cross-questioned daily as to the conduct of their business and the policies they sponsor. Had Secretary Fall been compelled to come to such a question-hour it is probable that he would not have dared to give away the naval oil reserves. A man as stupid and as lacking in ability as Secretary Denby would certainly not hold office long if he had to defend his official course against congressional attacks made in his presence. Those who know the House of Commons realize that there is no more important feature of the British method of carrying on governmental business than this give-and-take by direct personal contact between the executive and the legislative branches of the government.

Nationalization of the railroads and federal control of our natural resources are necessary if we are ever to take out of the hands of the big interests that supreme power against which Roosevelt orated and Wilson pleaded so eloquently. The fact that we are no further along than we were ten or fifteen years ago in winning the government back to the people is proof that more drastic remedies than have heretofore been attempted are essential. Somehow or other we must find a way to get a new type of man to the front. When one sees how easy it was for Ramsay MacDonald to put together a Cabinet of remarkable talent, men of the administrative and scholarly ability of Sidney Webb, Ponsonby, Trevelyan, Olivier, Snowden, Buxton, and Haldane, it is distressingly plain that the present American system provides scant opportunity for men of similar talent and ability to enter political life. There are men in America who measure up to the standards of the MacDonald Cabinet, but they are not getting political training.

Certainly more is needed than to turn out one set of rascals, to rehabilitate one party or the other, to put into conspicuous office a few clean and honorable men like Senator La Follette or Senator Borah. A party organized about an individual cannot endure—that was the lesson of the Progressive crusade; but an individual may galvanize into national unity a movement which already exists. Progressivism in the Northwest is no mushroom growth; it has its roots in the generous enthusiasm that was wasted on Populism and Free Silver; it has tested itself through Republican insurgentism, through the eras of the Progressive Party and of the Nonpartisan League, and has been finding itself under the leadership of Robert La Follette. But it lacks, at present, the broad perspective and the body of competent officers which a national movement needs.

All this reinforces the opportunity and the duty before Senator La Follette or Senator Borah—there is no reason why there should not be competition for the honor of leading in this hour. If neither leads, then both will be condemned as having been tried and found wanting in a most critical hour. The faith of the American people in its institutions cannot be much longer preserved if the sordid and selfish interests in our business life continue to control, if in the face of scandals crying for redress no leader comes forward to say that these things shall cease and that the conditions which make them possible shall be ended.

A General Turns Pacifist

GENERAL PERCIN was one of the French artillery officers most concerned in perfecting the famous 75-millimeter field gun. When the war broke out in 1914 he was in command of the Lille area, but after a few weeks he was removed from his post and then placed on the retired list, on the alleged ground that his mistakes had been responsible for the loss of Lille. It was generally believed, however, that his dismissal was due to his political opinions rather than to any incompetence. The general defended himself vigorously in a book entitled "Lille, 1914." Recently he created something of a sensation by announcing his conversion to pacifism. His "confession of faith," which appeared in *L'Ordre Naturel*, a French pacifist review, is so extraordinary a document that we print it here in full:

I was brought up as an ardent militarist, not to say jingo, and in 1865 entered the army as a professional soldier. I was twice wounded in the war of 1870, and for the next forty years detested the Germans and ardently prepared for a war of revenge. Now, at the age of 77, I have become an uncompromising pacifist, a keen internationalist, and a strong partisan of a Franco-German rapprochement.

The war of 1914-1918 showed me the fallacy of believing that war is an unavoidable evil, the only method of settling international disputes. I now see that war no longer pays; it does not even secure peace, but only breeds immorality and opens the door to political reaction. Victory is no longer the reward of bravery, of ardor in a just cause; it is but the result partly of superiority in mechanical resources, partly of purely fortuitous circumstances, so that the wrong side is as likely to win as the right. War is not only a ruinous, barbarous, and inhuman way of settling international disputes, but an extremely stupid way as well, and must be replaced by something rational and effective. That method is the arbitration of the League of Nations—but of a real league, from which no one is excluded, not even Germany.

The fundamental error of the Treaty of Versailles was to negotiate without Germany, to extort from her a confession of guilt, and to make her solely responsible for war damages. There can be no solution to the problem of reparations as long as the responsibility of each belligerent in the World War has not been defined by a tribunal in which France will not be simultaneously judge and plaintiff. That tribunal must be the League of Nations.

Before the League can be, however, a true international body, it must be controlled by men with a true international outlook, not by delegates primarily charged with the defense of their own country's interests. What then are the practical steps to be taken toward this end?

First, the creation of an international mind by the suppression of barriers such as customs and passports.

Secondly, the destruction of the war-time mind by educating peoples to the fallacy of old traditions concerning the alleged glory of war and the supremacy of so-called national interests; by inculcating into children the idea that there is nothing more "noble" about the profession of arms than about that of a scavenger; by remolding our teaching of history; by no longer giving soldiers or weapons as toys; by refusing to perpetuate in street names either battles or soldiers, replacing such names by those of real benefactors of humanity—in a word, by making pacifism as fashionable as "bellicisme" has been hitherto.

Thirdly, the suppression of the chief cause of war, by the internationalization of the wealth of the sub-soil, such as the coal of the Ruhr, the iron ore of Lorraine, the oil of Mosul.

It is to that triple reform that the League of Nations should now direct its energies.

Mr. Albee, Meet Mr. Jefferson

EDWARD F. ALBEE, national chairman of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, announces in the *Washington Post* a campaign to make of Jefferson's home, Monticello, "an active agency of relentless war against the dangerous radicalisms of our time, when the teachings of Jefferson are needed as never before in the history of our country." Mr. Albee should begin by buying a set of the works of Thomas Jefferson, and discovering what his teachings were. He might be frightened into resignation.

"God forbid that we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion," Thomas Jefferson wrote when he heard that the farmers of western Massachusetts had taken their guns in hand and marched forth to protest taxes they did not like. "What country can preserve its liberties if its rulers are not warned from time to time that this people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms. The remedy is to set them right as to facts, pardon, and pacify them. What signify a few lives lost in a century or two? The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is a natural manure."

No, the fathers of this country were not the thin-spirited souls who make up the Sons of the Revolution, the memorial funds, and the patriotic societies today. They liked nothing better than a rebellious spirit. Thomas Jefferson did not forget that he had been a revolutionary himself. "If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union or to change its republican form," he said in his First Inaugural Address, "let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it." Nor did tenure of office spoil his spirit: after two terms in the Presidency he could still write of "the tardy will of governments, who are always, in their stock of information, a century or two behind the intelligent part of mankind." A man of that spirit could be used in the State Department today. And it might be well to discover a candidate for the Presidency who would write, as Jefferson did in 1799: "I am not for a standing army in time of peace, which may overawe the public sentiment; nor for a navy which, by its own expenses and the eternal wars in which it will implicate us, will grind us with public burthens and sink us under them."

No, Jefferson would not get on today. We might even arrest him as an anarchist. "I hold it that a little rebellion now and then is a good thing," he said; and when the Alien and Sedition Acts were passed, he "discharged every person under punishment or prosecution under the sedition law, because I considered, and now consider, that law to be a nullity, as absolute and as palpable as if Congress had ordered us to fall down and worship a golden image, and that it was my duty to arrest its execution at every stage." Debs could not be more defiant. Men were jailed in the late war for less than Jefferson's remark: "As for France and England . . . the one is a den of robbers and the other of pirates."

Make Jefferson's home "an active agency of relentless war" against "radicalism"? As soon dedicate the Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, birthplace of A. Mitchell Palmer as a Temple of Tolerance or make Mr. Fall's ranch at Three Rivers, New Mexico, a Shrine of Self-Sacrifice.

Is Labor a Lost Hope?

THE last convention of the United Mine Workers was one of the stormiest in its stormy history. Of late years many union conventions have had melodramatic clashes between the platform and the floor. In no other union, however, is the rank and file so openly and yet so helplessly rebellious against a domineering leadership. When well-nigh the entire convention raised bedlam for over an hour against what seemed a too bold steal of their votes, President John L. Lewis contemptuously thundered above the din that they "could shout until they met in hell." Mr. Lewis's policy of appointing instead of electing organizers and field workers lost on a viva voce and then on a rising vote, but miraculously won on a roll call. The officers of the "red" Nova Scotia district were not reinstated; neither were Alexander Howat and the tried leaders of the Kansas miners. Today Mr. Lewis controls four "provisional" districts in which every official is his appointee. An old-time delegate expressed the feelings of very many of his fellows when he dubiously shook his head upon leaving the convention and said: "I don't care how strong the administration seems. If they must resort to such tactics . . . then our union will soon begin to disintegrate."

The publicity given to this fight within the United Mine Workers forces a reconsideration of the significance of the labor movement in American life. The time has come when its friends must speak frankly. Throughout the world in the last decades the young and forward-looking have been turning eagerly to labor as the most hopeful avenue of escape from a civilization brutalized by machinery and dominated by the lust for profit and power. Yet labor, particularly in America, is increasingly accepting the ethical standards and practices of our acquisitive society.

There is in the American labor movement today sadly little social enthusiasm or constructive energy for the struggle against war and waste. The Plumb Plan is in a sleep that looks like death, leaving behind no better claimant to the loyalty of the railway unions. The miners' resolution in favor of the nationalization of coal has been put on a high shelf by President Lewis. The decline in the membership of the American Federation of Labor continues, yet no dramatic or effective drive is made to organize the millions of America's unorganized workers. The militant membership of the unions is absorbed in factional fights carried on with a contemptuous disregard for standards of fair play. The energy of many labor leaders is exhausted in hanging on to their jobs—a task in which they are aided in many of the international unions by as clever devices for political manipulation and as flagrant a system of pocket boroughs as ever an old English aristocracy or a modern political boss could imagine. The natural result is a widely diffused cynicism among the rank and file, coming to the surface in such outlaw strikes as broke out among the shoe workers of Brockton, Massachusetts, and the pressmen of New York City, directed as much against their own officers as against the employers.

We are not here attempting a balanced presentation of the present state of organized labor; our readers know our belief that the labor movement of today, despite its faults, is the chief present agency of social progress. Too many great movements have faltered as they approached their goal, and the American labor movement seems to us

to show dangerous symptoms of decay. Some observers point cheerfully to the rapid development of labor banks in this country. But if there is behind the labor banks today a reasoned theory and plan of social amelioration to be wrought by labor through the control of its own financial resources and credit the leaders hesitate to admit it. Nor is there much reflection upon the possible effects of adding the psychology of the bank director to the psychology of the trade-union official. Neither the lust for power nor the thirst for profit is likely to be seriously endangered by the advent of trade-union capitalism.

In fact, the establishment of four labor banks in rapid succession in New York City emphasizes the disunion and factionalism of the labor movement. There may be room for more than four labor banks in New York City; more than four might have developed in time as the pioneers achieved success. But four were established within a few months without consultation, and they were sure to come into sharp rivalry. Mutual recrimination has already begun. The line of division is in the first instance between the two banks owned by members of the American Federation of Labor and the two outside the Federation. An effective labor movement would care more for labor as a whole than for accidental organization lines. Instead, one bank is bitterly denouncing the others. Plainly labor banking has brought with it no balm to heal the internal sores which give the employing class so great an advantage in the labor struggle.

But it is not the fact that there are divisions between unions or sharp factional struggles within unions which is most disquieting. It is the spirit in which these combats are carried on. It is a spirit devoid of fairness. "Only liberals and fools talk about fairness in a fight like this" was the recent expression of one of the factional warriors. We have neither the space nor the heart to illustrate the matter at length. The perfect example was that extraordinary attack on "Reds" issued by Ellis Searles with the approval of the officers of the United Mine Workers. The principal "investigator" for Mr. Searles, there is reason to believe, had been an agent for the most virulent anti-union employers. The report was more mendacious, absurd, libelous than the best efforts of W. J. Burns. Few capitalist newspapers would have published it save for the authority of a powerful union. And that is but one illustration of many which warrant the statement that the political struggle within certain unions is today carried on more ruthlessly than on the political battlefield of the nation.

For all this there is no mechanical remedy, certainly no remedy that can be applied from without. The situation requires a new ethical sense and a new social vision within the unions themselves. Will labor education perhaps lift enough of the workers above the noise and dust of the strife of trade unions for advantage and of factions for power, and enable them to see what must be done for the sake of that future of which labor should be the chief builder? Will a better leadership arise from the ranks of the workers, a leadership which will make it possible for labor to play its part in the coming national crisis? We do not know, but we hope. And while the present outlook is dark, the record of labor's long struggle justifies hope.

How Poincaré Prepared for War

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

"Your French colleague (M. Poincaré) is annoyed by the campaign of the Radical Socialists which consists in saying: 'We will not permit a war to grow out of Eastern affairs, particularly out of the relations between Serbia and Austria.' To paralyze this campaign in the press some money is needed . . ."

THUS M. Arthur Raffalovich, the Czar's secret agent in Paris, reported to the Russian Prime Minister in December, 1912. The Second Balkan War was drawing to its close as a triumph for the Balkan Allies, and Austria and Serbia were at swords' points over the questions raised by it. Europe was on the verge of a war. A few papers in Paris were warning France of the imminent catastrophe. M. Poincaré, Prime Minister of France and Minister of Foreign Affairs, was "annoyed" (the French word is *ennuyé*), and he turned to his Russian ally for money with which to silence them. He got it; but despite his success in buying off the pacifist press* the war was averted—postponed for two years.

This particular Russian press campaign in Paris is particularly significant because it sheds an unholy light on M. Poincaré's state of mind in the days when the World War was brewing. These bribes bore no relation to the Russian loans placed in Paris; they related to the attitude of the Paris press toward the question of peace or war in Europe. As will be seen, the money was used to stifle peace sentiment in Paris and to help force the provocative three-year military-service law on France.

It was in October, 1912, in the midst of the Balkan war, that the Russian ambassador in Paris, Izvolski, came to feel the need of a subsidized press campaign. The possibility of Austrian, then of Russian intervention, followed by just such a European conflagration as burst out in 1914, loomed large. M. Izvolski wrote to his chief in Russia, suggesting the allocation of a sum of 300,000 francs, to be distributed to Paris newspapers through M. Lenoir, who had managed the largesse of 1904-1905. Izvolski had, of course, consulted Poincaré. (As he put it, "the French statesmen are very familiar with affairs of this kind.") M. Poincaré approved the subsidies and offered to suggest the "most opportune" method of distributing them. The men at the helm in St. Petersburg, however, were loath to spend so much money on the Paris newspapers; the experience of 1904-1905 had convinced them that Paris editors had insatiable financial appetites and did not "stay bought."

M. Poincaré and M. Klotz, his Minister of Finance, however, were not to be stopped. They were engaged in the campaign to force a three-year military-service law in France, where a peace party was objecting that France should not let Russia drag her into a war. They needed help. They pressed the matter in October, and again in December. On December 2, 1912, Raffalovich wrote to the

Russian premier: "M. Lenoir called to ask if anything had been turned over for the press affair, for which you and I have an equal repugnance." "But," Raffalovich added, "our feeling should yield to the indications of M. Poincaré and M. Klotz." St. Petersburg still hesitated. Ten days later he reported that M. Izvolski "considers the situation grave, and foresees occupation of the Serbian capital by the Austrians"—in other words, a European war. Under these conditions, he added, "the ambassador believes that we should not haggle about the 100,000 francs that M. Klotz wants for the period to the end of January. . . ." This fragment is also significant:

I complimented M. Izvolski on the new attitude of the *Temps*; in its last-minute news I had read dispatches dated from St. Petersburg, which he had dictated [in Paris]. He told me that he exercised a certain influence upon four daily newspapers, including the *Eclair*. As he had spoken of giving money to certain individuals I asked their names so as to have Lenoir pay them. He replied that it was impossible to name them, that he had to pay them in cash, hand to hand. . . . It amounted to about 30,000 francs.

St. Petersburg agreed to advance the 100,000 francs.

One hundred thousand francs, however, did not satisfy the French Minister of Finance. He wanted the full 300,000 suggested in October. The Russians had virtually promised that in the course of time they would turn over the larger sum. Poincaré was elected President in January, 1913. First Briand and then Barthou succeeded him as Prime Minister, but Klotz remained in charge of the Treasury, and the policy of the succeeding cabinets hardly changed. The Chamber was in constant turmoil as the governments pressed the three-year military-service bill. Klotz insistently demanded the money of Raffalovich.

Klotz was frank enough. "He insists upon the necessity of spending a large sum on the press because of the possibility of a campaign against the new military law, and also in connection with the general difficult situation of the French Cabinet," the Russian Minister of Finance wrote, in asking Sazonov's advice on June 4, 1913. Apparently Klotz and Poincaré felt it unsafe to use the regular French government propaganda funds on their own press, and turned to the Czar to help them force on France a law which the French people did not want. Raffalovich and Izvolski argued that Russian interests also should be safeguarded, but M. Klotz felt that a good ally should ask no questions. Sazonov finally decided that Klotz should get another 100,000 francs, but "on condition that the subventioned press supports our interests primarily, for instance in Balkan questions, and also supports the policy of the French Cabinet and realization of the French law for three-year military service." Raffalovich had a hard time explaining this to M. Klotz, who, on receiving news of the conditions, was very angry and said that he would complain to M. Poincaré! Apparently, however, the Russian insistence bore small fruit, for the entire 100,000 francs was spent in bribing Radical Socialist papers which were opposing the Poincaré-Klotz-Barthou military law. Raffalovich forwarded the checks in November, 1913—42,000 francs to the *Lanterne*, 17,000 to the *Aurore*, 11,000 to the *Événement*, 9,000 to the

* Mr. Gannett's article, *The Secret Corruption of the French Press*, which appeared in *The Nation* for February 6, summarized revelations, from the Soviet archives, of the systematic bribery of the Paris and London press by Czarist gold, from 1914 to the eve of the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917. A few American papers in referring to these revelations have spoken of "alleged" documents, but in Paris, where the documents have been published in the *Humanité* and the *Quotidien*, their authenticity is accepted. M. Poincaré evaded discussion of them in the Chamber, and the *Temps*, the mouthpiece of the Foreign Office, accused of accepting 150,000 francs a year from a foreign government, has not breathed a word of denial.

Action, 11,000 to the *France*, 7,000 to the *Rappel*, 2,000 to the *Gil Blas*, and 1,000 to the *Paris-Journal*. The fateful three-year military-service law had been passed on August 7—just one year before the war.

This may seem a detailed bit of ancient history. It is important because it reveals the manner in which the French people were inveigled into bellicose measures by Poincaré and other militarist leaders. *Poincaré actually induced a foreign government to give him money with which to bribe his own press—to that was democracy in France reduced.*

The existence of the Franco-Russian Alliance (which Russian newspaper bribes had helped to buy) kept Russian

eyes on the French but the documents also reveal smaller payments to the *Kölnische Zeitung*, the *Berliner Börsen Zeitung*, and other German papers—listed apparently as “advertising.” The *Amsterdam Telegraaf* and the *London Times* were liberally paid in war time for publishing Russian supplements similar to those of the *Paris Temps*—the *Telegraaf* 60,000 florins a year and the *Times* £14,400—though no such abject contracts as Charles Rivet made for the *Temps* have yet been revealed. Indeed an American, “Mr. J. D. Welpley,” appears on the list as receiving \$2,500 a year from 1913 to 1917 “for inserting articles in the American press.” Has anything changed since 1917?

A Parable of Paradise

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

There'll be a glassy paradise
Where all will have their crowns of ice,
And all will wear their robes of snow;
And the trees will bow and the winds will blow—
And men will falter to and fro.

Men will prowl like timid beasts
Hungry after a hundred feasts
And break the bracken down in the woods,
Crash and fret and gaze and spy—
And look for nothing, low and high.

Then they will shiver, and go to sleep . . .

To sleep, to sleep, and toss and sigh—
Sprawled they will mutter where they lie,
And sit up rigid, and wonder why.

They seem to stretch and never wake:
There is a glaze they cannot break
To the world outside or the inner eye;
Oh, how they retch and cannot ache,
Oh, how they try and cannot weep—
And there's nothing to do but shiver and sleep.

This weight of nothingness is more
Than any planet stood before.
Shades and empty clouds will gather
Tons of fret in weight of weather,
Till under the burden of this lack
Obeisant earth will warp and crack,
Open a wound to bleed them terror.

Lava, lava. Slow and thick
Earth oozes, shudders, and is sick.

How they will gape at the molten stone,
Take earth's illness for their own,
And groan . . .

There they will stand, stormed by pain,
The obscene flood, the lewd stain.

Across the glassy zones of ice
Comes the long writhe and the slow hiss,
Sluggish red, the fire's kiss—
Snaky mark in paradise.

And who is this delivers them?
The serpent, yea, the very same
Who was their doom and shame.

Cast down your haughty diadem,
Your paradisaal diadem,
Into the lava flame.

Now all the pent-up rivers run
In head-long silence under sun;
And miracle, oh, miracle,
The silver fluid in their veins
Is moving in a miracle:

In them their own volcanoes seethe,
And their bright bodies breathe . . .

And fixedly as in a spell
They watch the serpent writhe, and wreath
Over the earth, and on to smite
The glassy sea—and the marble, white
Stone sea uplifts a mist of light.

Oh, what marvels they behold:
The mountains settling, fold on fold,
Cliffs that melt, and rivers gold,
And mists like angels rising slowly,
Singing holy, holy, holy.

They are not souls, but flesh at last,
And the rent earth, under the ice,
Dearer than any paradise—
Into the sea their crowns they cast,
Into the air go up their cries,
With joy they rend their snowy guise,
And now they wait, transfixed with awe,
By the white sea—by the red flaw. . . .

For the poem printed above Miss Taggard has been awarded second prize in The Nation's Poetry Contest. The winning poem, "Jezebel," by Scudder Middleton, was published in last week's issue; and the poem receiving honorable mention, "Advice to a Clam Digger," by Wilbert Snow, will appear next week.

Refined Products of Oil

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

HOW old is Ralston? That is the question that began incessantly to circulate among Democrats as soon as McAdoo was accused by Doheny of having been his lawyer. Friends of Underwood, friends of Smith, friends of Cox, friends of Davis all claimed, it is true, that McAdoo's alleged political demise would benefit their favorites in the Democratic nomination race. It soon appeared, however, that the McAdoo following, if it left McAdoo, would find it difficult to go to Smith, because of Smith's being wet; would find it difficult to go to Cox, because of old enmities; and would find it difficult to go to Underwood or to Davis, because of their being regarded as conservatives.

Therefore little by little, in every group of Democratic political confabulators, the talk would return to the question: How old is Ralston?

There is of course no doubt whatsoever that from the standpoint of national political experience and of long acquaintance with the problems of the national government the most qualified Democratic running candidate for the nomination for the Presidency is Underwood. He served ten terms in the House of Representatives. He was the immediate author of a distinguished tariff law. He is serving his second term in the Senate. He was one of the four American delegates at the Washington Arms Conference. He is a man of a personal disposition gentle and kindly and considerate of others. He is a man of a public record notable for careful attentiveness to his duty as he sees it and for the personal regard which he has gathered to himself from his colleagues.

Thus the Democratic Party finds itself in the position of wanting to look progressive this year and of discovering nevertheless that its most qualified potential candidate is a conservative and a Southerner.

It also has the pain to discover that its new political star, Senator Walsh of Montana, is a Catholic. It fears that if it should nominate Cox there will be voters who will remember that this is the man who ran in 1920. It regrets the Catholicism and the bottomless wetness of Smith. It deplores the legal services rendered by Davis to dark New York interests known on the prairies as "the Morgans" and the "Sugar Trust."

The progressive part of the Democratic Party, surveying this scene, had fixed its affections centrally on McAdoo, who, next to Underwood, is undoubtedly better acquainted with the national government and with its problems than any other Democratic presidential contestant.

McAdoo, it is true, has never been elected to any office. His total public life seems to have consisted of being at one time a deputy clerk in a federal court in Tennessee and then of being Secretary of the Treasury and Director General of Railroads during the war. He nevertheless did gain during the war a quite deep knowledge of many major national economic and political situations, and it is impossible to converse with him without realizing that ever since his retirement from office he has given his mind most actively and intently to studies of this country's principal economic and political issues, both national and international. Without Underwood's length of experience and

depth of accumulated political second nature, McAdoo, like Underwood, is a national public man.

Davis's contacts with national legislation and administration have consisted of two terms in the House of Representatives, of five years of service as Solicitor General in the Department of Justice, and then of a sojourn in London as American ambassador. Manifestly this round of experience leaves Davis inferior to both Underwood and McAdoo as a tried national public man.

Cox was a member of the federal House of Representatives for two terms during the Presidency of William Howard Taft and since that time has had nothing to do with Washington except to run for the Presidency.

Smith never at any time has had anything to do with the federal government. Nor has Ralston, except during the period which has elapsed since December 3 last and which has seen him in Washington as United States Senator from Indiana. Ralston was never in the lower house. He was never a member of the Cabinet. He was never a subordinate official in any federal department. By the time the Democratic convention meets he will have had an experience of about seven months as Senator. This is perhaps the only country in the world in which men can get chosen to head the national government without any previous important national experience and achievement.

Ralston indeed, according to all available testimony, was an excellent Governor of Indiana. He also has had a continuous interest in politics since his early manhood. He has been a convinced consistent low-tariff old-fashioned Jeffersonian party Democrat year after year in Indiana. He is a man for whose personal character the whole State of Indiana seems to have a profound esteem and for whose work as Governor his fellow-Indianans have both esteem and gratitude. He runs for office always reluctantly. He refused to try to succeed himself as Governor. He was induced to run for United States Senator only after the most vigorous pressure upon him by local Democratic leaders who finally told him that he would be an ingrate to the party if he refused to run. Moved by that taunt, he did run and managed to beat the distinguished Republican Albert J. Beveridge.

Progressives cannot convict Ralston of being a reactionary, nor conservatives of being a radical. If McAdoo by the magic which often lies in a display of courage succeeds in breaking through the insinuations leveled against him because of his employment as a lawyer by Doheny, the question now to the front about Ralston may begin to die away.

The answer to it is that Ralston is sixty-six years old. The Democratic donkey, finding some reason for shying away from each of its prospective riders, pokes its ears suspiciously forward toward that alarming figure sixty-six. It begins to be thought, however, that if Ralston will rest on his record and will abstain from all the exhaustions of politics and will hire a couple of doctors and a physical trainer and spend all his time on a golf links and go to the convention ruddy and abounding in obvious health, he may very well by that course of conduct find himself running with great speed toward the White House.

The Jew Meditates

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

IN 1918 a very distinguished gentleman of German name and birth came to a Jewish friend of his and said: "I now know what it is like to be a Jew. Wherever I go there is a moral atmosphere that forces upon me a moral decision. I must connive at the concealment of my origin or proclaim it; I must risk the imputation of cowardice or effrontery. People are cold to me and I wince; they are kind to me and I also wince. In their coldness is disdain, in their kindness an unescapable tinge of pity or patronage. The psychological fabric of my social behavior is in shreds. I know exactly now why you and your people are accused of bad manners. How can one's manners be 'good' when all agreements and social certainties are lacking? Whatever one does will be considered an excess. And indeed it is always an excess, a sinking below or reaching above a norm. But the reason is that the norm is shifting, is unstable. I never know where I am. So my behavior is apt to be blind. Can you blame me if, for comfort, for self-respect, for inner peace, I am more and more inclined to associate only with my cultural and racial kinsmen? They may bore me sometimes and surfeit me. But I cannot always be living on a knife's edge. So I am beginning to understand the voluntary and yet involuntary segregation of Jewry——"

"The Ghetto habit," the Jew put in. "Yes, we even build our houses in the same neighborhood. We are always, you see, in difficulties. If there is a new Gentile neighbor we don't know whether to call or not. If we do we risk an affront; yet if we do not we risk being discourteous to, perhaps, charming and liberal people. The wonder is that under such pressure we have not hardened into indifference. Our sons and daughters at school and college are tossed from horn to horn of the same dilemma. And the worst of it is that we are all super-sensitive because we are neurasthenic. We might as well be frank with others and with ourselves about that. Whether it is the millennial burden of cultural life or the millennial burden of persecution doesn't matter. We are a people with abnormally and morbidly acute nerves and appetites and sensibilities. Our physical stamina seems boundless; our nervous systems are smashed. There is scarcely a Jewish family in which there isn't either madness or genius. Commonly both."

The German nodded. "I think I grasp the situation perfectly. My remote descendants in America will be like you if the present situation lasts. But"—he straightened himself—"it won't."

"No," the Jew agreed. "The historical accident or fatality that has placed you in your present situation is temporary in its effects; the fatality that has placed me in mine is eternal."

With that they parted. But in the five years that have elapsed the Jew has observed his German friend. Something of ease and comfort and simplicity of conduct has never wholly come back to this man. The marks of persecution are hidden, but they are deep.

In the present year an American friend came to the Jew and said: "This wave of anti-Semitism is un-American; it is damnable. What are we going to do about it?"

The American was enormously sincere and well-meaning.

His mind was efficient and his fists doubled for a righteous fray. The Jew smiled a crooked smile.

"You can't really do anything about it."

The American braced himself cheerily. "Nonsense! That's rank pessimism."

The Jew said: "Listen to me a little. Remember that Jew-baiting has nothing to do with Jewish characteristics or rather, I should say, with the *quality* of Jewish characteristics. We are hated for our wealth and for our poverty, for our plutocrats and for our Reds, for display and for stealth, for hard-headedness and warm-heartedness, for arrogance and servility, for pushingness and reserve, for speech and silence, for political participation and non-participation. If we desire assimilation you drive us out of your universities by chicanery and insult; if we do not strive after assimilation you say we ought to go where we came from. If we make shoddy moving pictures you blame us; but if we create and support more than half of the art life of the country, in the theater, in literature, in music, you blame us no less. You flunk sincerely to our great financiers, and perhaps the only thing that might conceivably reconcile you to us is a preponderance of mere power. We haven't it; we can never have it; we don't want it. Our highest expressions of material power are always second rate. The greatest bankers, the biggest merchants, the most powerful oligarchs are not Jews. The greatest fiddlers are Jews; some of the greatest living poets and scientists are Jews. Does that reconcile you? It isn't, you see, so easy."

The American was crestfallen. His kindly energy had gone out of him. He was desperately uncomfortable in the face of a situation where something ought to be done—something righteous and American and immediate—and where something gray and futile and eternal seemed, wraith-like yet impenetrable, to block all paths.

He fidgeted. Then he blurted out. "Then why don't you assimilate in the literal sense; why don't you intermarry?"

The Jew shrugged his shoulders. . . . There was a time when he had shrugged his shoulders innocently and naturally. Then had come years in which he didn't shrug his shoulders at all. He had wanted to be an American gentleman. Now it was a point of honor with him to shrug his shoulders whenever the impulse came to him—to shrug them neither defiantly nor surreptitiously, but just simply. By an elaborate psychological process he usually succeeded now in a perfect imitation of himself. . . . He said: "Just as there is a will to persist, that is, to affirm its identity, in the individual organism, so there is in those larger and looser organisms known as racial and cultural groups. This will isn't conscious by nature. But it is very strong. Among us, moreover, it has been forced into consciousness and has become implicated with our human honor. You are what you are by blood, descent, inheritance. If the world misprizes what you are, it misprizes the father that begot and the mother who bore you. To merge yourself with those who persecute you and deny your worth is to repudiate yourself and your ancestors even to the remotest. It is to give in, to fling away your people and yourself, to admit all accusations, shoulder all guilt, and invite for it the penalty

of extinction. It cannot be done. The children of mixed marriages usually marry Jews again and return to Jewry, and the more high-minded and sensitive and unworldly they are the surer is this process of reassimilation. It is not that we do not love Gentiles or are not loved by them in return. On the contrary. Love alone seems to transcend these ancient divisions. But deep-rooted pieties and points of honor intervene to give us pause. Not until the last vestige of anti-Semitism has been eradicated from the world will literal assimilation be possible. And then, perhaps, it will not be desired."

"Then," said the American, "have you no solution to offer?"

"Solution?" asked the Jew. "To your mind there is a Wrong here for which you want to substitute a Right. I do very truly appreciate that impulse in you. But it's an impulse out of touch with realities. The world is far too intricate for what you call a 'solution' of a given difficulty, certainly of any difficulty as ancient and persistent and troublesome as this. I do not deny that things are better. In most countries, just as heretics are no longer burned, neither are we. As Europe recovers from the war actual pogroms will, no doubt, cease again. And in each generation decent and liberal people like yourself have contributed to this end and have, in so far, deserved the gratitude not only of Israel but of mankind. The deep, fundamental difficulty remains. Only manners and modes of operation change. The Jews will remain a minority, an ever more highly intellectualized minority, therefore always outcasts and martyrs and, by virtue of their high sensitiveness and high power of expressiveness through the arts, protesting outcasts and articulate martyrs."

"Then what, then what are you driving at?"

"People like yourself will help us," the Jew said. "And you are bound to help us for the sake of your own inner integrity. But our salvation must come from within. It must come from our acceptance—not of flagrant injustice or the harsher forms of exclusion—but of our essential fate."

"A great Jew has said that we are still, all of us, obscurely conscious of election. It is true. Well, election to what? To restoring Palestine or rebuilding the Temple of Solomon? Without wholly sharing the Zionist ideology, I am anxious and eager to see the Palestinian colonies flourish. And I am much more in sympathy with the mystical Zionists than with the bourgeoisie which repudiates Zionism in favor of hundred-per-cent Americanism or Britishism or Germanism. God protect us from the gentlemen who, because they have money and comfort, sign the blank checks of any state that has them in its power. The superstition of absolute sovereignties and allegiances, as Albrecht Mendelssohn-Bartholdy has so magnificently proved, must be eradicated if the world, including Jewry, is to be saved at all. The Jews were great patriots in the World War. No field but was soaked with their blood. I do not ask: What has it availed them? I ask: What has it availed mankind? But suppose that, like Albert Einstein, they had followed their own greatest—had followed Jesus and Spinoza, had written upon banners of love and protest their immemorial motto 'Israel's Mission is Peace'? They would have been martyred, you say? They are martyred now. But now their martyrdom is without a meaning. That is the tragedy—that, only that!

"They must give meaning to their martyrdom. As indi-

viduals they do. No battle is fought for human freedom but Jews are there; no prison where men are held for the sake of conscience but Jews are there. Look into the garrets where artists starve for the integrity of their art. Jews are there. And not only are they there, but they are there in such numbers, in proportion to their whole number, as to show the instinctive striving to be worthy of that obscure feeling of election that is in them. And likewise if you seek here or in other countries, but especially in America, for those who support the causes of art and tolerance and peace you will find so many Jews that, without them, those causes would often be in great danger. I do not say that, as some Jews do, in pride. I say it with humility and almost with shame. For the deep instincts that teach them to be what they are and do what they do seem never to rise into their minds. With their minds they are always seeking to escape their fate—in patriotism and in all those things of which the world is weary, in all those things which are at the root of the deadly sickness of the world. They are martyred and they do not know to what.

"They must embrace their fate. Their history and their character teaches them what that fate and that mission and that salvation is. A friend tells me of a young Jew at West Point who, suffering from the alleged physical timidity of his folk, made himself the best boxer of his class. That poor lad illustrates all the shame and futility of the doctrine of escape. He had no business at West Point; he had no business with war nor with gentility. There is too much boxing and ambition for boxing in the world. There is too much gentility. His place was with conscientious objectors; his place was in prisons with outcasts, in hospitals with the sick and wounded. If he wanted to show that his body was not afraid, his place was on platforms and street corners facing infuriated mobs in the cause of peace and international good-will and freedom. He abandoned the mission of Israel. And yet I dare swear that he found promotion in a Christian army all but impossible and social equality grudgingly granted. He helped neither himself nor his Gentile fellow-men. He was a martyr and his martyrdom had no meaning. He saved neither himself nor others."

"Yes, I have left out religion. I have been told that before. I cannot help it. Neither Jew nor Gentile can be saved by rituals or metaphysical assumptions. It has been tried. It has failed. By all means let there be temples and rabbis. When your Christian neighbor preaches war, do you, rabbi, preach peace; when he preaches nationalism, preach internationalism. When he preaches the suppression of art and vital impulse, do you preach reason and tolerance and liberation. If your temples are stoned, let them not be stoned for some ridiculous superstition, such as that the Jews killed Christ or conspired for power. Let them be stoned because your temples are the dwelling-places of peace and of reason where every new truth is first received and proclaimed, where there is first uttered the heresy which is the faith of tomorrow and the blasphemy that is the truth of tomorrow. Then, perhaps, a day will come when of those stones will be built a temple wherein the nations will gather to acknowledge Israel's gift and mission of peace."

[This is the tenth in a series of articles on The Jew in America which have been appearing in The Nation for the past twelve months.]

Within the Law of Tooth and Claw

By WEBB WALDRON

(This story is true. A few names of persons and places have been changed, but every detail is supported by the sworn statements of the Von Intens and of their business manager, James C. Sherman.)

THE scene is the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. It is a region which, to the eye, preserves many of the characteristics of the frontier. For hours you ride through forest, then pass a clearing, a log-cabin or a tar-papered shack, a nondescript barn, a few fields of potatoes or oats struggling through blackened stumps, then again the interminable stretches of forest. Most of this has been lumbered over once, but to the untrained eye it has a virgin look. There is the iron region, Ishpeming and Negaunee, red shaft houses, red dumps, rudded files of miners coming and going, red roads, red everywhere. There is the copper country, Red Jacket, Laurium, Calumet, sprawling on the barren ridges of the Keweenaw Peninsula. There is Marquette, built of ox-blood sandstone, looking down on her deep blue bay—the metropolis of the Upper Peninsula and its one city of charm. The population is Swedish and Norwegian in the farming sections, Irish often in the towns, French Canadian in outlying settlements, and in the mining towns every race out of Europe. Since the wealth of this region is largely in iron, copper, and lumber, its development has come for the most part through large corporations, and these corporations control it industrially, socially, and journalistically.

The principal character is a man named Karl von Inten. Several generations ago a Von Inten ancestor migrated from Germany to Sweden, and married into an aristocratic Swedish family. Though his descendants became essentially Swedish, they retained the German "von." Karl von Inten's grandfather, a physician, came to America about the time of our Civil War. He practiced in New York, later in Virginia, then adventured into the woods of northern Michigan where a small Swedish settlement, Westervik, had begun on the shore of Huron Bay. There William von Inten, the son, grew up, married, became a well-known timber-looker. He had a family of eight children. The two older sons, Karl and Emerik, were sent to the medical school of the University of Michigan. When Karl graduated in 1900, he began practice in the town of L'Anse.

Inevitably the family's thoughts were on the forest. Though the white pine has been lumbered out of the Upper Peninsula, there are still in the sections away from the railroads large areas of hemlock and hardwood. Karl was a good doctor, a tireless worker. As his practice grew, he began to put his savings into timberland around Huron Bay. Much of this land was bought from Swedish and Norwegian homesteaders and, contrary to a common practice of land buyers to beat the owners down to the lowest possible price, the Von Intens always paid fairly for land.

The only outlet of this Huron Bay district is by water. And the Westervik sawmill and dock are exactly in the most strategic position to serve the whole district. The harbor is deep and well protected from lake storms, the

dock exceptionally well arranged for loading at minimum expense. In 1905 Karl bought a three-fourths interest in the mill. By sawing his own logs and marketing the lumber, he would be able to realize the maximum on his investment. The mill at this time was on lease to one Krebs. Karl had not accumulated enough land to begin sawing on a large scale, therefore he renewed Krebs's lease for five years more. At the end of the five years, Krebs pleaded that he must have more time to clean up his lands. Reluctantly Karl extended the lease two years. Reluctantly, for Krebs was treating the mill badly. Karl's reluctance was justified, for in the next two years Krebs virtually ran the mill into the ground and Karl had to lay out several thousand dollars to get it in shape.

In 1912, then, Karl was ready to begin logging and sawing on his own account. He had moved from L'Anse to Marquette, and there won a really distinguished success as a physician. His brother Emerik remained in L'Anse and the two—familiarily and affectionately known to hundreds of people in Upper Michigan as Dr. Karl and Dr. Emerik—cooperated constantly in their practice. Karl had accumulated 3,500 acres of virgin timber land; his father and his two younger brothers, Volmar and Axel, were experienced in lumbering; he had a mill; wealth apparently was within his grasp. Unfortunately he had put all his savings into land. To begin lumbering he must ask for a loan. He approached several banks. Finally the Manitou Bank of Ishpeming agreed to give a line of credit. As security, the bank required a mortgage on the land to be logged as well as on the logs—an unusual provision. And there was a stipulation—that Karl engage a certain McCartney of Marquette as selling agent. "You're not in the clique," the bank told Karl. "Unless you hire McCartney, you won't be able to sell a foot of lumber."

The history of the next two years was a gradual realization by Dr. Karl of what this clique was, its power and ramifications, the tactics to which it would descend.

Hired trouble-makers appeared in the Von Inten logging camps. Every detail had to be watched constantly. One common trick was short-cutting. Hemlock is graded in 14, 16, 18, 20-foot lengths. Any length between 18 and 20 feet, for example, is called 18 feet. Therefore in cutting hemlock the aim is to make the logs slightly over the nearest standard length, so that there will be as little waste as possible. But Volmar von Inten, in charge of the camps, continually found logs cut slightly under the standard lengths, 17 feet 11 inches, for instance, which meant a loss of almost two feet of log and perhaps 20 board feet of lumber on that log alone. One set of mischief-makers fired, another would appear in the guise of innocents seeking a job. When the mill started up, trouble came there, too. The belt would be cut, the engine tampered with, the saw ruined by spikes driven into logs. On one occasion Krebs rushed Seltzer, vice-president of the Manitou Bank, out to Westervik post-haste on the promise that he could prove the Von Intens were running the mill so badly that their credit at the bank ought to be cut off. Krebs had good reason to

expect a crippled mill that day; the bearings had been especially well treated with emery-dust. But Volmar, discovering the trick, and hearing that the bank official was coming, but having no time to stop and clean journal-boxes, rushed ice from the ice-house and tied up a large cake to each hot bearing. When Seltzer arrived, he found the mill sawing 75,000 feet a day instead of the normal 50,000!

Soon McCartney, the selling agent whom the bank had required Dr. Karl to engage, began to market the lumber in Detroit and Chicago. The prices received were far under the market. McCartney explained that these were the best prices that could be obtained. Not only did Dr. Karl receive less than the market prices: he was convinced that he was being persistently cheated in scaling. There is an association of so-called National Inspectors, employed by the lumber companies to load, estimate, and grade lumber. When Karl protested to McCartney at the under-scaling, McCartney told him that if he questioned the figures of an inspector he couldn't sell lumber anywhere.

At the end of two years, in spite of the fact that he had logged and sawed almost 8,000,000 feet of lumber of high grade, Dr. Karl had barely enough margin to pay off his obligations at the Manitou Bank.

About this time Saul S. Grabow, a wholesale hardware dealer of Houghton, suggested to Karl that the Iron and Copper Bank of Houghton, of which he was a director, would be glad to make a loan for logging and sawing. A line of credit was opened, Karl agreeing in return to buy the equipment for his camps from Grabow. Also, he reluctantly accepted Grabow's suggestion that he continue McCartney as selling-agent. But McCartney's tactics—sales at outrageously low prices or no sales at all—continued, and finally Dr. Karl, exasperated, discharged him.

By this time it had become evident to the doctor that the object of rival companies was not only to ruin him but to get his lands. Jim Boland, manager of the Boland Lumber Company, asserted at a lumbermen's meeting in Chicago that "it was the duty of everyone to unite and put the Von Intens out of business." The buyer of the Negus Lumber Company of Chicago advised Karl to sell out before he was forced out; like hints came from other sources.

January, 1916, found Dr. Karl with 5,500,000 feet of lumber on the Westervik dock unsold, a \$25,000 debt to the bank which was pressing for payment, and no cash on hand. Karl and his brother Axel set out to try to make a sale themselves. Their adventures resembled a farce machine-made for Broadway. Word had evidently passed pretty generally among buyers that the Von Intens were fair prey whom, as Jim Boland said, it was a duty to trick. As the brothers were shunted back and forth among lumber dealers in Detroit, Toledo, and Cleveland, the telephone warned of their coming, fake telegrams were used to try to beat them down to impossible prices, vague threats were made of this and that, and when a dealer was found willing to give a fair price he always got a warning that broke off the deal before it was closed. Yet there was finally an exception. Within a few days of the date on which the bank had threatened to foreclose its mortgages, Karl sold his hemlock at the market price to the Williams-Wagstaff Lumber Company of Buffalo. At Karl's request, the company sent its \$35,000 check direct to the bank to meet the mortgage. The bank returned the check to Karl at Marquette, stating that it could not be accepted because it was *more* than the face of the mortgage. Evidently the bank hoped to make a further

delay so that the mortgage could be foreclosed. Karl rushed back to Buffalo and three days later astonished the bank official by reappearing with a check for the exact amount of the obligation, which the bank could not refuse to accept.

Karl's struggle was constantly intensified by other factors. There was professional jealousy. Other doctors of the region resented the hold that Karl and Emerik had on the people of the small towns and farmlands through their knowledge of Swedish, their second mother-tongue. There was the enmity of the iron mining companies. A large number of the doctors of the Upper Peninsula were "company doctors" on the pay roll of these mining companies. When a man has a leg crushed at a mine and is examined by a company doctor, the latter's testimony is not likely to be to the detriment of the company when it comes to the application for compensation. But Karl was not a company doctor, and was one of the only doctors of the region who always fought for full and fair compensation for men injured in the mines. There was politics. Political conditions in the towns of the Upper Peninsula were sordid and the two brother doctors often fought a rather lone fight for clean elections.

Threats came to Dr. Karl to get in line or there would be consequences. Tricks began. Late at night a phone call hurried him to a distant part of town "to save a woman dying of heart trouble." Arriving at a dark house, he knocked. No answer. He pushed in. A woman, very slightly clad, glided from the shadows and threw her arms around him, whispering that she was alone and that . . . He flung her off, switched on the light, found a man crouching in the corner. Over and over that trick was tried in various forms. And there were others.

Women, obviously hirelings, came to his office and begged him to perform illegal operations, fake dope-fiends stopped him on the street and begged for morphine or cocaine. Women were hired to follow him on his business trips, to take rooms next to his at hotels, to try to entice him into compromising situations. Some of these attempts were diabolic in their ingenuity. Several times there were efforts to wreck his automobile on lonely roads. Shots were fired at him from the dark. During his absences in Detroit and Chicago in efforts to sell his lumber, a story was spread industriously among his patients in Marquette that he had been placed in a private insane asylum near Detroit. But Karl's luck and his wit, and above all his honesty, saved him from these stratagems and lies. The sum laid out on spies, private detectives, fake patients, and gunmen must have been considerable. Out of whose pockets did it come?

When war came in 1917 it was easy of course to attach the charge of pro-Germanism to a man with a "von." Friends urged him to change the "von" to "van." He refused. The climax of this campaign of personal abuse came after the war was over. Though it is out of the chronology of this story it should be mentioned here. A year ago last Decoration Day there was an American Legion parade in L'Anse. On a fake charge that the Von Intens brothers had refused to salute the flag, a certain Dr. Welsh Cronkhite of L'Anse, who for years had been insanely jealous of Dr. Emerik, gathered a gang of drunken legionnaires and attacked the Von Intens on Main Street, L'Anse, with the plain intent to kill. Emerik was knocked senseless with a club at the door of his office. Karl and Volmar fought off twenty assailants and put to flight those they didn't knock down. That night a delegation of the decent

citizens of L'Anse came to Dr. Karl and offered to lynch Cronkhite if Karl said the word. Of course he refused.

The summer of 1917 found Karl von Inten still in his old desperate position—millions of feet of lumber unsold, debts to the bank unpaid, no cash on hand. The manager of the Williams-Wagstaff Company of Buffalo told Karl that he would like to buy more, but he did not dare. Karl found another Buffalo concern, the Krumbine Lumber Company, willing to take the hardwood, 2,300,000 feet, and Brewster, the manager, drew up a contract which he agreed to sign as soon as he had inspected the lumber. Brewster took a train for the North. Returning, a few days later, he met Karl in Detroit with a refusal to sign. Why? Because the lumber was unsatisfactory? No, it was O. K., but Brewster had dropped in at the bank before his return and the bank told him, he said, that he needn't sign any contract. Just give Von Inten an order and pay any time.

Simultaneously came a wire from the bank ordering Karl to sell to Brewster or his mortgages would be foreclosed. But a sale to Brewster meant no immediate cash. And cash he must have to meet the mortgages. He was in a trap.

At this juncture Axel slipped away from the private detectives who were shadowing the two brothers in Detroit day and night, got to Port Huron, and thence across to Sarnia, Ontario, and by a stroke of luck sold the Von Inten hemlock to the Landis Lumber Company. But before closing the deal the Landis manager, Whitney, unfortunately felt it necessary to wire to the Bolands for a verification of the Von Inten statements. The Boland Company wired back: "Don't buy Von Inten lumber. Sawed from small, rotten, knotty logs."

Whitney came to Detroit. He said to Karl, "Look here, I know that you are honest and your lumber is what you say it is. But if I close this deal after getting such a wire from an old powerful customer, I'll lose my job."

"I'll sell at cull prices," said Karl, desperate.

"All right."

And so the 2,700,000 feet of hemlock of the first quality, scaled down to 1,400,000 feet by the inspectors whose figures Von Inten was forced to accept, was sold at \$19 a thousand. With this, and the sale of the hardwood to the Houston Lumber Company of Chicago, Karl met his obligations to the bank—barely.

He was no further ahead than when he started lumbering five years before. Indeed worse off, for he had taken millions of feet of high-grade logs off his lands. Its sale had just paid the cost of logging and sawing. He was still in his position of dependence on the banks.

Early in 1918, on the advice of Grabow, the wholesale hardware dealer of Houghton who had originally suggested the connection with the Houghton bank, Karl went over to another bank, the Pioneer Trust of Red Jacket. Grabow was a powerful director in this bank, too. Here at last, said Grabow, was a bank that would give unlimited credit, a bank you could trust.

What an idiot this Dr. Karl is, the reader will exclaim, to dream of trusting Grabow further! But Karl had never been sure of Grabow's part in the treatment he had received from the Houghton bank. He preferred to believe in Grabow's good faith. Dr. Karl is a curious mixture of shrewdness and naivete in business matters.

The season was so far advanced that only 800,000 feet of logs were taken out that year.

"Too few to saw," said Grabow. "Sell them and next year we'll let you start early and saw a tremendous lot." The Von Intens protested. But they had to yield to Grabow's insistence, and sold the logs for less than the market.

In the fall of 1918, Sherman, the Von Inten manager, started work early. The bank told him to go strong. By spring he had cut over 4,000,000 feet. Then, just at the end of the logging season, the bank cut short its credit. Only after Sherman's special pleading would it advance money to pay off the final labor claims.

And then, though the plain intent of the contract with the bank was that the loans were to cover both logging and sawing, though Grabow, a director, and Dresser, the bank president, had many times assured Sherman and Karl that full credit would be extended to log and saw all the logs that could be got out, now they suddenly asserted that the contract did not apply to sawing at all, that no more credit could be given, that the logs must be sold! What could Karl do? He had no money to fight the matter in the courts.

"Why didn't you take the story to a newspaper?" I asked.

"There isn't a newspaper up here that would handle it," said Karl emphatically. "They're all controlled by the banks and the big companies."

After months of protest and struggle, of vain attempt to stave off the inevitable, Dr. Karl was forced to yield. And in a particularly humiliating manner. Though the Liberty Lumber Company of White Bay had offered him from \$30 to \$37 a thousand for the logs, the bank ordered them sold to the Bolands and the Keweenaw Lumber Company—the very concerns that had worked especially for Karl's ruin—at \$17.50 a thousand. And it had cost from \$20 to \$28 a thousand to log that year.

Not necessary to scale the logs, said the bank. Only estimate them. The estimate by the inspectors of the 5,000,000 feet was 2,900,000. The entire Von Inten output of logs turned over at less than the price of logging, and two million feet thrown in free of charge!

By this stroke most men would, perhaps, have given up the fight. But Dr. Karl was far from owning himself beaten. The following year he got a contract with the B. Z. Bernard Lumber Company by which he was to be given a credit of \$50,000 a year for two years for logging and sawing. It soon appeared that the Bernard Company shared the view of other lumber buyers that the Von Intens were legitimate prey. When less than half of the first year's amount had been advanced, the Bernards suddenly stopped credit. They sent boats to Westervik and took away more than enough lumber to satisfy their claims, even at the outrageous underscaling by the inspectors in charge, then broke off relations, refusing to surrender the mortgages on the Von Inten lands. These they still hold. Thus Karl is prevented from getting further loans. He is helpless—for the time being. But he is working hard and saving money for a new struggle.

"It's hard to beat a professional man," one of his enemies said ruefully, a few months ago. "Now if Karl von Inten had been only a lumberman, he'd have been down and out long ago. But whenever he's checked, he goes back to his doctor's practice, makes some more money, and gets back into the fight."

Karl will get back into the fight. And he may win. Who knows?

Long Beach, California: Farmer's Rest

By DON RYAN

ON a warm, hazy afternoon when the heathen sea calls mankind to her wanton embrace, Long Beach sits under a latticed pergola in front of the municipal bandstand and knits. And chews. The men are engaged with mouthfuls of plug and scrap, the women with "wax." Talk rears up sturdily, without apology. It is strong and brittle like the cornstalks of Iowa, and cast in the slow, rasping cadence of the Middle West.

The "Pike" is the midway of this transplanted cornfield; alive with a fluttering contingent of youth on a holiday. Youth is forever making holiday in Long Beach and age, getting a later start, is trying heroically and rather pathetically to follow.

So there are many wheel-chairs rolling along the Pike. They are not the wheel-chairs of Atlantic City in which the able-bodied ride at slothful ease. The able-bodied youth of Long Beach would scorn such relaxation of their sturdy limbs. These chairs contain thin, wrinkled old women who are pushed along by others only a shade plumper, only a line less wrinkled.

Between the wheel-chairs dodge occasional bathers from the beach, all properly swathed in bathrobes or raincoats. It is unlawful to appear on the Pike with the human form revealed and on the beach it is unlawful for two persons of the opposite sex, attired in bathing suits, to touch each other.

They may have been man and wife for twenty years. It may be that one is the infant offspring of the other and is in need of manual attention at the moment. It may be that one is battling frantically with the surf—there is a strong undertow—and the other's brawny arms could pull her ashore. Well, ding it, there's a life-saver for that! The law's the law.

The Pike is like other midways—its ancestors of the world's fair days. Hot-dog stands, merry-go-rounds, side-shows, the Old Cider Mill, the Jackrabbit, Madam Mary LaVerne—gifted clairvoyant, and the Penny Arcade.

The Penny Arcade is popular. For a penny beach nymphs may be glimpsed without the enshrouding bathrobe. And for a penny one may purchase snappy stories hot off the griddle, each printed on a little card. The contents of the cards may be memorized and the cards torn up or burned so that one will not run the danger of being found dead with a snappy story in one's pocket.

At the end of the Pike the wealthy patrons of the Hotel Virginia parade in their close. At their feet tosses the gay, pagan sea, covering the sand with frivolous white foam.

Far out the sea is calm and seems like porphyry. Great battleships of the Pacific Fleet squat there, dim and gray, as if they were painted on a theater back drop.

One of the local newspaper men defined Long Beach as a superstructure of modernism evoked by oil discoveries and harbor industries, imposed on a solid concrete base of Middle Western traditions. The base is the strongest part of the structure. The Middle Western element, locally known as the "Horseshoe Throwers," is the strongest and most influential part of the population.

This fact was demonstrated when the younger generation in politics attempted to pass an ordinance that would have eliminated the public "horseshoe links" in Lincoln Park. The Horseshoe Throwers simply told the progressives that if they took away their links the Horseshoe Throwers would take their money out of the Long Beach banks. The horseshoe links are still there.

Just as climate was the most important factor in the life of Long Beach a few years ago, so is oil today. Those who went to live at the beach because their friends had written them about the climate remained to grow unexpectedly rich in oil.

Signal Hill, where oil was found, was formerly used once a year for outdoor Easter services to which motorists flocked by thousands. Two years ago it was announced that the oil wells were so thick on Signal Hill that the Easter services would have to be abandoned. There was no room left for the crowds.

No deacon raised a voice in protest. There are many hills where Easter services may be held; few where the flowing gold, as Western writers are fond of calling it, flows so freely from the benignant earth.

The oil wells on Signal Hill produce a revenue of \$200,000 a day. Of this sum Long Beach gets \$1,200,000 next year as a return from city-owned land on the hill. Anticipating that the Horseshoe Throwers would demand this sum to be applied to cut the tax rate, the newspapers of Long Beach launched a campaign to have the money used for public improvements. The campaign carried, owing its success, largely it is believed, to the support of Miss Myrtelle Gunsul, the only woman city auditor in America, and proud of it.

The progressives have also succeeded in repealing the "Peekaboo" ordinance, passed when William M. Peek was public safety commissioner. Safety Commissioner Peek, formerly of Oelwein, Iowa, believed that bathing suits without skirts or sleeves were a menace to the public safety. But the ordinance was erased from the books when the progressives convinced the town that it subjected Long Beach to ridicule.

It is natural enough for this asylum to continue the aspects of the cornfields so familiar to the working years of diligent farmers and worthy wives who have retired there to rest. The older inhabitants of Long Beach are indeed like a crop of late corn—grotesque, withered ears, dry and stunted. Pathetically seeking the youth which evaded them in their long, toilsome years. Quick to accept modern mechanical comforts and quick to reject modern modes of thought.

Sometimes they are outraged by an interloper. Only last summer Eugene V. Debs penetrated their fastness. This dangerous chinch-bug slipped in under the hard, dry husks and was about to speak at the Municipal Auditorium—one of the city's prides. The American Legion found it out and sounded the tocsin. The cornfield element rallied to a man. The city council refused the use of the Auditorium.

Mrs. Fannie Bixby Spencer, a wealthy Tolstoian, whose father gave Bixby Park to the city, humbly sought permission for Debs to speak in this public playground. But the city council was all ready for her.

No siree, Mrs. Spencer. Even if your pa did give us the park. Guess he never reckoned he'd have a daughter like you. We always got along without any Bolsheviki in Long Beach, and we guess we can still get along without any. Good-day, Mrs. Spencer.

Nevertheless the other element is seeping in—the element that is making tiny punctures in the conservatism of the cornfields with daggers of thought. The next generation will hear Eugene V. Debs or whoever happens to be the equivalent of Eugene V. Debs for the next generation. But the thoughtful minority is still the minority in Long Beach.

There is yet another element in Long Beach, growing more numerous as the oil industry develops. When the whistle blows at the end of a shift long lines of workers in greasy overalls file down from the crest of Signal Hill. With clean faces they emerge from the dressing-rooms and in street clothes climb into waiting automobiles.

A flurry of dust as the automobiles of the oil workers scatter down the avenues that lead to shaded bungalows, redolent with the smell of the coming meal. Wives and children wait to greet them. The children have brought home their school tasks to do. And in a few years these children, who are entirely outside the traditions of the cornfields, will have something to say about the future of Long Beach.

The sleepy sun drowns over the corner of the park where the musical clink of horseshoes is the only sound. Long shadows from the eucalyptus trees protect the gray figures in bright shirt-sleeves who toss the horseshoes with carefully calculated movements of the arms.

Canes, wheel-chairs, and pipes. Benches full of spectators. Ten different ranges constitute the horseshoe links; a low fence to protect the spectators from rebounding metal; a scoreboard; a rack on which the players may hang their coats; a large box where the horseshoes are ranged evenly, row upon row, for the players to make their selections.

It is the barnyard of their boyhood in Oelwein, glorified beyond conception. A horseshoe links de luxe. The sort of a horseshoe links that might be expected in heaven—if we didn't know that such frivolous contraptions would not be tolerated by the Almighty.

A man with a dyed black mustache that droops over his chin, a celluloid collar, and sleeveholders that match his pink suspenders, squints thoughtfully along the nearest range. He takes down a long-handled shovel from the proper rack and carefully works up the earth which had become packed too hard about the stakes. Pipe and panama, yellow face and prominent eyes that snap when he throws a ringer.

His opponent has the same face with mild watery eyes and a cap. They are trying to settle the rivalry that began forty years ago in a barnyard at Clay Center.

Clink, clink! The horseshoes sail and strike as the pitchers throw them with careful attention to stance and form. Clink, clink! Two ringers apiece. The old men chuckle in cracked voices. The championship is still undecided.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has never concealed his interest in antiquities. Old books, old chairs, old ideas have seemed pleasant in his sight. When he reads in a sixteenth-century manual of a farmer and his wife who for rent of their small patch of land paid to their lord in England one red rose, his mind opens up a dozen doors of fancy and historical fact; when he enters the Virginia House of Delegates, as lately he did, and hears the members being sworn not to take part in a duel either as a principal or a second he has happy food for many hours' thought. Yet it is not the age of these customs that makes them attractive, but their strangeness. Without change, the antiquarians would have not even the old-clothes business with which to console—and feed—themselves. For example, take those far-away people, the Lapps. There are obviously no Lapp antiquarians, for the simple reason that Lapp life now is almost exactly the same as it was when the Northern Europeans began to growl over the bone of their poor country—nine hundred years ago.

* * * * *

AS far as the Drifter can discover, the only new custom which has been introduced into Lapland since the tenth century is the drinking of coffee. Aside from that not very radical departure from ancient ritual, the Laplander pursues his quiet and undeviating way. In the summer, when for two months the sun does not set, he hastily plants his grain and waits breathlessly for it to ripen before the long winter comes—or perhaps, being a Lapp, he does not do anything breathlessly. His food and clothing and articles of household use are reindeer: when the mosquitoes are thick in summer, as they usually are, he bells a reindeer, sets him to walking in the forest, and captures as many members of the herd that will flock to the bell seeking relief from the insects by rubbing up against a companion, as he needs to last until the next mosquito season. He lives in a small hut without windows; if he is the father of a family he has complete authority over his women and children. The Drifter does not know what a Laplander thinks about, unless it is of the good old days before coffee-drinking became the fad. Yet to make up for the lack of variety, the Lapp system has its advantages after all. No matter how much the Drifter might yearn to pay his rent with a rose, he is confident that his landlord would greet the idea with contumely and possibly violence; the Laplander's pastoral but not idyllic existence may not be the most arresting in the world, but if by chance he ever had hit upon a pretty custom, it would still be the rule.

* * * * *

THE Lapps are fortunate in still another way: they pay no income tax. Neither, to any appreciable extent, does the Drifter, yet he was interested when he heard that the tax on certain articles would disappear along with one-quarter of the tax on incomes. He was interested, that is, until he saw the list of articles: "The tax," he read, "on knives, dirks, livery, hunting garments, yachts, and fans is to be repealed." Since none of these things has ever seemed to be essential in a Spartan life like his own, the Drifter is bound to say that he would not give a mosquito-eaten reindeer-skin for such tax reduction. Let those who have yachts or dirks rejoice.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence Against Christianity

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are few men in the world who can write the perfect English that is in Dr. Crapsey's article in your issue of January 16. Certainly he melted words in the crucible of righteous emotional indignation and produced a gem of literature. And yet what he says leaves me cold, just as the recent discussion in the papers leaves me cold. What Dr. Crapsey says is true—the bishop and the rector either should live their faith or get out, and the Sermon on the Mount is unquestionably the essence of the religion of Jesus Christ. I have never heard any discussion of that Sermon except in terms of praise, but after having read it innumerable times in the past twenty-odd years I am totally unable to see anything but bad religion in it. What Dr. Crapsey said was undoubtedly true, but it ought not to be true. The meek, the poor in spirit, and the persecuted have increasingly inherited the earth to the eternal detriment of the world. The Sermon on the Mount is the religion of slaves, not the religion of free men. And though that type of conduct is a way to individual happiness it is not socially or racially a desirable attitude. The religion of Jesus Christ, like the religion of Buddha, Confucius, and Lao-tsze, is still valuable as an individual moral code and as a record of what the wisest men in the past have thought upon the subject of man's relation to his neighbors. It was socially desirable in the day it was uttered and was valuable for many centuries thereafter, but this modern world has problems undreamed of in an earlier age, world problems, problems of racial friction, overpopulation, moron control of government in democracy—things that are partly the result of scientific enlightenment and partly problems that can be solved by science and right thinking.

What the world needs is not more Christianity but a new religion.

Tulsa, Oklahoma, January 16

CLARENCE R. LONG

Poisoning Peace by Poisoning the News

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Once more you have overcome the conspiracy of silence on the part of American newspapers. Mr. Gannett's article on The Secret Corruption of the French Press is the kind of news for which we have come to depend exclusively upon *The Nation*.

The influence of the Imperial Russian Government was not limited to the Paris press alone. In the spring of 1903 a British newspaper campaign, apparently inspired by Russian influences, wrecked a plan for the internationalization of the Bagdad Railway and was a potent influence in the rise of anti-German feeling in England. Perhaps a few of the facts will be of interest to your readers.

Early in 1903 a conference was held in London to arrange for placing the Bagdad Railway, throughout its entire length, from the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf, under international control. An agreement was reached between Mr. Balfour, Prime Minister, and Lord Lansdowne, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, representing His Majesty's Government; Dr. von Gwinner, representing French and German interests in the Bagdad Railway Company; and Lord Revelstoke and Lord Mount Stephen, representing a group of British financiers, under the terms of which equal participation in construction, administration, and management of the German railways in Turkey was to be awarded German, French, and British interests. The potentialities of some such arrangement in avoiding international rivalries in the Near East cannot be overestimated, as Mr. Balfour stated so eloquently in the House of Commons.

Just as success seemed assured a bitter attack was launched

on the Government by the *Times* and the *National Review*, which led to the repudiation of the aforementioned agreement. Sir Clinton Dawkins, one of the British bankers interested in the project, wrote Dr. von Gwinner on April 23, 1903: "Who instigated these papers, from whence they derived their information, is a matter upon which I cannot speak with certainty. My own impression is that the instigation proceeded from Russian sources. The clamor raised by these two organs was immediately taken up by practically the whole of the English press, London having really gone into a frenzy on the matter owing to the newspaper campaign, which it would have been quite impossible to counteract or influence."

During the summer of 1922 I obtained from both English and German sources considerable evidence that the Russian Embassy in Paris was responsible, as Sir Clinton Dawkins suspected. In fact, I was given the name of the attaché, who was charged with seeing that the proposed internationalization of the Bagdad Railway should be sabotaged. Whether funds passed between the Russian Government and the representatives of any London paper is a matter of comparative indifference. The news was poisoned, and it was poisoned under orders from Petrograd.

New York, February 6

EDWARD MEAD EARLE

From One of Our Martyrs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* of January 16 contains a letter from Mr. Gilson Gardner in appreciation of the work of the Pennsylvania Committee for Political Prisoners.

May I, using *The Nation* as a medium, offer my thanks and appreciation to Mr. Gardner and the members and workers connected with the Pennsylvania committee? It was this group of Philadelphians, together with Mr. Gardner and others, who, from first to last, devoted their time, money, and energy to this cause. Others of us in the struggle might have lost our faith and enthusiasm and dropped limply back on the side-lines, but, from Wilson to Coolidge, this courageous group have, with good humor and determination, continued to do their bit toward keeping the pennants of sanity and justice fluttering in the land.

Life in a federal penitentiary is a drab and sordid affair at the best of times, and I happen to be one of those who, in the language of Leavenworth, "does time hard," but I rather think that a few years behind the bars is not such a great price to pay for the privilege of having known a few Americans whose souls have not been requisitioned by the Department of Justice.

New York, January 17

JAMES MANNING

Birth Control Clinics and the Law

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editorial in *The Nation* of February 6 on birth-control clinics may be misleading because of this statement: "In various parts of the country the birth-control movement is adopting the simple course of challenging the law and then if necessary testing it in court." Then followed the main facts about the clinics in Chicago and New York. As a matter of fact, the clinics in both these cities are not infringing either State or federal law, so their establishment can hardly be called a challenge.

Illinois is one of the so-called twenty-four "free" States where contraceptive information is not included among the prohibitions of the obscenity laws. Suppression of a clinic is possible therefore only by police action, claiming justification because of the precedent of the federal law, which does class contraceptive information with the obscenities. (Twenty-four States do likewise.) When Health Commissioner Bundensen attempted to hold up the establishment of the clinic by refusing

it a license he quoted the federal precedent as a reason, saying that Congress had established a standard under which the giving of contraceptive information is "contrary to public policy." Judge Fisher, who issued the mandamus in behalf of the clinic license, maintained that in the absence of specific State legislation the clinic should proceed unhindered.

The New York clinic is operating legally under the statute of 1881, which permits the giving of contraceptive prescriptions by physicians to those who are ill or threatened with disease. This statute (Section 1145 of the Penal Code) partially mitigates the sweeping prohibition of the obscenity statute (Section 1142) which penalizes the giving of contraceptive information in any way whatever. The permissive statute is wondrously worded as follows:

An article or instrument used or applied by physicians lawfully practicing, or by their direction or prescription, for the cure or prevention of disease, is not an article of indecent or immoral nature or use, within this article. The supplying of such articles to physicians or by their direction or prescription, is not an offense under this article.

There has been, so far as I know, only one clinic in this country which has attempted to operate in defiance of the laws, namely, Margaret Sanger's clinic in Brownsville, which lasted for ten days in 1916. The contraceptive instructions given there were not given by physicians nor limited to the diseased. The instructions given in the present New York clinic are under these two limitations, and are therefore within the present laws.

New York, February 6

MARY WARE DENNETT,

Director of the Voluntary Parenthood League

Compensation for Wrongdoing

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the principle that one subjected to outrage and wrong is entitled to compensation from the wrongdoer all drafted men have valid claims against the Government. They were forced against their will to leave their homes and were kept for months in virtual slavery.

Not all the casualties of war were suffered by the sick, wounded, and dead. Many who returned in sound physical condition owe to their military experience disabilities less tangible but none the less serious. It is not mere caprice that causes many employers to refuse to take on ex-service men if they can avoid doing so. Experience has given them the impression that more competent employees can be obtained from non-military ranks. Unquestioning obedience is not an admirable trait in business where ability and readiness to use one's brains independently is needed to make one really useful. And the man who has been trained to "obey and don't think" is apt to become aggrieved and sullen when impatiently informed that something better is expected from him.

For such injuries no compensation is provided. The bonus demanded is, in fact, inadequate.

To grant the bonus would touch the pocket nerve of the militarists and tend to make war less desirable from a profiteering viewpoint. This alone may not be a valid argument, but it makes it less hard to heed the demand for justice to the victims of conscription.

Baltimore, January 25

SAMUEL DANZIGER

Contributors to This Issue

WEBB WALDRON, formerly of *Collier's Weekly*, is the author of "The Road to the World."

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD is the author of a much-appreciated volume of verse, "For Eager Lovers."

DON RYAN is on the staff of the *Los Angeles Record*.

CHARLES NAGEL was Secretary of Commerce in the Taft Administration.

Books

Certain British Tendencies

The Triumph of Unarmed Forces. By Rear Admiral M. W. P. Consett. London: Williams & Norgate.

NO one who reads this volume can entertain further doubt that the shipment of foodstuffs from Great Britain to neutral countries during the war assumed large proportions and greatly exceeded similar shipments prior to the war. About the motive which prompted the Government in permitting these shipments to be made there may, however, be some question. The ground which would no doubt be alleged, and which indeed Admiral Consett seems disposed to accept, was policy. It is his contention that but for this mistaken policy the war would have ended several years earlier, and the calamitous consequences to the victor nations would have been avoided.

Although Admiral Consett does not distinctly raise the question, it is not so easy to dispose of the suspicion that something more than policy was at work. Indeed, even he is prepared to belittle the idea that Great Britain had substantial reason to fear the Scandinavian countries. He admits that a policy favoring British shipments and interfering with American traders for neutral markets was unfair and gave the United States just ground for complaint. We are to believe that Scandinavian countries were feared more than the United States. It is not easy to accept the idea that a desire to avoid displeasure and threat of war from Scandinavian countries furnished the sole explanation for a policy which took American ships into British ports for examination, and permitted British ships to carry increased cargoes of foodstuffs to these countries.

Admiral Consett's attitude in discussing the issues of the war is delightfully frank. He is not as ruthlessly British as Lord Fisher; neither is he adroitly plausible like Lloyd George. His argument is based upon the very broad proposition that Great Britain can do no wrong because, isolated as the nation is upon a small island, the rule of her necessity must be the guide for her, and therefore for the rest of the world as well. Wherever supremacy of her navy is necessary, international law must yield, because otherwise England might starve. There is no corresponding allowance for the supremacy of arms for encircled nations of the Continent, because forsooth their fate does not involve England or Great Britain. While he unhesitatingly denounces Germany's breach of Belgian neutrality, he frankly adds:

Sea-power, with its adjunct air-power, cannot be bartered for the illusory advantages of paper security—those "rotten parchment bonds."

Discussing the right of visit and search Admiral Consett says:

The only modification suffered by this rule during the war was that, for safety's sake, the search was carried out in harbor instead of at sea. This innovation was challenged, but unsuccessfully, by America.

After quoting the provision in the Declaration of Paris that the neutral flag covers enemy's merchandise with the exception of contraband of war, he continues:

The immunity given by this article to the general bulk of sea-borne merchandise struck a blow at the very heart of our sea-power. It is true that the protection which this declaration gave to enemy commerce was given also to British; but this protection, being already provided for in our case by our fleet, extended only to the commerce of our enemies, and struck a vital blow at our sea-power.

The ease with which inconvenient rules of this sort were overcome is well expressed:

For these reasons, therefore, the Reprisals Order did not profess to declare a blockade; its object was to intercept enemy commerce by an adaptation of the law of blockade.

And again:

The order seems to be admittedly illegal, for Mr. Asquith stated that it was not intended that our efforts should be "strangled in a network of juridical niceties"; an expression which, without such illegal meaning being assigned to it, can have no meaning whatever.

To the objection of the United States to such curtailment of neutral rights, the British Government answered:

But although these measures may have been provoked by the illegal conduct of the enemy, they do not, in reality, conflict with any general principle of international law, of humanity, or civilization; they are enforced with consideration against neutral countries, and are therefore juridically sound and valid.

Simply delicious is the Admiral's comment on the exchange of notes between Great Britain and the United States, p. 60:

The paragraph quoted above shows that the American summary had evidently been very carefully examined by H. M. Government, who could make neither head nor tail of it. It suffers from the bad defect of vagueness; a weakness (very noticeable in the American utterances) which H. M. Government are not slow to detect. . . .

It must not be supposed that this correspondence contains many oversights due to the haste with which it was conducted; the present reply of H. M. Government, 24th April, 1916, referred to an American dispatch of 5th November, 1915. In any case, even if America had chosen to cable back a message, she must have seen the utter futility of such a proceeding; and, indeed, the futility of any measure which could possibly prevent H. M. Government from placing its own construction upon anything America might choose to say. America had got her neck fairly into a noose, and had no more chance of getting it out than she had of avoiding getting it in. In this diplomatic battle, as in maritime law, we searched for "principles": and here was one worth the finding. Possibly this discovery may have caused America to resign, for no further dispatches are published.

Just at present our Government again "does not understand . . . that it is intended to deny to the United States the enjoyment of the rights and advantages to which the United States is justly and equally entitled as a participant in the common victory . . ." and "is confident that it is not the purpose of the other Allied and Associated Powers to attempt to discriminate against it."

Since there seems to be some confusion as to just what the Allied governments are prepared or willing to "understand" or to put over on us, it might be well for the framers of these notes to read these particular passages in this particular book. Indeed, it would unquestionably benefit all Americans because, without in any manner detracting from our natural admiration for a real Englishman, this volume discloses certain British tendencies which it may be well even for an American to keep in mind.

CHARLES NAGEL

The Monroe Doctrine: Its Use and Abuse

One Hundred Years of the Monroe Doctrine. By David Y. Thomas. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

Diplomatic Portraits: Europe and the Monroe Doctrine One Hundred Years Ago. By W. P. Cresson. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

THE message which President Monroe sent to Congress almost exactly a hundred years ago, and which is the source of the Monroe Doctrine, was only in the most restricted sense meant to be a declaration of principles. That part of it which referred to the controversy with Russia as to the Northwest coast *did* lay down a general maxim that the American continents were no longer to be subject to European colonization. But the paragraphs which related to South America were meant to meet what the President conceived as a definite, immediate danger. They were never meant to provide the basis for

our foreign policy for generations to come. Their author would have been surprised, indeed, if he could have foreseen all the direct and indirect consequences of his pronouncement.

When one considers, however, the vast significance of the declaration of 1823, the story of its origins, though told and retold, is still worth a new telling. Mr. Cresson's work performs this service. Much of the book, it is true, deals with other matters, and centers on European personalities and European problems. But those parts which relate themselves to the Monroe message are especially interesting and well worth while. The vivid personality of Adams is admirably pictured; and the role of the President himself, often too much belittled, is made to appear as important as it really was. There is an interesting, and in some respects a novel, account of the development of that Anglo-Saxon understanding which produced the doctrine. Mr. Cresson does well to point out that the beginnings of this *rapprochement* are not to be found, as is so often assumed, in the Rush-Canning interviews, but in the earlier conversations of Adams and Stratford Canning at Washington. He may reasonably claim to bring a fresh point of view to an old subject.

Mr. Thomas's volume has a different purpose. The historical origins of the doctrine he treats briefly, conventionally, and not always accurately, obviously without first-hand knowledge. His interest lies very clearly in the developments to which the President's message has given rise.

Perhaps the most striking of these developments is that by which a doctrine of non-interference by Europe in the affairs of the New World has become a doctrine of interference by the United States. The process is not difficult to trace. From forbidding Europe to reconquer America by force, we pass by an easy transition to a prohibition against any use of force whatsoever by European Powers in this hemisphere. And such a prohibition, to some minds, makes it necessary for us to assume the responsibility of keeping the smaller states of the New World under our thumbs that there may be no excuse for action by other Powers. Thus a formula aimed against imperialism in the Old World becomes the servant of imperialism in the New.

The best part of Mr. Thomas's book is that in which he describes this process. The chapters in which he outlines the intervention of the United States in Haiti, in Santo Domingo, in Central America, and, to a less extent, in Mexico, are full of facts brought together nowhere else in such convenient form. There is perhaps a tendency to over-mass details, but there is none the less a very useful discussion. There is also a point of view. Why, asks Mr. Thomas, should we intervene as we have done? Why not leave to investors the risks of their enterprises? And why, in the face of debt repudiations in certain of the States of the Union, have we the right to compel the small nations of the Caribbean to a rigid financial honesty?

Linked with the development of American imperialism under the Monroe Doctrine is another chain of circumstance, that which involves the growth of Pan-Americanism. In 1823 the assumption of a protecting attitude by the United States might have had some justification. It was largely bluff, it is true, for on the occasions when Monroe's and Adams's administrations were asked to transform the language of the message into a definite pledge, there was a notable tendency to retreat to positions prepared in the rear, and to take shelter behind the independence of the legislative power. But the pose of the protecting great nation was not then entirely unreasonable. Today, in the case of the greater nations, it has become absurd, and not only absurd, but offensive. Has not the time come to substitute understanding for patronage, common association for an assumption of superiority? Is it not possible to hope for the growth of Pan-American solidarity? On these questions Mr. Thomas has brought together a useful body of facts, but his discussion is far less original and thorough than on the matters treated above.

A third phase of development which Mr. Thomas treats

seems hardly logical. He would apparently maintain that the Monroe Doctrine has necessarily implied non-interference in Europe. James Monroe, when he penned his message, was, in a sense, laying down a theory of two spheres of activity, one on each side of the Atlantic. But practically he was thinking only of keeping Europe out of America, not of keeping America out of Europe. The latter notion is of older origins, and, as hardly needs to be insisted, comes from a different source. The two ought not to be confused. The message of 1823 ought not to have to carry the burden of that particular variety of national egotism which would bar us from all helpfulness across seas. It is the Farewell Address and Jefferson's First Inaugural which our isolationist politicians invoke to keep us out of Europe.

DEXTER PERKINS

The Hungry Heart

The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

My heart, being hungry, feeds on food
The fat of heart despise.
Beauty where beauty never stood,
And sweet where no sweet lies
I gather to my querulous need,
Having a growing heart to feed.

It may be, when my heart is dull,
Having attained its girth,
I shall not find so beautiful
The meager shapes of earth,
Nor linger in the rain to mark
The smell of tansy through the dark.

MISS MILLAY'S new volume of beautiful verse begins with this poem, which perfectly expresses what some of her readers hope is a phase now finished. For it is adolescents chiefly who feed on air, who feel life in its limitation, who achieve consciousness by learning what it is to be lonely. Miss Millay has made as fine poetry out of all this as has ever perhaps been made, but she cannot go on forever, and doubtless she knows it. One's heart does after all grow up and begin to nourish itself on more solid—fatter—food; if one can make no poetry out of that, one was not born a big poet. Miss Millay, it seems, can be anything, and there are signs already that she has outlived her longing for starved and tiny moods wherein it appears that no wine is "so wonderful as thirst," that no fruit is "so wonderful as want."

The final section of this very book shows her abandoning the field of abstract emotion and rarefied, subjective thought in which she has made so many brilliant researches. The seventeen Sonnets from an Ungrafted Tree are written in the third person; they tell a story, more or less; they are rich with objective detail. Miss Millay no longer strains her eyes in half-light to make things out which in the end may be only metaphors; she opens her gaze frankly—and of course still passionately—upon that universe of fact to which the best poetry must sooner or later come home. It is an inexhaustible world, and one takes pleasure in speculating on the various things which Miss Millay will do there. Meanwhile she has written seventeen sonnets like the following:

She filled her arms with wood, and set her chin
Forward, to hold the highest stick in place,
No less afraid than she had always been
Of spiders up her arms and on her face,
But too impatient for a careful search
Or a less heavy loading, from the heap
Selecting hastily small sticks of birch,
For their curled bark, that instantly will leap
Into a blaze, nor thinking to return
Some day, distracted, as of old, to find
Smooth, heavy, round, green logs with a wet, gray rind
Only, and knotty chunks that will not burn,
(That day when dust is on the wood-box floor,
And some old catalogue, and a brown, shriveled apple core).

Many of the remaining poems in the volume were famous already, or now deserve to be. The lovely Ballad of the Harp-Weaver circulated separately in slender dress, and eight of the superb sonnets in part four appeared in the American Miscellany for 1922. There are, as usual, a few ironic pieces in Miss Millay's own nervous ballad stanza: The Return from Town, Keen, The Betrothal, and The Pond are great and perfect in their kind. A few poems are in a freer kind of verse than the author has usually employed, and it cannot be said that they are satisfactory, although Hyacinth rather takes the breath in the third and fourth lines:

I am in love with him to whom a hyacinth is dearer
Than I shall ever be dear.
On nights when the field-mice are abroad he cannot sleep:
He hears their narrow teeth at the bulbs of his hyacinths.
But the gnawing at my heart he does not hear.

In general this is the maturest and most impressive volume which Miss Millay has published. Her thought still sings, and her skill is if anything more marvelous. It would be an injustice to her to imply that all of the poems here are of the first rank. Certain of them could have been turned off by any one of a dozen competent contemporaries. But the proportion of unexceptionable pieces is great, and the book leaves its creator permanently settled in her very high place.

MARK VAN DOREN

Imponderable Values

The Doves' Nest and Other Stories. By Katherine Mansfield. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

IN these impassioned days when even fiction is largely polemic the critic gets so much into the hortatory and expostulative vein that he is a little embarrassed when confronted with a work of pure literature like one of Miss Mansfield's volumes in which he finds all of the values imponderable and artistic. Whereas even the jackets of most recent publications inform the reader exactly what the ensuing work is intended to "devastate," Miss Mansfield herself was never quite able to say exactly what effect she was aiming at, but, on the contrary, was tortured by her inability to state in words what she wanted to do and filled her journal with morbid fears that she had failed to express herself or had been betrayed by some facile trick into obscuring her deepest meaning. Unsatisfied though she was she did succeed in communicating admirably so many and such subtle things that one may risk the statement that her fears were groundless and her feeling the result, not of any failure, but of the fact that her stories were too perfect to be translated into any other terms, and that only they could say what she wanted said.

More than half of "The Doves' Nest" consists of fragments of unfinished stories, and to read it is to discover one of the most significant things about Miss Mansfield's art. Though many of her stories have very simple clear-cut plots which make excellent anecdotes when retold in a few lines, yet her greatness is almost independent of these plots, for though none of the fragments goes far enough to give any definite indication of the story to be told each is nearly as impressive as a finished story. The ironic twists which she affected in her plots are interesting in themselves and significant as revealing her conviction that life is constantly and unexpectedly cruel, but the most important things which she has to say cannot be reduced to a "point" or expressed in either a simple situation or a phrase, for they are moods and sentiments so subtle as to be captured only in a complicated mesh of words and situations and they escape as soon as one tampers with the net.

Take for example the story called The Fly. In it an old man, lost in meditation before a photograph of his dead son, shakes successive drops of ink from his pen upon a struggling fly and marvels at its persistent courage in rescuing and cleaning itself. Exulting at the lesson which it is giving him in

fortitude he loses consciousness of all except the drama before him until, having played God once too often, he kills the fly and a terrible despair which he can hardly understand settles upon him. The point is clear enough. "As flies to wanton boys" is in itself a tremendous moral but it is only one aspect. A deeper meaning dawns as one realizes that the old man is cruel not for the sake of cruelty, but in order to give himself courage, and that the death of the fly reverberates in his mind as the death knell of his own hope. He sees that there is an end even to the perfect fortitude of instinct and that neither man nor God always restrains his blows when the utmost limits of endurance have been reached. This analysis, however, does nothing like justice to the story, for though it touches upon Miss Mansfield's intellectual penetration it gives no idea of her equally remarkable power of communicating emotion. She broods upon a situation as the old man in the story brooded upon the fly, until it fills the universe and nothing else exists; she hypnotizes the reader into something like her own trance, and when the story is finished one awakes to hear the clock ticking strangely on the wall and the familiar furniture not quite real.

The secret of Miss Mansfield's power lies in her possession of that poetic vision which is close to mysticism. Her sensibility illuminates everything with a light more intense than the light of common day and, though she is concerned more with society than nature, there is a suggestion in all of her work of that "imagination" which Wordsworth never succeeded in defining but which he was not unable to exemplify. "I look at mountains and I see nothing but mountains," she wrote in one of the characteristically self-condemnatory passages of her journal, yet the fascination of her best stories lies just in the fact that she does seem to see behind actualities and to catch hints of some mystic meanings which are terribly intense without being quite graspable. She broods upon some ordinary event such as a breakfast-table conversation or the morning farewell of a husband off to work, until, by that familiar psychological process which makes a too oft repeated word strange and fantastic or a too intensely regarded friend a stranger, she seems to catch glimpses of the tremendous reality which to the bewitched eye of the mystic lies behind every actuality and to glow through it, illuminating perfectly familiar objects with a strange unearthly light. She raises, temporarily at least, our own sensibilities to the height of hers and induces that hypnosis which poetry achieves and which has caused primitive peoples to endow the poet with powers not quite of this earth. If, as it seems to me, we ask of fiction chiefly that, when existence has become too dully habitual, it shall awake in us a renewed sense of life as a vivid and passionate thing, then Miss Mansfield's stories reach a very high level.

J. W. KRUTCH

Books in Brief

Index to Short Stories. Second edition. Compiled by Ina Ten Eyck Firkins. H. W. Wilson Company. \$12.

Standard Catalog: Fiction Section. Compiled by Corinne Bacon. H. W. Wilson Company. \$1.

It is hard, in brief space, to do more than marvel at the usefulness of Miss Firkins's index, which lists 17,288 short stories by 808 writers who have done their work in English or who have been translated into English from twenty-four other languages. The compilation is so systematic and so catholic that to question it with regard to specific items seems carping, but one wonders why, when stories as long as Stevenson's "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and Stephen Crane's "Maggie" have been listed, Peacock's "Nightmare Abbey" and Stockton's "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine" should not also have been—to mention only two titles which promptly come to mind of stories too short to be called novels in the ordinary sense of the term.

Why should Sherwood Anderson be represented by only one story, Henry van Dyke by fifty-eight, and Arthur Guy Empey by eleven? Miss Bacon, listing "about 2,350 of the best novels for the average public library," permits herself and her collaborators more editorial comment than Miss Firkins employs. In the subject index "such general headings as Love, Marriage, Sin have not been used. . . . Special attention has been paid to Historical novels and to novels classifying under such popular headings as: Cheerful stories, mystery and detective stories, school and college life, sea stories, etc." A place on the list is denied Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" and "Amelia," Johnson's "Rasselas," Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," Voltaire's "Candide," among the elder classics; and among the newer, Mark Twain's "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," Cabell's "Jurgen" of course, Anatole France's "Thais." As the preface says, "this is not a list of the best 2,350 novels, judged as literature, but a list of 2,350 of the best novels for public library use." Librarians must decide.

Studies in Evolution and Genetics. By S. J. Holmes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

This volume contains some sixteen unrelated chapters on various biological topics such as evolution, natural selection, heredity, eugenics, race mixtures, and the Negro, many of which have appeared in magazines previously. The author says in the preface that "the present volume makes no claim to unity of treatment; the topics chosen for discussion represent some of the peculiar interests of the writer which have grown out of several years of occupation with the fields of heredity, evolution, and eugenics."

Colonial Lighting. By Arthur H. Hayward. B. J. Brimmer Company. \$7.50.

It is striking evidence of the progress made in native anti-quarianism that an elaborate monograph, fully illustrated with photographs and drawings, should have been devoted solely to the various methods by which American houses were illuminated before 1800. Though the text of Mr. Hayward's book is without distinction, his pictures will move every collector to fresh activity.

Jane—Our Stranger. By Mary Borden. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

A study of contrasts in temperament marked by excellent writing and shrewd delineation, although not quite as well-knit a narrative as "The Romantic Woman." Mrs. Borden knows her milieu; her development of her theme—an international marriage—is civilized and sharply projected.

Folk-Lore in the Old Testament. Studies in Comparative Religion, Legend, and Law. By Sir James George Frazer. Abridged Edition. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

This volume, following close upon a similar volume abridging "The Golden Bough," encourages the hope that Frazer is about to render all of his monumental works in anthropology accessible to a wide public. No greater service to civilization could be performed by this superb man of letters and historian of the mind of man.

Justice of the Peace. By Frederick Niven. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

One should be a painter, writer, etcher, and wholesale merchant, all in one, to extract the full flavor from this fine novel—so crowded with human values and artistic insight. Mr. Niven's accuracy, his sense of the subtle interplay of emotions, and his ability to project life in three dimensions are emphatically attested in these pages. The conflict which arises between mother and son of antagonistic temperaments has been handled here with discrimination and sincerity; the result is a novel of genuine achievement.

"*Racundra's*" *First Cruise*. By Arthur Ransome. B. W. Huebsch. \$2.50.

"The desire to build a house," declares Mr. Ransome, "is the tired wish of a man content thenceforward with a single anchorage. The desire to build a boat is the desire of youth, unwilling yet to accept the idea of a final resting-place." As with all generalizations, there is doubtless a leak somewhere in this dogmatism, but one is quite willing to let it pass, particularly if the holding of such sentiments takes the form of a cruise such as the *Racundra's*. This book is the log of five weeks of unhurried adventure among the islands of the Eastern Baltic—a corner of the globe which appears filled with attractions for the seeing eye and sea-faring spirit. The craft which carried Mr. Ransome upon this loosely charted excursion was a sturdy ketch, which boasted the luxury of a power motor never used. It was manned by a cook, an "ancient mariner," and the "master and owner." These last, according to Mr. Ransome, are the words which, in moments of humiliation, he addresses to himself; they restore him to his full stature. Considering what a small vessel the *Racundra* is and how limited its crew, one marvels at the amount of pleasure and comfort he provides—in these pages—for the passengers.

Over the Hills of Ruthenia. By Henry Baerlein. London: Leonard Parsons. 7/6.

Ruthenia—one of the least polished jewels in the historic crown of St. Stephen, as the author says—finds a sympathetic interpreter in Mr. Baerlein. His study of the smallest of the Slav peoples and of their country is an adroit blend of history and anecdote; it has plenty of first-hand information spiced with occasional pinches of first-hand prejudice. These pages have a freshness derived from the consideration of scenes which have not been rendered shopworn by the historians, or trite by the globe-trotters.

Silbermann. By Jacques de Lacretelle. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

This novel—which was awarded the Prix Femina-Vie Heureuse—is a sinewy, unsentimental narrative in which the antagonism between a French schoolboy and his Jewish associate is unfolded with dramatic directness. In a style quite free of affectations, the story is developed, with sympathy which keeps within the bounds of restraint and with an understanding which enables one to see both sides of the prejudice.

The Story of Man's Mind. By George Humphrey. Small, Maynard and Company. \$3.

This is an intelligible treatment of the growth of the powers of the mind, written for the lay reader. It is as clear as a magazine short story, and more interesting than most. The book appears superficial, so successfully has the author laid aside the technical vocabulary and used the language of everyday speech; but there is nothing superficial in the material set forth. Even the slight treatment of psychoanalysis is illuminating to the uninitiated. The volume may be cordially recommended as a clear book upon an important and cloudy subject.

Trobar Clus. By Ramon Guthrie. Northampton, Massachusetts: Norman Fitts. \$2.

Very able poems conceived in Ezra Pound's two veins—Provençal and enfant terrible. There are engaging translations from Bertran de Born, and there is effective satire in the more modern portions.

The Terms of Conquest. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

This is a novel about a man who is as hard as nails, but there's about as much variety in a volume of him as there is in a keg of them. The driving power of business needs to be transformed if it is to be made the motive force in a work of fiction; Mr. O'Brien has used it pretty much in its original state, with a consequent sacrifice of subtlety and imaginative insight.

Gitta Gradova

By HENRIETTA STRAUS

ONE'S musical adventures in the concert halls are not always crowned by personal encounter afterwards in the green-room. But Gitta Gradova is one of those rare musicians in whom the miracle of the artist is repeated in the human being. Whether one meets her as a pianist, or as a girl still in her teens, she challenges one's heart and one's brains. For hers is not that wandering genius that comes and goes at will, like a stranger at a hostelry, but that permanent, all-embracing kind, the fine flowering of a race. One feels that back of her dominant musical personality lies another even more powerful—the combined heritage of a supremely intellectual, emotional, philosophical, and mystical ancestry. We find it taking outlet in Bach, an intellectual and a mystic, and the father of modern harmony; in Franck, the apostle of modern Catholicism; in Chopin, the founder of modern piano music, and the emotional forerunner of Scriabin; and, finally, in Scriabin himself, that burning devotee of occultism, who tried to translate his creed into music. And in Gitta Gradova we find it renewing its strength in the most profound introspection.

The result is extraordinary. Her Scriabin has all the myriad dynamics that every pianist seeks, and at the same time she does for him what no other pianist has yet been able to do—she pierces those outer wrappings that make their appeal solely to the nerves and reveals the flame that was the man himself. For the first time, we hear not only the poet who drank in the world through his senses, but the philosopher who tried to give it back again through his soul—the true Scriabin. And for the first time, too, with her, we hear the true César Franck. For she makes us lose the gentle dreamer and the mystic in the humanitarianism of the man, until we listen as though we were listening in a cathedral. There is a certain inevitability in the way she thus lays bare stratum upon stratum of emotion, so that each becomes in turn an outer garment. She does it to Ravel, and reveals wells of tenderness beneath his formal classicism. Her Bach I have not yet heard; but Chopin she strips, on the one hand, of all the sickly sentimentalism of the salon, and, on the other, of all the clogging traditions of the concert platform, until we finally meet a fiery, revolutionary spirit, suffering, poetic, melancholy, but always vibrant.

Yet in spite of the astonishing resources of her personality, she has apparently been drawing upon them only for the last four years. Before then she had glittered as a *Wunderkind*, at the usual expense of the *Wunderkind* in childhood and education. Then came the teacher who rescued her from this devastating exploitation and who opened up for her new worlds of vision and life—the worlds of art, philosophy, and literature. Many other teachers have claimed her, of course, but she herself claims only one—this woman who finally awakened her. Until then the mystic in her had lain dormant. Scriabin, for instance, she hated. Yet it was through Scriabin that she first found herself. And this psychic kinship with the Russian mystic still forms the basis of her musical philosophy.

There is something curiously moving in the sincerity which she brings to life, and in the passion with which she proclaims it, for at the same time she also trumpets her extreme youth. Yet, with this, youth in her seems to end. From the moment when she walks out on the platform until she walks back one realizes that here is an artist of perfect poise who knows exactly what she wants to say and how to say it. Here are no hesitant impulses, no faltering fingers, but a tremendous musical mentality guiding an equally tremendous technic, and controlling an unsurpassed variety of tonal color. Indeed, in the final summing up of Gitta Gradova, one must rank her not only as one of the great artists of today, but also as the foremost woman pianist now before the public.

Drama

Past and Present

A DISTINGUISHED American novelist depicting two people in an unusual social and moral situation lets these two people search within themselves for all the emotions which, under the circumstances, tradition and precept had taught them that they were bound to experience. With some surprise and more relief they discover that they are wholly innocent of the psychical processes expected. In this distinction, which has never been sufficiently emphasized, lies the real difference between the literature of, roughly, the past half century and the literature—saving the greatest—of the entire past. For observation without antecedent theory—that, as far as human experience goes, and that alone, has some chance of saving us.

This may seem an intolerably pedantic introduction to some remarks on the Provincetown Players' altogether charming revival of "Fashion" by Anna Cora Mowatt, an American comedy which, in the year 1845, was declared to be the "first attempt to exhibit on the American stage a picture of American society and manners," had a run that, for those days, was of phenomenal duration, and is still held by historians to be the first memorable play of native origin. Poe, to be sure, saw through it. He spoke of its "total deficiency in verisimilitude." But even Poe hedged. London, moreover, was as well pleased as New York. Mrs. Mowatt was compared to Garrick, Colman, and Sheridan and was declared to have proved that "a strictly American drama can be called into existence."

Well, the comparison was not so very absurd. "Fashion" and "The School for Scandal" are related as are the ox-cart and the stage-coach. Both are frozen patterns of preconceived notions as to how people felt and acted. A gleam of any bit of genuine observation surprises and delights us equally in both. That the independent farmer was a model of all the virtues, especially the democratic ones, was an assumption of a certain type of early nineteenth-century idealism. Hence Mrs. Mowatt's *deus ex machina* and *raisonneur* is an independent farmer, and a ditty is sung in his praise. That is assumption number one. Assumption number two is that the pedantic, pale, and uncomfortable virtues which he proclaims are both useful and agreeable. Mrs. Mowatt envisaged neither her farmer nor the virtues he proclaims. Her own life seems to have been rich, gay, bold, and vivid. But so soon as her pen touched paper she ceased to think, to let herself feel, to reason from experience.

I am betrayed into this discourse by a remark of Mr. Kenneth Macgowan, who is responsible, I believe, for this quaint, delightful, and hilarious revival. "The thing," I said, "didn't have to be burlesqued; it burlesques itself." "Wait and see," he retorted, "how our stuff will seem in a hundred years." And this is what I deny. We observe; we record. The difference between, say, "Tarnish" and "Fashion" is a difference almost in kind. Observation has almost awakened new senses. Consider an Elizabethan anthology and a modern one. The former may have more music and superficial charm. It tells us nothing. All its conceptions are preconceptions. The latter opens worlds—of nature, of the inconceivably intricate soul of man.

You may see "Fashion" without any such burdensome observations. It is exquisitely done. It is of an adorable innocence. I wanted the intermissions to be longer so that I could linger over a marvelous reproduction of the original curtain. All the properties are idyllic in their American early Victorianism. The acting is delicious; the contemporary songs, especially the ditty entitled "Call me pet names, dear; call me a bird," are beyond price. As a subject for intelligent, for almost *kulturhistorisch* laughter, I commend "Fashion" with enthusiasm. I have seen it once; I plan to go again.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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Write for Bulletin

International Relations Section

Saving Hungary

By EMIL LENGYEL

THE Hungarian loan which, according to plans elaborated by the financial experts of the League of Nations, will be offered for subscription simultaneously in New York, London, and Paris is the second financial experiment of the League. The object of the first international loan negotiated under its auspices was to rehabilitate the finances of Austria. It is considered as one of its main results that Austria has today the only stabilized currency in Europe. The era of prosperity, ushered in by the process of stabilization, following a long period of economic depression in Austria, verified the contention of those who held that it was not the depreciation of the Austrian currency which was the cause of the breakdown of her fiscal system but its fluctuation, which made its role illusory as a standard of values.

It was with an eye upon the example of the stabilizing process in Austria that Count Stephen Bethlen, Prime Minister of Hungary, applied to the League of Nations for a Hungarian loan. Unlike Austria, Hungary has experienced a series of economical crises during the last year. The Hungarian currency joined the rank of those continental European exchanges whose value has been dwindling to microscopic dimensions. Subsequently resort was taken to the printing presses, whose feverish activity was followed by the familiar signs of an economic collapse. As a shortcut to more normal economic conditions the help of the League of Nations was invoked. A financial delegation appointed by the League went to Budapest last November in order to obtain first-hand information concerning Hungarian conditions. The granting of the loan was recommended and preliminary arrangements were made.

It soon developed, however, that the difficulties in the way of a Hungarian loan were much greater than those with which the advocates of the loan for Austria had had to contend.

When the case of the Austrian loan came up for consideration by the League there was practically no opposition to it. Financially it was desirable not only for Austria but also for the surrounding countries that the Austrian Federal Republic should be put on its feet again. Vienna, the capital of Austria, has never ceased to be the natural trade center of most of Central and Eastern Europe. Its location as well as its traditions of long standing secured for it a privileged position as the commercial and financial clearing-house of the Danube basin. Whatever fate, therefore, overtook Vienna was bound to react on the welfare of all the nations whose business interests were interlocked with those of the Austrian capital. It was conceded that without a prosperous Vienna a prosperous Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, or Rumania was a dream. And as the prosperity of Vienna could not be dissociated from a prosperous Austria, the financial rehabilitation of the Alpine republic was decided upon.

Politically, Austria occupied an equally advantageous position. Ever since the end of the hostilities it has been considered the "good boy" among the defeated nations. Never for a moment was Austria in danger of a monarchist restoration. The provisions of the Treaty of Saint Germain

were complied with to the letter. Compulsory military service was abolished without the intervention of more than a nominal control by the Allies.

Thus, the Powers were assured that by supporting the request of Austria for an international loan they would not go counter to their own interests, and at the same time they could assure themselves that, desperate as was the financial situation of Austria, there could be no hope of collecting any reparation payments. The problem was, therefore, to secure for Austria an international loan which should be unencumbered with dues accruing on her reparation account. The revenues of the Austrian customs duties and of her tobacco monopoly were designated as collateral of a loan of 650 million gold crowns which was raised subsequently. To make the proposition more attractive Great Britain, France, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, and Belgium guaranteed the loan.

Quite different is the case of Hungary. Ever since the downfall of the government of Count Karolyi in 1919 political conditions have been chaotic in the land of the Magyars. In addition to two attempts at monarchist restoration a number of political murders have been committed and a reign of terror carried on. The military provisions of the Treaty of the Trianon were quite openly violated. The war of revenge was continually preached even by responsible statesmen. The anemic attempts of a few liberal newspapers to make popular a policy of reconciliation toward the neighboring nations were mercilessly suppressed, while the most inflammatory articles of reactionary publications against the "rapacious vultures who have benefited from the dismemberment of Hungary" were passed unnoticed by an otherwise watchful censorship. The so-called irredentist societies were tolerated, while a political party which tried to propagate republicanism was dissolved.

When, therefore, the request of the Hungarian Government for an international loan was submitted to the League of Nations the countries adjoining Hungary, and more particularly the member states of the Little Entente, announced their wish to participate in the elaboration of the plan of reconstruction. Their chief aim was to prevent Hungary from spending the proceeds of the prospective loan for military purposes. On the other hand, the Hungarian Government expressed its suspicion that the Little Entente might find this a favorable moment to interfere with the home affairs of Hungary or to infringe upon her sovereignty. In order to dispel the apprehensions of both parties a preliminary diplomatic protocol was drawn up which is known as Protocol I. This document, as published by the Hungarian Government, is in the following terms:

PROTOCOL I

The Government of His Majesty the King of Great Britain, the Government of the French Republic, the Government of His Majesty the King of Italy, the Government of His Majesty the King of Rumania, the Government of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, and the Government of the Czecho-Slovak Republic,

While expressing their desire to cooperate in the work of the financial and economic rehabilitation of Hungary,

Acting exclusively in the interest of Hungary, of universal peace, and in accordance with those duties which they have taken upon themselves as members of the League of Nations,

Hereby declare solemnly:

That they will respect the political independence, the

territorial integrity, and the sovereignty of Hungary.

That they are not and will not engage in procuring for themselves any advantages or privileges which may, directly or indirectly, endanger the independence of Hungary.

That they will refrain from such activities as are contradictory to the spirit of the agreement that is to be concluded between the interested Powers with a view to the economic and financial rehabilitation of Hungary and from such activities as may endanger those guaranties which the underwriting Powers will select in an effort to safeguard the interests of the lenders.

And that, in order to make it certain that these principles shall be respected by all nations, they will apply in controversial cases to the League of Nations either individually or collectively, in accordance with the Covenant of the League of Nations, by whose award they will abide.

On the other hand, the Government of Hungary:

Undertakes to fulfil loyally the obligations imposed upon it by the Treaty of the Trianon, more eminently those of a military character,

And declares:

That it will refrain from such activities as are contradictory to the spirit of the agreement that is to be concluded between the interested Powers with a view to the economic and financial rehabilitation of Hungary and from such activities as may endanger those guaranties which the underwriting Powers will select in an effort to safeguard the interest of the lenders.

Within the limits set by the provisions of the Treaty of the Trianon Hungary is free to determine the schedule of customs duties, to conclude commercial and financial agreements, and to settle such questions as affect her economic and commercial connections with foreign countries. However, Hungary must not endanger her economic independence by establishing such relations with other states as would be likely to become a menace to her sovereignty.

The present protocol is open for signature to all Powers.

The financial provisions of the international agreement concerning the loan differ considerably from those which were adopted in the case of Austria. The loan amounts only to 250 million gold crowns, whose refund, unlike the Austrian loan, is not guaranteed by the Powers. For the service of interest and amortization the revenues of the customs duties, of the tobacco, sugar, and salt taxes will be set aside. As a preliminary requirement of the financial salvaging of Hungary the raising of an internal loan of 50 million gold crowns was agreed upon. If this amount cannot be raised by voluntary subscription compulsion will be resorted to, which will take the form of a capital levy. According to present arrangements, the money printing presses will be stopped by the end of March. Simultaneously, a new bank of issue will be set up possessing an initial capital of 30 million gold crowns.

One of the most important deviations from the Austrian plan is that part of the proceeds of the loan will be set aside to cover reparations payments. From the month of June, 1926, Hungary will have to pay annually 10 million gold crowns on account of reparations.

The main details of the loan are embodied in the so-called Protocol II, which according to the Budapest newspaper *Vilag* contains the following provisions:

The Hungarian Government is obliged to find ways and means to increase national revenues and to cut down expenses. The national budget will have to be prepared every six months. The League of Nations will appoint a commissioner whom the Hungarian Government is obliged to assist by every means at its disposal. The decisions of the commissioner can be appealed to the Council of the League

of Nations. A committee will be appointed by the Reparation Commission to see that Hungary complies with the reparation provisions of the agreement. The amortization of the loan will be effected during a period of twenty years. The Hungarian Parliament is required to confer upon the Government full power to represent it in all dealings with the financial section of the League of Nations.

In addition to the contractual obligations the Hungarian Government was advised by the Powers to establish "friendly relations with the neighboring states and to eliminate those artificial obstacles which are in the way of an unhampered intercourse among the nations." As one of the first measures along these lines the Hungarian Government made it known recently that the import and export restrictions will be abolished "unless their maintenance is warranted by the vital interests of home industries."

As could have been foreseen, the action of the League of Nations encountered considerable opposition in Hungary itself. Members of the hypertrophied Hungarian national army are concerned over a possible stricter control of the military affairs of Hungary. The extremists, whose power is much more real than that of the Government, are puzzled over the potential "outside interference," by which they understand the possibility of energetic representations on the part of the commissioner of the League to prevent terrorism involving the loss of life, property, and foreign goodwill, which may affect unfavorably the prospects of a successful execution of the reconstruction scheme. In order to demonstrate their opposition to the action of the League of Nations the Hungarian reactionary societies adopted a policy of increased intimidation. The recent outrageous bomb attack of reactionaries at the Jewish women's charity ball in Csongrád, in the course of which many lives were lost, was apparently calculated to discredit the Hungarian Government.

Despite the violent opposition of the extreme right it is assumed that the Government will have a parliamentary majority sufficient to have the protocols ratified. For Europe, this second experiment of salvaging a country is all the more important because it affords opportunity to study at a close range the execution of a plan in which not only the financial rehabilitation of a country, as in the case of Austria, but also the solution of the reparation problem is attempted. Hungary's case, on a smaller scale, applies to the problem of Germany.

South Africa Declares Economic Independence

1. A CHALLENGE FROM GENERAL SMUTS

"IMPERIAL PREFERENCES" are the central theme of present British overseas commercial policy—a method of securing raw materials from the dominions and of marketing manufactured products in the dominions. Britain is prepared to carry out her part of the bargain, but there seems to be great difficulty in keeping the dominions in line.

The latest declaration of dominion independence comes from South Africa, and it is voiced by no less a person than General Smuts. Writing in the *Manchester Guardian Commercial* for October 4, 1923, on the subject of South Africa as a Dominion Opportunity for British Capital, General Smuts comments at length on the new spirit which has arisen among South African business men. He writes:

It is significant from the British manufacturer's point of view that a number of local industries in the Union today are being bolstered up at the expense of the imported article, which in a number of cases cannot hope to compete with the local product on account of the prohibitive import duties. This has proved to be particularly the case in regard to foot-wear.

2. BOOTS AND SHOES

An official publication, the *South African Journal of Industries* for November, 1923, contains some additional information concerning South African boot and shoe competition with the British manufacturers. Boot and shoe imports into the Union of South Africa are valued at about 5 million dollars a year. At the same time, this publication notes:

South Africa is a very large producer and exporter of hides and skins of good quality, and nearly 10 million dollars' worth were exported in 1922.

Thus the value of raw materials exported is double the value of foot-wear imported. The *Journal* continues:

It is only in recent years, however, that these materials have been utilized locally for the production of manufactured leather goods. At the present time much attention is being devoted to the boot and shoe industry, and the industry has been assisted by an increase in the duty on boots and shoes from 20 per cent to 30 per cent ad valorem.

3. THE PREFERENCES

The preferences given by South Africa to products of the United Kingdom may be important in theory. In practice they are comparatively insignificant. Thus, the *Manchester Guardian Commercial* for October 4 notes that the total imports into the Union of South Africa from the United Kingdom in 1921 were valued at 27.1 million pounds sterling, while the amount of the preferential rebate on these goods was only 751 thousand pounds sterling.

4. GENERAL INDUSTRIAL GROWTH

"Statistics of Production," an official publication of the Union of South Africa, in its 1922 edition, reports the total number of industrial establishments as follows:

1916.....	3,998	1919.....	5,968
1917.....	5,305	1920.....	6,890
1918.....	5,918	1921.....	7,005

The greatest increase occurred during the war, but since 1919 each year records a steady growth.

This industrial growth is quite generally distributed. Thus, the number of metal, engineering, machinery, and cutlery works was reported as 486 in 1916, 753 in 1919, and 897 in 1921; the number of factories engaged in the production of clothing increased from 421 in 1916 to 668 in 1921; vehicle factories numbered 311 in 1916 and 888 in 1921; there were 131 leather and leather-ware factories in 1916 and 263 in 1921. All of these productive activities compete with those of Great Britain, and all of them have continued to grow since the war.

5. WHAT SOUTH AFRICA PROPOSES TO DO

The policy that South African business men must pursue under these circumstances is very plain. The *South African Journal of Industries*, already referred to, takes up the wool industry as typical:

The abnormal conditions brought about by the war, and the enormous increase in the cost of freight, and the higher rate of wages caused by labor trouble overseas have given South Africa a splendid opportunity of establishing a woolen industry on a sound basis.

These conditions, together with the fact that "the abundance of native labor and the proximity of the supplies of raw materials are great advantages," make it inevitable that the active business interests in South Africa should do their own wool manufacturing.

Not only that, but "the scouring of wool for export is also to be carried on, and this will lead to a saving of freight and railage on the price landed at the port of shipment." In addition, the valuable by-products, such as wool-grease, will be retained in South Africa, where they will find a ready market.

Heretofore "almost the whole Union wool-clip has been shipped overseas, there to be manufactured into goods which are brought back to South Africa." From this time forward, however, South African policy is to undergo a decided change and with the greatest possible expedition wool is to be manufactured from home raw materials and the product sold in the home market.

A Fascist Labor Program

THE manager of the press office of the Fascist labor federation has sent us a copy of the program of the federation, from which we take the following passages:

Organization of society on a syndical basis; representation of the interests of all sections and classes in the syndical organization. So, syndicalism is no longer, as formerly, a specific expression of classes' and workers' sectional interests but . . . it becomes a constitutional manifestation of the people at large; in other words, it identifies itself with the nation.

The interest and the duty of all classes is a progressive and intense production, proportionate to the ever-growing needs of the nation; such interest consists in a struggle against the wasting of riches as well as against parasitism. . . .

Fascist syndicalism affirms that the development of production implies the increase of invested capital in ever more perfected forms of production—an increase which ought to happen not at the expense of salaries.

The increase of productive activities means an expansion of riches and an enlargement of the middle class. It becomes essential, then, to give the elite of the working class a chance for the direct acquisition and management of the instruments and means of production.

We have no objection to any form . . . of organization of labor, provided that it really represents technical capacity and intelligence . . . and provided that it remains on a basis of free competition, without interference on the part of the state organs. We are firmly convinced that all classes are necessary, so far as they are able to fulfil a function inherent in the hierarchical division of capacities, a thing indispensable to a scientific organization of production.

However, the specific principle of Fascist syndicalism does not admit the organization of labor along class lines with the purpose of disrupting production; it cannot admit either general strikes embracing all the industries, or a strike of a single industry covering the whole national territory.

On the contrary, the "struggle for capacities" admits the practice of factional struggle, with an eventual implication of the right to strike, although such strikes ought to be localized, or called against groups obnoxious to the general interests of labor and national production; otherwise the struggle would become of a political character. . . .

At present the Confederation numbers fourteen sections: agriculture, industry, intellectual professions, theater, clerks, sanitary workers, harbor workers, hotel workers, artistic trades, cinema, food, aeronautics, state industries, transportation and communications.

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AFTER WHISPERING "I will ne'er consent" to his resignation, Edwin Denby consented. He would never, never resign under fire, and yet he resigned. President Coolidge would never, never act upon the Senate's demand that he call for Mr. Denby's resignation; he would never, never act until "special counsel can advise me as to the legality of these leases and assemble for me the pertinent facts in the various transactions"—but he acted upon Secretary Denby's resignation without waiting for advice or assembling of facts. It is a good beginning and Mr. Denby was well advised to quit. His *real* reason is probably not yet public, but may be apparent before this issue reaches our readers. So may other altogether startling facts. If Edward McLean is granted immunity and turns state's evidence, the true inwardness of things will begin to appear, and many another political reputation will suffer. Meanwhile, Denby is finished; he will neither annex the North Pole to the United States nor continue to voice as an official his demand for huge armaments; an equally dull and stupid man can never succeed him. On February 6 *The Nation* called for the retirement from public life of Denby, Daugherty, Roosevelt, and Coolidge. Denby has gone; Daugherty and Roosevelt are going, and we predict that Mr. Coolidge will retire to private life March 4, 1925, by which time Albert B. Fall ought to be facing a criminal sentence.

"SOME MEN leave public office to practice law. Mr. McAdoo left to practice son-in-law." To this *bon mot*, which Washington attributes to Senator James Reed, little needs to be added after the perusal of Mr. McAdoo's testimony before the Lenroot Committee. He accepted a huge retainer to go to Mexico for the oil interests; it is impossible to believe that he could actually separate William G. McAdoo, the lawyer, from William G. McAdoo, the son-in-law, or William G. McAdoo, ex-cabinet member. There was nothing criminal in this; it was his right to so act. But unfair as it may seem to him, it eliminates Mr. McAdoo from the presidential race. So does this: He took, on quitting the Cabinet, a \$50,000 fee from the Virginia Shipbuilding Corporation, a Charles W. Morse concern, and \$50,000 from the similarly owned Groton Iron Company. Next he represented Charles W. Morse's United States Transport Company, and for that ex-criminal and this company Mr. McAdoo sold, to French and Italian merchants—just after he had been in close financial relations with their governments as war-time head of the United States Treasury—at least 800,000 tons of coal on which his firm was paid *one dollar a ton*. It will be recalled that Mr. Doheny stated that he "needed the services of this [Mr. McAdoo's] firm before the Shipping Board." Finally, Mr. McAdoo's firm opposed claims against Morse's concern although there is a law that officials who resign may not prosecute before, or resist claims against, their former departments for two years after resignation. Legally Mr. McAdoo did not come under this law; morally it applied to him. No; Mr. McAdoo is not available for the Presidency whatever his cohorts think.

"FORTUNATELY AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS, with whatever faults and defects they may be charged," said the *New York Times* on February 10, 1924, "are not open to the accusation of venality." Mr. Adolph Ochs, owner of the *Times*, had made the same statement a week earlier in replying publicly to *The Nation's* revelations of the venality of the French press. Unfortunately, the day before Mr. Ochs's editorial appeared, Frederick Bonfils, owner of the *Denver Post*, testified in Washington that he had obtained \$250,000 from Mr. Sinclair after attacking Mr. Sinclair and his oil policies in his paper. It was hinted by Senator Dill that the payment partook of the nature of blackmail. The *Times* still had faith. "We are safe in saying," it proclaimed the next day, "that these Denver performances are altogether exceptional and that such things would not be found and if found would not be tolerated in any respectable newspaper office in the United States." A little depends upon the definition of the words "respectable newspaper office"; Mr. Ochs and *The Nation* might define them differently. At any rate Mr. John C. Shaffer, owner of the *Chicago Evening Post*, the *Indianapolis Star*, the *Muncie Star*, the *Terre Haute Star*, the *Rocky Mountain News*, and the *Denver Times*, followed Mr. Bonfils on the witness-stand and testified that he had received \$92,500 from Mr. Sinclair, without rendering any service whatever in return. The senators rather rudely implied that Mr. Shaffer got less than Mr. Bonfils only because the circulation of his *Denver paper* was less. Carl C.

Magee, former owner of the *Albuquerque Journal*, also appeared to testify that after his paper had attacked the Fall-Sinclair oil policies it had been bought, through a Chicago bank affiliated with Standard Oil interests. Mr. Ochs chose a poor moment to eulogize the American press.

WE HAVE OUR OIL SCANDAL; France has her reconstruction. Only a portion of the claims for war damages entered and paid have been reexamined; but already frauds and overpayments totaling more than 5 billion francs lie uncovered. M. Reibel, the Minister for the Devastated Regions, appears to have done everything in his power to obstruct the investigation now under way, and none of M. Poincaré's Cabinet has shown any more enthusiasm for publishing the truth than, say, have members of Mr. Coolidge's Cabinet in the United States. There is another parallel; M. Loucheur, who had come to regard himself as heir presumptive to M. Poincaré, has been so tarred in the course of the revelations that his chance of future office seems slight. Opposition speakers freely assert that a full quarter of the 80 billion francs paid out as compensation to inhabitants of the devastated districts has been absorbed in sheer graft. The humble creditors, the peasants, shopkeepers, and small townsmen, have got literally nothing. It has been the deliberate policy of the French Government ever since 1919 to compensate the factory owners first and trust to fate to save the individuals who lost all. While these poor men were waiting for ready money speculators with an "inside track" have bought up their claims at bargain rates. The crime is worse because the French Government has sought to justify its international piracy by proclaiming the need of these its victims.

THE PASSIVE RESISTANCE IN THE RUHR ceased in September, nearly six months ago, but in the Rhineland there are still 564 political prisoners in French prisons, in Hesse 271, in the Palatinate 368, and in the Ruhr no less than 1,122. Altogether, there are 2,335 German prisoners behind French bars, nearly all of whom are there simply and solely because they obeyed the orders of their government rather than those of their conquerors. Many of these men were officials of the highest standing, who committed no personal act of wrongdoing—burgomasters, assistant burgomasters, and officials of all ranks. The French have amnestied only about 150 of these political prisoners. More than that, many Germans have been deported to France under long sentences. If this were being done in any other country by any other people, the heavens would ring with the outrage. And yet French people express their wonder that German hearts were never so full of hatred for France as today, and complain because many Germans are beginning to believe that no matter what the damage done by their troops in France and Belgium, a country which can behave like France today is entitled to no reparations whatever. The French are clearly bent upon proving once more that two wrongs do not make a right, and that they do not wish to live on good terms with their eastern neighbors.

THE BRITISH LABOR GOVERNMENT seemed to have set sail under a fair following breeze; the opposition was mild and respectful; the Prime Minister's first speech, though it contained references to "sound socialist doctrine,"

was tempered to the formidable majority against him; an air of equable agreement seemed to pervade the political scene. Then, quite suddenly, a few puffs came out of Labor's own quarter of the compass and the ship jibed with much uncomfortable lurching and confusion. First Poplar arose out of the past to confuse the new ministers—the poverty-stricken borough of Poplar, which in 1921, faced with the impossible obligation of paying doles to its thousands of unemployed and rates to the London County Council and the Asylum Board, chose to help the workless and let the rates go. Mr. MacDonald's Minister of Health remitted the surcharges imposed by the last Government upon the Poplar Guardians for excess expenditures of borough funds for relief; and, although these surcharges were never collected and admittedly never could be collected, the new Government is facing bitter attack for its action. And on the heels of this cross-wind of opposition came the dock workers' strike: 120,000 men out, with possible resulting unemployment of a million more, and the Labor Government's Minister of Labor, Tom Shaw, unable to bring about a settlement. It would be a bitter irony if the first Labor Government should meet defeat on its own issues of unemployment and the rights of labor.

SENATOR MEDILL McCORMICK has introduced a resolution calling for the abolition of martial law in Haiti. It declares that the liability of Haitian citizens which has existed for nine years "to trial before military tribunals of the United States is undemocratic, unrepugnant, and contrary to American ideals and the policies of Warren G. Harding." It is pleasing to note that the senior Senator from Illinois has progressed, even an inch. He it was who as chairman of the Senate committee two years ago refused to grant the Haitians' plea that martial law be lifted even during the brief period of senatorial inquiry in Haiti. And it was his committee which not only whitewashed the entire occupation but tightened the economic stranglehold on Haiti which had been obtained by military force and chicane. *The Nation* of course agrees that the martial law under which three Haitian editors are now imprisoned, while in no sense contrary to the policy practiced by Warren G. Harding, is certainly contrary to American ideals. But equally so is the whole crime against Haiti from start to finish. We hope that Senator McCormick will go further, and that political wisdom at least, in the face of his coming campaign for reelection, will lead him to reverse his previous course and to call for the prompt restoration of complete Haitian independence.

GROVER BERGDOLL was no conscientious objector facing the music for conviction's sake; he was just a shirker seeking to slip out of trouble. But that must not keep us from voicing our emphatic protest against the public reception of Lieutenant Hooven Griffis, the reserve army officer who sat comfortably in his automobile two blocks from the German hotel from which two of his confederates sought to kidnap Bergdoll, one of them paying for his efforts with his life. This is a peculiarly outrageous bit of American lawlessness—the invasion of a friendly country to kidnap Bergdoll. One has only to consider what the uproar would have been had the conditions been reversed—had Germans sought to free one of their compatriots interned in this country—to realize the enormity of this crime. That it had semi-official sanction has never been

denied—it was an official automobile which Lieutenant Griffiths used to commit his crime. But Lieutenant Griffiths comes back under the aegis and with the approval of the Hearst papers and is given an official reception by the Tammany Acting Mayor of New York City. Lieutenant Griffiths was guilty of a deliberate crime, but the War Department has taken no action in regard to it. Its attitude in this is in striking contrast to its effort to punish and intimidate another reserve officer, Captain Paxton Hibben, merely because he dared to have an opinion about Russia different from Mr. Hughes's.

OUR IMMIGRATION POLICY will, of course, be determined by our own interest. If Italy is obliged to find other outlets for her emigrants or if industrial conditions in other countries are disturbed, that is an incidental misfortune which may be regretted but hardly prevented. We have a responsibility, however, to our national honor and our friendly relations with other countries to assure ourselves that all nations shall be treated equally and that there shall be no discrimination against particular races and religions. This cannot be said, as we have pointed out before, of the bill favored by Representative Johnson and the Committee on Immigration of the House. This measure, setting back the basis of national quotas from the census of 1910, as at present, to that of 1890, is an obvious attempt to cut off almost entirely Italians, Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Greeks, and other elements of the "new immigration" which began about thirty years ago; it is a direct slap in the face to Roman Catholics and Jews, brutally inconsistent with our long-cherished ideals and boasts of America as a land of racial and religious liberty. Several years ago such a bill would have been too impossible of passage to justify alarm, but with Ku Kluxism rampant in the South and West, and most members of Congress subject to great pressure from bigoted and prejudiced constituents, the measure presents a grave danger to American ideals.

THERE IS ANOTHER dangerous aspect of this proposed immigration legislation which had received comparatively little attention until Secretary Hughes pointed out that it did away with the "gentlemen's agreement" with Japan, cutting off immigrants from that country altogether by the clause which forbids the entry of persons not eligible to citizenship. It is certainly both unnecessary and mischievous to meddle with the existing status of Japanese immigration. What is known as the "Japanese question" is almost the most delicate in our entire field of foreign relations, and there is great danger to our peace through foolish jingoism in that regard. The "gentlemen's agreement" has been scrupulously observed by Japan, and has admittedly been satisfactory to the United States. By it we actually control both the amount and the kind of Japanese immigration. The National Committee on American Japanese Relations points out that since the inauguration of this policy—from 1909 to 1923—22,737 more Japanese men left the United States (including Hawaii) than entered it; that the net increase by immigration of Japanese into the continental United States during those fifteen years was 8,681, consisting of women and children. If there are minor defects in the "gentlemen's agreement," they can easily be remedied by diplomatic action. It would be the height of folly for Congress to overthrow an international treaty, without notice to or consultation with the country

concerned, in order to attain an object which can be better arrived at in another way.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE has dropped from its rolls Lloyd Dieffenbacher, a student preparing for the ministry, because he refused to participate longer in military drill. Mr. Dieffenbacher offered to take extra studies without credit to make up for dropping drill, but "the plea was ignored due to the clause in the college's contract with the War Department binding it to maintain a two years' compulsory course in military training." Thirty-eight Northwestern University students have gone on record that they will refuse to participate in another war. A larger conference of Northwestern students unanimously urged education to "develop international thinking" and by a vote of more than four to one favored the "complete intermingling of the races, including social." A majority objected to "endowment by great accumulations of capital, when such accumulations have resulted from exploitation of wage workers." The *Daily Worker* points out that this recalcitrance must cause some tension at a university that has received \$4,000,000 from the widow of a late mail-order magnate and \$250,000 from the widow of a lawyer who "drew large fees from the liquor interests and spent considerable effort in a vain attempt to break down the university's four-mile dry zone in the days before national prohibition." This Northwestern student conference was an echo of the stirring convention of the International Student Volunteer Movement at Indianapolis in January, when 400 of the 6,000 students present broke the official guiding-strings and asserted their determined opposition to all war. Can it be that the goose-step will be ended by the students themselves?

MR. J. P. MORGAN'S GIFT to the public of his father's glorious library together with an adequate sum for its endowment adds another to the long list of generous benefactions by New Yorkers of large wealth, such as his own father's bequests, the Tilden foundation, and the noble Frick picture gallery. This is but just; to the public and the State, from which these men have drawn their great means, they surely owe much. As for the Morgan library, its worth cannot be measured by the value put upon it, nor have the glowing press accounts exaggerated the extraordinary treasures in which it abounds. Only the collections of the nabobs of the Middle Ages are to be compared with it. One of the best features is its housing in the exquisite building of which the late Charles F. McKim was the rarely gifted designer. That the library is now, by Mr. Morgan's generosity, to be opened to all students and scholars will cause rejoicing throughout the learned world.

THE DEATH OF HENRY BACON is a blow to American architecture and art. A man of extraordinary skill and ability, he has raised more than one monument to himself, but of these none will redound more to his glory than the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. So great were his talents that, it is related of him, he never entered a competition without winning it. But he was so modest, so unassuming, so little desirous of advertising himself that the great public knew all too little about him. Indeed, his were the simplicity and modesty of true greatness. His loss, at the age of only fifty-seven, to the profession which he honored and uplifted is beyond measuring.

“A Business Administration”

WHATEVER else comes out of the oil scandals—we are only at the beginning of the revelations—it must be perfectly plain that we are getting a delightful picture of what a business government really is and exactly what Mr. Harding had in mind when he declared for a return to “normalcy.” “Get the government out of private business,” was another slogan, and so from the very outset there was a mad rush to dispose of the property of the American people to speculators, get-rich-quick men, and others of this ilk. That this was the plan from the very outset is shown by the testimony of John C. Shaffer, owner of six of our incomparable dailies. Early in March, 1921, before Secretary Fall had had time properly to warm his office chair, he was in negotiations with Mr. Shaffer to give him a slice of the Teapot Dome. Merely because he had applied for such a lease Mr. Shaffer got \$92,500—virtue is sometimes generously rewarded—from the Pioneer Oil Company when it got some of the Sinclair swag. Who shall say that that was not good business—for Mr. Shaffer, at least—by a business administration?

But this is only one happening. We have now learned that the Navy Department abandoned its rich coal mines in Alaska to buy coal from private concerns. The War Department seems to have been buying powder of private manufacturers while its own plants remained idle. It is even declared that the War Department has turned over a highly profitable property to certain individuals for a long term of years. Besides the Teapot Dome reserve of 52,000 acres Secretary Fall turned over 176,000 other oil acres to private persons under the oil-leasing act. In Mexico the State Department became claim agent and attorney for the oil interests, making recognition of the Obregon Government depend upon how good the Government was to Sinclair, Doheny, and their associates. The Colombian treaty reeks with oil; Secretary Fall urged its passage on the ground that it would aid American oil concessionnaires. The policy of the Shipping Board was similarly to get the government out of private business. In brief, the whole Harding-Fall idea was, first, to turn over to their friends all the pickings possible, and, secondly, to make of their “business government” a bond servant of big business generally.

Now we are well aware that business men will rise here to insist that the Fall-Doheny type of morals is not of their standard; that only the black sheep in business life favor \$100,000 cash “loans” to cabinet officers in black bags, or \$1,000,000 slush funds. We are asked to forget all the revelations of “Frenzied Finance,” all the insurance scandals, the story of the New Haven Railroad and of the Rock Island road—these, too, were merely the exceptions that prove the rule. So, too, the wholesale grafting and profiteering on government contracts during the war by so many of our most devoted patriots were “purely sporadic.” Well, let us accept this theory precisely as we should like to believe that the Bonfils-Shaffer type of journalist is exceptional. The fact still remains that wherever business touches government, as it has touched it in every Republican and most Democratic administrations, corruption is inevitable. The whole tariff system is nothing but corruption of government and of public morals—the sale of government favors to the highest bidder. The business man

who shrieks with anger at the possibility of socialism or at the very suggestion that there be price-fixing on behalf of the farmers or stock raisers sees no harm whatever in auctioning off tariff rates—that is, prices of manufactures—to the highest contributors to the campaign funds.

There is but one safe rule for a Washington Administration and that is the one Woodrow Wilson made when he first entered the White House—to keep business at arm's length and to deal with it in the open. But that is never the conception of a Harry Daugherty or a Warren Harding. These political plants are nurtured in a different soil. Theirs is the practical politics of the small town with its give and take of a quiet room in a local newspaper office or the Elks Club; theirs is the conception of public service of the usual sordid State Capitol—that politicians are there to help their friends and supporters, to see that these get good opportunities to make money and to help them out when they run into trouble. But back of it all is the supreme error and fallacy that government is primarily here to bring prosperity to us, to keep the dinner-pail full, in some magic way to compel good times. The voters have been trained by the politicians themselves to vent their anger upon the party in power if things go wrong, if the times are bad. The politicians' stock in trade is their promise that by doing this or by not doing that they will fill everybody's pockets. By some legislation or other they are to conjure up rich crops, fine prices for manufacturers, good wages for labor.

This was the ideal of the Harding Government; this was its ideal of “normalcy”; this was the reason why it deliberately set back the hands of time in an effort to reproduce the conditions of the McKinley Administration. This was why a “practical business-man's lawyer,” so familiar in the corridors of the State Capitol at Columbus, became Attorney General; this was why a rich and successful Boston banker became Secretary of War; this was why Secretary Mellon borrowed at from 4 to 4¾ per cent in 1923, this high rate being chiefly in the interest of the great banks with their endless millions in search of safe, short-term investments. It is just because of this theory of government that we are witnessing the present scandals. It does not do to say that they came because Fall was a bad lot and Daugherty and Denby negligent in their duties. Any group of cheap politicians put into office upon this theory and with this purpose must in the long run inevitably be corrupted.

As to the scandals, we believe that the origin of the whole mess can be traced back to that room in the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago in which on June 10, 1920, Warren Harding was nominated for the Presidency by the handful of insiders who were the real convention—the delegates as usual being merely camouflage. The Teapot Dome was given away then, and the Alaska coal mines closed down, and all the rest. Then the conspirators went out and announced to all the world that Warren Harding when elected would take the government out of business. What they really meant was that Warren Harding would put the government *into* business; that it would become the ally and partner of the get-rich-quick men, the speculators, and the promoters who crowd to Washington.

Europe's Sea Power Bloc

DIPLOMACY, in post-war as in pre-war days, carries on under cover, and published treaties only record what the diplomats are ready to tell. The Franco-Czech alliance, printed in this week's International Relations Section of *The Nation*, registers little new in its explicit terms; its implications are more important than the phrasing of its clauses. After all, England had an even less explicit agreement with France and Russia in 1914; yet she felt morally bound to follow them into war. And her army was not, like the Czech army, "a child of the French army, with a French general at the top of its general staff, so that the unity of spirit and method assures common action in the face of a common danger"—as the *Petit Parisien* puts it.

Explicitly, France and Czecho-Slovakia agree to "discuss in common" what action they should take if their "security is threatened" (fine old wheel-horse phrases of diplomacy!) and to arbitrate their differences; and specifically, to prevent the restoration of the Hohenzollerns in Germany or of the Hapsburgs in Austria or Hungary, or the annexation of German Austria to the German Reich. It is, of course, no real business of France's or of Czecho-Slovakia's what form of government or what ruler the Germans, Austrians, or Hungarians may prefer; but the decisions here reaffirmed are decisions long ago made by the Conference of Ambassadors. The new factor, and the significant one, is that France and Czecho-Slovakia herewith serve warning that, like Italy in the Corfu dispute, they will act as they please, and not wait upon England or the League. They—no larger group—will decide what constitutes a threat of restoration or a menace to security, and will act, if they choose, as arbitrarily as France has acted in the Ruhr. It is only fair to add that when M. Poincaré urged a definite military alliance upon President Masaryk the Czech statesman refused it; it is also true, however, that without the form of words the alliance in germ exists, in the thousand French officers training the Czech army, and in the diplomatic dependence of the Czechs upon the French Foreign Office.

France already had an alliance with Poland; and Yugoslavia and Rumania were allied with Czecho-Slovakia. This treaty must have seemed to seal French hegemony in Central Europe. With Austria already a vassal of international finance and Hungary about to accept the same yoke French Mitteleuropa seemed achieved. Yet no sooner had this new alliance been signed than the rottenness in the edifice began to manifest itself. M. Benes, the able Czech foreign minister, who has steered his country's foreign policy since the armistice, went to the Belgrade Conference of the Little Entente, hoping to induce Yugoslavia and Poland to seal the structure with similar alliances, and to give the group a continental solidity by recognizing Russia and bringing her into the alliance. His plan fell flat; the other Powers disapproved his isolated action; Rumania, still at odds with Russia over Bessarabia, and indignant at the French protests against her oil-nationalization law and the consequent refusal of the French loan, stood sullenly aloof; England, rapidly followed by Italy, made peace with Russia while France wavered; and Yugoslavia suddenly, in the midst of the conference, announced agreement upon the Fiume question with Italy.

To face France's Continental Bloc a Sea-Power Bloc

is arising; England and Italy are acting together; French domination at Tangier has driven Italy and Spain into each other's arms; Yugoslavia is turning to this group and away from the Little Entente; Turkey is settling her disputes with England more rapidly than those with France; and England has won the prestige of priority in recognizing Russia. France is left with Poland and Czecho-Slovakia (neither very friendly to the other) as allies, and with a disorganized Ruhr and an angry Rhineland on her hands, her hope of a Separatist movement dissolving in fearful massacres. The rapprochement of England, Italy, and Spain means, in time of crisis, a knife cutting France from her other great dream—her African Empire. French plans for a railroad across the Sahara are not mere romance; they should be read in connection with the introduction of conscription among the black peoples of Africa. French statesmen admittedly hope to more than compensate for their own low birth-rate by introducing Africa into Europe. But the Mediterranean lies between Africa and Europe, and England, Spain, and Italy dominate the Mediterranean.

All this, of course, is written in terms of the old diplomacy. Those are the terms in which Europe is thinking. There was a period, before the horror of the peace treaties was realized, when Europe was feeling its way toward a new diplomacy. Today again there is a new hope—in the presence of Ramsay MacDonald in the British Foreign Office. He sees clearly that barring a right-about-face Europe is headed for the abyss. The first necessity, of course, is to abandon the practice of alliances and oppositions, but no effective step has yet been taken toward that end. Until the League admits Soviet Russia and Germany on equal terms with France and England to its Council and Assembly it can only be an illusion and an impediment.

Prisons for the Mind

THOSE who are given to setting forth facts in the form of charts or graphs would find an interesting study in curves and angles in tracing the course of the movement to restrict freedom of thought and speech since the World War. There would be fluctuations and changes quite as remarkable as in lines showing the movement of, say, foreign immigration or the French exchange rate.

Immediately after the armistice the forces of restriction were directed toward suppressing any new political or economic theories. There was a general attack upon radicalism in political or labor organizations, led by Attorney General Palmer, the American Legion, chambers of commerce, and rotary clubs. The leadership and the animus obviously came from government circles and from big business. The federal Government prevented the impending coal strike by intimidating in the courts the officers of the United Mine Workers; the Department of Justice reveled in an orgy of illegal raids upon Reds and wholesale deportation of aliens; the States tumbled over each others' heels in passing "anti-sedition" and "anti-syndicalism" laws more drastic than anything during the war itself.

Then came a lessening of this pressure and a sudden turn of illiberalism into the field of morals and education. A passion developed to censor motion pictures and to suppress plays or books that dealt with the facts of life in anything but the conventional way. At the same time in privately supported schools and colleges a mania appeared

to restrict freedom of teaching and even of student expression; Clark University was disrupted and Dr. Meiklejohn was forced out of the presidency of Amherst.

Finally we have reached a stage of intense activity among pseudo-religious and patriotic societies to stifle by law the quest of truth and the guaranty of tolerance in our public schools and State universities. Most enlightened Americans regarded it as a huge joke when last winter the Kentucky Legislature came within an ace of prohibiting the teaching of evolution. That it was far from a joke is evident from the fact that within recent weeks, as noted in these columns, the Board of Education of North Carolina has pronounced against the use in public schools of biologies that intimate "an origin of the human race other than that contained in the Bible." Texas has a law prohibiting the teaching of evolution "as a fact," while the board of regents of the University of Texas has decreed that no "infidel, atheist, or agnostic" shall be employed in any capacity. Along with this recrudescence of religious bigotry and obscurantism is an attempt to sap the integrity of scholarship and research by laws to prevent the use of books that are "unpatriotic" or tend to upset traditions in regard to any of our national "heroes." Several such laws have been passed, and New Jersey now has before it an especially absurd and dangerous bill for that purpose which, we note with pleasure, the faculty of Princeton University is undertaking to combat.

The most discouraging aspect of this assault upon scientific and religious freedom is the quarter from which it comes. This campaign, unlike that against political and economic freedom, does not spring from big business or privilege. Its source is not Wall Street but the "great open spaces" of the West and South. Its proponents are of "Nordic" stock—"original Americans." We find a progressive like Governor Blaine willing nevertheless to sign a bill denaturing the school histories in Wisconsin. This hysteria is an enslavement of the "plain people" by themselves—a black hand of ignorance and superstition trying to close the light to future generations.

The situation was well stated at the recent annual meeting of the American Historical Association as follows:

Be it Resolved, by the American Historical Association, upon the recommendation of its committee on history teaching in the schools and of its executive council, that genuine and intelligent patriotism, no less than the requirements of honesty and sound scholarship, demand that textbook writers and teachers should strive to present a truthful picture of past and present, with due regard to the different purposes and possibilities of elementary, secondary, and advanced instruction; that criticism of history textbooks should therefore be based not upon grounds of patriotism but only upon grounds of faithfulness to fact as determined by specialists or tested by consideration of the evidence; that the cultivation in pupils of a scientific temper in history and the related social sciences, of a spirit of inquiry and a willingness to face unpleasant facts, are far more important objectives than the teaching of special interpretations of particular events; . . . and

Be it Further Resolved, That in the opinion of this association the clearly implied charges that many of our leading scholars are engaged in treasonable propaganda and that tens of thousands of American school teachers and officials are so stupid or disloyal as to place treasonable textbooks in the hands of children is inherently and obviously absurd; and,

Be it Further Resolved, That the successful continu-

ance of such an agitation must inevitably bring about a serious deterioration both of textbooks and of teaching, since self-respecting scholars and teachers will not stoop to the methods advocated.

Greeks, Girls, and 1944

THE Greeks of the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ were not feminists. Their Olympic games were severely masculine. Women could neither be competitors nor spectators. They were not even allowed to cross the Alpheus or approach the plain of Olympia while the games were in progress. The winners of the contests were honored by the proud communities from which they came; at Athens they were supported for life at public expense. Neither the honor nor the chance to live without labor was within the reach of women. The ancient Olympic games died out in the fourth century A. D. and were not revived until 1896 when the modern international Olympics were instituted at Athens. Each fourth year since then, with the exception of 1916, the Olympic games have been held in different cities. Women are now admitted both as spectators and as contestants in women's events, but their fame is of a mild luster in spite of their popularity in the Sunday picture supplements.

Now suddenly a new question arises; a woman has appeared who can outclass all the women in her field and all the men as well. She has done what no woman has done in all history: she has broken a world's record held by a man. No man in all the annals of sport has finished the quarter-mile back-stroke swim within five seconds of Miss Sybil Bauer's time, and naturally Miss Bauer wants to enter the regular event in the games. But on the other hand, no woman has ever been permitted to compete with men in the Olympic games. Shall Greek tradition be allowed so disastrously to lapse? After 2,500 womanless years, shall a girl suddenly precipitate herself into a contest of men—and then, conceivably, thrash them? Would not great Zeus himself rumble and groan on Olympus if his games were thus finally profaned?

Sybil Bauer's, after all, is a modest invasion of men's rights, but it invites interesting speculations. The women of Athens never had a chance to discover their skill or their muscles. The women of today have had only a few years of participation in sport, and even now an insignificant number of girls go into athletics as a vocation or even as a serious side-issue. The tradition of the girl athlete is not yet established. But if events move as fast for twenty years as they have in the twenty just past, who can say what the Olympic games will be like or how many world's records will hang at the belts of girl swimmers or hurdlers? It is not hard to imagine the New York Times of July 10, 1944, discussing the subject editorially. "Sports in general," it will say, "and especially swimming, are fundamentally feminine pastimes, and thus it is natural that most of the prizes in the contests just concluded at Moscow should have gone to women. After all, the exercise of speed and mere unthinking physical strength are not qualities that men should either desire or seek to develop. None the less, we are gratified to note that in this feminine field of endeavor our American girls have so clearly outclassed, etc." But perhaps, in 1944, the New York Times editorial will be written by a woman, in which case it may be different.

Denby's "Lost" Letter

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

EX-SECRETARY DENBY on October 25, 1923, handed to the committee which is investigating the oil scandals a letter covering the transfer of the oil lands, which purported to have been sent by Mr. Denby to the President on May 26, 1921. *That letter was never actually sent or delivered*—such, at least, is the startling deduction which results from a study of the testimony given by the ex-Secretary of the Navy and others.

Senator La Follette in his speech on the resolution demanding the resignation of ex-Secretary Denby declared that "the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation, which broke the back of the Taft Administration, did not proceed upon more damning evidence than is at hand bearing upon the leasing of these naval oil reserves." There is indeed a striking similarity between these two great scandals in the history of two Republican administrations. It will be remembered that to oblige President Taft his Attorney General, George W. Wickersham, antedated an official memorandum so as to make it appear that President Taft had that memorandum before him when he took a certain official action. The question now arises in the Fall-Denby case whether ex-Secretary Denby, or someone else, has placed a document in the records which does not belong there, in order to throw the blame on President Harding and mislead the public.

The document in question was handed to the committee immediately after ex-Secretary Denby took the stand on October 25, 1923. It was dated May 26, 1921. Leaving out the unessential parts, the document reads as follows:

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: Some time ago I suggested that the Department of the Interior was the proper department to protect and conserve the naval oil reserves of the United States. . . . In a brief conversation in your office between yourself, Secretary Fall, and myself, it was agreed that you would issue an Executive order transferring the custody of the naval oil reserve from the Navy Department to the Department of the Interior. In candor and in justice to the officials of the Navy Department, having charge of this particular matter, I must admit that the suggestion met with considerable resistance from them. I, however, proceed upon the theory, which I know to be the policy of the Administration, that governmental activities properly pertaining to one department and are operated by another shall be allocated to the department under which they belong, and I cannot avoid a conclusion that the custody of oil lands is the proper province of the Department of the Interior. . . . In consultation with the Secretary of the Interior, an Executive order has been drawn that is satisfactory to him and to me, copy of which I inclose herewith for your consideration. In conversation with the Secretary of the Interior, I have been personally reassured that he approves of this transfer and the form of the Executive order inclosed herein, and further, that he will give his best efforts to the conserving underground as much oil as possible for emergency purposes, and that he will also preserve, as far as may be, the navy's proportion of any oil that may be taken out under lease by private parties. He also states that in the development of any large policies concerning these lands he will not proceed without consultation with the Navy Department.

I submit the matter to you for your consideration, and recommend that the inclosed Executive order, or one similar

to it in form, be promulgated. If you care to hear from the officers of the navy who are directly concerned and who may desire to lay before you their views in regard to this transfer, I shall direct them to report to you at your convenience. I inclose herein a memorandum upon this subject drafted by Rear Admiral Griffin, chief of the Bureau of Engineering, in which the navy's position heretofore mentioned is set forth.

I beg that this matter may receive early attention, as bids were recently called for for the drilling of offset wells. These bids have been received but not opened. If this transfer to the Department of the Interior shall take place, I shall place them together with other papers in the hands of the Secretary of the Interior for such disposition as he may deem best. If the transfer is not to take place, I must at once proceed to open the bids and salvage as much oil as may be saved from drainage through private wells outside the naval reserves.

Very respectfully,

EDWIN DENBY

May 26, 1921

THE PRESIDENT,
THE WHITE HOUSE

Now the interesting thing about this document is that it exists only in the copy submitted by ex-Secretary Denby to the committee in such a hurry at the very beginning of his testimony. Senator Walsh made the most vigorous efforts to get the original of this letter, which was drawn to make out a clever case for Mr. Denby if it was not original. Vital as it is to his case, there is no copy of it in the files of the Navy Department, nor in the files of the Interior Department, nor in the files of the State Department (where the executive order is to be found), and what is more important, the original letter cannot be found in the files of the White House. Mr. Latta, in charge of the White House correspondence, reported that a careful search of the files had been made—in vain. So did Mr. Reichard on behalf of the Department of the Interior; neither was the Bureau of Mines able to produce such a letter. Although it was such an apparently complete statement of the way the naval reserves were transferred to Secretary Fall, it was not thought of sufficient importance, apparently, to be worth recording in the Executive Mansion or in three other important bureaus or departments of the Government at Washington.

Not only do the records of these several departments contain no trace of this remarkable letter of ex-Secretary Denby, but there is no proof that it ever reached the President, either in the form submitted by ex-Secretary Denby or in any subsequent revision. Assistant Secretary Roosevelt has testified that he personally took the executive order to the President on May 31 and obtained Mr. Harding's signature. Under oath he testified when asked whether he took a letter from ex-Secretary Denby to the President: "No; I do not think I took any letter. I think I took nothing but the executive order with me." More than that, Mr. Ogle, who is in charge of the Navy Department's records, has corroborated Mr. Roosevelt's statement by reporting that the records "disclose no submission of the said letter to the President." Now the alleged Denby letter bears date of May 26 and asks for immediate consideration by the President. Mr. Roosevelt swears that he did not go

to the President until May 31, five days after the day which ex-Secretary Denby wanted the committee to believe was the one on which he had sent to the President the letter in question, which letter Mr. Harding plainly never saw in any form whatsoever.

Indeed, the question now arises whether the whole letter was not a fake drawn up to make a record where a record did not exist. Curiously enough, ex-Secretary Denby, as Representative from Michigan, was one of the members of the Congressional Committee which inquired into the Ballinger charges and was, therefore, entirely familiar with the predating of the Wickersham memorandum to make it appear that President Taft had read it when he took his official action, when as a matter of fact he had not done so, the memorandum not even being in existence at the time. It is a special crime under the federal statute to alter the date or text of a public document for purposes of deception.

Returning once more to the Denby letter, the committee had the greatest difficulty in tracing the Griffin inclosure which Mr. Denby's letter said was transmitted therewith. Not until repeated demands had been made was Admiral Griffin's memorandum found. Even Rear Admiral Griffin when called to the witness stand was very vague in his recollection of it. At one point in his testimony he declared that he had made no written report but only a verbal one to the ex-Secretary.

Ex-Secretary Denby first declared: "I do not know whether Admiral Griffin wrote a letter to the President protesting against the transfer or not." His memory being refreshed by a quotation from the letter under scrutiny, he said, "Well, we shall certainly look up a letter if we can find it and will transmit it." Later ex-Secretary Denby's secretary testified: "The memorandum that you speak of has been searched for and not found." Subsequently, in some mysterious way, the memorandum was discovered—only to have it appear that it is dated May 27 or a day after the Denby letter of May 26 which purported to inclose it! It was important enough to be referred to in the alleged letter to the President, but was not important enough to keep in the Navy files or to find a place in either the White House files or in the Admiral's memory. Is it possible that the fact that seven officers of the Navy Department, who protested against the transfer of the naval oil reserves, were all relieved from their duties and sent to sea or remote stations, may have had something to do with the failure of the Rear Admiral's memory?

Under the circumstances it is perfectly obvious that the committee ought to lose no time in probing further into this record. If the files of the State Department, the White House, the Navy Department, and the Interior Department are kept in a negligent and careless fashion and ex-Secretary Denby is the victim of this negligence, the country ought to know it. Ex-Secretary Denby ought to have the privilege of again explaining on the stand the history of this interesting letter and of producing before the committee the Navy Department stenographer who took that letter at his dictation, or some one else's, and presumably initialed it and numbered it. It would be particularly interesting to find out whether the fact that the letter was signed "Very respectfully" instead of "Respectfully yours"—the usual official form—was due to haste at the time it was alleged to have been written or at some subsequent time.

Progressivism at St. Louis

By NORMAN THOMAS

IF within the next few months an effective third party emerges in the United States we shall know whom to thank. Our portrait gallery—I shall not say of founding fathers but of pioneers—will include pictures of Messrs. Doheny, Sinclair, Fall, McAdoo—and Ramsay MacDonald.

That this is a sober statement of fact and not of fancy is the chief impression that I brought back from the recent meeting at St. Louis of the National Conference for Progressive Political Action. Two months ago it was generally assumed that the St. Louis Conference would mark the end of a once promising experiment in bringing together progressive unions, farmers' organizations, and other groups.

Since its convention in Cleveland in December, 1922, the Conference had been rather quiescent. Some State conferences had been formed, one of which—New York—had celebrated the spirit of fraternity by excluding the Socialist Party and the more or less socialistic trade unions of New York City. It then proceeded to make itself a tail to the Democratic kite. It looked as if leading spirits in the National Committee of the Conference for Progressive Political Action meant to do the same sort of thing for the national Democracy though by less high-handed measures. Mr. McAdoo's flourishing candidacy gave the railroad unions and to a less extent some farmers' organizations a chance to pay back a debt they felt they owed to the former Director General of Railroads. His general liberalism and his fair and friendly attitude to labor greatly commended him. Even his repudiation of government ownership, to which most of the railroad labor unions were committed—at least on paper—and the alleged friendship of the Ku Klux Klan did not affect his popularity with the organization which had called the Conference into being. The skids were greased for indorsing McAdoo or leaving the way open for the National Committee to indorse him even if that meant the secession of the radicals and the end of one more attempt to unite progressive forces.

And then two things happened: The British Labor victory greatly stimulated in the rank and file a new confidence in the idea of independent political action, and the oil scandals more greatly stimulated disgust with both old parties as the tools of special privilege. More particularly they made Mr. McAdoo unavailable—to the intense regret, as I observed at St. Louis, of some of the railroad men.

In consequence the Conference assembled with a new spirit of hope and a new desire to get things done. The more conservative members of the National Committee were themselves persuaded to recommend another convention on July 4. They adopted a program far in advance of last year's utterance. "Why," said an old Socialist warhorse, "if this keeps up we'll have to sit on these boys to keep them from getting too radical." The Conference itself adopted these recommendations of the National Committee without much change or much wrangling.

Yet it would be wrong to exaggerate the temporary harmony. The ghost of the Workers Party was at the banquet. Or to be more literal, Mr. Ruthenberg was there. He did not demand admission but sat silent through the sessions. Two or three delegates of labor organizations were supposed to take orders from him and all their motions looking to definite commitment to a third party were

promptly and enthusiastically rejected by delegates who, as far as I recall, never said "Workers Party" out loud but whispered it about continuously. This irritation, distrust, fear—call it what you will—felt by all the labor leaders for the Workers Party has a wonderfully conservatizing effect upon them.

Now the center of interest shifts to Cleveland and July 4. Even before that comes the question of what will be done at the St. Paul third-party conference called by the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party and other groups for May 30. The zealous Mr. Mahoney, of the Minnesota party, will, he said, try to arrange that that conference be merged with, or held simultaneously with, the Cleveland Conference.

Between now and July 4 much may happen. The attitude of the Conference may be in part affected by the degree of success of the British Labor Cabinet. It certainly will be affected by the attitude of the old parties—especially should one of them nominate a reasonably untainted liberal. It will be greatly affected by what Senator La Follette may do. His was the one name on men's lips at the St. Louis Conference. There are, as readers of *The Nation* know, factors within both farmers' organizations and the labor movement, as well as external difficulties inherent in the American situation, which make prediction difficult.

And after sitting through the St. Louis Conference one cannot but have fresh hope. It is a great gain to find important progressive groups united on a program of radical change—a program calling for the nationalization and democratic management of the railroads, public ownership of water-power and a public superpower system, the rigid public control of natural resources, including oil and coal; the adoption of the Sinclair-Norris bill for the marketing of farm products, together with legal changes to establish trial by jury for alleged contempt of court, and to limit the use of injunctions in industrial disputes. The Conference also stands opposed to war and imperialism; and in almost all of these matters it has advanced many leagues beyond its vague and cautious utterances of a year ago.

Advice to a Clam-Digger

An American Georgic

By WILBERT SNOW

Go when the friendly moon permits the tides
To drop far out at early morn or eve;
When eel-grass lies in windrows on the flats,
And rockweed lays its khaki counterpanes
On barnacles that cling to sunken ledges;
Seek out a place where mud-enameled sand
Looks like a colander whose holes emit
Little salt water geysers when you step;
Then, facing shoreward, dig till you become
A lame and muddy partner of the cove.

Marvels undreamed of suddenly unfold
The secrets they have kept concealed so long:
The rancid mud-clams whose white shells betray
A worthlessness within, like beggar's gold,
Or empty conkles farther up the beach;
The iridescent clam-worms blue and green
With esculating red and yellow fringes,
Like Chinese dragons whose soft tentacles

Expand, contract, and writhe in oozy slime;
Long buried whore's-eggs; razor-fish with shells
Brown as old ivory and smooth as glass;
Or soggy timbers from a derelict
Who left her oaken bones upon a ledge
In some northeaster forty years ago.

You soon discover that the best returns
Lie nestled near the rocks that dot the cove:
Dig slowly there, lest you should break their shells,
For at a single forkful three or four
Will lay white buttocks bare before your eyes.
Protruding heads that keep a passage clear,
Aware of you, will scramble for their homes,
Spraying your eyes and face with stinging brine,
Engendering illusion that the shells
Are burrowing a fathom deep in mud.
Their flight is aided by the tousling in
Of saucy waters playing hide-and-seek
In every drain and crevice of the flats,
Laughing at your attempts to keep them out,
And salvaging rich treasure for the sea.

Your roller full, haul up your rubber boots
And wade into the green and golden cove
Where little flounders flit beneath your feet.
Pull bits of rockweed, Mother Ocean's facecloths,
And wash the thick-accumulated mud
From off your hoe handle; then souse your hod
And watch the white and blue intensify:
The sparkling freshness on the dripping shells
Which disappears as suddenly as dew
From violets or daisies in the sun,
Will teach you why the Indian long ago
Used these fair shells for ornaments and wampum,
And piled them in the self-same spot for years,
Until his heaped-up mounds were monuments
Where all spring wanderers might come and camp.

Fail not before you leave to glance around
And view the low-tide pageant of the shore:
The apprehensive manner of a gull
Who sits with white breast bulging to the breeze,
And flashes right and left his sulphur bill;
The slower movements of the pearl-gray crane
Who stands in eel-grass on a single leg,
Surveys the fishing prospects, then moves on,
To light again, survey, and move once more,
Till he has sounded out the channel's length;
The yellow bubbles on the flood tide making
A creamy dressing for the green sea-lettuce;
The dignity of rusty-iron rocks
Studded with bands of sharp white barnacles;
The breakers, if the wind blows hard off shore,
That chase each other on the sunken reefs,
And spout like white whales on an Arctic sea;
Or, if the earth be hushed to twilight calm,
The violet, dark-wine, and purple tints
That crown the flowing surface of the tide.

This poem received the only honorable mention in The Nation's Poetry Contest for 1924. First and second prizes were awarded respectively to Scudder Middleton and Genevieve Taggard, whose poems appeared in the issues of February 20 and 27.

These United States—XLV*

RHODE ISLAND: A Lively Experiment

By ROBERT CLOUTMAN DEXTER

HER people and her politics are the distinguishing features of Rhode Island. Deeply chiseled over the granite portal of the magnificent State Capitol in Providence are these words, taken from the charter of 1663: "to hold forth a livelie experiment that a most flourishing civill state may stand . . . with a full liberty in religious concerns." The experiment began as a rebellion against the religious intolerance of a Puritan theocracy, but it has continued to furnish a lively experiment of one kind or another ever since. Not that the smallest State in the Union is barren of other distinctions. Rhode Island clam chowders have been imitated, but never equaled; and the white cornmeal of the South County surpasses in texture, flavor, and color the commoner yellow meal of Dixie. Despite these contributions to our national cuisine, however, the significance of Rhode Island lies in its social developments.

Geographically, Rhode Island can scarcely be called independent. Massachusetts on the east and north and Connecticut on the west have both felt that this upstart with its peculiar ideas and its desirable waterfront, ought to belong to them. When, to quote a local ballad,

In sixteen hundred thirty-six
Roger Williams got into a fix
By saucing the governor of Massachusetts
And skedaddled away to Rhode Island

Roger and his followers had no rights which the Chosen of Massachusetts were bound to respect. It took all the faith and courage of Williams, all his well-deserved popularity with the Indians, and all his political sagacity to maintain his foothold. Even after Rhode Island had a royal charter Massachusetts and Connecticut did not hesitate to exercise jurisdiction whenever possible.

Well-grounded fear of her more powerful neighbors, and the resulting jealousy to preserve her own rights and privileges as a sovereign State, have colored all Rhode Island's development. Rhode Island is separatism personified. Separatism in religion, separatism in politics, separatism in personal life: these have been the key-notes of her history. Her daring formulation of Williams's doctrine of soul liberty in the face of bitter opposition from without and lack of unity within transmitted this strong emphasis on individualism. It is hardly an accident that until quite recently Rhode Island, the smallest State in the Union, was the only one which had two capitals. The tradition of separatism explains, also, why each of the thirty-nine towns in the State has one State senator, so that West Greenwich, with 367 inhabitants, is as potent in the upper house as Providence, with a population of 237,595. This rotten-borough system has been one of the factors in the half-century of political degradation from which Rhode Island is now trying to emerge. The old-line Rhode Islander will cite with justice the national Senate as analogous to his local situation; but neither Nevada nor New Shoreham (another of the Rhode Island pocket boroughs) has legislative

records that prove the wisdom of this particularistic democracy.

Of greater importance even than its historical separatism, for an understanding of present-day Rhode Island, is its preeminent industrialization. Politics and people both are quite literally the "fruit of the loom." It is true that the rotten boroughs furnish the possibility for corrupt politics, but it has been the manufacturers of Rhode Island who have taken advantage of these possibilities.

It is the mill-owners, also, who for their own purposes have diluted the colonial stock of the original settlers, first with English mill-hands, later with Irish, and then with French-Canadians, Poles, Italians, and Portuguese (black and white), until a Saturday afternoon stroll along Westminster Street, Providence, leaves one with the conviction that Rhode Island is not one of "these United States" at all. One looks in vain for "tall, blond Nordics." Main Street, Pawtucket, speaks every language but English, while in Woonsocket the writer spent an hour recently in the City Hall without hearing a word of English spoken, by visitors or officials, except that addressed to him. Rhode Island is not only the most densely populated State in the Union; it is also the first in the proportion of foreign-born. Largely because of this immigration Rhode Island holds the lowest position regarding illiteracy of any Northeastern State.

We of the North are apt to think that the harrowing tales of child labor belong wholly to the past, or at least to the far-away South. Rhode Island, however, has met Southern competition during the last decade by augmenting the number of her laboring children, while every other State in the Union, even North Carolina, the bete noire of industrial reformers, has shown a decrease. Child labor in the United States during the last decade fell off 47 per cent; in Rhode Island it increased 6 per cent. Thirteen and four-tenths per cent of all the children in the State between ten and fifteen years of age are gainfully employed. What is to be this "fruit of the loom"? What of the future citizens of Woonsocket, with the highest percentage of child labor—18.7 per cent—of any city in the United States, or of Pawtucket, with 17.3 per cent? In the South, at least, only about half the employed children are cooped up in mills and factories; in Rhode Island, four-fifths of the 8,569 working children spend their days in the damp, hot, lint-saturated atmosphere of the spinning-room. Furthermore, Rhode Island has the unenviable distinction not only of having the highest percentage of employed girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one of any State in the Union, but also of employing over two thousand women nightly in its mills. Is it strange that there was opposition at the State Capitol last year strong enough to defeat a forty-eight-hour law; or that bills abolishing night work do not pass? The legislature, if not controlled directly, is frequently intimidated by the mill-owners' threat to go South, where they can do as they like—and consequently they do as they like in Rhode Island.

The heart of Rhode Island is not Providence; Providence is simply its market-place. Rhode Island owes its

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prosperity to two rivers, the brawling Blackstone, which turns more spindles than any river in the world, and the winding Pawtuxet. It is along these rivers that the mills are located, and along these rivers that the mill operatives live. In these days of the motor-car, the owner lives in Providence on the East Side or, in more and more cases, in New York or Boston. What have the mills given the workers for homes? The ordinary mill village presents little that is attractive. The mill is the center of the picture. Around it are grouped the mill tenements huddled together along one or two streets. Frequently these tenements are white, freshly painted, with well-kept palings in front. There is none of the hideous ugliness of the coal or iron town; the chief aesthetic defect of the mill town is its uniformity and its lack of space. The houses are built in long rows closely adjoining one another like city blocks, while all around are the undulating hillsides, winding rivers, and shining lakes. The town turns its back on these, however, and faces its master, the mill. In addition to the mill and the mill houses there are a store and a church—sometimes two churches, the larger and more pretentious topped by a gilded cross, and the smaller, generally a mere chapel, weather-beaten and in need of repairs. The latter too often supports only a visiting minister; the former is served by one or two priests, usually conducts its services in an alien tongue, and is frequently flanked on the one side by a parochial school, partly financed by company donations, and on the other by the tightly shuttered residence of the teaching sisterhood. Almost a hundred such villages exist in Rhode Island, utterly independent of town or county lines, and consequently having no political unity.

Jewelry is another potent industry in Rhode Island affairs. Providence is the largest jewelry center in the United States if not in the entire world; everything from Gorham's silver to Woolworth's hair ornaments comes from the city of Roger Williams. The jewelry industry contributes to the child-labor problem a unique element. During the brief time in which the federal child-labor law was in operation the Department of Labor discovered a system of home-work for children which has been in existence from the earliest days of the industry in the State. The Federal Department, in contrast to State departments, was shocked at the extent of child employment, and made a study of the problem in the three cities of Providence, Pawtucket, and Central Falls. Its report, recently published, showed 4,933 children, or 7.6 per cent of all school children examined, doing "home work." Such work consisted of carding snaps, stringing tags, setting stones in various types of jewelry, and wiring and stringing rosary beads. What a commentary on our commercialization, even of religion, that the very rosaries on which the faithful count their prayers in the name of Him who loved little children should be made by these little ones in poorly lighted tenements in the long evenings after school hours! The federal investigation revealed the fact that in some of these homes in which the rosaries which were to be kissed by the faithful were being made, members of the family were afflicted with tuberculosis, influenza, and even more loathsome diseases. Two-fifths of the child "home workers" were of Italian parentage and one-fifth French-Canadian.

The industrial picture that Rhode Island presents is not encouraging. True, it produces excellent textiles, first-class tires, admirable lathes, as well as mountains of ten-cent-store brilliants, but its industries and its politics alike

have been managed with little consideration for the human element. Unstinted immigration from Europe so long as that was possible, supplemented now by "habitants" from Quebec; long hours of labor for men, women, and children under conditions detrimental to health and happiness; the exploitation of children; the grouping of foreigners in mill villages barren of genuine American influences either in education or recreation—these are not the most hopeful ingredients out of which to make a commonwealth.

Fortunately there are more promising aspects of present-day Rhode Island. The power in the Pawtuxet Valley prior to 1919 had been the B. B. & R. Knight Company, a family concern, which had commenced with the Pontiac Mills in the eighteen-forties and gradually grown until it controlled over a score of mills. The Knights were notoriously unprogressive; in their own offices a typewriter was a rarity; oil lamps had been sufficient for lighting when they took over the mills: they were sufficient when they finally relinquished them. A Knight mill tenement had a reputation that was unsavory in more senses than one. Despite their antiquated methods they managed to secure maximum profits. In 1919 Robert Knight's sons sold their mills at boom prices to a New York corporation. But the company soon found that conditions in 1921 were not the same as in the years 1916-1919, and in order to pay dividends on their excess capitalization they ordered a 20 per cent reduction in wages with a continuation of the fifty-four-hour schedule. The result was an immediate and complete tie-up of every mill in the valley. Not only did the workers strike, but they organized for a protracted resistance. Local men at first headed the strike, but soon the leaders of the Amalgamated Textile Workers were called in, and thorough and complete organization was effected. The food supply was arranged for, dietitians and nurses were employed by the *strikers*, food kitchens were opened, and sufficient funds secured to *fight it out if it took all summer*. And fight it out they did from January until the autumn, when the wage cut was rescinded and the strikers went back to the mills victorious. There was little violence in the valley, although deputies and State troops were stationed there, and the result of the strike has been an immediate and definite change in attitude on the part of both workers and owners. Both sides admit that the workers are now in control, and while this presents difficulty to the owners, especially in view of their attempt to pay dividends on an overcapitalized investment, it is distinctly a sign of a better day. And finally, the children were found better nourished and healthier at the end of the strike than at its beginning. The day of feudal overlordship in the Pawtuxet Valley has disappeared: in its place we have corporate responsibility on the one side and well-organized labor on the other.

Lincoln Steffens wrote an article in *McClure's Magazine* in 1905—Rhode Island, a State for Sale—in which he proved beyond doubt his initial thesis that "the political situation of Rhode Island is notorious, acknowledged, and shameful." Then Nelson W. Aldrich was "the boss of the United States Senate" and at the same time the head and fount of Rhode Island's political corruption. Aldrich and his associates exercised their power through General Brayton, the famous blind boss of Rhode Island. So absolute was Brayton's power that the story is told that coming into his office one morning he inquired for a certain State senator. Being informed that he was in the Senate, Brayton

replied, "Bring him here; I want him to lead me out to (let us say for politeness' sake) get a drink." Brayton was "of counsel" for the New Haven Road, and Aldrich was especially interested in the Rhode Island Company. The New Haven as a factor in New England politics has passed away, and the poor Rhode Island Company is still struggling to pay off the indebtedness which Aldrich, Brayton, et al. fastened on its stockholders. Aldrich, Brayton, and their associates died politically intestate. The Republican Party machine in Rhode Island is now "in commission," and a weak commission at that. This decadence of the bosses is one of the most auspicious omens on the political horizon of the State. The Democratic Party has always been a party of the disinherited and discontented, and it has been particularly lacking in unity. A Rhode Islander was asked a few years ago which party he was going to support in the forthcoming election; he replied "I don't know; I feel like a jackass between two bales of excelsior." Twenty years ago the Republican Party was known to be corrupt but powerful; the Democrats were less corrupt but impotent. A change has come about in Democratic policy. No one conversant with Rhode Island politics will maintain that the Democrats are a unit, but at any rate they are more united than they were, and they still are the party of the disinherited and consequently of the progressives. I say disinherited, despite the fact that they hold the governor's chair, one of the two United States senators, and the presiding officer of the State Senate. But they are still of the disinherited; they do not represent the textile interests, or the metal trades, or the jewelry manufacturers. The Democrats have leaders: Flynn, the Governor; Toupin, the erratic Lieutenant Governor, and George Hurley, the present assistant attorney general and former chairman of the State Committee. Hurley is easily the most interesting figure in Rhode Island today: a Providence boy of Irish extraction, a brilliant student at Brown, a Rhodes scholar of distinction, an able young lawyer, and a resourceful politician. Hurley has always stood for cleanness in politics and in public and private life, and at his own request was given the position of assistant attorney general because he wanted to clean up the gambling-hells at Narragansett Pier, Johnston, Cranston, North Providence, and elsewhere that for years past had made Rhode Island a Mecca for sporting gentry and had furnished an easy living for politicians and local officials. Clean them up he did. The story of Hurley's fight single-handed is too long for this article, but it should be written. Quiet, gentle-mannered, with a pleasant Irish smile, and an altogether juvenile expression, he has cleaned up practically every gambling house in Rhode Island within the last year. He made no distinction between high and low. A few months since he summoned into court a philanthropic Rhode Island millionaire and eight or ten social leaders from New York to tell the grand jury what they were doing at a certain Pier resort. They told. The consequence was that the resort is closed, and some local politicians are now working for a living.

With the Republicans disorganized, the textile workers conscious of the value of organization and the ballot, and the Democratic Party in the hands of men like Hurley, it can be said with truth that Rhode Island is no longer a State for sale.

Rhode Island cannot be dismissed without mention of Brown University, which dominates the intellectual life of the State to a much greater extent than do either Harvard

or Yale their respective commonwealths. Under E. Benjamin Andrews, Brown gathered to itself some of the brightest minds in America, and many of the political leaders of the younger generation are practicing the precepts taught in Brunonia's halls. But "Benny" offended the industrial magnates in Providence by daring to have an opinion on political issues, and was dismissed. Andrews left to his successor some splendid youngish men, but one by one the Meiklejohns, the George Grafton Wilsons, and their kind have slipped away to positions of influence elsewhere. Brown is the poorer by their loss.

A typical Rhode Island institution is the Dexter Donation—six thousand feet of wall which incloses many acres of the best residential part of the city of Providence for an aristocratic poor farm—a poor farm with a property qualification. A century ago Ebenezer Knight Dexter left his native town sixty thousand dollars to ameliorate the condition of the poor, and he picked out the best site in the town for his benefaction. He requested that "a good permanent stone wall at least three feet thick at the bottom and at least eight feet high . . . and sunk two feet in the ground" be placed around his farm. There it stands today, despite efforts to have the land sold and the proceeds used to erect a more modern institution elsewhere. It affords care only for residents of Providence whose fathers or grandfathers have owned property; and it has no waiting list. The institution at Cranston for the poor who were not so fortunate is generally overcrowded.

In the face of such solid conservatism it is difficult to be optimistic. However, Rhode Island has been despaired of many times, particularly by her neighbors. Whether it is the protecting shade of Roger Williams or the healing waters of the Bay, the "lively experiment" still continues, and slowly, but nevertheless surely, changes come. Rhode Island was excluded from the New England Confederation, whose self-righteous members referred to their neighbor as "that sewer," principally because she consistently refused to exclude the sectaries persecuted by the "lord brethren." Her conduct during the period of paper money was scandalous, and yet it was during that same agitation that in *Trevett vs. Weeden* the dictum was established that the courts were competent to find illegal acts of the legislature contrary to the common law. Rhode Island's privateering was little short of piracy, and yet it is on this basis that the American merchant marine of the early nineteenth century developed. Rhode Island was the first to declare her freedom from Great Britain, but the last to adopt the Constitution. It took an armed rebellion in 1848 to establish manhood suffrage, but the rebellion came. Twenty years ago Rhode Island was literally and absolutely controlled by its feudal mill-owners and their political henchmen; now that situation has changed. Although Roger Williams would find it difficult to make his way about the Providence Union Station built where in his time was a shallow cove, and would stare aghast at the new Biltmore, we can be sure that the stirring aspirations of the mill-workers, the movements for the abolition of child labor, the striving of the disinherited for political power and freedom, the demands of the modernists in the church and state would enlist the sympathy of this first and greatest of American radicals. He kept his faith in the lively experiment in the face of adverse circumstances; may we not believe that enough of his spirit remains in the Commonwealth he founded at least to justify its motto, "Hope"?

Jacques Loeb

By EDUARD UHLENHUTH

ON the eleventh of February Jacques Loeb, since 1910 a member of the Rockefeller Institute and the outstanding figure in the biological sciences of the present time, passed away suddenly, still in the prime of his productivity, although almost sixty-five years of age.

A great man, like a common man, may live in one particular country, or in a metropolis of six millions, or in a small quiet village hidden away from the noisy roads of every-day traffic, or he may dwell in a cave on top of a mountain like Zarathustra and have as his only companions a snake and an eagle. But his ideas transcend these physical barriers; they have no home; they are not citizens of any country; they give birth to new ideas in other minds; they need no particular language to make themselves felt; they are friends even with the enemy.

The death of Dr. Jacques Loeb has brought us close to that truth. Thousands of persons in all countries are mourning the death of this man, and are united through him in a world which is still lacerated by national hatred. And of what nationality shall we say that he was? He was born in 1859 in Germany; he has lived since 1892 in the United States. He was a member of the Royal Institute of Great Britain, of the French Academy of Sciences, of academies and learned societies of Portugal, Russia, Poland, Argentina, and many other countries.

His work was as universal as his fame. There is no branch of the sciences of life which was not materially advanced by his work. Biology, medicine, psychology and philosophy, chemistry and physics, and even the technical sciences profited by his achievements. He published nearly 400 articles and nine books. Most men of science find it necessary to confine their work to a few problems of life. But in his hands biology remained the study of the mysteries of life in its entirety; problems touching on the very roots of life itself cropped out in almost every one of his papers. The study of animal tropisms dug down to the foundation of human behavior and psychology, the work in experimental morphology revealed the most fundamental laws of regeneration and growth. The discovery of the chemical fertilization of the sea-urchin egg revolutionized our ideas on reproduction and its most essential feature, the fertilization of the animal egg. The discovery of the antagonistic salt action led him to gain important insight into the phenomena of muscular action and of the ability of organisms to adapt themselves to environment. While studying the temperature coefficient of growth and development, he found occasion to formulate his ideas on the prolongation of life and the nature of death. Perhaps the culmination of his entire work was reached when he discovered the essential identity between the chemistry of colloidal and crystalline substances, making intelligible for the first time the chemical and physical behavior of the proteins, the chief components of living matter.

Those who were around him and knew his faculties and habits could readily see why he should have been enabled to rise to a position from which he could survey the entire realm of science. Aside from the creative genius which was born in him and continually inspired him to conceive new ideas, aside from the unshakable idealism that was at the

foundation of his faith in human progress and made him believe that this progress must come through science, he possessed the gifts of a most astonishing memory, of an unceasing and inexhaustible working energy, and an unparalleled faculty for reading. He rarely took a holiday. He worked regularly on Sunday morning, and during the summer months, instead of taking a vacation, worked in the laboratory which the Rockefeller Institute had built for him at Woods Hole. I doubt whether there was a man among his contemporaries who was as widely read as he. Through this, he acquired a surprising ability to recognize at first glance whether or not an article or book contained new and important contributions to science. There was combined in him early in his life the knowledge of an animal and plant morphologist with that of a physiologist, chemist, and physicist. It was particularly this circumstance which enabled him to study comparatively the phenomena of life in the different groups of the animal kingdom and in plants and to apply the methods of chemistry and physics to the study of living matter.

At an early period of his activity he was forced to accept a mechanistic conception of life in his work. He recognized that metaphysics had arrived at a stage at which it no longer could widen our knowledge of life. In order to gain new insight into the nature of living organisms, it was necessary to find new facts; this task could only be accomplished by using the methods generally employed in chemistry and physics and applying them to the study of living matter. In the beginning it was difficult for most of his contemporaries to follow his rapid advances. Fortunately he lived to see his methods of research generally accepted. He chose a mechanistic attitude toward life not because of an intention to explain life by any particular speculative theory or because he preferred any particular theory to another one, but merely because he felt an ardent desire to dig further into the mysteries of life by searching for the truth and to find new facts that would throw light on the nature of life. It was his opinion that only a mechanistic view could furnish the tools needed to accomplish this end.

In recent years he came more and more to the realization that in the interpretation of the phenomena of life those facts are the most valuable and trustworthy which could be expressed in numbers. Although the study of growth and regeneration occupied his mind at an early period of his work and led to important discoveries at that time, the formulation of a mathematical expression of the laws of growth and regeneration occupied him more recently and formed one of the subjects of his work up to the last moments of life.

It was, of course, well for him that he was spared the physical ailments and other disabilities of old age which he dreaded. But he left behind many who will feel his sudden death a severe loss. He was a real and fatherly friend of the young generation of scientists in this country; he showed deep interest and sympathy with the struggling mind of the young man who, bewildered by the multitude of problems, starts out to take an active part in the work of science. He was a leader of the growing generation, and an inspiring educator. While he insisted that scientific research should be carried on at its highest level, he was able at the same time to show the path that led to this noble aim. Men from all over the world, young and old, came to visit him, to enjoy his conversation, to listen to his counsel, to receive his inspiration, to be pervaded by his enthusiasm.

Night Thoughts

By W. L. WERNER

IT is very gratifying to the average man—who rarely achieves a life term either in jail or in the legislature—to feel that he is sufficiently important to merit eternal punishment or reward hereafter.

Consider the sanctity of ciphers. The tenth wedding anniversary, the centennial memorial service, the thousandth Sunday-school scholar, the millionaire—here are reasons for celebration. . . . Clearly man is higher than the animals that have no decimal system.

As soon as thought is translated into action and objects, it loses its force; the actions and objects, with their own uses, morals, and results, take its place. So good intentions and bad are constantly being frustrated, and the world protects itself from the rule of the ideal.

Life is a tragedy in which a creature of habit struggles against a changing environment, a tragedy in which a social animal vainly seeks a perfect union. If the creature is sufficiently insignificant, life becomes a comedy.

Alas! Our schools and colleges are becoming so full nowadays that no one is getting an education.

"Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains," and I suppose that the waiter who arranges my silverware three times a day is the greatest genius that I know.

It is a common but absurd belief that civilization is marching toward justice. The opposite is true. Civilization is constantly replacing the old eye-for-an-eye code with the current fashions in politeness, persuasion, toleration, remonstrance, and charity. When every other remedy fails, we take our troubles to court.

Man is an infinitely small creature, powerless by himself. The idea that a union of infinitesimals will be anything but infinitesimal is good religion and good politics, but bad mathematics.

The great gift of life is friendship. But for a sick man a doctor is more dependable than a friend; for a man seeking truth, an enemy is more reliable; for a criminal, a lawyer is more useful.

When a great artist first appears, he is appreciated only by a few who understand him. Later he is taken up by amateurs who ape his peculiarities but know him only superficially. Finally he is entertained by people who do not understand him at all, but who have a lot of money. Thus he is gradually reclaimed to the fold of mediocrity.

The first and only axiom of any system of ethics is: it is good to continue living. The only logical opposition to this is suicide; thus the opponent destroys himself and the axiom stands.

Time was when men discovered God in sticks and stones. Now we know that He does not reside there. Hence we are confident that there is no God. . . . "There are no children," said the landlord of a model apartment.

In the Driftway

READERS of this column were doubtless surprised, when the winner of the Bok peace prize was announced, to learn that it was not the Drifter. In fact the Drifter was mildly startled himself, and feels that he ought to offer a word of explanation. His failure to win the prize was not due to lack of a plan—his head is full of them—but to the fact that he is notoriously indolent and rarely gets around to putting on paper any of the numerous schemes for salvaging mankind that troop through his cranium. He was just getting ready to write out his peace plan when he noticed one morning that the prize had already been awarded. But in order that readers of this column may realize how superior the Drifter's plan is, he has decided to give it to the public free with this copy of *The Nation*. Listen, Mr. Bok, here it is:

* * * * *

SUPPOSING that next spring the Under-Secretary of Agriculture of Uruguay should meet on the terrace of the Café de la Paix in Paris the Keeper of the Privy Seal (or the official walrus) of Lapland, and pull his nose. That, it is well understood, would not constitute a private quarrel between the two men. It would be an affront by the cow punchers of Uruguay to the blubber hunters of Lapland, and the national honor of the latter would not be satisfied except by sending its sons off to the pampas to fight until the youth of both countries was under ground and the money of both nations in the vaults of the United States Steel Corporation and E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company.

* * * * *

NOW the Drifter's plan would avoid all that and yet satisfy as completely as Camel cigarettes—or is it soups? The Drifter would not attempt to outlaw war (it is far too stupid a thing for mankind to be willing to relinquish), but, like dueling, he would rob it of its dangers. He would organize war like a poker game. The first act after a mutual declaration of hostilities would be the appointment of the ruler of some neutral country as Grand Exalted Holder of the Jack-Pot. The aggrieved party—in this case Lapland—would make the first bid. Ten thousand blubber hunters from twenty to twenty-five years of age would be drafted by the state, kissed by their pride-filled sweethearts and mothers, and shipped off, not to the pampas of Uruguay, but to the Grand Exalted Holder of the Jack-Pot—say the Queen of the Netherlands. In order to stay in the war Uruguay would have to equip and pack off to the Hague an equal number of young cow punchers. Each country would be required to pay the board bill of its army monthly in advance, while it would be the duty of the Grand Exalted Holder of the Jack-Pot to see that the rival armies were well fed and housed and not allowed to be drowned by any inundation of the dykes. There would be no objection to letting the rival armies live in the same barracks and organize baseball games and dances while the old folks at home were hating each other at a distance.

* * * * *

THIS mutual levy of men would leave Lapland and Uruguay equal, with the former under the necessity of making the next bid. This time, let us say, Lapland would raise a foreign loan of \$100,000, which would be cheerfully

furnished in Wall Street at the moderate rate of 20 per cent and a lien upon the national blubber output for 999 years. The amount of the loan would be sent to Holland. Uruguay would then retaliate by furnishing a similar sum, which would perhaps be raised by a domestic loan, collected by the Daughters of the Pampas at no expense except for such tar and feathers as might be necessary to convince pacifists and pro-Lapps that liberty bonds were the safest, sanest, and soundest investment in the world, even if you had to mortgage your cyclone cellar to buy one. Then Lapland would get in the game again with a shipment of, say, 500 airplanes and Uruguay would have to match it or send a receipted bill for the cost of such an armada paid to grafting contractors or stolen by public officials. Thus the war would go on until one or the other of the belligerents was bled white of men and Wall Street could find no more suckers to buy its bonds. Then the Grand Exalted Holder of the Jack-Pot would award the war to the country with the highest stake, and would return to each all money and material and such young men as the thrifty Dutch girls had not meanwhile married and put to work. The honor of both countries would be satisfied, neither would be out anything except a moderate board bill, and the young men would have enjoyed the broadening influence of several years of foreign travel.

* * * * *

THIS, then, is the Drifter's peace plan. What about it, Mr. Bok? THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

How to Outlaw War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I enthusiastically applaud *The Nation's* "own peace program" with its four main points: outlawry of war, world court with compulsory jurisdiction, complete disarmament, and a parliament of nations. "None of these plans can be carried without careful planning and long-continued effort under sincere leadership." May I suggest a method of effecting the outlawry of war?

When Chief Justice Taft was President—to his everlasting honor be it remembered—he advocated the settlement of all disputes between nations by peaceful means. He said: "I do not see any more reason why questions of 'national honor' should not be referred to a court of arbitration than matters of property or matters of national proprietorship." In accordance with this view President Taft's great Secretary of State, John Hay, negotiated a treaty with Great Britain definitely agreeing to settle all controversies without exception that might arise between the two countries by judicial or arbitral process. That was the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty which unfortunately died in the Senate.

It is high time that another such treaty should be negotiated. That the Senate would again reject it is hardly possible. *This would be the outlawry of war as between the contracting parties.* Eventually all nations should be thus mutually pledged, but there is no need to wait for a universal agreement. Any two reciprocating nations may at once outlaw war as far as their relations with each other are concerned. For our country this would not be a long step beyond the Bryan treaties which require a year's delay before a declaration of war. If delay is possible for a year, it is possible for two years, or ten, or fifty.

Brookline, Mass., January 26 HENRY W. PINKHAM,
Secretary, The Association to Abolish War

The Cart Before the Horse

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your peace program published in the issue of January 30 seems to me to put the cart before the horse and then to disembowel the horse. The only way to make war or anything else a crime is by law, and to make a law against war there is needed a law-making body with the requisite powers. Thus in any scheme such as you contemplate the law-making body must come first. You have put it last and then by implication have denied it the power to outlaw war. How do you propose to make war a crime?

Your peace program too is a very warlike one. There is a large element of compulsion in it. Now who or what is to do the compelling? The court can't do it until it has a law to enforce and an international police to enforce it. This, however, is the most ticklish part of the whole business, as you must know. You must give up the compulsory features of your scheme or provide for enforcing bodies and their control.

The Nation seems to me to be divided in its allegiance. Politically it is liberal in the true sense of laissez faire. In economic matters it inclines to the extension of government control. When this conflict is carried over into international affairs it results as above in a demand for compulsion and the outlawry of war and a repudiation of the machinery necessary to carry out such a program. "The outlawry of war" sounds well but it means an international parliament, a law against war, a world court with compulsory jurisdiction and an international police.

Louisville, Kentucky, February 1

N. J. WARE

The Levermore Plan and *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Of course it is not true—though you are "much advertised by your loving friends" to that effect—that *The Nation* is governed by the spirit that evermore denies. Your generous appreciation of the winner of the Bok peace award in a recent number gives the lie to that slander. That you should have qualified your appreciation by a repudiation of the plan submitted by Dr. Levermore was, of course, inevitable. *The Nation* will favor no plan that it believes "inadequate in the light of a world in chaos." It will have no half-measures.

I wonder how many of your readers would subscribe to your policy of everything or nothing. Certainly a world redeemed from the insanity and the bestiality of war is their desire as well as yours. Why not try a referendum of *The Nation's* readers to learn how many of them agree with you in rejecting the plan of a world helped as a first step toward the blessed consummation of a world redeemed?

It is here and here only, in his more realistic approach to the problem of world peace, that Dr. Levermore parts company with *The Nation*. He too has his eyes fixed on "that far-off, divine event," to which, we must believe, the world moves. He, too, would abolish war by fiat if he believed that it could by any such simple process be done away with. He has publicly declared his belief in the outlawry of war, in the general abolition of armaments, in practically every article of the faith that *The Nation* has so eloquently set forth. If in the scheme submitted by him for the American peace award he has failed to incorporate these elements of the peace-maker's creed, it is only because he believes that in the present state of political and public feeling they do not belong in a "practicable plan by which the United States may cooperate with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world."

Levermore is an historian, a life-long student of international affairs, who combines with an intimate knowledge of the racial, religious, economic, and political factors that enter into the war system an equally wide acquaintance with domes-

tic politics. His immediate task was not to paint on the sky an apocalyptic vision of the world that is to be, but to mark out the first indispensable steps of the path in which the groping, blundering world that is must walk toward its far-away goal. The sureness and deftness with which he performed this task is sufficient evidence of the qualities of scholarship, insight, and understanding that made him the man for the job.

The Nation has "looked with an unfavorable eye upon the plan itself" because of its inadequacy as a means of insuring peace. Will it not now give its invaluable support to the Levermore plan, not to insure peace but to bring the nations together in united counsel to devise measures for the promotion of peace?

New York, February 16

GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY

The Next Step or the Horizon

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your "own peace program" is evidently meant as a substitute for the Bok plan, as if the two were mutually exclusive. Permit me to suggest that the two are not exclusive but supplementary. Your program offers a series of objectives. It is related to the Bok plan as an end is related to the means thereto. Granted that the four points of your program are of cardinal importance, how shall we attain them? Take as an example a world court with compulsory jurisdiction. To say as you do that "the development of the World Court into one with compulsory jurisdiction was prevented by the League of Nations which eliminated the compulsory clauses" is to give scarcely a hint of the real difficulty. President Coolidge undoubtedly expressed average sentiment when he referred to a court "to which we could go, but to which we could not be brought." We are morally unready for compulsory jurisdiction, and among the strong reasons for this unreadiness are fear and suspicion. The way to remove fear and suspicion is by establishing helpful contacts, and that is precisely what the Bok plan aims to do. Its outstanding feature is that it starts from right where we are, and takes steps. Please do not think that we who believe in taking steps cannot lift up our eyes to the horizon.

Clinton, New York, February 1

EDWARD FITCH

A Wet Blanket for Warriors

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I submit my peace plan to your candid judgment and that of your readers:

1. Repudiate all war debts. This would discourage lending money for future wars; and no great war could be carried on if money could not be borrowed for it. Money for the enormous cost of war can be got only from those who have it—the rich and the well-to-do. They do not object to exchanging their money for tax-free government bonds. They would strenuously resist giving it to the tax collector, in the sums that a great war consumes. Their patriotic enthusiasm for war would evaporate if they were called on to pay for it currently in taxes—or if they thought it likely they would be left to whistle for payment of their tax-free bonds. And, since the rich and the well-to-do control the shapers of public opinion—the schools, the pulpit, and the press—and by one means and another control all governments, no great war could be carried on without their consent.

2. Provide that the fighting ranks shall be filled exclusively with persons who have voted for war, or have otherwise expressed a desire for it; and that among such persons there shall be no exemption for age, sex, or occupation. This would dampen the enthusiasm of the old men, the women, and the clergymen, who were telling us six years ago how beautiful our war was—what a source of spiritual regeneration. "Old men

make wars; young men fight them." The old men would make war less light-heartedly, the women and the clergymen would find less spiritual exaltation in it, if they had a vision of their own legs in the mud of the trenches, of their own bodies hung on barbed-wire entanglements.

Ithaca, New York, January 29

CHARLES E. EDGERTON

A Pledge for Statesmen

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It has long since been apparent to all serious, unprejudiced folk that the famous Bok peace plan is nothing but a rehash of previous League of Nations proposals that were overwhelmingly rejected in the "Solemn Referendum" of 1920.

This writer who aspires to justify the self-given title of "practical idealist" has a plan of his own which can be put into effect without involving any European conferences, foreign entanglements, or other strings tied to any part of Uncle Sam's accoutrements, including his pockets. Briefly it is this:

The statesmen of all nations upon taking office of any kind, especially secretaries and ministers of state and foreign affairs, must pledge themselves, i.e., incorporate such pledge in their oath of office, not to encroach upon the rights and the liberty of a neighboring or other state, nor to seek any unfair advantage at the expense of such other state, country, people, or nation.

Coupled with this the writer would outlaw aggressive warfare first, to be followed in due course by the outlawing of all warfare. The United States of America should take the lead. A joint resolution by Congress, signed by the President, and its counterpart signed by prominent citizens outside the political arena, would constitute a new declaration rivaling in importance the Declaration of Independence. The world would heed it as it heeded its predecessor, and once again the opinion of mankind would become conscious of a step in advance toward the ultimate goal—the universal recognition that the ethical standards and moral conduct of an upright, honorable private individual must be made the rule in dealings of state.

New York, February 5

JUSTUS

Contributors to This Issue

NORMAN THOMAS, formerly an associate editor of *The Nation*, is now director of the League for Industrial Democracy.

WILBERT SNOW is assistant professor of English at Wesleyan University and the author of a book of poems, "Maine Coast."

ROBERT CLOUTMAN DEXTER, formerly of the department of social and political science at Clark University, is now professor of sociology at Skidmore College.

EDUARD UHLENHUTH is a member of the staff of the Rockefeller Institute.

E. S. MARTIN is an essayist, an editor of *Life*, and conductor of the Editor's Easy Chair in *Harper's Magazine*.

JOSEPH JASTROW is professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin.

WILLIAM MACDONALD, formerly of the *Nation* staff, has recently accepted an appointment to give courses in history at Yale University next year.

E. G. H. KRAELING is lecturer in Assyriology at Columbia University.

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May 9—LINDSAY ROGERS—*Secret Diplomacy and Democratic Control*
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April 5—MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL—*Chinese and Western Ideals of Life*

STUDENTS CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION

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Books Available Religion

More Twice-Born Men. By Harold Begbie. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

FIFTEEN or twenty years ago there came out "Twice-Born Men," by Harold Begbie, a remarkable book of which one is told that half a million copies have been sold. It was a record of work done by the Salvation Army in making over men—putting new wills and desires into them, putting indeed new men into old bodies which showed the marks and characteristics of the lives their unregenerate former occupants had lived. It is a very remarkable book of which William James is quoted as saying that his "Varieties of Religious Experience" might well be called a postscript to it. It used to be said that one effective way of curing drunkards was by an old-fashioned Methodist conversion. It is true that that would cure them. By that process they gained a new will and a new purpose. No doubt, conversion of that sort still survives and does its work; no doubt such a work has been done by the Salvation Army and perhaps by Billy Sunday, but Mr. Begbie's motive in putting out his latest book, "More Twice-Born Men," is based on the feeling that religion is losing ground and materialism is gaining ground "chiefly because the power of religion to change the lives of men is now almost wholly unknown, or, if known, is regarded as an example of mere emotionalism working on weak intellects." This is the account of a man—a teacher—who can change men—not such men as "Twice-Born Men" dealt with, whom Begbie calls "the broken earthenware of our discordant civilization," but "young men, some brilliant in scholarship, others splendid in athletics, and all of them without one exception modest and gloriously honest."

The name of the teacher is not given. He figures as F. B. It is not difficult to identify him, but it is not necessary. Mr. Begbie speaks of his activities as a strange work that has been going on for two or three years among undergraduates of many universities in England and all over the world. It is a work, he says, of which the general public knows nothing at all and of which the religious authorities so far as he can gather have never heard. Impressed by what he heard about F. B. and by what he was accomplishing, Begbie went to see him. He was not charmed with him. He disapproved of some of his theological opinions. He disliked some of his ways and phrases. But he was won by the inward qualities of the man and by the extraordinary things that he had been able to accomplish.

The story of his exploits as Begbie tells it must be interesting to anyone who is interested in religious processes and possibilities. What F. B. seems able to do is to unite the warring elements of the will and give them direction. The men he dealt with were nearly all of them already religious, but not satisfied with what they were or what they could do. His purpose with them was to give them understanding and power to impart what they had. He seemed to find them discordant fragments and to leave them whole. The energies of a divided mind are largely occupied with reconciling discord. The energies of a united mind can go ahead and do something. F. B. could unite divided minds and send them on their way.

The concluding chapter in the book is about immortality. Mr. Begbie quotes Cotterill as saying in his "History of Art" that "the one all-important doctrine of the Early Church was that of Eternal Life." Begbie would have the contemporary churches make more of this doctrine. "They are in evil plight," he thinks, "because they have no thesis of existence in their minds, no creative conception of the evolutionary thesis, only an inherited theology of which they begin to feel a little ashamed."

There is a lot of religion available, nowadays, for those who can get it, and an immense work for it to do. The evolutionary idea is new, and churches and Christians have not

yet fully digested it. Some of them think that it is the enemy of faith, but the truth is that anyone who can believe in evolution can believe in anything. Anyone who believes that man came to his present powers and estate by processes of evolution extending over millions of years can surely set no limit to the distance he may still go or to the place at which he shall finally arrive. This is a book for psychologists, teachers, preachers—for him who thinks that what the world needs most is religion because of the power that is in it to change the minds of men.

E. S. MARTIN

O Pirateers!

In Quest of El Dorado. By Stephen Graham. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

In the Wake of the Buccaneers. By A. Hyatt Verrill. The Century Company. \$4.

The Dark Frigate. By Charles Boardman Hawes. The Atlantic Monthly Press. \$2.

Oh, my name was Captain Kidd
As I sailed!

Oh, my name was Captain Kidd
As I sailed!

Oh, my name was Captain Kidd.
And wickedly I did,
God's word I did forbid
As I sailed.

AFTER a surfeit of coral-fringed, lotos-eating islands of the equatorial Pacific it is good to turn to our own South Seas, especially to pages which describe not only the cobalt waters and the sun-splashed sands of the Caribbean today—with their easy, lazy life—but recall the roaring, gorgeous days of blood and gold, of pistols and pirates, when men risked all for a swallow of rum or a handful of pieces of eight. Mr. Graham sets out from Spain on the romantic errand of following the trail of her gold-hunting caravels to the New World; Mr. Verrill sails us around among the West Indies, entering all the famous old harbors of the buccaneers, comparing life in them today with what it was in the seventeenth century; Mr. Hawes has taken the Caribbean of this stirring period as a setting for a capital story of a pirate ship upon a pirate ocean.

A frank admiration for his black-hearted cutthroats is confessed by Mr. Verrill:

P perchance it is the fact that we all appreciate bravery—and, notwithstanding their multitude of sins, the buccaneers were brave beyond compare. Again, it may be that in all of us lurks a little of the gambling spirit and we admire those who can take a chance, even though we do not, and no greater gamblers ever lived than the buccaneers.

Many of these corsairs, too, left valuable data, like Esquemelling and Dampier. The latter made notes on natural history which, as he himself puts it, he kept in a joint of bamboo "stopt at the ends with wax to keep out water" when he plunged into the streams which he was "often forced to swim."

Mr. Graham, too, pays his tribute to piracy. In perhaps his best chapter he describes how he crossed the Isthmus of Panama in order to set eyes on the Pacific for the first time as Balboa did—from a peak in Darien.

It was icy cold and burning hot at the same time, dank and steaming; perspiration soaked even through the leather of one's knee boots, but small cold airs crept out of the profound green shadow on either hand, chilling for a moment the very marrow. Underfoot were innumerable water currents and mud and slime, and the giant trees above us dripped water all the while. A gravelike coldness crept about everywhere, and now and then a draught of air would lift my wet shirt and make it flap against the skin. Yet it was burning hot.

In a burst of admiration Mr. Graham adds:

The Spaniards plunged across the isthmus in chain mail; I was in my shirt, my guides were without even a

shirt. How the Conquistadores did it in complete armor gives a measure of the physical endurance of these men.

Mr. Graham in his *Odyssey* saw what Mr. Verrill did not, or at least did not record: that the quest for El Dorado is still going on in the Caribbean, but that the stage settings and the actors have changed from galleons loaded with bearded men brandishing ugly cutlasses to steamships loaded with smooth-shaven Americans brandishing beautiful concessions. "The drive of events is making democratic America into an empire," he notes. Mr. Graham is an Englishman to whom imperialism is no treat and likewise no reproach. He accepts it as among the inevitabilities, and his imagination is more swayed by the stupendous accomplishment represented by the Panama Canal than is his conscience disturbed by what the twentieth-century gold-hunters are doing to the natives of the Caribbean or the ideals of their own country.

The Stars and Stripes at the Panama Canal has become the flag of empire. . . . It is more rousing and significant there than anywhere else at this time. It may droop at Washington; it may look ridiculous in the hands of Mr. Babbitt; but at Panama it is the flag of America's inevitable destiny, the flag of her sway and of the triumph of her language, her character, and her business. . . . The Panama Canal delivers Central and South America to Wall Street, to the American commercial commonwealth, to the American people.

Oh, my name was Captain Kidd
As I sailed!

Oh, my name was Captain Kidd
As I sailed!

Oh, my name was Captain Kidd.
And wickedly I did,
God's word I did forbid
As I sailed.

And still he sails—the eternal Captain Kidd, in galleon or steamship, brandishing cutlass or concession. O pirateers!

ARTHUR WARNER

Feminine Epicures

A Guide for the Greedy. By Elizabeth Robbins Pennell. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.

The Borzoi Cook Book. By Princess Alexandre Gagarine. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

ELIZABETH ROBBINS PENNELL'S delightful book would not have had to wait twenty-seven years for its second edition had it not appeared under the puzzling title of "The Feasts of Autolycus." Which Autolycus, and who was he anyhow? are questions that would come to most persons; and so this little volume became a classic, somewhat after Mark Twain's definition of a book that many have heard of but few have read. It will be far more widely read under its new title, "A Guide for the Greedy," although that also is a little puzzling. Nay, more than a little if we happen to open it on the pages where the author says: "Gluttony is ranked with the deadly sins; it should be honored among the cardinal virtues." "Rejoice in the knowledge that gluttony is the best cosmetic"—"it deserves nothing but praise and encouragement."

It is needless to explain that she does not use "gluttony" in the dictionary sense of indulging to excess in food and drink. She means it simply in the sense of luxurious living, of gastronomic enjoyment. Gluttony as it is ordinarily understood she abhors; abhors the "men who ate and drank, until, replete and exhausted, they fell under the table"; abhors the American custom of featuring in menus quantity instead of quality; abhors also the glutton in another sense of the word: "the man who gallops through his pleasures in hot haste."

The new title seems born of a defiance of the old notion that a healthy appetite is a snare of the devil and that its gratification means eternal damnation. This notion has lingered longer among women than among men. To this day "women, as a rule, think all too little of the joys of eating"; and, when

economy is called for, the purse strings are first drawn tight in the market-place and at the restaurant; which is all wrong.

If every woman in the land could be persuaded to read this book, what a change for the better there might be! For enthusiastic and poetic descriptions of the pleasures of the table equal to Mrs. Pennell's one has to go to epicures of the other sex like Brillat-Savarin or Dumas, whose gastronomic "Dictionnaire" is to her "more exciting and thrilling than his 'Monte Cristo' or 'Three Musketeers.'" It grieves the author that although for centuries the kitchen has been woman's appointed sphere of action, she has "allowed man to carry off the laurels. Vatel, Carême, Ude, Dumas, Gouffé, Etienne, these are some of the immortal cooks of history: the kitchen still waits its Sappho."

Beg pardon, madam. Sappho is here now! She arrived twenty-seven years ago with her message, but her contemporaries were, as is the usual thing, too obtuse to recognize her genius. Were she less modest she might have called her book *Sappho in the Kitchen and Dining Room*. There is true poetry in her glowing descriptions, her abundant recipes, her enthusiasm over the good things the Lord has provided for us. And like the Greek Sappho, Elizabeth Robbins Pennell orders her feasts "in sheer voluptuousness of spirit."

Just to read the chapter heads must make every one who likes good eating reach for his hat and overcoat and hurry to the nearest book-shop for a copy of the book. Here are a few samples: *The Subtle Sandwich*; *Bouillabaisse: A Symphony in Gold*; *The Archangelic Bird*; *The Magnificent Mushroom*; *The Incomparable Onion*; *The Triumphant Tomato*; *Indispensable Cheese*; *A Dish of Sunshine*; *Enchanting Coffee*.

Mrs. Pennell has traveled much, and her menus have international variety; but, like every genuine epicure, she puts France at the head of the procession, while bestowing on our own country the palm for fruit. "The French have given us most of the things that make life worth living, and among these things is the art of cookery in its perfection." Yet she enthuses over German delicatessen quite as ardently as over the French specialties in cheese and sweets, of which nearly every town has its own.

The Far North gets less attention from this Gastronomic Sappho; but no matter, for here comes, just in time, the Princess Gagarine's "*Borzoï Cook Book*," which specializes in Russian dishes, many of them most appetizing to read about; some, the Princess admits, do not tempt the non-Russian appetite. Never mind the names; Bortsch is nothing worse than soup, and there is nothing wrong about piroshkis and pancake pie, and vatronshkis with curds, and Koulebiaka, or meat pie, or aspasia of fish, and so on. The general directions at the beginning of each chapter prove the Princess to be an expert cook.

HENRY T. FINCK

Science or Propaganda

Constructive Conscious Control of the Individual. By F. Matthias Alexander. With an Introduction by Professor John Dewey. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

THIS volume is a sequel to "*Man's Supreme Inheritance*," a book that achieved a fair vogue through the laudatory introduction by John Dewey, who repeats the service in the present instance. Despite the confidence which the critical sense of the introducer commands, one cannot repress a considerable doubt whether in the present instance the commendation is warranted. One need not go so far as to recall the case of Bishop Berkeley as that of another eminent philosopher who staked his faith upon a remedy—the efficacy of tar-water—as a cure for human ills, while still expressing the suspicion that the demonstration of benefit received has operated to obscure the relations of theory and practice. Dewey explicitly informs us that this case is different; that it is not a fad or a knack for which a set of principles has been made to order, but that it is a real discovery of first consequence.

To skeptics the book conveys no such impression. To such the chapters read like an endlessly and thinly elaborated repetition of a few bits of phrases, not without meaning indeed, but still vaguely employed and bloated to an importance out of relation to their substance. A wholly speculative assertion that man has deteriorated from his primitive estate, has lost sensory appreciation, has a wrong psycho-physical attitude, is following a false trail by striving for ends instead of attending to means, consequently is full of bad postures whether in sitting, walking, playing the violin, or playing golf, and equally of unwholesome attitudes—hence unrest and unhappiness; and that a set of exercises and directions founded upon this discovery and capable of restoring primitive function to its due and natural expression has been devised by Mr. Alexander and administered to thousands with remarkable benefit: all this one may in part believe and half accept and yet question the validity of the thesis either of the "Supreme Inheritance" or the "Constructive Conscious Control." Instructions for "shortening" or "lengthening the spine" or for breathing properly seem more convincing when dissociated from their promised effect upon self-knowledge and happiness, though one does not question that within a liberally vague analogical orbit both are instances of proper "psycho-physical equilibrium."

The whole proceeds far more in the manner of a cult than of a scientific inquiry. The impression seems difficult to avoid that the elaborate repetitious verbal structure has been devised to give the setting of a psychological architecture for a technique that doubtless has both merit and foundation, but achieves its purpose by quite other and simpler means than those alleged. So far as this is the case, the program is but one of many that make a bid for scientific and philosophic sanction by a clever assumption of the formulae or the vocabulary without meeting the essential credentials for an accredited status in the guild. At their lowest, crudest levels such programs become pretentious schemes and even fakes; any such intimation would be grossly unjust in the present instance. There is a good deal of wisdom and quite sound psychological application scattered throughout this volume; but the leading tenor of its claims and their vindication is by no means free from the odium attaching to the propagandist in the unfavorable sense of that mission.

JOSEPH JASTROW

"Past Tenses"

Open All Night. By Paul Morand. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.

LIKE one of his own creations, the winner of the Prix de la Renaissance is at his best "when thinking in capital letters and flying to extremes." The pattern of his writing is bizarre. His verbal pictures have the vivid colors and the sharp contrasts of posters; they are three-sheets of ironic impressionism. With the swiftest of strokes, he throws his figures up in front of the eye, juggles them at the end of a long brush, and slaps them into place like a bill poster, smearing them with the paste of disillusion. Viewed from the front, they are gay and tragic at once, and always fascinating—if one does not look behind and discover the rough boards, the bare scaffolding which supports the picture.

Five vivid studies of post-war Europe, each with a different setting but all in a harmonious key, are projected in this volume. They are glittering reflections of the desperate bewilderment into which life has been thrown in an age in which "men have become soldiers and women have gone mad and destiny has added her quota in a pretty series of catastrophes." Written with a trenchant irony, they dash back and forth across the hair-line which divides the romantic and the absurd. Sometimes the effect is genuine, as in the tightly drawn panorama of a six-day bicycle race; occasionally it is nothing but vaudeville: "Is she at all literary?" "No, I believe she's quite a good girl."

Morand sees the world like a platter turned upside down,

with a well-browned, nicely basted aristocracy suddenly spilled upon the ground for beggars to snatch at. Nothing remains intact in this welter of disorder except the primitive passions of men and women, and even these are curiously diverted, in many instances, from their normal expression. Thus one finds Remedios, a "mermaid in the sea of Marxism," quoting sentimental Andalusian proverbs yet living with an intensity which belied them; and Anna, with her Russian pathos and her stoic resignation, talking with such a far-away intonation that "one came to fear that none of the things she said had ever happened to her." These, and the rest of the women in this sharply sensuous gallery of Morand's, are caught in their most feminine manifestations, filled with contradictions and shaken by the contrary winds of their emotional natures. They are externally real—and yet just a little incredible.

Perhaps it might be said that Morand's heroines partake of the qualities which he finds in the Russian tongue. "A disconcerting language," he says, "in which even the grammar sets words free instead of tying them down, and which contains several past tenses each more and more remote from reality, until one begins to doubt even the existence of yesterday." Yes, these ladies grow bewildering in their "past tenses"; Morand himself is not quite untouched by the mirage. As a matter of fact, these studies—for all their modernness of mood and of material—have curiously begun to "date." They might, were it not for their background, be a literary product contemporary with "A Rebours." The pen of Paul Morand has that same restlessness—and the same pallor.

LISLE BELL

Wanted: The Spirit of Peace

The Problem of Armaments. A Book for Every Citizen of Every Country. By Arthur Guy Enock. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

MR. ENOCK'S book is an arsenal of arguments for all who believe that war ought not to be, as well as for those who hold that the gains of war, however considerable they may appear on the surface, are rarely if ever commensurate with the cost. The carefully compiled statistical exhibits which are offered of the military and naval expenditures of the principal countries of the world from 1900 to 1920, and of the casualties and other losses of the World War, afford an unanswerable demonstration of the futility of attempting to settle international disputes by force of arms.

What is likely to cut most deeply into the consciousness of the reader, however, is Mr. Enock's exposition, first, of the extent to which a great war absorbs in all directions the economic life of a nation; second, of the extent to which indirect preparation for more and deadlier wars is being made through apparently peaceful scientific and industrial development; and, third, of the comparatively slight influence that appears to be exerted by any or all organized efforts for peace. Of the first of these points the account of the multiform activities of the British Ministry of Munitions during the World War is the outstanding confirmation, while the force of the second is seen in the conscious and deliberate development of the resources of chemical warfare. What, then, in the large, does the continued preparation for war mean? It means, to quote Mr. Enock, that "with the lessons of the past plain before them, leaders of men have failed to learn wisdom"; that notwithstanding repeated outbursts of war, "the lessons of history have been lost," and that men have preferred to use their immense accumulation of knowledge and experience to spread desolation and death rather than to enhance physical, intellectual, and moral well-being. In the twenty-one years covered by Mr. Enock's survey, fourteen nations have chosen to find for war purposes \$61,500,000,000, "a sum which, with the pensionary burdens and the interest on debts incurred for armament in the past, has absorbed three-quarters of the productive energy of the peoples." In the presence of such colossal waste only a fool will insist that the problem of armaments is academic, or that paper agreements among

governments which have administered and encouraged the orgy will ever accomplish any good. The only sure preventive of war is a new spirit in the minds and hearts of men, and for the cultivation of such a spirit Mr. Enock's book is an earnest plea.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Resurrecting the Ancient East

The Life of the Ancient East. By James Baikie. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

History of Assyria. By A. T. Olmstead. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$7.50.

THE tremendous march of events in the Near East, the world's "most dark and bloody ground," has awakened a new interest on the part of Western peoples in the lands of the Levant, and hence we greet with enthusiasm all fresh knowledge of their past. Renewed excavations have been inaugurated by universities and learned societies in many quarters, but nothing has so stimulated the imagination of the general public as the accidental discovery of Mr. Howard Carter's Arab workmen in the Valley of the Kings.

James Baikie's "The Life of the Ancient East" will give many just what they desire—a glimpse into the romance of archaeological discovery. Very naturally Egypt stands in the foreground. Abydos, the holy city, Thebes with its temples and tombs, Tut-ankh-Amen's sepulchre and treasures, pass in review before the reader and lend a vivid impression of Egypt's glory. But the most fascinating chapter is that which tells of Tell-el-Amarna, the capital of Akhenaten, the noblest of the Pharaohs, who lost an empire but won a place among the immortal leaders of religion as the first monotheist of history. Mr. Baikie, however, realizes that Egypt must not monopolize our attention and so leads us to that other great and wondrous land which has contributed more written records of its past than any other of antiquity—to Babylonia and Assyria. The old Sumerian city of Lagash is first described, as sample and symbol of the earliest culture in the land of the twin rivers. But the great capitals Babylon, Nineveh, and Ashur are also resurrected for us, and with awe we stand on the ground where Hammurapi codified his great *corpus juris* and from which the mightiest conquerors and soldiers of ancient history sallied forth to war. From Mesopotamia we journey westward to the lands of the Iliad and Odyssey and are told the most stirring chapter of all archaeological exploration, how Heinrich Schliemann unearthed Troy, Mycenae, and Tiryns from their grave of ages. Transferring his attention to Crete, Mr. Baikie tells of Sir Arthur Evans's discoveries at Knossos and of the sea kings who ruled the Aegean in the days before the Greeks made their appearance on the stage of history. And finally our pilgrimage ends in the Holy Land at the ruins of ancient Gezer, a city of the Canaanites. The diversity of themes discussed in this book prevents it from becoming in any way monotonous.

Of much greater importance, however, is the "History of Assyria" by A. T. Olmstead. Here at last is an up-to-date, beautifully bound monograph on this subject written not by a mere chronicler but by an historian of grasp and power. He has made use of the most recent material, such as the new historical texts from Ashur and the remarkable Nabopolassar Chronicle of the events of 616-609 B.C., just published by J. C. Gadd, which throw so much light on the beginning and end of Assyrian history. The great collection of Assyrian letters by Robert Francis Harper has also been utilized with profit. Perhaps Mr. Olmstead has dealt with matters pertaining to the sphere of Hebrew history at greater length than was necessary; also, the discussion of the Kings of Yadi (it is to be regretted that he paves the way for more confusion by erroneously calling this kingdom the northern "Judah") belongs rather to a history of the Aramaeans and has been abundantly dealt with elsewhere. In the concluding chapter he has yielded to the temptation to philosophize. He defends the Assyrian against the

charge that he was merely a rapacious wolf, and finds that history often justifies the imperialist by making him the bearer of civilization. Some readers will doubtless lay aside his book comfortably reconciled to the French reign of terror in the Ruhr or the slaughter of millions of Oriental Christians by the Turk, believing that a future historian will write for the perpetrators such an epitaph as Mr. Olmstead has written for the Assyrian: "He was the shepherd dog of civilization and he died at his post." Others, to whom the relativities of history are insignificant beside the absolute categories of right and wrong, will see a brighter future for civilization when a few more of its shepherd dogs die. But perhaps we ought not to quarrel with the author of a great book about matters of detail such as these. Let us rather hope that his book will arouse such interest in Assyrian exploration that our knowledge of this people will be enriched still more. Thanks to the stimulus given by the late William Hayes Ward, an American School of Oriental Research has been opened at Bagdad. When we remember that even Nineveh has been only partially excavated and that other great Assyrian cities have never been touched by the spade, it seems to us that here is a vast opportunity for wealthy Americans to become great patrons of a science rich in romance and surprise. The 176 illustrations that Mr. Olmstead has selected for the adornment of his book should help to arouse many to the possibilities existing in this field.

E. G. H. KRAELING

Your Little Boy

One Little Boy. By Hugh de Sélincourt. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.

THIS book is an expression in fiction of that modern spirit which values whatever is true in life and therefore approaches this truth with sympathy and interest. It is the story of a boy just past puberty confronted with the problems of his years, mysteries to him because of his parents' failure to teach him the essential facts about his body and the elementary truth about the propagation of life. The headmaster of the English "public school," where the scene is laid, detects the youngster in "the worst offense that boy can commit, an offense which defiles a community, which saps the roots of character. If I had not watched him with my own eyes," Headmaster Lake tells the assembled school after morning prayers, "I could not have believed him capable of such foulness. My own mind feels polluted by what I saw." And announcing his determination "to keep my school pure at whatever cost," he flogs the offender publicly in chapel and forbids his talking with other boys for the rest of the term. Mrs. Hullertson, the boy's widowed mother living nearby, greatly distressed by what has happened to her son, Graham, hurries to the school to learn from the headmaster that she has been an indulgent mother and that to save her son from wickedness she must not spare the rod. But both she and her son remain bewildered and unhappy. Their problem is solved by the entrance into the story of a very lovely girl, several years Graham's senior. Paula and her father, who comes to assume something of a father's part toward Graham, are fresh, spontaneous, and wholesome. And being what they are they supply the common sense lacking in Mrs. Hullertson and the stimulus that Graham needs.

If the ending appears rather vague and leaves the reader in doubt, the author's underlying purpose is unmistakable from the opening chapter. Being an artist Hugh de Sélincourt has deliberately avoided giving us a tract but instead has created a fragment, delicate and fragrant, gently ironical at times, and occasionally sentimental. The characters are on the whole well drawn. Yet one can but wonder at the striking disparity in the constant picturing of Graham as "a little boy" and what we know his age, for physiological reasons, must be.

"One Little Boy" is a significant book. It is a token of a very recent mental emancipation, a concession in process of

being wrung from our civilization. Twenty years ago—perhaps fifteen or ten—it would not have been published, and its appearance is a symptom of a new and saner attitude in modern society toward personal life. And what is this attitude? It is a nascent rationalism which casts out the familiar devils of prudery that so often become pruriency; of ignorance that has been idealized as innocence; of hypocrisy that masks as rectitude; of self-imposed misery that is sublimated into virtuous chastening; of a spurious and artificial "morality" that may be "compensated" vice—of all the mental hobgoblins with which man has tortured himself and his fellows from time immemorial. "One Little Boy" touches one phase of the re-acceptance in the realm of love and life of the eternal axiom that the truth shall make us free.

ERNEST GRUENING

Books in Brief

A Reference Guide to Edmund Spenser. By Frederick Ives Carpenter. The University of Chicago Press. \$3.50.

This bibliography it is easier to commend than to review. It is arranged logically in divisions and subdivisions. It is thorough to the point of being almost exhaustive; and the omissions which the present reviewer has noticed are of no consequence whatsoever. The most important problems in Spenser criticism, both solved and unsolved, are indicated and classified. In the study of few other poets does the serious investigator come across more varied or more baffling and intriguing questions. No future student of the poet can even begin to inquire into the problems as yet unsolved (a list of which is conveniently offered by Mr. Carpenter), without having this guide constantly at his elbow.

Europe and Elsewhere. By Mark Twain. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

No omnium gatherum of Mark Twain's hitherto uncollected pieces can be without some interest, for he rarely wrote anything that was either worthless or faultless and some light is cast upon his personality from even his least considered essays. The present collection is made up of odds and ends: records of travel, newspaper editorials, comments on matters of interest in their day, *jeux d'esprit*, political and social articles, and a fairly cohesive group of studies in the careers of Mark Twain's old friends, Satan, Adam, and Eve. The tone of the book, as a whole, is serious rather than humorous; and in the articles on lynching, on the Spanish-American War, on imperialism, and on the Chinese situation in 1900 a deeply felt and ardent indignation flames out. Such a collection can add nothing to so great a fame; but neither does it detract from it—and perhaps that is the best that can be expected from a posthumous volume of this sort.

After Disillusion. By Robert L. Wolf. Thomas Seltzer. \$1.25.

Frank, original, and ingenious verse which, for some reason known only to the Muses, is never quite as interesting as it ought to be. The title suggests a unity which it is hard to find in the volume, and few of the poems, excellent as their ideas promise to be, end well. Yet pieces like *The Supplanted*, *Messenger*, and *Prologue for the Modern Male* guarantee a respectful reading of Mr. Wolf's next book.

The French Revolution, 1789-1815. By Shailer Mathews. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

Mr. Mathews first published his "French Revolution" twenty-three years ago, telling the story up to 1795. Since that time much that was then unknown has come to light; new interpretations have been made of characters and events; the era itself has come to be regarded with increasing sympathy and understanding. In view of this, Mr. Mathews has now deemed it advisable to publish a revised edition of his work.

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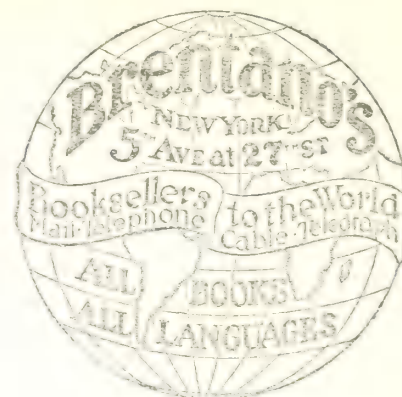
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The earlier pages have undergone some slight revision and almost two hundred pages have been added in order to bring the account to its more logical conclusion with the fall of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons. It is therefore really a new book that the author has written. Mr. Mathews is inclined to sermonize, with the Revolution as his text, and to overemphasize moral decadence as a motivating force. He has added footnotes pointing out analogies between then and now that are not always felicitous and he is guilty of a number of surprising errors, such as that of representing Danton, Robespierre, and Marat as members of the Legislative Assembly. In spite of these shortcomings, the present volume is undoubtedly a better one than its ancestor was, although it is not the most complete or the most interesting short study of the years 1789-1815.

The Mother. By Grazia Deledda. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

This story is as simple in outline as it is tragic in outcome—a young priest swayed from duty by the kindling of love, and his mother's swift intervention on the side of his churchly vows. Unfolded with an elemental intensity, it lays hold of the reader's imagination from the first page and moves forward to an inevitable catastrophe. The author writes in a style which is at once unadorned and poetic.

Against This Age. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Boni and Liveright. \$1.75.

Mr. Bodenheim's fifth volume of verse, published five years after his first, leaves little to be said by any one who has discussed the former four. The charm of Mr. Bodenheim's difficult, sardonic poetry used to depend partly upon the fact that there was not much of it. If he keeps on at the present rate, there is danger that it will cease to be precious.

Drama Inferno

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN and Marc Connelly, whose delectable comedies "Dulcy" and "To the Ladies" struck one more through their reserve than through any expression of ironic vision, have let themselves go at last. To keep the mood of laughter vivid at every moment, however, they have fitted their extraordinarily inclusive and biting satire of the life about them into an imaginative framework that was ready to their hand. This framework was afforded them by Paul Apel's rich and delightful work "Hans Sonnenstössers Höllenfahrt" which,

being interpreted, means "Johnny Sunstormer's Trip to Hell." In Apel's play, as in "Beggar on Horseback" (Broadhurst Theater), an idealistic young artist is tempted, in order to escape the curse of hackwork and save his creative powers, to marry into a family of the grossest Philistines. There, as here, he falls asleep and dreams that he has yielded to the temptation, and the play consists of the humorous and ironic exhausting of the resultant situation. Nothing could have been done by a direct use of Apel's text, since the German *Philister*, though own blood-brother to the American Babbitt, differs from the latter very radically in both mentality and manner. Thus Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly hit upon the happy notion of keeping Apel's scheme, imitating the scientific verisimilitude of his dream-technique, but making the satiric substance of the play entirely and perfectly American. The result is a dramatic work which, though wholly imitative in structure and method, is as wholly original in creative substance.

It is this substance that is both delightful and valuable. I doubt whether any of our professed realists of the theater have painted American life with such unerring strokes. Here, furthermore, as in "The Adding-Machine," the technique permitted speed and concentration, so that the picture is a wonderfully inclusive one and there is hardly a species of "bunk" that is not both accurately and hilariously exhibited. The Cady family reach a kind of greatness. Of course, we are dealing with satire and the figures are stripped of all but the essentials. These essentials, however, have been selected both with satiric insight and with scientific delicacy and precision, and Mr. and Mrs. Cady are portraits not unworthy of Hogarth. On an equally high plane are the satiric inventions by which the authors illustrate the scene and ethos on which their eyes are fixed. Chief amid these inventions are the factory for the efficient mass-production of literature, poetry, music, and the Freudian yet highly realistic dream trial scene. Throughout the delineation of these characters and the invention of these scenes the American idiom is used with a blending of actuality with symbolic driving force that is, I believe, unequaled elsewhere.

Finally I wish to praise the authors of "Beggar on Horseback" most heartily for this, that they laugh at fatuousness and gross materialism, at triviality of mind and soul, at stubborn stupidity and dishonor no longer conscious of itself, not as these qualities are contrasted with some specious moralistic idealism, but as they are contrasted with art, with the eternal creative spirit, with the quest of him who is driven despite himself to pursue that beauty which is also truth. This central motivation they found, of course, in the original of Paul Apel. But I am glad that they dared so fully and explicitly to keep it in their American version.

The production, like all the productions of Mr. Winthrop Ames, is graceful, imaginative, and exact. I am not especially impressed with the Pantomime, happily enough named and invented, the function of which is to oppose beauty to grossness and significance to triviality. It is a little slight for the purpose, and at variance with its slowness is the music of Mr. Deems Taylor which, skilful and not unimpressive, is so afraid of being less than almost of tomorrow that it will not let itself be either as lovely or as eloquent as it might well have been. But it is charming enough and the acting in the play itself, primarily of Mr. Roland Young but also of his numerous associates, is genuine and telling.

I must not neglect to mention the *Morning-Evening*, a four-page newspaper distributed to the audience during, at least, the early performances of "Beggar on Horseback." In this quite precious travesty of a contemporary yellow sheet, prepared exclusively for morons, the mentality of both the makers and the consumers of such printed matter is exhibited and excoriated with a touch that is among the best and most promising and most wholesome things in American letters.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

The "Inexperience" of British Labor

By HERBERT W. HORWILL

THE British Labor Government, we are told, is "inexperienced." No doubt it is. The new Prime Minister comes to his task as a novice—as much a novice as any American President who occupies the White House for the first time. Most of the members of his Cabinet, too, are strangers to the work of a government department—as unfamiliar with it, indeed, as are usually the majority of the official family of a new President of the United States. Many people whose attitude to British Labor is quite friendly cannot altogether banish from their minds the fear that a Labor Government must suffer seriously from this handicap of inexperience. They are willing to admit all that may be claimed for it on the score of personal ability. But ability is not everything. Experience counts. And must not a Labor Cabinet undertake its responsibilities as a group of raw hands grappling with entirely unfamiliar problems?

It may be useful, then, to consider precisely what is required of a British cabinet minister. There are two kinds of experience, in particular, that are of value to him when he enters upon office. In the first place, the member of a British Cabinet, unlike the occupant of a corresponding position in America, has to discharge the function of representing his department in Parliament. The perfect minister should therefore be familiar with the Parliament's methods of doing business and should be a master of parliamentary debate. He must be able to present the affairs of his department lucidly and effectively when the annual estimates are laid before the House and whenever at other times any question relating to it comes into controversy. Upon him falls the task of introducing any government measure affecting matters within the province of his department, and of piloting it through its successive stages until it has passed its third reading. More than that, as a member of the Cabinet he is expected to take his fair share in defending the general policy of the Government in the event of its being challenged. This account of the parliamentary duties of cabinet ministers applies also, though in less degree, to the political under-secretaries of the departments, as distinguished from the permanent under-secretaries who are civil-service officials and have no seats in Parliament.

Now the MacDonald Government is certainly not below the normal standard in its equipment of qualifications for this side of a cabinet minister's functions. It includes some of the most capable debaters in the House, who will be well able to hold their own in any discussions that may arise. Several of them, too, have sat in the House for a considerable period, are experts in parliamentary procedure, and understand as well as anyone else what tactics must be employed in order to achieve any particular purpose.

The other particular responsibility of a British minister is administrative. It is in this respect that the criticism of lack of experience may most justly be made, for comparatively few members of the new Ministry have previously been heads of government departments or have held any of

those minor offices which are generally stepping-stones to cabinet rank. But every new minister, immediately he takes office, has at his command the resources of a highly trained civil service, which, whatever may be the private opinions of its members, rigidly follows a tradition of carrying out its duties without respect of party. The permanent under-secretaries and their staff form a body of experts whose knowledge and skill will be placed as readily and as fully at the disposal of Mr. MacDonald as of any of his predecessors. There will be draftsmen to prepare government bills, lawyers to advise on knotty legal questions, and a multitude of other competent officials who will provide as complete a technical equipment as any head of a department could desire.

Moreover, a good many Labor members who have not previously held office have nevertheless enjoyed considerable opportunities of observing how a government department is run. Of late years the leading representatives of Labor have spent no small fraction of their time at Whitehall in the transaction of business with ministers, and this contact must have given them not a little insight into government methods and routine, which will be all to the good now that they are themselves called upon to take part in the actual operation of the government machine.

Again, many have had a training in municipal government which will prove of the highest value as an apprenticeship to the management of national concerns. The man who has discharged responsible functions in connection with the government of such cities as London or Manchester or Leeds, with their large enterprises and big budgets, does not approach the task of national government as a novice in the handling of complicated and important affairs. Even experience in trade-union matters may count for a good deal in this respect. It is not child's play to hold, like J. H. Thomas, the post of secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, or, like Frank Hodges, that of secretary of the Miners' Federation. To manage the business of such organizations as these calls forth and develops precisely the qualities that are of most service to the chief of a government department, and provides in itself a preparation for public service far superior to that possessed by the traditional type of politician-minister when he takes office for the first time. The Baldwin Cabinet contained one member whose previous experience in administration had been gained as a master of stag hounds!

As regards the appointment of men whose administrative record lies outside government office, it may be noted that, quite unwittingly, Mr. Lloyd George has smoothed the way for Mr. MacDonald in the formation of his cabinet slate. Ten years ago it would have been an unheard-of thing for anyone to be taken into a British Cabinet who had neither sat in Parliament nor held a subordinate governmental office. But when Mr. Lloyd George brought Neville Chamberlain and the brothers Geddes into his Cabinet, although they were destitute of both official and parliamentary experience, he set a new precedent which will work out today to the advantage of the Labor Party. To make ministers out of parliamentary novices may be wise or unwise, but at any rate it is no longer an innovation, and in England that means a good deal.

There remains something to be said about the knowledge that the Labor Government possesses of the specific

problems with which it will have to deal. On industrial problems, obviously, it will be able to speak with expert authority. However biased or one-sided its policies may be in the judgment of its opponents and critics, it will at any rate know the facts, and it will know them at first hand. The trade-union representatives in the Ministry will have the great advantage of understanding, from intimate personal contact, the conditions under which some of the principal industries of the country are carried on. Further, the Government will have at its command the services not only of several men who have been concerned with industrial problems all their lives in the most practical fashion, but also of a smaller number, constituting a sort of elite or headquarters staff, who have gained a reputation as thinkers and writers on economic topics. Such men, for instance, as Ramsay MacDonald himself and his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Philip Snowden, could not be outrivaled from the Conservative or Liberal benches when subjects of this kind come up for consideration. Most conspicuous of all in this respect is Sidney Webb, the nearest approach in England to a walking encyclopedia of economics. There will be many a debate in the new Parliament for which a speaker, whatever side he may take, will best equip himself by the study of Sidney Webb's books.

If one had been contemplating the formation of a Labor Government a decade or two ago, there would have been good reason to believe that foreign policy would be a province entirely outside the range of its acquaintance. That exception can no longer be made. The British Labor leaders nowadays are in close touch with men and affairs on the continent of Europe. Only one Labor M.P., Arthur Ponsonby, the new Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has himself held posts in the diplomatic service, but Labor's lack of familiarity with foreign courts and chancelleries finds abundant compensation in the intercourse its leaders have had with the more democratic forces abroad. These democratic forces are exerting a constantly increasing influence over the policies of European governments, and an appreciation of their significance is likely to bring more benefit to a British Foreign Minister nowadays than he could derive from the most extensive personal acquaintance among the members of foreign aristocracies. It may be presumed that J. Ramsay MacDonald has never been presented at any European court, but, after all, the European countries that retain courts are a rapidly diminishing number, and he possesses the much more useful asset of an intimate knowledge of the political, social, and economic conditions of nearly every foreign Power whose policies are likely to affect those of Great Britain. His travels during the last few years have taken him far afield, and when he has been abroad he has not limited his observations to the scenery or his conversation to a discussion of railroad schedules with the hotel clerk. There will be at hand, too, in minor offices or as private members on the Labor benches, supporters who can contribute expert information on specific questions, such as Noel Buxton, the specialist in Balkan affairs, and E. D. Morel, who has at his fingers' ends every detail of the moves on the chess-board of European diplomacy for the last twenty years. In the past, one of the most unfortunate defects of the British Foreign Office, as pointed out in the evidence given before a royal commission just before the outbreak of the war, has been its reliance on the reports of representatives abroad who neither knew nor cared anything about any

movements of public opinion outside fashionable circles. A revolution might be brewing under their very noses and they would be blissfully unaware of it. From that handicap, at any rate, the Foreign Office of a Labor Administration may hope to be preserved.

So far we have been considering the question of inexperience as it affects the qualifications of those ministers only who have for many years been members of the Labor Party. But Mr. MacDonald has been fortunate enough to secure the assistance of a few distinguished men from outside its ranks whom no one could describe as neophytes in the public service. Conspicuous among them is Lord Haldane, who has on his record a period of ten years spent in cabinet offices, and thus links this new governmental experiment with the older tradition. The duties of the Lord Chancellorship will by no means absorb the whole of his abounding energies, and there are few of the more important problems confronting the Administration that will not be brought nearer solution by the application to them of his powerful mind, his wide knowledge, and his genius for organization.

The Franco-Czech Alliance

FRANCE and Czecho-Slovakia signed a treaty of alliance on January 25, 1924. This treaty, although long anticipated, caused a sensation among the nations of Central and Eastern Europe, and may have profound political consequences. It is generally understood that certain economic agreements were signed at the same time; and France recently made a loan of 300,000,000 francs to Czecho-Slovakia, to be expended on armament. The text of the published treaty is given below as printed in the *Temps* (Paris) of January 28, 1924; certain further texts, necessary for its elucidation, are added:

The President of the French Republic and the President of the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia, firmly attached to the principle of respect for international agreements solemnly confirmed by the Covenant of the League of Nations, and equally desirous of safeguarding peace, the maintenance of which is necessary to the political stability and economic revival of Europe, and therefore resolved to insure respect for the juridical order and international policy established by the treaties which they have signed; and

Considering that mutual guaranties of security against an eventual aggression and for the defense of their common interests are indispensable to that end, have named as their plenipotentiaries:

By the President of the French Republic: M. Raymond Poincaré, Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs;

By the President of the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia: M. Edward Benes, Minister of Foreign Affairs;

Who having communicated their full powers found in good and due order have agreed as follows:

Article I. The governments of the republics of France and of Czecho-Slovakia agree to discuss in common foreign questions which might endanger their security or affect the order established by the peace treaties which they have both signed;

Art. II. The high contracting parties will agree upon measures adapted to safeguard their common interests in case they are menaced;

Art. III. The high contracting parties, fully agreeing upon the importance for the maintenance of peace of the political principles included in Article 88 of the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye of September 10, 1919 [see Appendix A], as well as in the Geneva Protocols of October 4, 1922 [see Appendix A], which

they both signed, agree to discuss in common the measures to be taken in case these principles are menaced;

Art. IV. The high contracting parties, taking into particular consideration the declarations made by the Conference of Ambassadors on February 3, 1920 [see Appendix C], and on April 1, 1921 [see Appendix D], by which their policy will continue to be inspired, as well as the declaration made by the Hungarian Government, on November 10, 1921 [see Appendix E], to the diplomatic representatives of the Allies, agree, in case their interests are menaced by failure to observe the principles enunciated in these various declarations to discuss the matter in common;

Art. V. The high contracting parties confirm their full agreement regarding the necessity imposed upon them, in order to maintain peace, of adopting a common attitude in the presence of any attempt to restore the Hohenzollern dynasty in Germany, and agree to discuss in common the measures to be taken in such an eventuality.

Art. VI. In accordance with the principles of the Covenant of the League of Nations the high contracting parties agree that in case litigious questions which cannot be settled by friendly agreement and by diplomatic means shall arise between them in future they shall submit the questions either to the Permanent Court of Justice or to one or several arbitrators to be chosen by them.

Art. VII. The high contracting parties agree to communicate to each other agreements concerning their policy in Central Europe which they have hitherto concluded, and to consult with each other before concluding new agreements. They declare that nothing contained in the present treaty is contrary to such agreements, in particular to the treaty of alliance between France and Poland, to the agreements or arrangements between Czecho-Slovakia and the federal Republic of Austria, Rumania, or the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, or to the agreement confirmed by the exchange of notes on February 8, 1921, between the Italian Government and the Czecho-Slovak Government.

Art. VIII. The present treaty shall be communicated to the League of Nations in accordance with Article 18 of the Covenant. The present treaty shall be ratified and the instruments of ratification will be exchanged at Paris as soon as possible.

In faith whereof the respective plenipotentiaries, duly authorized to that effect, have signed and sealed the present treaty.

R. POINCARÉ

DR. EDWARD BENES

Done at Paris in duplicate, January 25, 1924

APPENDIX A

Article 88 of the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, between Austria and the Allied Powers, reads as follows:

The independence of Austria is inalienable otherwise than with the consent of the Council of the League of Nations. Consequently Austria undertakes in the absence of the consent of the said council to abstain from any act which might directly or indirectly or by any means whatever compromise her independence, particularly, and until her admission to membership of the League of Nations, by participation in the affairs of another Power.

APPENDIX B

The Geneva protocols of October 4, 1922, established the basis for the rehabilitation of Austria by means of an international loan and under the direction of a commissioner appointed by the League of Nations. The first of these protocols substantially recapitulated Article 88 of the Treaty of St. Germain, adding:

This undertaking shall not prevent Austria from maintaining, subject to the provisions of the Treaty of St. Germain, her freedom in the matter of customs tariffs and

commercial or financial agreements, provided, however, that she shall not violate her economic independence by granting to any state a special regime or exclusive advantages calculated to threaten this independence.

APPENDIX C

In February, 1920, when formal negotiations for the Treaty of the Trianon, between Hungary and the Allied and Associated Powers, had just begun, a strong Hapsburg agitation developed in Hungary. Charles IV, despite his renunciation of the crown in 1918, had written on August 14, 1919, from his exile in Switzerland, "I am still king." Various rumors were current, and the Conference of Ambassadors issued the following statement on February 3, 1920:

The Principal Allied and Associated Powers believe it necessary to give a formal denial to the rumors which are current and which are calculated to mislead public opinion. They are represented as ready to recognize or to favor the establishment of the Hapsburg dynasty upon the throne of Hungary. The Principal Allied Powers believe that the restoration of a dynasty which personifies in the eyes of its subjects a system of oppression and domination of other races, in alliance with Germany, would not be compatible either with the principles for which they fought or with the results which they were able to secure through the war for the liberation of peoples formerly subservient. It is not within their intention to regard it as the duty of the Principal Allied Powers to intervene in the internal affairs of Hungary or to dictate to the Hungarian people the form of government or constitution which it should adopt for itself. However, the Powers cannot admit that the restoration of the Hapsburg dynasty should be regarded as a question affecting only the Hungarian nation. They declare that a restoration of this nature would be contrary to the very bases of the peace settlement and would be neither recognized nor tolerated by them.

APPENDIX D

Charles IV returned to Hungary, attempting a coup d'état, on March 27, 1921. On April 1, 1921, following a threat by the Little Entente, on March 30, of a "blockade," followed by a "military demonstration," the Conference of Ambassadors issued the following statement:

The events of which Hungary is the theater place upon the Principal Allied Powers the obligation of recalling to the Government and people of Hungary the declaration of February 4 [3], 1920. Faithful to the principles set forth in this declaration, the Allies have the duty to repeat that the restoration of a Hapsburg would imperil the very basis of peace and that it could be neither recognized nor tolerated by them.

The Allied Powers expect the Hungarian Government, conscious of the gravity of the situation which the return to the throne of Hungary of the former sovereign would cause, to take efficacious measures to deal with the attempt, the momentary success of which could have for Hungary only disastrous consequences.

APPENDIX E

On November 10, 1921, Baron Banffy, for the Hungarian Government, made the following formal statement:

In order to insure more effectively the intentions of the law and to safeguard the responsibility of the Government, Hungary has the intention of making a law which, in addition to the penal provisions now in force, will allow it to combat effectively any attempt or any propaganda in favor of the Hapsburgs, or of any other person whose candidacy does not fall within the terms above mentioned.

The Nation

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SOME QUESTIONS for Charles D. Hilles, chairman of the National Republican Campaign Committee:

Is it true or not true that three of the sixteen Republican infractions in 1920 of the law limiting campaign contributions to \$1,000 each were listed as coming from Tulsa, Oklahoma?

Did or did not oil influence play a very considerable part in carrying Oklahoma for the first time for the Republican Party?

What part did Jake Hamon, late Republican boss of Oklahoma, play in this matter? Are you aware that it is being widely declared that the whole oil scandal originated with this man?

Is it true or not true that at the close of the Republican campaign of 1920 your committee owed \$1,683,000?

Is it true or not true that of this \$1,683,000, \$100,000 was owed to the banking firm of Hornblower and Weeks of Boston, the junior partner of which, John W. Weeks, subsequently became Secretary of War?

On January 25, 1922, just a few weeks before the Teapot Dome lease was signed, the press declared that your committee's debt had been reduced to \$708,161. Recently it was stated that the debt had entirely disappeared. Is it or is it not true that this favorable change in your committee's situation was brought about largely by gifts or loans or contributions by Harry F. Sinclair and William Boyce Thompson? Was the latter, reputed to be one of the largest stockholders in the Sinclair oil companies, not long associated with you in raising your committee's funds?

"HOW MANY OIL COMPANIES do you represent?" "Why, only twenty-eight including the Sinclair, Doheny, and Standard Oil companies." This was a colloquy between a friend and one of those Mr. Coolidge "mentioned" as ideal for the job of prosecutor. The lawyer's name was promptly dropped; but the incident is illuminating as showing with what carelessness the President went about his job of getting the right kind of men to prosecute the rascals. Mr. Coolidge is plainly in distress. He has had to withdraw Mr. George B. Christian, Jr.'s name for a position on the Federal Trade Commission because it appeared that Mr. Christian had used his influence when Secretary to President Harding to lecture the chairman of the Commission in the President's room, on his attitude toward a certain motion-picture company. By declaring that he would veto any tax bill which did not follow Mr. Mellon's proposals to the very letter Mr. Coolidge has put himself in the position of either defeating any tax reduction or eating his own words—as he did in the case of Mr. Denby and will probably have to in the matter of Mr. Daugherty. If, as now appears probable, the bonus bill is passed and vetoed by the President, he will stand before the country with empty hands, with no record of any legislative accomplishment to point to, and the Republican politicians will begin to see the utter folly of nominating Mr. Coolidge and will cast about for a dark horse.

BASCOM SLEMP—of all the best minds in the Coolidge Administration we think Bascom Slemple's the most remarkable. For self-control, for ability to check any normal impulse of curiosity and to hold one's tongue at just the right moment, commend us to Bascom. History records few if any like him. By pure accident the Secretary to the President drifted to Palm Beach just when Mr. Fall and Mr. McLean were there. By a mere coincidence he dined four or five times with Mr. Fall at Mr. McLean's cottage. The conversation, he tells us, inevitably ran on the weather, on golf, the Volstead law and the Mellon tax bill. Burning as he inwardly must have been to ask both Mr. McLean and Mr. Fall about the oil inquiry, his lips were sealed. Once his curiosity got the better of him—doubtless over the cigars, wines, and nuts. Turning to Mr. Fall he said: "Well, what are the facts about this thing, Senator?" "Young man," replied Mr. Fall gravely, "I wish you would read the record." Bascom, with his delicate and sensitive nature, feeling the implied rebuke, realized he had made a *faux pas* and changed the conversation. Later, when Senator Walsh appeared to ask his deadly questions, Mr. McLean remarked to Bascom on the beach that he was "going to tell all." Marvelous Slemple! He admits his surprise and astonishment, but he declares that he never commented upon this remark even to the extent of saying "Whaddye-mean, Ned?" After Senator Walsh left, another after-dinner conversation occurred, Bascom playing the role of a white-robed sponsor of the truth. Both his pals having admitted that they had lied to the committee, Bascom declares: "I urged him [Fall] to tell you the whole truth about the matter." Let no one think Bascom's self-control

is limited to Palm Beach; it extends to Washington, as this colloquy shows:

Q. Have you seen Mr. McLean since your return?

A. Yes, I called on the McLeans on Thursday.

Q. Was the matter discussed?

A. No, I called socially.

MR. McADOO seems to be money-mad. Not content with having received close to a million dollars from Mr. C. W. Morse and others, he arranged to receive one million dollars from Mr. Doheny for his services in Mexico—conditioned upon his success in serving that gentleman's interests. Obviously Mr. McAdoo's mission was not strictly legal business—whoever heard of any lawyer earning a million dollars for one piece of straight legal work? It was an effort to get concessions or privileges for Mr. Doheny, or changes in the political and economic policy of Mexico. Mr. Doheny, of course, was willing to pay a million-dollar commission to Mr. McAdoo, not because of his skill as a lawyer but because of his prestige as an ex-Secretary of the Treasury and son-in-law to the then President. Mr. McAdoo may not consciously have said to himself "I had rather be rich than President" but that must have been his subconscious thought. At any rate, he cannot become President. His inability to understand the fitness of things and his readiness to sell his personal and political influence in the guise of legal service combine to stamp him as an unfit candidate, despite the fact that he has been the hope of the railroad workers and the progressive wing of his party.

THOSE WHO DELIGHT to testify to the integrity and intelligence of our press will doubtless be much strengthened in their belief by the remarks of Clarence W. Barron, owner of the *Wall Street Journal*, before the British Empire Chamber of Commerce at a luncheon in New York City. Mr. Barron pins a pure white rose on the coat lapel of both Mr. Denby and Mr. Fall. "I don't think Mr. Fall or any of these other men has ever been for sale, so don't be misled by a lot of politicians in Washington that are endeavoring to run the people of the United States off their feet," says Mr. Barron cheerily. Harry F. Sinclair, he is sure, has not attempted to buy anybody at Washington, and as for Edward L. Doheny—well, in him the country has at last the true conservationist. "Doheny is the best conservationist that I know of. The only way to conserve anything for the government or anybody else is to put it into service." That is, Mr. Barron would doubtless add, the only way to save is to spend; the deepest shade of black is white.

IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA, TOO, oil leaves a slimy trail. M. Tucny, Minister of Public Works, has been forced to resign because of revelations which concern him in two scandals. One deals with the liquor trade; the other with the agreement which Tucny signed, giving the Standard Oil Company a thirty-year near-monopoly on Czecho-Slovak oil. Our newspapers catch but feeble echoes of the titanic battle which has been raging all around the world between the Standard and its British rivals. In January, 1922, M. Tucny signed the agreement covering Czecho-Slovakia; in March, 1922, a Dutch paper (the Dutch, too, are interested in oil) reported that M. Benes, the Czech Foreign Minister who negotiated the Franco-Czech alliance, had cancelled the

agreement. In April the report came that the Standard might after all get the concession; in August a report that it had got it; in December that all was off. What commercial, financial, and diplomatic wire-pulling lay behind these pullings and haulings we do not know; this is a form of secret diplomacy as significant to the historian as the secret treaties of the old days. Only this is clear: that oil works in much the same way in Czecho-Slovakia, in Persia (where Mr. Sinclair's concession is before the Parliament), and in Washington, D. C., and Three Rivers, N. M.

"TORIES HELP LABOR PASS NAVY PROGRAM."

"LABOR WILL CONTINUE BRITISH AIR EXPANSION."

"LABORITES DEFEAT TEMPERANCE MEASURE."

"BRITISH LABOR PASSES SOCIALIST RENT BILL."

HEADLINES SUCH AS THESE from the press of the past week tell the story of the strangely varied course taken by the British Government. Half the time its supporters must find it difficult to recognize their party; sometimes it must be hard for the party to recognize itself. First a speech upholding the previous government policy of "adequate protection against an air attack by the strongest air force within striking distance of the British shores," with passing adjurations to "trust in God and keep your powder dry." Next a victory for Labor and seven new warships won with the help of the Conservatives. Third a union with Conservatives and Liberals against a few reformers of all three parties to kill in its infancy a temperance measure designed to give local option to Wales and Monmouthshire. Then, another victory for Labor—this time by the grace of the Liberals—with a majority in favor of a law continuing control of rents for four more years, and a speech by John Wheatley, Minister of Health, "throwing the gage of class warfare on the floor of the House of Commons"—we quote the London correspondent of the *New York Times*. India lurks behind a corner as the next adversary to be faced and as we go to press no one, not even the Prime Minister himself, seems to know whether he will meet it with an outstretched hand or a closed fist. But in any event the dock strike is over and its settlement has done more than any number of successful parliamentary dodges to establish the ability of the Labor ministers to face the hazards of actual government.

MORE THAN 8½ PER CENT of the owner-farmers in fifteen corn and wheat-producing States lost their farms with or without legal process between January, 1920, and March, 1923, we learn from an inquiry made by the Department of Agriculture in the upper Mississippi Valley. Besides these, 15 per cent were for a time actually insolvent, but held their land "through the leniency of creditors," as the Department of Agriculture puts it, although a more likely reason is that it was obviously impossible to foreclose on much of this property at anything like the face value of the mortgage carried upon it. Tenant-farmers fared still worse—14 per cent lost their farms, while on top of that 21 per cent were spared such losses only because their creditors did not push them to the wall. These are staggering figures. They are personal tragedies to large numbers of our countrymen, and they mean also a huge loss in our industrial system. They represent a labor turnover of the most costly kind—in the field of ownership and management—with the cost added to the burdens of the consumer.

GOVERNOR McRAE of Arkansas has finally granted a tardy justice to Verlin D. Orr and L. A. Wise, who were convicted a year ago of burning railway bridges during a strike. With Harrison, Arkansas, patrolled by an anti-union mob, and J. C. Gregor, a railroad worker, dead at the hands of lynchers, the attorney for Orr and Wise felt the only way to save them from a like fate was to plead guilty. The men protested their innocence to the judge, but were sentenced to a term of seven to ten years. Later the judge united with the prosecuting attorney in recommending a pardon. The action of a committee appointed by the State Senate, which failed to fix any responsibility for the murder of Gregor or the fate of Orr and Wise, despite the known facts, was branded as high treason by Jacob R. Wilson, the courageous president of the Senate. Still the Governor refused to interfere. Finally the strike was concluded on December 22, 1923, and six weeks later the two men, against whom "not a scintilla of evidence has ever been advanced . . . [although] a mass of evidence has developed to show that the bridge burnings were traceable to red-hot coals which fell from defective locomotives," were released and restored to citizenship. Unfortunately the year stolen from them cannot also be restored.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK, established a new record in zero per cent Americanism when its Board of Aldermen adopted with but one dissenting vote Alderman Haley's ordinance "that any persons who congregate for the purpose of disseminating information about the subject of birth control shall be guilty of misdemeanor." This extraordinary assault on the constitutional rights of free assemblage and free speech was designed to prevent the holding of the two-day New York State conference of the American Birth Control League. As usual, of course, attempted suppression served as the finest kind of advertising. The city's papers were full of the matter. In Baptist and Unitarian churches sermons on birth control were preached, and finally the mayor vetoed the ordinance, which was not aimed at the dissemination of contraceptive information, already forbidden under the New York State law, but at discussion of the merit of the existing law.

PHILIP GIBBS, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, has uttered a stirring plea for peace—peace, he says, that "hangs by a slender thread."

It is only ignorance that leads to misunderstanding and hatred. . . . If for a single month the newspapers of Europe could, by some miracle, devote themselves to telling the plain truth of what another war will be, and how easily the interests and burdens of each nation could be readjusted and reconciled by a little give and take, to the vast advantage of all of them, with a simple plea for the comradeship of all common folk across the frontiers in the spirit of Christian charity, there would be a tremendous, an emotional, a joyous response from hundreds of millions of humble men and women. . . . The next war would be made impossible. . . . There is one world-wide organization of people already pledged in the most solemn way to the principles of peace, charity, and human brotherhood, without distinction of class or race. . . . They are under the most sacred obligation to forgive their enemies; they are under a law which forbids them to kill their fellow-men. . . . They are the people of the Christian churches. Is it asking too much that these people should get busy to fulfil their vows and prove the sincerity of their faith?

Turn from this to the daily press of this our Christian country. It is filled with cynical suggestions from Washington of ways of evading the purpose of the Disarmament Conference. We need a distant naval base, our professional militarists say; the treaties ban it directly, but perhaps it "might be realized in time by developing facilities for American trade in a foreign port." Capital ships are restricted; let us make up for it by building cruisers, submarines, airplanes, airplane carriers, so that we get "in shape to fight in the traditional American style."

"GIANT POWER"—the very words hint of magic and of fairyland. We have more than once discussed in the columns of *The Nation* the technical revolution before us; the Giant Power Number of the *Survey Graphic*, just out, gives an extraordinarily vivid and comprehensive picture of the possibilities of the future. In it Henry Ford predicts that "fifty years from now there will be a great many more small cities, rather than a few bigger ones"; Joseph Stella with charcoal and Lewis Hine with his camera picture the factories and the men who man them; Robert Bruère suggests that a billion dollars a year could be saved by burning coal at the mines and transmitting power instead of wasting it in miscellaneous inefficient furnaces. Gifford Pinchot and Governor Smith urge the importance of State control of water-power; Philip Cabot tells how bad it is for the State to intrude into private business, and Sir Adam Beck shows how Canada has made government ownership pay; and Herbert Hoover argues that "waterfalls could be constructed with a view to their better public availability as scenery; and the sheet of water used to produce the scenic effect could be much thinner." Every national issue—oil, coal, conservation, public ownership, Muscle Shoals—is related to the question of giant power; our future as a nation may be determined by it. The editors of the *Survey* deserve public gratitude for presenting so significant and neglected a subject so attractively.

FASHIONS IN PHOTOGRAPHY, like fashions in manners, change with each generation. The notion of the agonized small boy of fifty years ago, facing the camera with head clamped in position, now amuses the rotarian whose photograph, expensive and conspicuous, is displayed in the collection of artistic bunk along Fifth Avenue. But in the spring of 1921 there was held at the Anderson Galleries an exhibition of photography which astonished, impressed, and made uneasy rotarians, painters, and photographers. This was the work of Alfred Stieglitz. In his photographs was an intellectual sympathy with his subjects and an almost troubling exposure of their psychology. Photography had become a creative art. A bewildering array of medals and honors attesting the technique of Stieglitz's work was crowned on January 7, 1924, by the supreme award of the Progress Medal voted unanimously by the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain to Alfred Stieglitz, who "founded and fostered" pictorial photography in America. The even more recent action of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, an institution proverbially conservative in its enthusiasms, indicates the victory which such men as Stieglitz, Sheeler, and Paul Strand have won for photography: the museum has accepted twenty-seven photographs by Stieglitz to be exhibited as art along with Chinese, Indian, and American paintings.

The Brighter Side in Washington

OUT of the murk and gloom of Washington come bright rays of encouragement. It is not only that the veil is in some measure being torn aside so that the American people may see what is going on behind it. It is not only that men utterly unworthy of the offices they hold are being shown up for what they are, or even that the public is now being convinced that both parties are alike in their rottenness and incapacity. Perhaps the most cheering fact is that men have been found worthy to grapple with this shocking mess, to defy the ties of party, and to insist that the housecleaning be thorough. It is something to discover that besides Senator La Follette, Senator Borah, Senator Norris, and other standbys, the country has a man to be proud of in Senator Thomas P. Walsh and that the new members of the much-feared "radical bloc" are coming to the front with a verve and a courage which gives great promise for the future. This group, which the conservative press has denounced and derided, which has once more earned the disapprobation of all the millionaire-owned dailies by defeating the Mellon tax bill, is rendering service of incalculable value to the whole country.

Take Senator Wheeler, for instance. His speech on February 19 demanding an investigation of Attorney General Daugherty's performances went all over the country. Not in years has the speech of a brand-new Senator counted for so much. It was not merely because its sincerity and earnestness were so obvious or because it was sensational in character. He had the hardihood to venture to upset all senatorial precedents. There was a crime for you, and it thoroughly fluttered the Republican doves. This brash, inexperienced man actually wanted to designate in his resolution the men to dig into Daugherty's record. He had no desire to have repeated the fiasco of last year when the Representative who moved to impeach the Attorney General found himself put on trial by the Republican machine. He had no desire to let the president of the Senate appoint to the chairmanship another Lenroot, a Bursum, or a Lodge. So he specified that a majority of the committee of inquiry should consist of so-called liberals, that is, trustworthy men, uninfluenced by party considerations, willing to dig to the bottom. He did not wish a recurrence in the Daugherty investigation of that extraordinary spectacle furnished by the Lenroot committee which is investigating the oil scandals, when it neglected to ask a single question of the publishers of the *Marion Star*, after they had read their prepared statement which left so much in doubt.

What happened? The minute Mr. Lodge and his associates heard that speech of Senator Wheeler they hurried off to President Coolidge and besought him to end the agony by putting Mr. Daugherty out of the Cabinet. They must know that even that will not now call off Senator Wheeler's inquiry; that if Daugherty is kicked out of the Cabinet there must still be an investigation into the charges that men around the Attorney General (one of whom committed suicide in Mr. Daugherty's apartment) enriched themselves by the sale of governmental favors; that if Mr. Daugherty did not profit by their activities, he was "a bigger fool than the American people take him for." It only calls for a few men of Senator Wheeler's caliber to let in the light of day. A single man, armored in rightcousness, can still put whole hosts to flight.

This opportunity, of course, brings its responsibilities. The new men and the new bloc are facing a searching test. They must have more than courage; they must have the wisdom of the serpent. They must have skill and self-control, for they are fighting against the trained forces of darkness and intrigue, against every possible social and political influence. It is they who have been trying to compel Edward B. McLean to testify fully and freely, knowing as they do that if he does so we shall really get the facts as to the activity of the group around Mr. Harding and of Mr. Harding himself. A single serious slip on the part of these avenging spirits of the Senate will go far to discredit them in the public eye; their opponents will be only too quick to seize upon it to besmirch the only men whose presence in the Senate affords hope that we shall get to the bottom of the mess.

These men have suddenly taken upon themselves tremendous powers. They hold the balance between both the rotten old parties. Some are Democrats, some are Republicans, and some Farmer-Labor. Together they are putting country above party. They are determined to clear the American name, and honest citizens everywhere, whether they believe in all the political and economic doctrines of the bloc or not, should stand behind them. In a sense their situation is not unlike that of the British Labor Party; our progressives, too, are a minority; their strength comes chiefly from an unselfish devotion to the public welfare and from an accidental balance of power; they, too, are a wedge destined to split apart the two old parties. Who knows what they may not achieve in the next few months? Around them may—and can—be built a new and, if you please, a radical party, if by radical is meant an incorruptible party, a party not bound together by the cohesive bonds of public plunder but by an unflinching determination to serve the public in accordance with a program that cuts through to the conditions that create and hold in power our masters of privilege, who are therefore masters of the people.

Who shall be the chief leaders? At the moment no answer is possible. Whether it shall be La Follette or Borah or Norris from the older men time alone will show; it may be that it will prove to be a Wheeler, a Dill, or someone else. That the emergency will call out a worthy standard-bearer, if not this year then later, no one dare doubt. What adds to the terror of the Old Guard at Washington is their realization that when you open the floodgates as they are opened now no one can foresee whither anyone will be borne by the torrent of popular indignation. Once start revelations like these and you cannot tell from day to day or hour to hour where the next break will come, who will be the next to fall or who will come out on top to lead.

The anger of the public is tremendous; it must not be allowed to subside or to spend itself upon individuals. It is not enough to oust Mr. Denby and Mr. Daugherty from the Cabinet. These men are but symbols and symptoms. They represent a chapter in the history of the United States, an era in which the corrupt ethics of business were established in Washington and sanctified as "normalcy." The encouragement of the hour is that a new type of man is winning public confidence. If the general disgust with the old system can be organized by these men and made permanent the scandals will have been a public gain.

Set the War Truths Free!

SENATOR ROBERT L. OWEN has made a wise suggestion which is so wise that it will almost certainly be left unrealized. He has offered a resolution directing the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate to appoint a committee to study the question of the origin of the war. "More than 100,000,000 people in Central Europe now, five years after the cessation of hostilities, are still convinced," he says, "that their governments were not the only ones at fault in the days and months and years preceding the fatal first of August, 1914." And since these people know that the whole Treaty of Versailles rests upon the assumption of Germany's sole responsibility for the war, they attribute their present misery to a lie. Officially, our American Government still shares the assumption of 1914. Senator Owen, however, having studied the secret documents revealed since the armistice, has come to a very different conclusion; and he believes that any impartial commission would do likewise.

England's Labor Government is more likely to act on such a principle than the American Senate, or than Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Hughes. Indeed, Ramsay MacDonald could hardly render any greater service to the world than to appoint a committee consisting, say, of E. D. Morel, that brave prober of the dark corners of diplomacy; G. P. Gooch, the distinguished author of the "History of Modern Europe," and Professor Raymond Beazley, or some other equally fearless historian, and to instruct this committee to search the files of the British Foreign Office for material bearing upon the origin of the war. The German, Austrian, and Russian files have been searched by men far less friendly to their own pre-war governments, and the world, or at least that fraction of it which is willing to study facts and to revise prejudgments, knows what there lay hidden.

Only the French and the British archives remain secret. The same men rule in the French Foreign Office today as ruled there in the decade that brought on the Great War; Poincaré, the premier who cemented the Franco-Russian military and naval alliances in the days of the Czar, is at the helm again, busily building new alliances and signing military and economic "agreements," some public, some secret, just as in the days of 1912 and 1913. But in England there is new blood. Charles P. Trevelyan, who resigned from the British Cabinet in 1914 in disgust at the revelation of secret agreements made by Sir Edward Grey, has returned to office; Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden, who throughout the war worked shoulder to shoulder with E. D. Morel in that Union for Democratic Control which has made so powerful a fight for open diplomacy in Great Britain, are in high office. They may not stay in power forever; it is an opportunity not to be lost.

England's archives, to be sure, are unlikely to contain such startling revelations as those dug out of the Russian file-cabinets. Senator Owen has rendered another public service by his study of the Russian documents, and by his public analysis of them in a speech before the Senate of the United States. This is a speech which should go far and wide, and be studied with care. There are points in which it goes beyond the considered judgment of the editors of *The Nation*. We think, for instance, that he passes too lightly over the stubborn determination of the Austrian military and diplomatic chiefs to humiliate Serbia, and

treats too casually the attitude of Germany through most of July, 1914, when he sums up thus:

The German militaristic rulers did not will the war, tried to avoid the war, and only went into war because of their conviction that the persistent mobilizations of Russia and France meant a determination on war and were secretly intended as a declaration of war by Russia and France against Germany. The records show that the Russian and French leaders were determined for war, and intended the mobilization as the beginning of a war which had for many years been deliberately prepared and worked out by the complete plans of campaign through annual military conferences.

Yet these conclusions, like those of Judge Bausman in his "Let France Explain," are the product of research and analysis, and are supported by documents of which most Americans are still ignorant. It cannot be denied that in the last days of July, when Europe was on the brink of war, the Kaiser and Bethmann-Hollweg did try frantically to put a check-rein on Austria; it is true that the Russian Foreign Minister telegraphed at a critical moment that "if there is a question of exercising a moderating influence in Petrograd we reject it in advance," and thereby deliberately destroyed a chance of peace; it is true that on July 30 the Russian Ambassador in Paris was able to telegraph to Petrograd that the French Minister of War had informed him enthusiastically "that the Government is firmly decided upon war"; it is true that the French and Russians had prepared every detail of their common military action and that the story of their being taken by surprise and caught "unprepared" was a legend; it is true that both the Russian and the French governments, and the British as well, deliberately falsified the texts of the rainbow books in which they professed to reveal to their peoples the negotiations which preceded the war.

Oil absorbs American attention for the present; and, probably the American diplomatic documents concerning oil—in Costa Rica, Colombia, Venezuela, Mesopotamia, and the Dutch East Indies—will, if Senator Dill forces Mr. Hughes to reveal them, be almost as significant reading as the pre-war papers. Nevertheless we still play a role in European affairs, and our attitude toward the European struggle is largely determined by the distorted views of Germany's sole responsibility for the war which are still so prevalent. If any commission could take action which would lead to a juster historical assessment of the causes of that catastrophe and force a deep revulsion of American feeling, it would perform an enormous service.

Talent and Character

PLAIN people intent, necessarily, upon the questions of bread and salt, child and shelter, dislike and distrust talent, which they oppose to character. And by character they mean the ability to roll down the grooves of common habit to a paid-up life-insurance policy and a decorous funeral. Sometimes this fear of talent which the commonest sense harbors expresses itself in wild and comic exaggerations as when, in a recent number of a popular magazine, an anonymous rich man explains "why I never hire brilliant men." And in smoking-rooms and other places where ordinary citizens air their sagacity one comes upon a pride and satisfaction in mediocrity that have reached the stature of a cult and a religion.

Anyone absorbed in thought and letters watches the workings of this strange legend with both sorrow and amusement. For what he sees about him in his special field is abundant talent and very little character. Only he is afraid of using the latter word lest, by any chance, it be confused with the word that comes from the lips of drummers. Of character in this sense he finds far too much. A young novelist shows a flash almost of genius and settles down to concocting stories that bring no less than a thousand dollars a piece; a young playwright whose tragedy has failed in the special sense of Broadway writes a salacious concoction for a well-known hetaira. Canniness is plentiful in the arts; character is rare—the strength to hold out, defy, endure want, obscurity, even obloquy. The ideal, as Ibsen knew, kills. Very well. That, then, is the appointed death.

What our artists do not know is that art is not a craft to be practiced but a life to be lived. This life cannot be lived in any desultory, in any hit or miss fashion. Neither has it any true relation to whim or mere change or what the crowd, often enough mistakenly, to be sure, calls lawlessness or licentiousness. The life of art and thought is the reverse of lawless. But the law it obeys is an inner law, a law that has grown from reasoned necessities of the human spirit, a law that has its kinship to the laws by which the stars revolve in their courses and is utterly alien to the laws passed by congressmen and executed by magistrates. This distinction should be no strange one in a country predominantly Protestant in tradition, a country that gave rise to New England transcendentalism, a country in which the names of Thoreau and Emerson are still a power. But the sad truth is that business and prosperity and the sense of the common have so corrupted the life of art and thought that the right and necessary distinction between talent and character has almost disappeared and the grocer of today need hardly rebel if his son go in for literature instead of law, for typescripts rather than titles.

The literature thus produced in abundance is, necessarily, competent only at its very best. The common proverb that you cannot eat your cake and have it too, applies to this, as to many other situations. The artist whose work is to have in any fashion or to any degree the immortal accent must pay a price. This price is heavier as the community in which he lives and works is canny and heavy-handed and alienated from any tradition of true freedom. But there is no way out. The price must be paid. Sooner or later, upon some concern or other, the artist will have to stand alone or almost alone and will have to draw from an inner source that strength of the solitary which Ibsen wrote about in "An Enemy of the People." He will have to learn to bear that and the consequent calumny with an equal mind and an unsoured temper. He will have to defeat and disprove the silly saying that where much mud is flung some will stick, for if it does stick it can stick only to his garments and not to his mind. That mind must remain serene at its core, above battle and hubbub and the crying of fools, ready to make of this, as of all experience, beauty, truth, vision, whereby the very foulness and folly of this world from which it suffers may be cleansed and illumined. Such is the task of the artist, such the responsibility of talent. You may shirk that task and still write good imagist verse and clever stories. You cannot shirk it if you are to write one word that is to count in the long salvation of mankind.

The Sea Repeats Itself

LIKE a tale from the long ago is that brought from Chile of the voyage of the sailing ship *Garthwray* from Grangemouth, Scotland, to Iquique. It has all the elements of old-time adventure at sea: a trip of prodigious length, a battle with storms, long-continuing danger and hardship, reduced rations, and final victory.

The length of the voyage itself stirs an uneasy sense of loneliness in any one brought up in this gregarious and tense-living age. Five hundred and nineteen days at sea with brief stops at only three ports during this time! Nearly a year and a half of life with an endless vision of sea in all directions! No city lights, no stirring crowds, no shop windows, no motion pictures, no girl that you left behind; just the company of your shipmates, the narrow confines of fore-castle and deck, the monotonous rotation of watches on and watches off, the endless routine of wheel and lookout, of setting and taking in sail, of repairing gear, of cleaning and painting; the same old food, the same old jokes, the same old pastimes. Seventeen months of water and sky, of working and shirking in the same old way. And yet—many times less tedious, less lonely, less futile, less gray than the lives of many in our teeming cities.

The *Garthwray* left Grangemouth on June 12, 1922, headed for the West Coast by way of the Horn. Delayed first by head winds and calms as she made her way south-westward through tropic seas, and then lashed and broken and dismayed by a pampero off the River Plate, she was obliged to seek the help of a passing steamship and be towed into Montevideo for repairs. With a new captain and largely a new crew, the *Garthwray* then pointed her bow again for old Cape Stiff but could not get around this giant that for years has fought off all comers. Gale after gale blew and blew—always out of the west, howling and shaking their fists furiously in the face of the *Garthwray*. Sail after sail was torn to pieces; icy waves poured over the bulwarks and rushed aft over the deck. At last the captain gave up in despair, put his vessel about, and with the wind at his back, started to run the other way around the world for his destination. For 4,000 miles the ship then sailed eastward toward the Cape of Good Hope. Provisions were short, and for ninety-nine days the crew was reduced virtually to "salt horse" and hard biscuit—the rude fare of years ago. The *Garthwray* put in at Cape Town to clean off the barnacles and seaweed that had now attached themselves to her bottom and were impeding her progress. Here also a new captain came aboard and another mate in place of the original one, who went home sick. Then the *Garthwray* was off again, and with the exception of a brief stop for fresh water and provisions at Hobart, Tasmania, continued uninterrupted across the Pacific to the Chilean coast, finally dropping anchor in the roadstead outside the sand-swept, sun-dried nitrate port of Iquique on December 23, 1923. Of the original ship's company only the carpenter, the steward, and nine apprentices remained. Even the ship's cat, which had made seven passages around the Horn, got fed up on sea life before the trip was over, and was last seen in Cape Town heading toward the Congo and the calmer life of the African jungle.

The sea's dangers and difficulties never grow less. The most we do is to devise better methods to elude them, or to rescue ourselves when overtaken.

The Betrayal of Our War Victims

By ARTHUR WARNER

THE film of oil which covers the national political waters should not be allowed to obscure one especially dark and filthy pool. The puddle in question is our treatment of the sick and disabled ex-service men of the World War. There has been an almost continuous stench from this source since the armistice, culminating in the investigation of the Veterans' Bureau last year by a select committee of the United States Senate. A report just issued by this committee, along with two volumes of testimony, mirrors an even more disgraceful and sordid condition of affairs than was suggested by the newspaper accounts at the time of the public hearings last autumn or the still earlier revelations by Samuel Danziger in *The Nation* of August 22, 1923.

The orgy of corruption and inefficiency in connection with our unfortunate ex-service men is without question the most tragic failure and disgrace of our war effort. It is no more inexcusable than the collapse of our airplane program; no more gigantic than the waste of the Shipping Board; no more corrupt than various post-war sales of supplies and materials by officers of the War Department. But these scandals and swindles were at the worst a rape upon American citizens and taxpayers in general; they were not at the expense of a particular class—a group which the nation was under a sacred obligation to deal with generously and humanely. Besides, these other scandals are over and done with, while hundreds of veterans are still the victims of graft and incompetence in the organization intrusted with their care. Undeniably there has been great improvement in the administration of the Veterans' Bureau since the disappearance of the malodorous Colonel Forbes and the arrival of General Hines as director last March. It is too early to judge the efforts of the latter, but obviously there is still much to be done. Indeed, as these lines are written, conditions have come to light in the offices of the New York district which are described by United States Attorney Hayward by the short but comprehensive word "rotten." The Senate committee, while commending General Hines for certain improvements, says that he will fail unless he gets rid of "a substantial number of the men whom he inherited from his predecessor."

Probably there is no branch of the public service in recent years in which the morale of the organization has sunk so low as in the Veterans' Bureau under Colonel Forbes. It seems incredible that a great humanitarian public work, costing the American people half a billion dollars a year, should have slipped into the hands of such a gang of blackguards. General John F. O'Ryan, as counsel to the Senate committee, and Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, as its chairman, leave Colonel Forbes without a shred of character or integrity. They strip him even of the cloak of good-natured incapacity which friends have tried to wrap about the former director, charging him unequivocally with criminal conduct and conspiring to defraud the Government. Consider these paragraphs from the report:

Colonel Forbes had been vice-president of the Hurley-Mason Construction Company of Tacoma, Washington, and held that position at the time of his appointment by the President as director of the Veterans' Bureau. This com-

pany operated largely on the Pacific coast. Operating in the East and the Middle West were a number of contracting companies, all owned or controlled by J. W. Thompson and James W. Black of St. Louis, Missouri, and Chicago, Illinois. A man named Mortimer, who represented Thompson and Black in their plans to secure construction contracts from the Veterans' Bureau, became the intimate of Director Forbes. The testimony of Mortimer, Forbes, Mrs. Mortimer, Williams, Hogshhead, Milliken, Sweet, all show that Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer accompanied Director Forbes on trips of inspection, going in and out of hospitals and visiting proposed sites in various parts of the country. These supposedly official occasions were pleasantly combined with a continuous round of social pleasure. Lavish entertainment and special accommodations were provided during these trips, and where those were not paid for by local hosts, they were paid for by Mortimer, the contractors' agent seeking the favor of Director Forbes. . . .

After Director Forbes and Mr. Mortimer had come to know and understand each other's character and purposes, Forbes, stating he was short of funds, asked Mortimer whether he could arrange to let him (Forbes) have a \$5,000 loan. This was arranged. The money was to be advanced by Thompson and Black. The ten \$500 bills were actually delivered to Forbes by Mortimer in the bathroom of Forbes's suite at the Drake Hotel in Chicago, June 22, 1922. The conspirators then consisted of Forbes, Mortimer, Thompson, and Black. After Forbes and Mortimer arrived at the Fairmount Hotel in San Francisco, Forbes introduced Mortimer to his former partner and intimate friend, Hurley, of the Hurley-Mason Company, saying that he wanted Mortimer to know him intimately. This intimacy promptly developed. Hurley gave Mortimer a copy and explanation of a secret code to be used by the conspirators in telegraphic communications affecting their interests. When at Hayden Lake, Washington, Forbes, Hurley, and Mortimer agreed to combine with the Thompson-Black combination already existing, upon terms and conditions stated in the testimony of Mortimer. Thus the ring of conspirators was increased in number by the admission of Hurley. Later Hurley's company secured, after advertisement for bids by the bureau, the contract for the construction of the hospital at American Lake for the contract price of \$1,397,000, although the company was the third lowest bidder.

Mortimer, by Colonel Forbes's own testimony, was a drunkard and a wife-beater. The former director's attitude toward this man appears in an excerpt from the official testimony when the examination turned upon a certain inspection trip, especially upon a social gathering that was part of it:

MAJOR GENERAL O'RYAN. Was Mortimer drunk again? COLONEL FORBES. He was.

MAJOR GENERAL O'RYAN. How was it, Colonel, that you, on this official trip of yours, carried this drunk around with you?

COLONEL FORBES. He would have his little souse parties, and I would tell him unless he cut it out he would have to leave the party. He would always apologize and say, "I am perfectly all right, and I won't do it again."

With conditions like these at the top of the Veterans' Bureau it was inevitable that rottenness should permeate downward, disorganizing and corrupting the whole machine. Some idea of the spirit and discipline of the field

force is suggested by the following coarse and familiar letter from an employee named Tripp to Chief Clerk Black, a man of high responsibility in the bureau in Washington:

MY DEAR MR. BLACK: Just a line to thank you for sending our checks. Evans leaves tonight for D. C. after loafing around here for the past week. Say, this is *some* town. You are missing the *real old* times. Hunting season is on—rabbit dinners, pheasant suppers, wines, beers, and booze—and, by God, we haven't missed a one yet. Collins and I get invitations to 'em all. Last Wed. I was soused to the gills on rabbit, etc. Last Sat. wines—Oh, Boy! New Jersey is "dry" but Ohio—you pronounce it O-HI-O—and these fellows here are some "treaters." We eat and wine with the mayor, the sheriff, the prosecuting atty. . . .

Dexter sold the buildings here—now there's an argument on—and he wants to include it in my sale—nothing doing—unless Forbes wires so. When he sold 'em, I offered to do it but was hinted "hands off." Tell Witman that McAuliffe is wrong to include 'em in my sale, it can't be did—as the authority came too late to advertise in my sale & the auctioneer had to hold a separate sale on the 28th of Oct. Have Witman write a letter to Dexter and authorize him to pay the auctioneer his commission separate from mine but on the scale I accepted. Other words treat 'em as two separate sales—for I sold merchandise only—and Dexter sold the buildings. Damn if I'll be the goat. . . .

Let me know when Forbes is going to sell by sealed proposals, then's when I get a Rolls-Royce. Got a good drink coming, so here's back to you.

Bribery, graft, waste, and ineffectiveness were, of course, the consequences of a personnel of this sort. It would be a work of supererogation to pile up details. It is enough to recount a single instance—the sale to the Thompson-Kelly Company of Boston for about twenty cents on the dollar of over \$3,000,000 worth of property and supplies at Perryville, Maryland, "most of it new and in original packages," for which there was continuing use by the government. Of this sale, made in an irregular and illegal way, the Senate committee says:

In the list of supplies offered for clearance by the director of the Veterans' Bureau to the Chief Coordinator of the Budget Bureau, the number of bed sheets was given as 2,622, described as assorted bed sheets. In the list of property attached to the Thompson-Kelly contract, the number of sheets of the same description is 2,866. Actually there were delivered to the Thompson-Kelly Company 84,930 bed sheets. Most of these sheets were of high quality and in excellent condition. They were not only sold for 20 cents on the dollar, but at the time the contractor was taking them away other sheets, purchased at \$1.03 each by the Veterans' Bureau, were being delivered at the depot. Such were the conditions at the depot that some of these bales of new sheets upon arrival at the storehouse were run through and out the other side to the waiting cars of the contractor, who carried them off as part of the booty. Thus the director was selling 84,000 sheets for one-fifth their value at a time when they were needed and when he was purchasing sheets at their full value.

When the President of the United States questioned the propriety of the sales, he was informed by Director Forbes and Commander O'Leary that the property being disposed of and sold to the Thompson-Kelly Company was in fact surplus and in some instances unserviceable. Articles were produced and represented to the President as being true samples of the goods being sold, but according to the testimony of Brigadier General Sawyer and Mr. Hendrix, the storekeeper at Perryville, as well as Mr. Bierman, associate medical purveyor at Perryville, about 75 per cent of the property sold to the Thompson-Kelly Company was not

only serviceable, but as good as new, and needed by the Public Health Service, the soldiers' homes, and the Veterans' Bureau.

It is pleasanter to turn from this sordid picture to some of the reforms made in the Veterans' Bureau under General Hines. A few of those mentioned by the Senate committee follow:

The number of employees on the pay rolls has been reduced by 2,500.

Thousands of claimants were being subjected to repeated physical examinations. A survey by General Hines indicated that 100,000 of such men were entitled to permanent ratings; such ratings are now being given.

Discipline in hospitals was lax and supervision inadequate. Visiting Drexel Hospital, Chicago, last May, the new director found 85 per cent of the patients away from the institution, although the time was between 8 and 10:30 in the evening. He therefore closed the hospital.

A cut of about \$800,000 per year in unnecessary rentals and \$1,500,000 in superfluous salaries has been made.

The expenses for long-distance telephone calls at the central office alone were reduced from \$453 in January, 1923, to \$25 for July.

The bids for Livermore Hospital were regarded as so wasteful that they were rejected, with an ultimate saving of \$150,000 in cost of construction.

There were 1,593 cases pending in Washington before the board of appeals, subject to be called up irrespective of their order through political or personal influence. The system was changed and the cases have been reduced to 900.

Expenditures for dentistry, regarded as extravagant, have been reduced from \$6,000,000 to \$3,000,000 a year.

From 400 to 500 complaints were coming in daily, few of which received even an acknowledgment. A method for replying was arranged and a great reduction in the number of complaints has been made.

Director Hines stated in his testimony that patients in hospitals could be reduced 25 per cent at once; that abuse exists because a premium is now placed upon men remaining in hospitals; that in effect they have been actually paid to stay there; that the present system is making government wards out of numbers of men; that in relation to some hospitals a visitor has almost to push his way through the automobiles parked about the building, which are the property of patients, who purchased them out of money received from the Government. These abuses, the Senate committee says, are now in process of correction.

To put an end to the era of waste and corruption is undoubtedly the first and most necessary job in the Veterans' Bureau. But that is not the final end. Eventually the bureau must be made, at whatever cost, to do justice by our sick and disabled ex-service men. This means permanent care for some and for others as speedy a return as possible to self-respecting self-support. Among the suggestions for betterment made by the Senate committee is one that the President of the United States be empowered to appoint a board of three medical officers, one each from the Army, the Navy, and the Public Health Service (one with experience in nervous diseases and another a specialist in tuberculosis), this board to make recommendations for a reorganization of the medical services of the Veterans' Bureau; and also that a committee of five persons conversant with life insurance be appointed to report on that aspect of the question.

America in Polynesia*

By PADRAIC COLUM

II. Hawaiian Village Life

THE island of Hawaii may be as big as the State of Connecticut. Its chief town is Hilo, where "the rain walks softly through the lehua trees." Hawaii has the active volcano Kilauea, the snow-topped mountains Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea; it has shining vistas of the Pacific, it has great lava-covered tracts that are terribly impressive, and it has deep gorges in which old-world Polynesia still lives on.

Very well do I remember a pastoral part of that island—a country of green slopes and rises that in the brilliant sunshine were greener than any green places I ever looked on. The place was dominated by Mauna Kea, a mountain that has snow on its top that is like frosting on a cake. The place had high geraniums and white lilies; its doves were cooing and its larks were singing and its calves were upon green hills. Men ride by on horses with wreaths of flowers on their hats; the roads are a tangle of blue and purple morning-glory.

Further down the blue ocean makes a great frill of lace on the black-lava shingle; opening to the ocean is one of Waipaio's thirteen valleys. The hills bear down in gulches that are furrowed by narrow white streams; below there is a flat that is marked into different squares by rice patches and taro patches. Down into the valley and up out of it come men on horseback leading horses that carry high packs. So they go into and out of the valley, bringing down stores or bringing up produce.

A man is on the road that will bring him by winding and zigzag ways down into the valley. He wears a yellow oilskin, and the foot that protrudes out of his wooden stirrup is bare. It rains; he has on a hat of lau-hala fiber.

What mixture has his Hawaiian blood? I ask myself as he stops and speaks to us in Hawaiian and English. A pure Hawaiian would be genial if he spoke to us in this off-hand way; he would laugh with us. But this man smiles only, and as he smiles he looks into our faces in a childlike and pathetic way. He talks lengthily, holding his roan horse. Hawaiians are dramatic, but they are never actors; this man sees himself and he is acting a part—he is a play-boy.

There is pathos in his eyes, there is a sense of loneliness about the man. Hawaiians have distinction, but it is race distinction, not personal distinction. And this man, for all his Hawaiian speech, has a personal distinction. He was Kanaka pure, he told us; father Kanaka, mother Kanaka—a Kanaka of the valleys he was.

"What do they live on in the valley?" I asked. On what they grew—taro, sweet potatoes, rice. They had fish, too, he said, and then he spoke of that splendid Hawaiian fish, the mullet. They had poi and fish—nothing else; no tea, no coffee, no pig now.

He apologized for his inexpressiveness in English. He was three months at school, and then—*pau*—no more. He tapped his head—not good. On account of his poor brain, he suggested, he had remained poor. "Man no shoe, horse

no shoe," said he. Sure enough his horse was unshod. He protruded his bare foot and gazed at it pathetically. "Man bare, horse bare," said he.

Then he brightened up. "If you fellow," said he, "come down we give you poi, potatoes, fish." As a further inducement he added *oklehou*. *Oklehou* is the native alcohol. He added something more. "If you fellow come down wahine hula." His wife would dance for me.

I thought of a middle-aged Hawaiian woman dancing and I was not fired at the thought. Then I asked him how long he had been married.

"Three months, two days," he told me.

"What age are you?" I asked.

"Forty-three," he said.

"Not married before?" I asked.

"Three wahine before—four wahine altogether."

Four wives! I expressed astonishment. I thought that perhaps he was dignifying mere casual connections. But he held up his hand solemnly. "I promise. I Christian."

"Which kind of Christian?"

"Christian, Hawaiian style," he said.

Could he mean Mormon? I wondered. The Mormons are creating something like a national church for the Polynesians. But the Mormon missionaries whom I knew gave a very strict discipline to their converts; in the houses into which we went with them there was no *oklehou*—no talk of a hula either.

"Mormon," he said.

"Then how does it come," I asked, "that you made promises to four wahine?"

"One was living in the valley now. One dead. One in Hilo. One in Molokai."

Molokai sounded ominous. Was the wahine sick? I asked.

"Sick, yes. Pake-sickness."

Pake-sickness—Chinese sickness. That meant leprosy! I looked at the man; he sat on his horse in the rain, a childlike and pathetic smile on his face. But he brightened again. The wahine that lived with him now would do a hula for me if I came down with him into the valley.

"How many men and women were below?"

"Thirty wahine, thirty. . . ."

"Kanaka," I suggested.

He paused, not accepting the word. "Thirty kane," he said. Kanaka means men; kane means husbands or heads of families.

"Thirty kane, thirty wahine," I said. "Keiki (children) too?"

"Plenty keiki," he assented.

"And the Pake—had they children too?"

"Pake grow rice, not grow mans," he said.

Suddenly he started off and went down zigzag in the rain. He waved his hand as he went. For all that he claimed to be straight Polynesian, there was something about the man that reminded me of Connacht or Castile. He was a play-boy because of some dash of Iberian blood.

The heavy surge of the ocean is pounding on the shore.

* This is the second of a series of three articles on Hawaiian life. The third will be on Polynesian folk stories.

The sky above is all covered with shroudlike clouds. The little fields are green, and they are marked off from each other by walls of loose stone. If, before my faculties were awake I stood outside this dwelling, I might fancy myself in the west of Ireland.

But the unfamiliarities of the landscape would soon break in. The walls that mark off the fields seem to be made of black coals—they are of lumps of lava. Then there are the stringy trees—a long piece of string with a knot on its top, kept upright and swaying—these are the Pacific trees, the coconut palms, and they are everywhere around. Then there are other trees that are still more extraordinary. I look with amazement upon a grove of them—the hala trees. Their trunks and their branches grow bare. Then at the end of the branch there is a sheaf of green streamers like reeds. And each sheaf has in it a big, cone-shaped fruit that is serrated like a pine-apple. The branches grow out and then twist back and twist back again—as if someone had twisted the back of his hand toward us and then twisted the fingers of the hand he had twisted. These trees grow out of the blackness of lava soil and lava blocks. This particular grove is filled with the roar of the ocean, and I think that if there was ever a place where I might see the Menehune, the goblin fairies of Hawaii, this is the place.

This district, cut off from the plantation area by great tracts of lava-covered ground, has no Japanese, Portuguese, or Filipinos resident; there are two Chinese families here, but they have Hawaiian speech. It is one of the few places on the large islands that the Polynesian Hawaiians have reserved for themselves. English is the language of instruction in the schools, but the children learn Hawaiian songs and Hawaiian is the language one hears them use in their play. The Hawaiian language and the Hawaiian way of living may hold their own here for at least another generation.

Near by is a heiau—a pagan temple, or rather a precinct for pagan sacrifices. It is an oblong mound of black stones, with holes where the idols stood, and with an inclosure where human beings were sacrificed. The coconut palms near it may be the trees that Captain Cook's sailors looked upon. On the beach are the canoes with their outriggers. In a garden that I pass a man is working with a primitive digging tool, the wooden spade that was used when iron was a precious metal in the islands. In a shelter near by a bleary-eyed woman, who looks a hundred years of age at least, is plaiting the lau-hala fiber into a mat such as the first white visitors to the islands slept on. A boy with a stone pestle in his hands is pounding the taro into poi.

I could easily imagine myself a first comer to this place. But at night, in the house, we are very up-to-date. We sit around a kerosene lamp. The Hawaiians are not quite used to tables and chairs; the lamp is left on the floor; we sit on the mats and read the weekly journals, the *Hoku o Hawaii* (the *Star of Hawaii*) and the *Nupepa Kuokua* (the *Independent Newspaper*).

The life on this farm by the sea is leisurely, and by leisurely I do not mean lazy. They are a fine people, the folk in whose house I am living, with active bodies. Like most Hawaiians they have ability in handicraft and decoration: all day the taciturn grandmother, seated on the floor, plaits a mat of the streams of the hala tree—long, reed-like fibers softened in water, split, and then plaited as a child at home would plait a little mat of rushes. Beautifully clean

mats of the kind she is making cover the floors of the different rooms. The bedspread in the room I sleep in, with its bold branching design of bread-fruit, has been made in the house. This bread-fruit design was given to the Hawaiians by the missionaries.

And all day the little girl—I must write her name carefully—Ka-puna-puke-lani, "The Well at the Heavenly Gate," works with her needle. What charming interiors they might have, I think, if they would give their decorative impulses free play! The different *lei* of lima-blossoms that hang on the walls make a real decoration. They have no pictures, but they have what every Hawaiian house has, a row of photographs enlarged; the mild men and women who are their subjects look fearfully grim. I have come to think that the Hawaiians do not look on photographs as we look on them, as pictured mementos of friends and admired people: to the Hawaiians, I believe, a collection of photographs means a real society. Every Hawaiian has, or used to have, a mele inoa, a name-song that was known to their friends. I have a notion that the Hawaiians in whose houses I have been often chant a brother's or a sister's, a son's or a daughter's name-song under one of these photographs; they can, I believe, bring up a presence in a way that we could not bring up the presence of any of our friends.

The women of this house have not to make ready food for pigs or cattle. There are pigs here in plenty, but they are turned into the guava-fields, and there, with their litters around them, they stay, knocking the wild guava fruit off the bushes or eating it where it lies on the ground—the guava that we know only when it comes to us as delicious jelly. The guava was introduced into the islands, and, like many other plants brought into it, has become a pest. The pigs have it all. And the women do not have to go to milk in the mornings and evenings; we do without milk and butter here, although there is plenty of pasture for cattle. The Hawaiians, in spite of the fact that they have had cattle since Vancouver's day, are not a milk or a butter using people.

As in the old days, they live near the beach. They have always been a beach-dwelling people, and I note that the Rev. Mr. Ellis, who was here a hundred years ago, says that the interior of the island of Hawaii was an unexplored wilderness. And, as in the old days, the people are partly fishermen, partly farmers. I go with one of the boys of the house to a cultivated field. Instead of ridges there are little mounds in the field—mounds of black earth. In these mounds the sweet potatoes grow. We grub them up and take home a bagful for supper. There is another vegetable in the field—the small-leaved Chinese cabbage; these, too, we pull up, and we cut down some branches of bananas. Then we make our way back through the guava bushes and across the walls of lava-stone.

In the evening, after supper, we sit for a while on the veranda. Relations of the family come from the houses near by and talk an Hawaiian that is full of barks and grunts. The boys and girls of the house take out their ukuleles or their steel guitars and play and sing Hawaiian melodies. They love music and song; like all their country-folk, they sing without apology or self-consciousness. I ask the little boy who has been playing the ukulele to tell me what the song is about that has just been sung. "It is about a girl who runs away from her step-mother; she makes the girl work too hard and she gives her nothing to

eat. The girl goes into the forest and she lives on guavas and shrimps out of the stream. There is an owl that helps her—I guess the owl is the ghost of her grandmother. One day the cowboys see her. They lasso her when she is in the stream.” “Do they bring her back to her step-mother?” I ask. “No. They take her to their camp. I guess she stays with the boys.” His mother has a different ending for the story. The boys take her to a show-place and show her off as a wild girl. The song is called “The Mountain Girl.”

It is not easy to know who is who in a Polynesian family. There are uncles and aunts in the house, and they seem to have as much authority as father or mother. Children come and stay: there is no way for an outsider to know whether they have been adopted into the family or not. Officially the family I am with is quite a large one; the mother tells me she has given birth to twelve children. There are plenty of children in the Hawaiian family, but the infant mortality is very high—higher among them than it is among any of the other races on the islands. I have a notion that if the Hawaiians made friends with the cowboys their infant mortality would be lessened, and the race would have a better chance—and I believe it has quite a good chance—of coming back to a place in the world.

Marriage as we understand it—the family as we understand it—is only beginning to emerge among the Polynesian people. The word for “marriage” that one sees over announcements in the Hawaiian papers has been borrowed from the English. There is no clear-cut word for “mother” or “father” in Hawaiian. “Makua” means something like “relation,” one adds “wahine” to it, meaning “woman,” or

“kane,” meaning “male,” and one gets the terms for “mother” and “father.” The grandfather was as close to the child as the father, the grandmother as the mother, and aunts and uncles were “makua” too. If children were scolded in their parents’ house they went to their uncle’s or their aunt’s and stayed there; they had the right to dip in the poi bowl. Children were always being adopted or given away—the custom still flourishes—and all this went toward making the family life indistinct.

And what of the Hawaiian girls? When they are beautiful it is the beauty of abundance—the swelling bosom, the lustrous hair, the eyes large and dark. And their charm is the charm of softness—softness of curve, of smile, of speech. But there is something stolid about them, and when one sees them in the country places, with their dark faces under the high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat of lau-hala one knows that in Polynesia love could never have been the gay science. Their eyes have their psychic history—eyes large and dark, but un luminous. They are girls who have summer, but no spring.

They are not keen on marrying men of their own race; they marry Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Porto Ricans, and, of course, *haoles*, the men of European stock. If the Hawaiians cease to exist as a distinct race in the near future it will be mainly because their women prefer to marry men of other races than their own. They say that the Hawaiians are not good providers, but that may be only a rationalization of some biological urge—the race has been isolated for thousands of years, and it may be that there is a necessity for them to mingle with other peoples.

National Minorities in Soviet Russia

By LOUIS FISCHER

THERE is one non-Russian in Russia for every Russian. The non-Russian peoples, for the most part, are inferior in culture and general development to the real Russian, the Great Russian. He is therefore prone to look down upon the racial minorities and to treat them as a ruling nation does its backward colonies—a tendency which aggravates a problem already serious enough. Still further difficulties arise from the circumstance that many of the small nationalities—the Tartars, Georgians, Armenians, and Bashkirs, to mention only a few—are Moslems whose eyes are directed rather to Mecca than to Moscow. Moreover the nationalities are concentrated on their own territories. If in the United States, New York State were 90 per cent Italian, Ohio 90 per cent Jewish, Illinois 90 per cent German, and ten other commonwealths similarly predominantly non-American in blood, the situation would begin to offer a parallel with that which exists in Russia. Not being distributed over wide areas, the non-Russian races are not exposed to assimilation. They have their own languages, customs, traditions, and ideals.

Czarism attempted to solve the problem by applying an aggressive policy of Russification which, very naturally, defeated its purpose and added zest to the anti-Russian movements among the submerged nationalities. Poland was the best case in point.

In a letter written by Lenin from Zurich on April 18, 1917, he stated that if and when the Bolsheviks seized

power “we would immediately free all the nationalities subject to the Great Russians.” Before seven months had elapsed Lenin had made his famous trip in a sealed car through Germany, his party had overthrown Kerensky’s Provisional Government, and he, weighted with the responsibilities of Soviet Russia’s premiership, was in the Kremlin face to face with the problem whose solution he had so readily dashed off in the low-vaulted room of a Swiss cottage. Five days after the reins of government passed into their hands the Bolsheviks accorded each nationality “the right of self-determination even to the extent of secession and the creation of a separate state.”

Not all the Communists gave this pronouncement their approval. In January, 1918, at the All-Russian Congress of Soviets, there was a sharp tilt between Bucharin and Lenin. Bucharin, always the guardian as well as the enunciator of pure communist theory, objected to the “bourgeois” war cry of self-determination of nationalities. For the Communist, he argued, only the class, never the nation, exists. He therefore advanced the slogan “Self-Determination for the Working Classes of all Nationalities.” But Lenin was the practical statesman and rebuked the theoreticians. Russia’s backward peoples of the East, he maintained, possessed no proletariat. They still lived in a patriarchal condition with their sheiks, beys, and mulahs. Now, continued Lenin, if the Soviets fail to grant these nationalities their freedom their anti-Bolshevik ele-

ments would exploit the fact by sowing resentment and revolt against Moscow. Bucharin's internationalism would merely fan the national fires. Lenin's view prevailed.

Hard fact rather than abstract doctrine has always determined the Soviet program toward the nationalities. The result has been a policy of concessions to nationalism which has made a difficult road an easy one and has transformed the nationalities into one of the chief pillars of support of the Bolshevik regime, for, though they, like the peasants, may complain and express dissatisfaction, they realize that no government that might conceivably succeed the present could be more considerate of their desires.

Nor can they entertain any illusions as to the benefits of secession. The White Russian Republic, if it seceded, would in the natural course of events be swallowed up by Poland, and the White Russians, knowing to what restrictions and repressions their fellow-nationals are subjected in Poland, hesitate to supply the morsel. The Ukraine, without Russia's protective prestige would, because of its immense bread resources, become a bone of contention among several European Powers and ultimately fall to the lot of one of them. The Far Eastern (Chita) Republic, were it not for the aid from Moscow which it enjoyed even while nominally unaffiliated with Russia, would be the prey of the Japanese, while Georgia and Azerbaijan, coveted for their oil, and Armenia, all three Mohammedan in faith and semi-Turanian in blood, would either gravitate toward Turkey whose record for ruling subject races leaves much to be desired, or become British colonies on which Royal Dutch and Shell could poach undisturbed.

If, however, one of the national republics were to decide to sever its relations with Russia, the communistic "self-determination even unto secession" experiences a peculiar interpretation. Paraphrased from a statement to me by the assistant Commissar of Nationalities, the interpretation is much to this effect: Each national republic in the Russian union of racial states has of course a communist government. As long as this state remains communist it could not conceivably leave the socialist family of nations; the very idea of the Union to which the governments of all the nationalities are committed is to unite the socialist countries of the world. The will to secede could only arise simultaneously with a will to overthrow the Soviet regime in the particular national republic. The Communists of the national republic would resist the effort to drive them from power. In such a civil war Moscow would feel itself called upon to intervene. In other words, their programmatic "self-determination even unto secession" notwithstanding, the Bolsheviks would never view secession with inactive indifference.

But the individual national republics enjoy large measures of autonomy. Stalin who, since the death of Lenin and the retirement of Trotzky, has become one of the most powerful political personalities in Russia, has as Commissar of Nationalities made it abundantly clear that there must be no blanket laws for the national republics. A decree that fits every requirement in White Russia may be impossible of execution in Dagestan. Thus one commissariat whose task it was to replenish the supply of live stock after its depletion through the famine ordered the distribution of a certain number of hogs in each of the provinces of Russia. But, as Stalin pointed out, there was no use sending pigs to the Kirghiz Republic because the Kirghiz, being Moslems, would neither herd nor eat them. It is Moscow's con-

scious policy to win the good favor of the minorities by vouchsafing them the highest measure of freedom that is compatible with general security and their continued allegiance. Each republic has its full-fledged and independent government manned, as far as possible, by members of its own race. Each republic has its representatives in Moscow; Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, and the Ukraine sent their own delegates to the Genoa Conference, and Georgia and the Ukraine to Lausanne. No effort is spared to gratify the self-pride of the nationalities—at least of the larger ones; their appetite grows with the gratification thereof.

The popularity which the Russian Government enjoys among the racial minorities is augmented by their appreciation of its land policy. Half the peasants of the Union live outside of Great Russia. Among these the Bolsheviks have parceled out the nationalized estates of the crown, the nobles, and the church. In the realm of education the advent of the Soviets has likewise been of benefit to the minorities. Czarism was proverbial for its encouragement of illiteracy among Russians; how much more so among the non-Russian populations which it oppressed. Ninety-seven per cent of the inhabitants of Turkestan are illiterate. In regions removed from the center there were none but crude religious schools, and vast territories were steeped in primitive barbarism. But hundreds of schools have sprung up where before 1917 there were none. Modern methods have superseded the floor-squatting, chorus-shouting system of the mosque school. The Moslems and the Jews have offered mighty, albeit passive, resistance to the Government's prohibition of religious instruction to minors, but many of the Mohammedan schools and almost all the Hebrew have disappeared and been replaced by institutions which instead of teaching only religious subjects teach everything but religious subjects. Pedagogical seminaries have been founded on the territories of the several nationalities, and the University of the Western Minorities in Moscow and Petrograd, the University of the Toilers of the East in Moscow and Tiflis, the Ukrainian University in Kiev, and the White Russian in Minsk are preparing intellectual leaders for the coming generation.

In each republic the language of the majority is, side by side with Russian, the official language. The central authorities in Moscow take pains to encourage the use of the languages of the minorities by establishing special faculties for the study of their grammars, and by the printing of national textbooks. Often more elementary work is necessary, as in the cases of the Chechentzi and Ingushi of the Caucasus, for whose dialects, never before reduced to writing, alphabets had to be invented.

The primitive character of many of these languages and their number—there are several hundred in use—greatly aggravate the difficulties of educational work. In the Dagestan Republic near the Caspian, for instance, there are six fundamental languages and thirty-two dialects. The entire population numbers 798,000. In the neighboring Mountain Republic with 808,000 inhabitants there are two Ossetini schools, and one school each for Persians, Armenians, Tartars, Greeks, Georgians, Jews, Germans, and Poles. Anywhere in the Russian Union a group of people may petition the Government to open a school in which their language will be the language of instruction. A hundred or more nationalities have their own schools in Great Russia; on the other hand the autonomous national

republics maintain schools for persons who are not of their racial stock.

Nor are the difficulties inherent in Russian geography to be lost sight of. The autonomous republic of the Yakuti in northeastern Siberia is seven times the size of France but has a population of only 300,000. Vladivostok on the Pacific is twelve days' ride by express train from Moscow. The republics of Khiva and Bokhara, till very recently the scene of Enver Pasha's activities, are situated in the heart of Asia and remain wild and unsubdued.

The Soviet Government distinguishes between autonomous territories which receive what liberties their civilization warrants, autonomous republics which exercise considerable freedom, and independent republics which are almost entirely self-governing. The independent republics are Great Russia, White Russia, the Ukraine, Azerbaijan, Armenia, Georgia, Khiva, Bokhara, the Far Eastern (Chita) Republic, and Yakut. The autonomous republics are Tataria, Bashkiria, Kirghizia, Turkestan, Dagestan, Crimea, and the Mountain Republic. The autonomous territories are those of the Voti, Chuvashi, Kalmicki, Buriati, Kabardini, Mari, Zuriani, and the Germans of the Volga.

All these nationalities are now represented in the Soviet of Nationalities which constitutes the upper house of the country's highest legislative and executive body—the Central Executive Committee. This Soviet is an innovation in the governmental structure of Russia and was only made possible by the abolition, in June, 1923, of the 1917 constitution and the adoption of a new one* by virtue of which Russia as a political entity stretching from Petrograd to Vladivostok ceased to exist and was replaced by the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, thus absolving the independent republics from carrying the name of Russia. The *raison d'être* of the Soviet of Nationalities is much like that of the United States Senate. Just as the Senate with its equal representation was a concession to less-populous States like Rhode Island whose influence in the House of Representatives was necessarily limited, so the Soviet of Nationalities similarly resting on a basis of equal representation was created to satisfy the national republics and territories which had claimed that they were insufficiently represented in the Central Executive Committee. The formation of the Soviet of Nationalities marked the liquidation of the All-Russian Commissariat of Nationalities.

With all the readiness of the Communists to set the republics on a plane with Great Russia they have not yet succeeded in exterminating the Great Russian chauvinism inherited from the days of Czarism. It persists even in their own ranks and certainly among a large number of non-Communist officials in Moscow. Stalin, himself a Georgian, has stated that "these vestiges of Great Russian chauvinism find expression in the haughty and heartless bureaucratic relationship of Russian government employees toward the needs and requirements of the national republics." On the other hand—again it is Stalin who makes the charge—the Communists of the autonomous republics have not yet divested themselves of the hatred toward Russia which they absorbed during the period of Czarist persecution. Nor have even the Communists of the Caucasus shed every trace of Pan-Islamism and Pan-Turanism in which, in prerevolutionary days, they saw the solution of the problems of their oppressed fatherlands. Stalin

further points out that whereas the various republics vociferate against the minutest evidence of Great Russian jingoism, they often sin themselves. Georgia does not treat her own minorities, the Abchazi, Adshari, and Ossetini, as she expects to be treated by Russia. And the same is true of the other independent republics.

There is yet another heritage of the monarchy which the Bolshevik regime now strives to destroy. Czarist Russia looked upon its rich frontier provinces, now the autonomous republics, as spheres to be exploited economically by and for the benefit of Great Russia. But the policy of the Soviets is to encourage domestic industry in the republics. Turkestan and Azerbaijan, for example, are to manufacture their own cotton goods instead of sending the raw material to Moscow.

Seeking the comfort of the minorities has had the effect of reconciling them to Moscow's rule. But the salutary effect does not stop at the Russian boundary. The Ruthenians of Galicia, writhing under the Polish lash, look fondly across the frontier toward their free and independent racial brothers, the Ukrainians. It would be far-fetched to suppose that Galicia will by reason of this circumstance soon become part of an enlarged Ukrainian soviet republic, but the discontent of the Ruthenians is certainly a factor in Russo-Polish relations. In Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania many people have the feeling that their countries cannot permanently remain politically detached from Russia. The jingoism of the ruling, estate-owning classes has not spent itself, and the effervescent patriotism natural to newborn nations still abounds, but the Russian, Jewish, and German minorities already constitute a nucleus of disaffection, and the peasants are beginning to realize that without losing their political or cultural autonomy they could, by returning to the body of Russia from which the Brest-Litovsk treaty tore them, gain the free use of the large Baltic estates which the Bolsheviks would nationalize. These movements toward reaffiliation, nursed, especially in Latvia, by a strong Communist faction, await, however, an improvement in the economic situation of Soviet Russia.

Henry Bacon

By ERIC KEBBON

ARCHITECTURE is the most anonymous of the arts. Unlike paintings or sculpture, buildings are unsigned, and the average man is seldom conscious of their creators unless his attention is challenged by the fact that a building is the largest or the highest or the most expensive in the world. The public has little knowledge of the architect as an individual. This fact makes it all the more remarkable that the acclaim of a nation should have been accorded to so modest a person as the late Henry Bacon, whose contributions to the advancement of taste have been as lacking in ostentation as he has himself.

Henry Bacon's career was a record of steady, undeviating loyalty to his ideal of perfection in architecture and his success was due to his character as well as to his love of beauty. He was born at Watseka, Illinois, in 1866, and was educated in that State. After attending the State University for one year, he began his architectural training in an office in Boston. In 1888 he came to New York and while working as a draftsman in the office of McKim, Mead and White, he succeeded in winning the much-coveted

* Russia's new constitution was published in *The Nation* of August 15, 1923.

Rotch Scholarship entitling him to two years of travel in Greece and Italy. This early study of the monuments of classic art, and of Greek architecture in particular, definitely directed his taste and developed a desire for the simplicity of composition and refinement of detail which appear in all of his later work.

Returning to New York in 1891, he came under the inspiring influence of Charles F. McKim. There must have existed a deep bond of understanding between the two men; their ideals were similar and Bacon received strong encouragement and excellent training under the sympathetic guidance of the older man. During the next twelve years his art broadened. His unerring instinct for making the right choice in his designs and his ability to execute them with feeling were expressed in the modest buildings which he erected in various sections of the country. He appreciated the value of greater coordination between architecture and the sister art of sculpture, and he was invited to collaborate with many eminent sculptors. Collaborating with Augustus St. Gaudens and Daniel Chester French, he provided architectural settings for at least three score monuments by these two men alone. In every case the spirit of the sculptured figure was emphasized by the beauty of the background or base which he provided.

He worked quietly and studiously, never allowing the imperious demands of an overzealous building committee or the impatience of a client to swerve him from the careful consideration of the logical growth of his design and the progress of the finished structure. To perfect his work by ceaseless meditation was his method of achieving the ideals he was striving for. He constantly referred to the ancient monuments of his youthful travels for inspiration and refreshment and revisited again and again the Mediterranean countries for study and contemplation. His enthusiasm for the antique was shared by his brother Francis, who had been engaged in excavating the ruins of the ancient Greek city of Assos in Asia Minor; the uncovering of the hidden temples and bas reliefs of that once flourishing city contributed further to Henry Bacon's intimate knowledge of the perfected art of the fifth century.

His productive work slowly increased until it included bank buildings, university dormitories, libraries, churches, schoolhouses, and all manner of public and private buildings. But the culmination of his art was the great memorial building in honor of Abraham Lincoln in Washington, which was dedicated in the closing year of his life. In this noble structure, the full flowering of his genius is seen. There never was a more profoundly considered design. Its majesty, its refinement, its monumental serenity combine to make it expressive of the reticent and innate idealism of its creator and worthy of the nation's faith in the immortal leader whose memory it perpetuates.

In reviewing the career and work of Henry Bacon, critics may claim that his adherence to the classic tradition removed him from a free expression of a distinctive American architecture. Yet such buildings as he created are produced in no other country today, because everywhere else it appears that architects are straining to achieve something new. Bacon worked in the language of classic art because it appealed to the promptings of his own nature. The continual study and use of its alphabet became so natural to him that he could finally use it with originality, and he has left to us an imperishable heritage of splendid architectural achievement.

Oil and Irony

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE oil inquiry has come to a stage at which it is making people look simultaneously tragic and ridiculous. What could be more tragic, what could be more ridiculous, than Republican Senators hastening to the White House to ask the President instantly to require the resignation of Attorney General Daugherty?

Here is an Attorney General who throughout Washington has for years been known to be what he is, whatever that may be.

Now a Democratic Senator, Wheeler of Montana, rises in the Senate and shakes his finger in the direction of Mr. Daugherty and charges Mr. Daugherty with having done this and that and with having left this and that undone. He charges these things and believes these things against Mr. Daugherty and promises to prove them. He does not at the time even attempt to prove them. He quite naturally reserves his proofs for the time when he and Mr. Daugherty may be face to face in a committee inquiry room.

Thereupon, with nothing actually known about Mr. Daugherty beyond what had all along been known, Republican Senators are seen to hasten both to the White House and to other points of vantage to equip themselves with levers for prying Mr. Daugherty out of office.

They cannot say that Mr. Daugherty's character and record had been unknown to them until a fledgling Senator from Montana could come forward to enlighten them. They cannot say that Mr. Daugherty's failure to see any war-fraud criminals until they were pointed out to him by Congressman Woodruff of Michigan and Congressman Johnson of South Dakota was news to them. They cannot say that Mr. Daugherty's disposition to drop oil-land cases instead of fighting them through without compromise to a finish was an assertion that had for them any tinge of novelty. They cannot say that Mr. Daugherty's reported or reputed efforts to gain delegates for Warren Gamaliel Harding in the Republican National Convention of 1920 by dickers regarding oil were efforts gossiped in the press gallery of the Senate, but totally unheard and unknown on the Senate floor. Nor can they say that these reported or reputed efforts have ever been proved and established before any tribunal.

The charges against Mr. Daugherty fall absolutely into two classes. One class is of charges known to Washington for a long time. The other class is much smaller. Its existence is unimportant, but is mentioned for the sake of argument and logic. This other class consists of charges which may perhaps be considered new but which never have been proved before any tribunal or by any set of actual facts which would persuade an honest and fair man to call another man guilty.

It happens further that Mr. Daugherty's worst act is not even mentioned in the present proceedings of accusation against him by his enemies and of abandonment of him by the bulk of his party friends. That worst act was the injunction which he secured from a complaisant federal judge in Chicago against the shopcraft railroad strikers in 1922. That injunction was as clear an instance of class warfare and of the employment of the powers of government by one class against another class as was ever ex-

hibited in the history of the republic. With nobody in the United States in any way really suffering from the effects of the strike, with nobody starving, with nobody freezing, with enough trains running to protect the country totally and perfectly against all danger of any real and genuine suffering, Mr. Daugherty went into a federal courtroom in Chicago and persuaded a judge to take jurisdiction over a lot of railroad workers who had struck in order to improve their own working conditions and the financial conditions of their families, and he induced this judge to call all these workers conspirators against the interstate commerce of the United States and to enjoin them and their leaders from the acts necessary to the successful prosecution of their attempt to improve their lot.

This writer sat in that courtroom and saw Judge Wilkerson by every gesture and by every look as well as by his final act make himself not an impartial neutral adjudicator of the litigation between the government and the railroad trade unions, but a nodding, smiling co-conspirator with Attorney General Daugherty to get out a class injunction in the name of the common welfare.

Attorney General Daugherty at that moment helped to lay the foundation of the class resentment and class hatred which speedily showed itself in the subsequent electing of radical senators to office in Washington over the bodies of defeated conservative senators in the Northwest. The railroad trade unions were the fighting core of the radical Northwestern revolt. Attorney General Daugherty did as much as any other one man to make that core a fighting core and to bring to Washington the very Senator—Wheeler of Montana—who now by merely leveling a line of charges at him can make Republican Senators ask the President to put him in the guillotine and separate his shoulders from his head.

That Mr. Daugherty was not making the Department of Justice produce any great harvest of convicted rich criminals: what is there new in that charge—or that fact? That Mr. Daugherty had low friends who were capable of selling their supposed influence with him to alarmed criminals: what is there in that charge to give any experienced Republican in Washington a thrill of surprise?

Meanwhile President Coolidge, having lived in Washington for more than two years as Vice-President and having had every opportunity in Cabinet meetings to make Mr. Daugherty's acquaintance, asked him last summer to remain in the Cabinet under the Coolidge administration.

Perhaps Mr. Daugherty ought to resign. Perhaps it would advantage the Republican Party if he resigned. Perhaps it would advantage President Coolidge if he resigned. Those things may be granted morally and politically. Yet somehow there is something in the affair that goes deeper than politics and deeper—if one may say so—than what customarily passes under the name of morals. That something is unswayed human loyalty to one's own human record. It is fidelity to one's self. It is being a certain thing when it is easy and then being that same thing when it is difficult.

President Coolidge and John T. Adams, chairman of the Republican National Committee, stood for Daugherty when everything important was known about Daugherty and when all Republican Washington stood for him. If they stand for him now, when all the rest of Republican Washington on no new proved facts about Daugherty turns against him, they may be wicked men politically, but humanly they are the best of the lot.

In the Driftway

DURING his varied life the Drifter has been accused of many things: irate young revolutionists have termed him a backward old fool, a rising stock-broker shuns him as a Red, a beautiful waitress once thought he was trying to escape without paying his check, and a farmer in Stacyville Junction, Iowa, almost had the sheriff on him as the criminal who set fire to his barn. Needless to say, none of these things were true and, true or not, none of them caused the Drifter to lose sleep—with the exception of the last. Now, however, an accusation has been leveled at him which gives him pause; and he here and now affirms, to the person from Mt. Vernon who recently wrote a letter to *The Nation*, and to anyone else who may be interested, that he *did not choose the Prize Poem*.

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FOR some weeks before the announcement of the prize winner, the Drifter was at his desk even less than usual; he knew that if he went there sooner or later a harassed editor, pale with sleeplessness and despair, would wander by. "Poems," the editor would murmur in a strained voice, "thousands of poems; short poems, very, very long poems, rhymed poems, very, very free poems. Poems written in pencil on copy-book paper; poems carefully typed on foolscap, tied with blue ribbon, and decorated with holly. Poems about toothpaste, or the spring, or the poet's last wife but one, or the income tax, or washing dishes, or the moon at the full; poems for breakfast, lunch, dinner; poems!" At this point the Drifter would rise, take the poor creature by the hand, and leading him to the water cooler would pour a lily cup of iced water over his fevered brow. Almost always one cup was enough; after it, the poetry reader would grow calm and thank the Drifter for his ministrations. "I've just been reading a few of the prize poems," he would add apologetically and somewhat superfluously, "and it must have upset me a little. So far, you may be interested to know, we haven't found anything quite as good as 'Lycidas.'"

* * * * *

NO, the Drifter will have nothing to do with the poetry contest; and when it is decided he has trouble enough to escape from the exhausted judges who seek to explain to him just why the Prize Poem was chosen, not to mention those who insist on expounding its meaning. The Drifter, when he is not drifting, likes peace. He likes a desk littered only with newspapers, old magazines, copies of the *Congressional Record*, theater programs, last year's calendars, slips of paper reminding him of important engagements, and similar things which need not be watched too carefully. He likes to read his poems one at a time and by his own choice; he likes to take his iced water internally on rare occasions. The time may come when, out of pity for the readers, he will send in on the first day of the contest a poem written by himself which, at the time of composition some scores of years ago, seemed a real masterpiece, although he has not read it since. Then he can receive the prize without further fuss, and the contest will be over. Till that day he will remain one of the few persons in the United States who combine the virtue of not contributing a poem to the contest with that of not reading the poems that have been contributed. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Sacredness of Private Property

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with the controversy as to Russian recognition, much has been made of Russia's repudiation of her debts. No one of course questions the legal right of a state to repudiate its obligations. Furthermore, an individual cannot sue a sovereign state without its consent. Thus, legally, Russia's position is quite sound. It is, however, argued, with some degree of truth, that a state cannot ethically and morally take advantage of this power.

States, however, as a rule seem to have little concern as to ethics. They act as best suits their interests. Our own history offers plenty of proof of this. Here is a brief résumé of State repudiations of debts:

Arkansas: By constitutional amendment, this State, in 1884, rid itself of obligations to the amount of \$12,000,000.

Alabama: In 1876, the legislature of the State passed funding acts which overlooked \$15,000,000 in debts.

Florida: By legislative acts passed in 1840, 1843, and 1870, debts to the amount of \$8,000,000 were declared void.

Georgia: The constitutional amendment of 1877 declared void millions of dollars' worth of debts incurred before the Civil War and during the Reconstruction Period.

Louisiana: In 1875 repudiated debts amounting to \$14,000,000. This, however, was partly paid by constitutional amendment of 1884.

Mississippi: In 1838 repudiated \$5,000,000. This repudiation was perpetuated by the constitutional amendment of 1875.

Minnesota: The constitutional amendment of 1860 repudiated \$2,000,000. An act of 1881 made settlement on a 50 per cent basis.

Michigan: Repudiated extensive obligations in 1842. Later settlement was made on a basis of 302 per 1,000. No payment was made on large sums held in bonds by European bankers.

North Carolina: After several efforts in repudiation, finally passed the funding bill of 1879, which completely passed over \$13,000,000.

South Carolina: Got rid of troublesome bonds by repudiation in 1879.

Rhode Island: In 1834 and 1847 repudiated registered State bonds and prison-building debts.

Tennessee: After several repudiations, finally settled claims on a 50 per cent basis.

Virginia: After its separation from West Virginia, it maintained that one-third of its debts should be borne by the new State. Disagreement arose as to the proportion, and to date that indebtedness has never been paid. As to the other two-thirds, much confusion arose, particularly so as much of the debt was incurred during the Reconstruction Period. In 1882 the famous Riddleberger Act declared most of this debt null and void. In 1892 settlement was made by issuing of bonds on a basis of 19 to 28.

Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, as a result of the panic of 1834, repudiated millions of dollars of debts. These were later paid in part. Pennsylvania repudiated several millions held by foreign bond-holders, the debt having been incurred in building a canal that proved a financial loss.

The indebtedness of the several States arose through unwise and hasty improvements, through ill-advised investments in railroads, through corruption of legislatures, through honest investments that circumstances later converted into dead losses, and through the recklessness of the Reconstruction Period. The debts, however, had been legally incurred, and that did not prevent their being legally repudiated.

Whether right or wrong, cannot Russia with an ironic smile point to the precedent we have set?

Washington, D. C., February 22

H. BERMAN

The Shipping Board's Own Scandal

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We seem greatly aroused by the oil revelations; but far greater crimes against the American people—far greater betrayal of the people's interests—have been committed by the Shipping Board during the last seven years. The total of the oil loot may reach \$200,000,000, but the total looted from the taxpayers through the Shipping Board is over four billion dollars. Yet nothing has come of it; and those who are responsible for this looting are counted among our most eminent and distinguished citizens, and are singularly honored on every possible occasion and on every possible pretext. The indisputable total of the loot via the Shipping Board route is over four billion dollars; and all the American people have to show for it is a lot of badly built ships that are rusting into complete uselessness, and a few other ships, the total value of all of which, good and bad, will not even equal the interest that the taxpayers must pay *every year* until this debt of four billion dollars has been paid off.

Revelations which constantly come to hand prove over and over what I have repeatedly stated, that the history of the world does not show such colossal looting and squandering of the public moneys as during the period covered by the existence of the Shipping Board. Not one ship built with these billions of dollars was completed in time to be of any use during the war; in fact, with few exceptions, their keels were not even laid until after the war had passed into history; and the statements the Shipping Board and its apologists constantly make, that its enormous and excessive costs were due to the necessity of haste to defeat Germany, are false.

Israel Zangwill, in a recent public address, said our national defect is our "let it slide" attitude. If Zangwill knew the whole story of the American people's indifference to corruption and faithlessness on the part of our public officials, he could write an article that would shake the conscience of America. Perhaps the oil exposures may do that.

New York, February 25

PHILIP MANSON

A Protest

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to protest against Mr. Seligmann's charge of inaccuracy in his review of Katherine Dreier's "Western Art" in *The Nation* for February 13. He states, for instance, that "she often fails to get her facts about them straight: dadaism, for example, was not, as Miss Dreier says, started by Tzara and taken up by Picabia; it was an off-shoot of Picabia's magazine 391, which in turn had been derived from the American 291 . . ." I happen to know that Miss Dreier's information was received from M. Tzara, M. Picabia, and M. Marcel Duchamp; it could hardly have better authority.

Again he states: "On page 76 she says 'no expression reached us until 1913,' meaning that modern European work was first shown in the Armory Exhibition of that year. On page 123 she contradicts her own statement when she refers to 291, the first gallery to introduce the spirit of modern art in New York. . . ." If Mr. Seligmann had quoted Miss Dreier's statement in full from page 76 others might have understood the meaning of her words more clearly than he did. She says: "We try to hide our ignorance in not understanding this modern art in America, by saying that we will plunge right into it, for no expression reached us until 1913, etc. . . ." She was plainly giving the sentiment of those people who were defending their lack of understanding; the very words "try to hide"—which are the key-note of the sentence—imply inaccuracy.

Mr. Seligmann's claim that the "Nude Descending the Stairs" created only a huge scandal interested me. It seems amazing that a scandal should last for more than ten years, especially when the whole affair revolved around the question whether

or not the painting was a work of art. Though I have met many who frankly admitted that they could not understand this painting, I could count on one hand the number who have derided it.

New York, February 20

BERTHA VAN VOSTROW

Another Wyoming

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Wyoming—a glimpse of early railroad history, a glance at the cattle business, snatch of dry farming with a mild climax of oil, and adios.

I do not expect to be wholly articulate about this. To enlarge upon the theme of Wyoming on the heels of the "Maverick Citizenry" in your issue of January 16 seems to me somewhat akin to explaining an internal combustion engine to an Eskimo. Perhaps, however, I can skirt the other side of the fence in a manner as brief as that of Mr. Hawes. To this gentleman the people and topography of Wyoming evidently have meant little. I think, off-hand, of that broad, windy country in the vicinity of Arvada; treeless and barren, the home of the sod-house and the coal-pile with here and there a galvanized iron shanty.

The Powder River with its cottonwoods and Indian lore; Thermopolis, where all Wyoming "doctors" (and marvelous are the tales therefrom); the Pitchfork ranch on the broad valley of the upper Greybull with white-faced cattle in clumps of a thousand or two as far as one can see—seventy miles from the railroad here; the Sunshine stage from Meeteese, this last most certainly a community of Vikings or demi-gods and mother of countless intrepid "Meeteese kids" in days gone by: what of these? Nothing, I suppose, but then I think of ranch cooks and chocolate pie, of dried apples and the Irma Hotel in Cody before the drought laid its blight there; of Homeric feats at guzzling the "Yellowstone" that convention prescribed; and most important of all, the great institution of "Solo," a game certainly peculiar to the West.

A word for the mountains—the game country, moose-hide jackets, meadows, streams, grouse, elk tenderloin, the swaying, bobbing backs of a string of pack horses, willow thickets, coyotes, and of course the game with its grunts and coughs as one sleeps under a tarp'. I wisely avoid the mountain scenery save for remarking that I like it.

The vernacular I bequeath to Mr. Mencken, and a fine one it is. The people are shrewd, humorous, and hard, men and women alike prematurely aged and grizzled; hospitable and friendly and not at all unworthy inheritors of that fine country. A "province of Standard Oil"? I doubt it.

Omaha, Nebraska, January 17

C. W. MORTON, JR.

Magazines for Germany

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Many of the workers who returned from service with our child-feeding mission in Germany have told us of the great need existing in that country today for foreign periodicals. Owing to the depreciation of the mark most German individuals and institutions are unable to subscribe to foreign magazines, and the resulting handicap to Germany's knowledge of current thought in other countries is very great.

We have corresponded regarding this matter with Dr. Jürgens, head of the national library committee of the Notgemeinschaft der Deutschen Wissenschaft, and he has confirmed the statement that this need is wide-spread. "I should like to say," he writes, "that Germany needs very urgently to get to know America better, but that we cannot now give her such an opportunity owing to lack of means."

Philadelphia, January 1

PUBLICITY SECRETARY,
American Friends Service Committee,
20 South 12th Street

Books

Some Gallant Rogues

Highwaymen. A Book of Gallant Rogues. By Charles J. Finger, with illustrations from wood-blocks by Paul Honoré. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$3.

THERE are two ways of approach to this group of picaresque yarns about half a dozen fellows who broke with the law with a swagger and went to death or distinction, or both, with a flourish. The first is to take the book as if it were a new Sabatini and read in succession the tales of Colonel Blood's theft of the crown jewels from the Tower of London in the days of the Stuarts, Jack Sheppard's jail-breaking, Dick Turpin's legendary ride, Claude Duval's gallantry, and Jonathan Wild's vindictiveness; the second is to open the book at the very last chapter, read the original and circumstantial account of one Bill Downer of Tierra del Fuego, and throw the rest of the book away with a regret because the author wrote no other chapters like this last. Whether the last chapter was an afterthought, whether Mr. Charles J. Finger ran out of historic rogues, is not explained in any footnote; suffice it that this tale of a man's battle with fate has the stamp of authenticity that is lacking in the older narratives.

For the exploits of the seventeenth-century rogues have been chanted in ballads and celebrated in fable and romance so often that only an iconoclast can ring new changes on the theme. Mr. Finger is hardly one to destroy a legend that has been repeated for generations by men with gleaming eyes as they beguile the hours over their cups in ale-houses; he smacks his lips as his heroes issue forth, he drinks with them as they quaff their ale and porter, he is one of the mob that cheers them as they climb over the housetops, he joins in the hisses that greet the executioner at Tyburn. Even when he denounces one of them, when he calls Jonathan Wild "a blood-sucking, loathsome creature, a parasite that thrive on parasites," he is true to the viewpoint of the people, who cursed Wild as a "double-crosser." From the days of Daniel Defoe, who was a contemporary of Jack Sheppard and is said to have obtained a personal statement from him on the day of his execution, down to those of Scott and William Harrison Ainsworth, who wrote romantic tales in early Victorian times, writers have used these themes. In the course of two centuries they have been generously embroidered, and heroes and martyrs have been made of men like Dick Turpin, who began his career as a cattle thief, and Colonel Thomas Blood, who today would find his counterpart in the leader of a gang of partisan sluggers. Were it not for court records and legal documents still extant Mr. Finger's crew of rogues might even end up with memorial plaques in Westminster Abbey as liberators of the people from the tyranny of the rich.

But the chronicle often confutes the legend. Mr. Finger would have Colonel Blood capture the Duke of Ormond [Ormonde], lord lieutenant of Ireland, in St. James Street, drag him to the scaffold, and leave him lying there with a hangman's rope around his neck, after having robbed him of a ring as a talisman. The documents seem to agree that Ormonde overcame his captors before the humiliation was accomplished; the incident was widely known, for James Butler, first Duke of Ormonde, was "a man of Plato's grand nobility" and one of those responsible for the restoration of Charles II. Mr. Finger likes to think, likewise, that Charles pardoned Blood for his theft of the crown jewels because he admired his bravery, and even restored to him the Irish estates that had been given Blood for his services under Henry Cromwell, but it is much more likely that the whole incident is legendary and that good political sense brought about the reconciliation, for Blood was a partisan of Buckingham and reputed to be the head of one hundred oath-bound men who had sworn to "get" Charles. Dick Turpin as an historical character becomes almost as dim a figure as

King Arthur; his ride from London to York is now regarded as one of those stories that ought to have happened but didn't, and Ainsworth is credited with adding vastly to Turpin's reputation in his novel "Rookwood," published in 1834. But what boots all this attempt to take the solid ground away from under fanciful figures? Mr. Finger loves the old romantic tales, and so do his readers, just as they love Jesse James, Al Jennings, Villa, the Lone Train Robber, and others that move in an atmosphere of romantic adventure.

But the tale of Bill Downer is of a different sort. In his disregard of the law he was the kin of the old English highwaymen, but he loved humankind much better than they ever did. Mr. Finger tells this story in the first person, and we wonder in how far the squire of Fayetteville, Arkansas, now calmly surveying his acres planted to fodder and grain, took part in the adventure. Downer and the author went down to "Tierra del" upon receiving word of a gold strike. Their first contact with the law came when the agents of a concessionary destroyed their boxes for washing gravel and their tools. Bill Downer took to the road and soon he was heard of as a horse stealer. In the course of his adventures come two fine episodes. The first occurs when Downer meets the Argentine concessionary, Ropper, astride a mare that he covets. Downer's gun proves no match for the smooth drawl of the unarmed Argentine, and in the end Downer enters the employ of Ropper. But not for long. The second episode of importance occurs after Downer has been captured by a band of six and put in a boat to be rowed to the mainland. A storm breaks and Downer assumes command, bidding the men row in the teeth of the gale, urging them on in a strange jargon of English and Spanish and resorting to blows when all else fails. The story of their fight for life, first in the open boat, then across the cold Antarctic rocks, is in Mr. Finger's best manner, and Downer comes out of it not an outlaw but a Titan. His moralizing sounds unreal: "A man ought to prove himself by the punishment he can take, and that's a fact." But his simple comment after the big battle is much more human and probable: "All I want is a good night's sleep and something hot to drink. And I got to get a horse somehow in the morning. Things has been too hot lately." One feels that life was lived with much more intensity and disregard of man-made laws on Tierra del Fuego than on the roads that led from Huntingdon and Epping Forest to London town.

HARRY HANSEN

The True Function of History

The Life and Reign of Edward IV. By Cora L. Scofield. Longmans, Green and Company. Two vols. \$16.

DR. SCOFIELD has long been known to historians as the author of an excellent treatise on the Star Chamber. In this work she has attempted to survey a complex period in English history, and to narrate from every angle the record of twenty years. She has pursued her task with unwearying energy. The Record Office and the British Museum, the London Guildhall and the Bibliothèque Nationale, and the mass of manuscripts these collections contain have been devotedly searched for new material. No one, it may confidently be said, has ever written the history of a period with a greater knowledge of the facts it contains.

Yet I confess to a feeling of disappointment. Dr. Scofield has ample learning and the merit of a clear and dignified style. She is content, however, simply to write the annals of her period. She has done that, probably, as well and as efficiently as it could be done. But she has avoided altogether the interpretation of her material. She does not inquire into the meaning of the facts. She does not weigh character, estimate institutions, judge the significance of the changes she records. Edward IV, she thinks, was eager, when he came to the throne, to secure the proper administration of the law; as time proceeded that desire passed away, and trials like that of Burdett, Stacy,

and Blake in 1477 show how he was, at the end, willing to pervert justice to his private purposes. But why did the change occur? Was it an inherent weakness in Edward's character, which could pursue no scheme to its end? Was it inevitable that a man brought up in a period of civil war should be careless of right and justice? Dr. Scofield does not tell us. Was Tiptoft's introduction of torture into judicial procedure the result of his Italian tour? Was his management of his parliaments, his skilful use of his popularity, his influence upon the elections, the model upon which the Tudors later founded their popular despotism? What was the condition of the people in this period? Did Edward's cultivation of foreign ships do harm to the native industry? We would have sacrificed much detail of foreign diplomacy for answers to problems like these.

Dr. Scofield knows so much and has taken such pains that she must expect to be judged by the highest standards. Her book will be indispensable to anyone who seeks the actual details of these years in chronological sequence. It is not a book which provokes reflection in the reader, which compels the adjustment of perspective. There are innumerable new details added; there is nothing which suggests the revision of accepted judgments. There is, of course, acute difference of opinion upon the function of the historian. But, at the least, anyone who has spent long years on the critical study of an epoch owes us an analysis of its import. Facts do not speak for themselves. They have to be weighed and measured. The quality of the great historian is, I think, best revealed by his ability to make the facts, so weighed and so measured, reveal a system of ideas. The narrative of incidents is interesting; as well written as Dr. Scofield writes it, it is even possessed of fascination. But it lacks proportion and emphasis simply because, refusing to judge, it regards all incidents as free and equal. That is to desert the true function of history.

HAROLD J. LASKI

India

India in Ferment. By Claude H. Van Tyne. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

A History of Hindu Political Theories. By U. Ghosal. Oxford University Press. \$5.50.

A WELL-INTENTIONED gentleman who is well versed in American history goes to India on a trip of a few months in order to learn something on the spot about Indian conditions. The result is a book which is rather the textbook of a self-conscious scholar than the notebook of a modest student of Indian affairs. But although Mr. Van Tyne knows American history and more particularly the history of the American war of independence, he applies his special knowledge to the events in India by condemning in a rather sweeping manner the native non-cooperative movement for independence.

One finds every indication in the book that the author enjoyed his trip to India. Naturally, the British officials who met him on his landing were nice to him. So were their Hindu opponents. Being anxious to win for their cause an influential American scientist each faction displayed for him its best qualities. He was the guest of honor at numerous dinners given by British officials, and he was visited by several delegations of Hindus garbed in their most picturesque apparel. Seeing around him well-fed colonial officialdom and gorgeous gala native costumes which apparently fascinated him, the author was more than inclined, despite his initial good-will, to relegate the case of the starving pariahs to the background, as being of secondary importance, and to be guided by a somewhat hazy optimism.

Despite all his arguments to the contrary, one gains the impression from this book that Mr. Van Tyne does not sufficiently realize the seriousness of the Indian situation. The months he has spent in India were too wonderful to leave him in doubt that ultimately things will be straightened out—provided agitators do not interfere. This complacency leads him to

acquiesce in some acts of the rulers of India for which even conservative critics cannot find extenuation. Undoubtedly, the designation of the massacre of Amritsar as only a "blunder," though qualified by the adjective "ghastly," cannot be excused, if one bears in mind that many an act of self-defense on the part of the followers of Gandhi is censured by Mr. Van Tyne with words which are considerably stronger than those applied to the Amritsar affair.

The main contention of the author is that India is not ripe for the "swaraj" (self-rule) because the Indians, in general, are on a very low level of civilization. They must first obtain a thorough political education before they can be permitted to take full command of their own affairs. The Government of India Act is a commendable instrument in the preparation of the Indians for a restricted self-government. Should the English leave at the present time chaos would be inevitable. The Afghans would break into the country and the native princes would embark upon a series of predatory wars. As things are now India "will in time rule herself but will remain one of the self-governing countries of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

However prejudiced the author may be in many respects, he brings up some points which it is well not to forget. What he says about the caste system, the treatment of the "untouchables," and the relation of the religions on the Indian peninsula can be indorsed without hesitation by every true friend of India.

That there is no historical foundation for the belief that caste has been the dominant form of social disintegration of the Indians ever since they appeared on the stage of history is refuted in Mr. Ghosal's able volume. The book is for the most part technical and covers the development of Hindu political theories from the earliest times to the first quarter of the seventeenth century, when the classical period of Hindu political literature ends. A considerable part of the book is devoted to the Dharmasutras and the Hindu conception of law as a derivative of the divine will. The chapters dealing with the Mahabharata lay special emphasis on the development of the principle of authority and more particularly the evolution of the king idea. A few illuminating paragraphs treat the subject of the origin of the king's office and compare the Mahabharata's interpretation with the Hobbesian conception of social contract as the basis of the king's power. Early indications of Machiavellianism in the Hindu scriptures and a treatise on the right of tyrannicide give coloring to a chapter which without them would be too technical. The volume also seems to bear out the theory advocated by Mr. Van Tyne that the religious, as well as the caste system of the Hindu, is built up in such a way as to insure for the Brahmans an undisputed supremacy not only over the subject classes but also over the so-called secular rulers.

The logical conclusion, therefore, seems to be that once the power of the Brahmana order is broken, the caste system, one of the gravest inherent ills of India, will atrophy, lacking the conditions which permitted it to ripen into full bloom.

EMIL LENGYEL

The Right to a Home

Housing Progress in Western Europe: 1923. By Edith Elmer Wood. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

WITH vivid word pictures and illustrations Mrs. Wood describes the thousands upon thousands of new homes that are being built in Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and France. In an appendix she adds more recent notes on Spain, Switzerland, and Portugal. Had she wished further to drive home the splendid efforts of still other countries, she might have included Scandinavia, Germany, and Austria. For in the depleted central nations as well as in their more prosperous northern and western neighbors, I have seen heroic efforts being made to meet the need for wholesome homes for the people. Europeans have determined to remove housing from the laissez

faire commercial policy of supply and demand. They have accepted it as a necessary public function like schools, roads, water supply, and sanitation. Homes worth working for, and if need be worth fighting for, people of the present generation are going to have: and European politicians know it. If the taxpayers set up a howl that the government cannot afford to subsidize building, the answer is: "Economies in the public budget may be necessary, but we insist that the place for economy is not in homes for our families."

There are two schools of thought with regard to housing in Europe today. There are those who advocate state and municipal action and those who prefer the methods of voluntary cooperative societies. Both are producing solid results.

Government-housing advocates point with satisfaction to achievements in Great Britain and Holland. Its detractors insist that government housing is unduly expensive; that it gets all mixed up with pull, politics, and red tape—as it does. Nevertheless, we must admit that more houses get built that way. It is a fact that despite the wrangling and obstructionism of politicians one new dwelling has been erected for every thirty-four British families; and one for every thirteen Dutch families. The Dutch Government recognizes the sturdy individualism of its people and carries through its plans with a minimum of national machinery and centralization. The British authorities, without consultation or consent, condemn property by the wholesale, tear it down, and set up in place of slums cottages in a garden.

Voluntary cooperation plays a larger part in Belgium, France, and Italy. (In Scandinavia and Central Europe, too, had Mrs. Wood observed housing there.) Under normal conditions the people who occupy the cooperative homes are responsible for them from beginning to end. There is no bureaucratic interference by the state. But self-help, alas, cannot entirely go it alone in these days of fluctuating values. Cooperators are forced to obtain loans from the government, or from friendly private corporations, or from cooperative credit institutions to add to their own scanty resources. Yet it proves the worth of man that despite these discouragements, vast housing schemes are being carried through. In Belgium, 75,000 of the 80,000 houses wiped out in whole or in part by the war have been rebuilt. And in the province of Venetia, which suffered more than any other Italian province, of the 160,000 dwellings that were destroyed, 120,000, better in every respect, have risen anew.

Whether government housing or cooperative housing proves to be the wiser and more enduring policy remains to be seen. Mrs. Wood in her passionate desire to get all the people swiftly and decently, even beautifully, housed leans toward the more powerful apparatus of the state. I admit I prefer the cooperative method. The self-respect, the independence, and the loving care that go with the responsibility for one's own house and garden appeal strongly to me. The cooperative way works a little more slowly, yet in the end, I believe, more surely.

Public opinion on housing questions in Europe is at least a generation ahead of ours in the United States. Europeans find it hard to believe that we are discussing points that they settled forty years ago. Mrs. Wood says:

During the past year I have made a point of seeing the worst houses that remain in London and Paris as well as in Belgian and Dutch cities. And I can assure my fellow countrymen that I have nowhere seen homes even remotely comparable to the ten thousand old-law tenements in lower Manhattan; nor have I seen any layout as bad as that of the North End of Boston. The people of Europe have undertaken national housing schemes not because their need is greater than ours but because *they are more convinced than we are of the importance of good housing in the making of good citizens.*

The time is ripe for such a book as this to rouse us from our indifference and ignorance. It is replete with information: how to keep up housing standards; how to keep down costs;

the best designs and layouts for garden cities; the most model architectural plans for buildings providing for light, air, sanitation, and, not to be neglected, beauty; the respective merits of public or private control and management; the advantages of the cottage in a garden over apartments for family life; even the arguments for and against bath-tubs and showers, the advantages which sewers have over septic tanks.

There is information, too, about housing laws, constructive and restrictive in various countries; information on the borrowing power and credit policies of housing societies; on government subsidies and loans.

But after all, valuable as this information is, in this country we need more than a knowledge of the mechanics of housing. We need to know what kind of lives the people live in the homes that Mrs. Wood describes. In America we have resources, we have able architects, we have city planners, we have skilled artisans, and we *can* have laws, whenever we want them passed. What we *need* is the vision and the will.

When once the American people resolve that human values are above property values, we, too, can have the right kind of homes and the right kind of lives for our children.

AGNES DYER WARBASSE

Life's Undergraduates

Wife of the Centaur. By Cyril Hume. George H. Doran and Company. \$2.50.

AT the very threshold of Mr. Hume's vivid first novel one encounters a scene which—both in externals and in treatment—bears a significant resemblance to the opening pages of Michael Sadleir's "Privilege." This, in itself, would call for no comment. Mr. Hume may never have read "Privilege," and yet the more deeply one goes into his narrative the more impressive is this young American's intellectual kinship with the British novelist. Mr. Sadleir has described his own style as "a fastidious and purposely rhythmic prose"; his novel, he says, was "written up" to the high level of its own emotionalism. Both these phrases fit Mr. Hume as though they were made for him. "Wife of the Centaur" has manifestly been wrought in the desire to make fiction a more plastic form, modeled more closely to the complex forms of modern living and responsive to them. Even though the result is not as brilliant as the conception, the value of such pioneering work calls for emphasis.

Cyril Hume's mood runs the gamut from an irony which is sharpened with cynicism to a poetic quality which sometimes grows unnecessarily rhapsodic. That initial scene, with the mourning family gathered about an open grave and Jeffrey thinking his detached thoughts, stamps Hume as a writer of lean, high-strung narrative. Jeffrey watched the priest "with his cassock blowing between his thin legs and molding his unhealthy corpulence."

He looked tired and Jeffrey wondered if custom had made him quite used to scenes like this . . . After all it was an ordinary thing, dying. You stopped, and lay still with something gone out of you. Then the undertakers came, walking silently on their rubber heels, and did things to you behind shut doors: when your family saw you again you were quite different and a little disgusting.

There are no lazy loose-ends and no stodgy passages in this story. At times the thread has been spun too fine; Mr. Hume has worked some of his embroidery on cheap fabric.

There is no sorrier figure, says the author, than the professional college man;

the unhonored middle-aged boy who is surprised and hurt that his classmates have forgotten his past glory and treat him with abstract kindness or contemptuous carelessness. For they have gone far beyond him, and he has remained, for all his years, a bewildered undergraduate among his elders.

But there is another figure, just as pathetic, and that is the

sophisticated puppet—the worldly wise youth who reaches majority without maturity and faces life as if it were a co-ed prom. Mr. Hume has sought to build a novel around such people as this, and they haven't helped him much. While they remain "innocent, star-eyed creatures," they live upon his pages, but when they grow up into the flip, dancing, drinking crowd beloved by F. Scott Fitzgerald, they fade perceptibly, and not all his brilliant talk and counterfeit of passion in their behalf will save them. His characters, one feels, are not big enough for the story he has placed them in; they remain undergraduates in the serious business of life. Before they reach the flapper age, one can believe in them, for the author has been extraordinarily adept in sounding their emotions and tracing their relationships.

On the whole, a first novel of wit and high promise, written by a man who has now given proof of his sound technical equipment. His next—if it lays hold of materials capable of a greater measure of sound development—should mark a genuine advance.

LISLE BELL

Notice

Mr. Geoffrey Bret Harte, grandson of Bret Harte, the story-writer and novelist, is planning to collect Bret Harte's letters for publication. He wishes to be put in touch with persons in possession of Bret Harte letters who will be good enough to lend them to him for copying and publication. The greatest care will be taken of all letters, and they will be copied and returned at the earliest possible moment. Mr. Geoffrey Bret Harte may be addressed

c/o Farmers' Loan & Trust Company
16 William Street
New York, N. Y.

Books in Brief

Essays of a Biologist. By Julian Huxley. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Biology, as Mr. Huxley says, is more closely related to humanism than the other sciences because "whereas the extension of control in physics and chemistry led to a multiplication of the number of things which a man could do and experience, the extension of control in biology will mean *inter alia* an alteration of the modes of man's experience itself." His essays on such subjects as Progress, Biological and Other, and Rationalism and the Idea of God are not brilliant but they are sensible and they are interesting as giving the ideas of a professional investigator upon the relations of science and life—ideas which the lay reader generally gets only at second hand through his novels and sociology. And such a lay reader, if he has got his opinions from Mr. Wells for instance, will be relieved to find that a scientist's conception of the necessity for conscious evolution and of God as a function of humanity are not very different from the romancer's. On the whole, and in spite of the opinion of the author, those essays in which he sticks closest to the facts of recent biological investigation will probably be the freshest and most interesting to the average reader.

Pictorial Beauty on the Screen. By Victor O. Freeburg. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

This book is a valiant attempt to bridge the gap between De Mille and Millet. The author holds that the motion picture can aspire to aesthetic consideration, if the directors will fix their attention upon what passes before the lens of the camera and reject all that is not pictorially satisfying. It is his belief that people would be attracted to the theater by an album, although one who has observed their apathy toward scenic films is inclined to doubt it.

A King's Daughter. A Tragedy in Verse. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

Having adapted Racine's "Esther" in an earlier volume, Mr. Masefield now writes a Hebrew tragedy of his own. The heroine is Jezebel, and the story is a good one, like many others in the Old Testament which await the dramatist. Mr. Masefield's verse, as always lately, is loose and feebly emphatic; but he has done all, perhaps, that he intended to do—written an actable and exciting play.

Harry. By Neith Boyce. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.

The spirit which pervades this memorial—a tribute of a modern mother to her son—would have baffled the readers of a previous generation. There is a detachment in the viewpoint of the book which would have puzzled one's grandmother—and yet the current of sympathy is none the less authentic for all that. Harry has been understood in terms of his own age; it is perhaps significant that he was of an age in which mothers may approach their children by some path other than the maternal. The book is essentially a reflection of life—a picture of the modern family done with feeling and a by no means common degree of artistry.

Jazz and "The Rhapsody in Blue"

By HENRIETTA STRAUS

MR. PAUL WHITEMAN and his Palais Royal Orchestra gave a concert recently in Aeolian Hall to show the development of jazz. The orchestra had been increased, for the occasion, from fourteen to twenty-two members, most of whom, it is interesting to note, like Mr. Whiteman himself, were of legitimate symphonic experience. As for the concert, it was, according to their leader, "a purely educational experiment." But he might have added that as an educational experiment it was revolutionary and successful beyond the wildest dreams of educators. For the public is not usually moved to enthusiasm at the thought of being educated; yet he could have sold out his house three times over to those who were willing to learn. Moreover, music, from an educational standpoint, is not entirely a democratizing force, for there will always be the ultimate mental division of the "high-brow" from the "low-brow." Yet here one had the unique experience of being shoved into a concert hall by a cabaret player from Fourteenth Street, and of being shoved out again by some smug musician from the studio, his smugness for once demoralized by the naked allurements of rhythm. As for the auditorium itself, equality reigned from the back drop to the back row, from the stage, where frying pans, saxophones, and "wah-wahs" hobnobbed with violins, clarinets, and grand pianos to the audience, where Broadway rubbed shoulders fraternally with the classicists. And it may as well be admitted now that the day was to Broadway, and the education to the classicist. For, to the former, there was probably nothing strange in the Oriental decorations of the stage, the exotic coloring of the music, the disheveled-looking instruments lying about in an informal, detached way, the swaying bodies of the players as they beat time with their feet, and the nervous power of the leader, with his shimmying right leg. And above all, there was nothing unfamiliar in the spectacle of an American boy playing with extraordinary ease an original composition of terrific rhythmical difficulty and of individual power and beauty, and winning immediate recognition for his achievement. But to the musician trained in other schools there was something very new and exciting and moving in this utter abandonment of all emotional reserve. And there was also, perhaps, a secret and overwhelming realization that he had been caught napping, that a distinctive and well-developed art having obvious kinship with the world-thought of today had grown up, unheeded, under his very ears while he had been straining

his auditory nerves to catch the echoes of sound three thousand miles away.

The question still remains, however, What is jazz? Mr. Whiteman himself confesses that he does not know, that what we call jazz today is jazz in name only. He divides it into four phases. These are, if I remember rightly, the six instrument noise of ten or twelve years ago attained mainly by kitchen utensils which he calls the "true jazz," the "blues," or Negro element, usually slower in tempo, the adaptation of themes from the classics to dance rhythms, and the "modern orchestra," and the evolution from instrumental improvisation to definite orchestral scoring. At his concert he began with "The Livery Stable Blues," a piece of Hogarthian humor as legitimate and vivid in expression as the more classical Till Eulenspiegel with his thumb ever to his nose. Then followed various comic strips, of which the best were done by Zez Confrey at the piano. There were, also, of course, various kinds of modern "blues," besides a jazz fantasy on the "Volga Boat Song," symphonic arrangements of popular tunes including the, what is now, historic "Alexander's Rag-time Band," "modern" orchestral arrangements of semi-classical melodies, like MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose," four beautifully orchestrated serenades by Victor Herbert, a fair amount of trash, George Gershwin's remarkable piano "Rhapsody in Blue," which the composer himself played with a "modern" orchestral accompaniment, and a purely symphonic number now no longer, thank Heaven, played in the concert halls, Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance."

It was, on the whole, a curious orgy of unrestrained laughter and tears, in which East and West met and merged with strange, half-caste results. There were, for instance, sustained, drawn-out Slavic effects in melodic passages of pure, Anglo-Saxon bathos. Perverted brasses and winds depicted, in subtle and intoxicating colors, humor of the slap-stick variety. Aphrodisiacal rhythms alternated with those of the ordinary dance. And in "The Rhapsody in Blue," which takes its title from the Negro phase of jazz, one heard a dialogue between American slang and expressions as elemental as the soil. This work was indeed an extraordinary concoction gathered together during the month preceding its performance. It began with a braying, impudent, laughing cadenza on clarinet and ended with its initial motive, a broad and passionate theme worthy of a Tchaikovsky. In between were orchestral interludes as fantastic and barbaric as any of a Rimsky-Korsakoff or Stravinsky, and piano passages whose intricate and subtle rhythms might have been danced in the rites of Astarte. The form was haphazard, and the playing often ineffectual, but its substance marked a new era.

With it all one cannot but wonder whether this now Slavic, now Oriental element in jazz is not due to the fact that many of those who write, orchestrate, and play it are of Russian-Jewish extraction; whether, in fact, jazz, with its elements of the Russian, the Negro, and the native American is not that first distinctive musical phase of the melting-pot for which we have been waiting so long and which seems to have such endless possibilities. Certainly, Mr. Whiteman and Mr. Gershwin have, in the meantime, added a new chapter to our musical history.

Drama Cross-Section

SOME years ago, writing on this page, I divided the pabulum of the popular theater into sentimental comedy and melodrama. Slowly, since then, if one reckons from month to month; rapidly, if one thinks in terms of years, things have changed. The melodrama is as good as dead. Even as "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl" and her many sisters of hair-breadth escapes and much-enduring virtue passed into forgetfulness, so have passed or are passing "The Woman in Room 13" and all her

family of crooks and kept women and "snow-birds" and detectives. Crime, pursuit, and pseudo-lynchings are almost gone and will soon be forgotten. I shall not become fatuous and say that the world is getting better. But the world of the theater is certainly a more tolerable one.

Sentimental comedy is still going strong, very strong. The plays with the longest runs now holding the local stage are two of the worst and most slushy plays in the world: "Abie's Irish Rose" and "The Seventh Heaven." Both are inconceivably false and silly. But it is not, I insist, without significance, that the play enjoying the third longest run is "Rain." Next, by this test of endurance, comes "Sun-Up," and next but one, "Tarnish." Things have changed.

This change would not reveal itself to the superficial observer from either Mars or Vienna. Historic perspective is needed. The manner in which "Sun-Up" breaks down and retracts all its assumptions in the last act is shoddy and shameless enough. Yet what worlds lie between "Sun-Up" and "East Is West"! "Sun-Up" and "The Shame Woman" together hardly make one sound realistic folk-play. But the simultaneous run of these two works by one author symbolizes something of the change from that historic season when "East Is West" and "The Woman in Room 13" simultaneously made life unsafe on Broadway, while the same author's "Friendly Enemies" made Chicago safe for democracy.

What has happened? The same thing, in a measure, that has happened to our fictional literature. The eye has met the object. In a measure only. The drama, as must always be remembered, appeals to groups, not to individuals singly, and thus suffers from the crowd's falling below the standards of the individuals who compose it. But the process is strictly the same. Even in the theater people are beginning to take some pleasure in seeing men and things, if not events, somewhat as they are in their real nature, and the new sentimental comedies, comedies and sentimental still, all betray some touch of happy observation, some obligation to truth, some attempt, however feeble, to reflect.

All this is manifestly true in a considerable measure of the two plays by Miss Volmer that I have named. It is true of Mr. Hatcher Hughes's excellent "Hell-Bent fer Heaven." But it is also true of "Meet the Wife," "The Potters," "Neighbors," "The Song and Dance Man," "Mister Pitt," "The Show-Off," "The Goose Hangs High," "The New Englander," "New Toys." None of these plays reaches the level attained now and then by the best of our new realists, by Arthur Richman, Gilbert Emery, Lewis Beach. There is no American play this season as fine as "Ambush" or "A Square Peg." The point is that all the plays that I have somewhat casually grouped together are different from any similar group that one might have assembled several seasons ago by virtue of the essential qualities that separate literature from mere trade-goods and the drama from mere theatrical fodder. Chief of these qualities are an aspiration at least after honesty, soundness of characterization though not yet of fable, an interpretation of things on the basis of their real nature. Our theater aspires even higher. "The Adding Machine" and "Beggars on Horseback" leap beyond observation, which both include, to social and even philosophic satire. I admire and enjoy these works immensely. But the honest effort after realism in many plays of an average quality seems to me to be the most promising sign in the development of our drama.

The reason is obvious. A school of writers accustoms and trains the public, some small public, at least, to accept certain methods and moods. Thus was the way prepared for Shakespeare, thus by the French realists for Ibsen, thus by an entire revolution in literature for Hauptmann. Our literature is in revolution; the movement is at last touching the mass of our dramatic production. Prophecy is foolish. But the prognosis for the contemporary American drama is more favorable than any conscientious observer of three years ago would have held to be possible.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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Courses, Wednesday Eves., March 5, 12
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International Relations Section

Compromise or Republicanism in India?

By TARAKNATH DAS

IN spite of the imprisonment of Mahatma Gandhi and the adoption of repressive measures by which many responsible Indian leaders are being put in jail without trial, opinion in the Indian Nationalist movement seems to be veering toward the idea of complete independence. This is quite clear from the study of the proceedings of the All India National Congress held at Coconada during the Christmas week, 1923. Problems such as the status of Indians in the British Empire and Hindu-Moslem unity were discussed, and many resolutions were adopted. But the most important feature of the deliberations was that the National Congress, although it followed the ideas of Mahatma Gandhi to the extent of boycotting the present legislative councils, unanimously approved a compromise resolution upholding the tactics of the Swarajists led by Mr. C. R. Das of Calcutta, who refused to accept the position of Minister of the "transferred subjects" of the province of Bengal offered by Lord Lytton, the Governor. The compromise resolution was moved by Mr. Rajagopalachari, leader of the orthodox wing of the Gandhites, popularly known as the No-changers.

This Congress reaffirms the non-cooperation resolutions adopted at Calcutta, Nagpur, Ahmedabad, Gaya, and Delhi. Since doubts have been raised by reason of the non-cooperation resolution adopted at Delhi with regard to Council-entry whether there has been any change in the policy of the Congress regarding the Triple Boycott, this Congress affirms that the principle and policy of that boycott remain unaltered. This Congress further declares that the said principle and policy form the foundation of constructive work and appeals to the nation to carry out the program of constructive work as adopted at Bardoli and prepare for the adoption of civil disobedience. This Congress calls upon every provincial congress committee to take immediate steps in this behalf with a view to the speedy attainment of our goal.

Adoption of this compromise resolution by the Congress means indorsement of Parnellite tactics of obstruction of the Government after entering the councils. The tactics of the Swarajists who are intrusted to carry out this policy are described in the following resolution adopted by the general council of the Swarajya Party:

Whereas the reforms introduced by the Government of India Act of 1919 have repeatedly been pronounced by the Indian National Congress and all shades of Indian public opinion to be inadequate and unsatisfactory;

And whereas the events of the last three years and the working of the legislatures inaugurated under the said act during that period have amply justified Indian public opinion and shown beyond all doubt that the said legislatures are not only utterly powerless to protect the various interests of the Indian people and to secure to them the most elementary rights of citizenship but are entirely unable to defend them from national humiliation at home and abroad;

And whereas the Swarajya Party of the Indian National Congress, by its program adopted in 1923, laid down certain lines of political work, including entry into the said legislatures having for its immediate objective the securing of the right to form a constitution adopting such system and machinery as are most

suited to the conditions of the country and to the genius of the people;

And whereas in pursuance of the said program the Swarajya Party has succeeded in winning a substantial number of seats in the said legislatures at the general election, the council of the Swarajya Party held at Coconada on December 30 expresses its full agreement with the resolutions passed at the several sessions of the Indian National Congress to the effect that India is fully fit for Swarajya, that there is no justification for withholding it from the Indian people any longer, and demanding that steps be forthwith taken to establish full responsible government in India, and that with a view to insuring a proper atmosphere for the said purpose the following preliminary measures be adopted:

1. That the elected members of the central and provincial legislatures promptly present a demand to the Government asking for (a) the immediate and unconditional release of Mahatma Gandhi, (b) the immediate and unconditional release of all other political prisoners convicted or under trial, or persons detained on political grounds in India or foreign countries, (c) the immediate summoning of a Round Table conference of representatives of whom one-third shall be elected by the elected members of the Indian Legislative Assembly, one-third by the Indian National Congress, and one-third shall be nominated by the Government or elected by such other bodies or communities as the Government may desire, (d) suspension of the operation of all repressive laws or orders passed thereunder.

2. This conference shall negotiate with the Government with a view to determine the principles of the constitution for India which shall provide *inter alia* (a) for a declaration of rights on the lines of the resolution adopted by the Indian National Congress at Amritsar in 1919, (b) for full control by the legislatures, central and provincial, of all matters of legislation, administration (civil and military), finance, and the various services central or provincial as the case may be, (c) the decision of the conference arrived at, a result of the said negotiations will then be laid before a new legislature elected on a wider franchise than at present, to be determined by the said Round Table conference, and the said legislature shall have power to frame a constitution for India on the basis of the said decision, and the constitution shall then be presented to the Imperial Parliament to be ratified and embodied in a statutory enactment.

The Swarajya Party council met again and passed the following resolutions:

The leader of the Swarajya Party in the Legislative Assembly shall interpellate the Government as to what step it proposes to take on the demand to be presented by the 25th of January. In the event of the Government accepting the principle, he would, in consultation with such other members of the Assembly as may be elected for the purpose, put himself in communication with the Government, provided no modification of the demand is made without the sanction of the Executive Committee of the Swarajya Party. In the event of the Government refusing to entertain the demand, or agreeing only to unacceptable terms, the members of the party shall resort to a policy of uniform, continuous, and consistent obstruction with a view to make government through the councils impossible.

Such obstruction should be offered on all occasions when members of the party by themselves or by joining any other party or group of members in the Assembly are in a position to defeat the Government. On other occasions they shall take no part in the proceedings. The members shall accept no office with or without salary or other remuneration. No member should agree to be on the panel of chairmen and serve on any committee or commission, or take part in voting for the election of members to any such bodies, except when formation of such committee or commission can be made impossible by a

majority voting against every person proposed for election.

No member shall move any resolution or introduce a bill, but it will be open to the members to accept invitation from any other party to join for the purpose of defeating the Government. All demands for grants in the Legislative Assembly shall be wholly opposed, thus insuring the total rejection of the budget.

Similarly all demands in the provincial councils shall be opposed, but it shall be open to members to abstain from voting on any item if there are special reasons.

The sum and substance of the method described in these documents is to force the hand of the Government by presenting a demand for a change in conditions which will lead the country a step forward toward the goal of self-government, possibly toward the dominion status.

In the meantime the radical wing of the Indian National Congress is preparing the country for a movement—open and aboveboard—for absolute independence of India. The radicals of India, who are generally termed seditionists by the Government, as early as 1900, and particularly since the Russo-Japanese War, have been working for this end. The following document, which may be of historic value, shows that now some of the responsible leaders of the All India National Congress have come out in the open, to spread the idea of the absolute independence of the country:

AN APPEAL TO THE NATION

We are passing through a series of national crises the gravity of which can hardly be exaggerated. There are moments in the history of nations when a decisive move in the right direction often leads a nation to a triumphant goal, and when that supreme moment is lost in vague imaginations or false and indecisive steps it takes long centuries to retrieve the loss. India is passing through some such crisis and we are extremely fortunate that the crisis is not yet over. The whole world is shivering from the pains of labor, the indications of a new life are manifest everywhere, and a regenerated India must find a place among the new-born nations of the world. This rejuvenated India cannot accept any over-lord, she must be a free and independent nation.

At a time when all the nations of the world are fighting for independence and liberty, at a time when our Indian heroes are championing the cause of India's independence abroad, it is simply ridiculous and shameful that we Indians should hesitate to accept independence as our only legitimate and logical goal; we therefore appeal to our nation to declare in the open Congress in unmistakable terms that independence, complete independence, is our destined goal; let there be no ambiguous phrases to qualify it, let it be preached in all its nakedness. It is the moral force of this ideal that creates nations.

We must educate the country from this very moment in a way so that the people may realize the significance of a republic and a federation. We may postpone it for the future only at the risk of a great national calamity. We therefore appeal to the Congress delegates to define Swaraj as a Federated Republic of the United States of India.

We also appeal to the delegates of this Congress to delete the words "by peaceful and legitimate means" from the Congress creed so that men holding every shade of opinion may have no difficulty in joining the only national organization in the country, though for the present it may be retained as a part of the actual program of Congress work. Our time is short and we cannot dilate upon this point at any length, but we only say that means are after all means and that our object and means should not be confounded with each other.

We are further of opinion that mere changing of the creed and passing of resolutions will not bring us independence. We therefore request the representatives of our nation to engage the whole strength and the whole resources of the Congress in organizing a band of national workers who shall devote

all their time and all their energy to the service of their motherland and who must be ready to suffer and even be ready to sacrifice their lives for the national cause. When the Congress is backed by an organization of this kind, then and then alone will the Congress have any strength and only then can we expect the voice of the Congress to be respected.

The other items in our program should be:

- (1) Boycott of British of goods,
- (2) Establishment or helping in the establishment of factories and cottage industries on a strictly cooperative basis,
- (3) Helping the laborers and peasants of our land in obtaining their grievances redressed and organizing them for their own economic good and moral prosperity,
- (4) And finally to organize a federation of all the Asiatic races in the immediate future.

SRISH CNANDRA CHATTERJI (Dacca), JITENDRA LAL BANERJI (Calcutta), BIPIN BIHARI GANGULY (Calcutta), AZAD SOBHANI (Cawnpore) [dissenting to delete the words peaceful, etc., from the Congress creed], SIRDAR LACHMAN SINGH (Punjab), PRIYUSH KANTI GHOSH (Calcutta) [not a member A.I.C.C.], SYED FAZLUR RAHMAN (Patna), MALKHAN SINGH (Aligarh), KANTI LAL PUREKH (Calcutta), RAM PRASAD MISRA (Cawnpore), ARJUN LAL SETHI (Ajmer), NARDEVA SHASTRI (Hardwar), SATYENDRA CHANDRA MITRA (Calcutta), BASANTA KUMAR MASUMDAR (Calcutta), SRIMATI HEMAPRAVA MAZUMDAR (Calcutta), M. Y. IMAM (Bar-at-law Mirzapur),

Members, All India Congress Committee
SACHINDRA NATH SANYAL (Allahabad), NARAYAN PRASAD ARORA (Cawnpore), MANNILAL AWASTHI (Cawnpore), Delegates

Undoubtedly there is no possibility in the near future of transforming the All India National Congress into an organ of the Indian Republicans who advocate a Federated Republic of the United States of India. But there is every possibility of having a "Republican bloc" in the All India National Congress before the year is over. This would mean a distinct evolution in the party politics of the Nationalist movement in India. The moderate Nationalists will form the right wing. The Swarajists will form the Center, making a vigorous demand for the extension of responsible government in India through constitutional means. The Republicans will carry on their work in co-operation with all parties to further the cause of a republic in India by all possible means.

If the Swarajist demand for a Round Table conference to discuss the extension of self-government and such simple and vital propositions as granting a bill of rights, repeal of repressive laws, and release of political prisoners fails, then the progress of republicanism in India will undoubtedly be accelerated.

China and the Boxer Indemnity

IN reply to the joint notes of Great Britain, the United States, France, Japan, Italy, Spain, Belgium, and the Netherlands, sent on February 24 and November 3 of last year demanding that China make future payments of the Boxer indemnity in gold francs, the Chinese Government made the answer printed below, taken from the *Peking Daily News* for December 29 last. Representatives of the eight Powers have replied that the Powers have not changed their previous attitude but that "for each Haikwan tael owed to each of the Powers China must pay a sum which is shown by Article 7 of the final Protocol (of 1901) as an equivalent of the tael in gold, conforming to weight

and respective legal values of each of the gold currencies enumerated in the aforementioned article." The note reiterates the conclusions of the two previous communications and suggests that China may have become confused as to the meaning of the terms in question. The Chinese note follows:

M. LE MINISTRE:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the two joint notes, respectively of February 24 and November 5 last, which Your Excellency and the representatives of the other Signatory Powers of the Protocol of 1901 addressed to this Ministry on the subject of the payment of the indemnity of 1900. I should have made an earlier acknowledgment but for the fact that the importance of the question has rendered it necessary for the Chinese Government to make a careful and comprehensive study.

In the two notes under reply Your Excellency was good enough to inform the Chinese Government of the unanimous opinion of the Signatory Powers that "there is no doubt whatever that the Protocol of 1901 as well as the arrangement of July 2, 1905, provides in a manner absolutely clear and indisputable that the indemnity of 1900 should be paid in gold, i.e., for each Haikwan tael due to each of the Powers China ought to pay the sum in gold which is shown in the said Article 6 as the equivalent of one tael."

Since the foregoing expression of opinion follows closely the language of the arrangement of July 2, 1905, the Chinese Government would have little hesitation to give concurrence if they felt sure of the precise meaning which the Signatory Powers attached to the phrase "in gold." Judging by the context of the arrangement of 1905 as well as Article 6 of the Protocol of 1901 upon which it is based, the Chinese Government are inclined to the view that the said phrase cannot correctly be construed to mean anything but the respective gold currencies of the Signatory Powers in contrast with the Haikwan tael, which is a silver standard and in the terms of which the indemnity of 1900 is stipulated. In other words, by "gold" is not meant the gold metal but simply gold currency. This appears clear from Article 6 of the Protocol which, while declaring that 450,000,000 Haikwan taels of indemnity constitute a gold debt, fixes the equivalent of the Haikwan tael in gold not as a certain quantity of the gold metal but in the currencies of the Signatory Powers issued on the basis of their respective gold standards. Examination of the available records of the discussion among these Signatory Powers which resulted in the final drafting of Article 6 of the Protocol of 1901 leads to the same conclusion.

If there is any doubt as to what was intended to be the manner of payment, it is resolved by the arrangement of July 2, 1905, which, while declaring the indemnity to be a gold debt, settles definitely and once for all the precise mode of payment. It provides that:

"China will make these payments, calculated on the basis set forth above which fixes the value of the Haikwan Protocol tael in relation to the money of each country, either in silver according to the price of silver on the London market, or in gold bills, or in telegraphic transfers, at the choice of each Power. China may obtain bills and telegraphic transfers as best suits her interests at any place and at any bank at the lowest price or by public tender, provided that the payment in gold be made to each Power direct on the due date. It is understood that China is responsible for the exact payment of the transfer and the bills. Each Power in accepting the present proposal must inform the Chinese Government which of the three methods cited above is the one it chooses until the debt is extinguished."

On the same day (July 2, 1905) by separate notes addressed to the Waiwupu the Signatory Powers indicated their preference, each for itself, for one or another of the three stipulated methods of payment. The selection made by the Powers signatory of the notes under reply were as follows:

<i>Method of Payment</i>	<i>Country</i>
For telegraphic transfers in their respective currencies.	Belgium, France, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, and the United States of America.
Provisionally for payment in silver according to price of silver on London market (but in 1906 definitely selected payment by draft).	Spain.
For telegraphic transfers in sterling on London.	Japan.

These selections were proposed and accepted with the express understanding that they were to remain effective "till the debt is extinguished." Ever since the conclusion of the arrangement of 1905, they have been faithfully applied to the respective countries without interruption, and have theretofore given no occasion for a difference of views in their application.

In their notes of December 28, 1922, addressed to the Ministers of Belgium, France, Italy, and Spain, to which the two notes now under consideration were intended to be a reply, the Chinese Government did not wish either to place a new interpretation on the language of Article 6 of the Protocol of 1901, which has been made clear by the arrangement of 1905 or to propose a modification of the precise mode of payment stipulated in the said arrangement. It was and remains their intention to continue to make the indemnity payments to the present Signatory Powers as heretofore, each according to its own selected method of payment, in full conformity with the said Article 6 as interpreted and amended by the arrangement of 1905.

I do not understand that by the two notes under reply the Powers desired to propose a radical change in the established mode of payment; they appear, however, to intimate that the telegraphic transfer should be so effected that the proceeds will not nearly amount to the fixed sums in the respective currencies of the Powers but will also be in gold specie or the equivalent thereof in value. If this should be the view of the Signatory Powers, the Chinese Government do not feel able to accept it.

Telegraphic transfer is not the only stipulated mode of payment for most of the Powers signatory to the Protocol and has been invariably applied to them in the past ever since the arrangement of 1905 was concluded, but it is also a method of international exchange of which the meaning and scope are perfectly well known. The telegraphic transfer rate between China and the gold-standard countries is constantly fluctuating, even more so than that between any two gold-standard countries, as silver is but a marketable metal in those countries that have demonetized it. It fluctuates accordingly as the value of one currency rises or falls in the terms of the other. Such fluctuations may be due to one or more causes, they may be due to an adverse or favorable trade balance, they may be due to currency inflation or deflation of money, or they may be due to a combination of various causes into the intricacies of which it is not necessary to inquire here, but whatever be the cause or causes of fluctuation, it always refers to the money that is current. If therefore for one reason or another specie has been driven out of circulation by currency inflation, as is the case with the franc, the money that can be so purchased must be the money obtainable on the market.

Moreover, exchange fluctuations are unavoidable when payment is required to be made by telegraphic transfer, and since the stipulated medium of payment is the currency of each country, such fluctuations, unfavorable as they may be for the time being to one party or the other, do not appear to constitute a practical ground for abandoning the currency as the medium of payment and adopting specie instead. For it would scarcely be possible to determine at what stage of the fluctuation of the exchange rate should the currency be abandoned in favor of specie to make a settlement.

Indeed, a different application of the chosen method of payment would not only be incompatible with the generally

accepted practice of "telegraphic transfer" but also contrary to the intent and purpose of the arrangement of 1905. For it will be recalled that no sooner had the first instalment of the indemnity been paid than a difference of opinion arose as to the precise nature and extent of the obligation which China had assumed under Article 6 of the Protocol of 1901. The controversy was brought about by the unexpected rise of the gold exchange rate which caused a deficit in the respective sums in the gold currency though China paid the stipulated amount in Haikwan taels. China maintains that while the indemnity of the Signatory Powers was a gold debt it had been converted into silver at the rate stated in the said article, and that her total obligation was therefore expressly limited to four hundred and fifty million Haikwan taels with interest at 4 per cent in the bond which she had signed and delivered to the diplomatic body, so that she had fully discharged her obligation when she had paid the stipulated amount of Haikwan taels. For nearly three years the Chinese Government declined either to sign the fractional bonds in gold or to make up the deficit on account of payment in silver. It was only after the Powers subsequently agreed definitely to fix the future mode of payment applicable "till the debt is extinguished" that they consented to sign the fractional bonds stated in the respective currencies of the Powers and in addition to pay to them 8,000,000 Haikwan taels, as compensation for the loss in the gold exchange for the years 1902, 1904. The result was the arrangement of 1905 and the Powers made their selection on the same day.

The Chinese Government accepted the arrangement of 1905 and, with it, the risks of fluctuation on the exchange rate from month to month and from year to year, because they understood that while they might thus incur losses, as they have in fact incurred from time to time in the past, there might also at times be gains in their favor.

In point of fact the fluctuations of the gold exchange rate have varied from month to month. From July, 1905, when the new arrangement was put into force, to November, 1917, when by arrangement between China and certain other Signatory Powers of the Protocol the indemnity payments were suspended for five years, there were actually 140 months during which payments were effected, a few months immediately following the revolution of 1911 being excepted, for no payments were made. As regards the rates of exchange for these 140 months, a good illustration may be found in the fluctuation of the exchange on Paris. During 66 months the rate was favorable to China, as it went above the protocol rate of 3.75 francs per Haikwan tael, and during 74 months it was adverse to China, as it went below the said protocol rate. The highest and therefore most favorable rate for China was 6.69068 francs per Haikwan tael for August, 1917, and the lowest and therefore least favorable rate was 3.36008 francs per Haikwan tael for November, 1914. Although the fluctuations have thus been wide as well as varied, the Powers have always received the stipulated amounts in their respective currencies from month to month and from year to year.

In view of the foregoing considerations, the Chinese Government are of the opinion that the word "gold" as used in Article 6 of the Protocol of 1901 and in the Arrangement of 1905 cannot be reasonably construed to make anything other than the currencies of the Signatory Powers issued on the basis of their respective gold standards and that whatever exchange rates prevail at present or are likely to prevail for some time in future, favorable or unfavorable to China as compared with the Protocol rates, they cannot be considered as a valid ground either for placing a new interpretation on the said Article 6 or for proposing a radical departure from the mode of payment selected by the Signatory Powers in accordance with the said arrangement.

I avail myself of this opportunity to renew to Your Excellency the assurances of my highest consideration.

(Signed) V. K. WELLINGTON KOO

Peking, December 27

Lenin's Widow Speaks

THE following is the brief and simple and strangely impersonal speech delivered by Lenin's widow, N. K. Krupskaya, at the opening session of the Second Congress of Soviets of the U S S R, on the day preceding her husband's funeral:

My words will bear little resemblance to a parliamentary speech. But I believe that in addressing the representatives of the republics of the toilers and my near and dear comrades, who have taken it upon themselves to reconstruct life upon a new basis, I need not bind myself by form and convention.

As I have stood before the bier of Vladimir Ilyich during these last few days, I have thought over the whole of his life. His heart beat strongly with love for all who toil and all who are oppressed. He himself has never confessed this, and I myself would never have uttered it at a less solemn moment. But I say it because he inherited this feeling from the heroic Russian revolutionary movement. It was this feeling that compelled him to seek so passionately and stubbornly the answer to the question: "What must be the path of emancipation of the workers?" The answer he found in Marx. As a man who was tormented by imperative questionings he turned to Marx. He found the answers he sought, and with them he went to the workers. That was in the nineties. At that time it was not possible for him to appear at meetings, so he went to the workers' circle. He went to tell them what he had learned from Marx and the answers he had received to his questions. He came to them not as a haughty instructor, but as a comrade. He not only spoke and taught, he also listened attentively to what the workers told him in their turn. And the workers of Petrograd did not speak only of the conditions in the factories and of their oppression; they also spoke of their villages. In the House of the Trade Unions, before the bier of Vladimir Ilyich, I saw one of the workers who had been a member of the circle of Vladimir Ilyich. He was a peasant from the province of Tula. This peasant from Tula and worker in the Semenikov factory once said to Vladimir Ilyich: "Here in the town it is hard for me to express myself. I will go back to my Tula province and there I will tell my fellow-peasants who are my friends all that you say. They will believe me; I am one of them. There also the gendarmes will not hinder us."

We now talk a good deal about the bond of the workers and the peasants. This bond, comrades, was created by history itself, for the Russian worker is on one side a worker and on the other a peasant.

Living among the workers of Petrograd, conversing with them, listening attentively to what they had to say, helped Vladimir Ilyich to understand the great thought of Marx that the working class represented the vanguard of all those who toiled. Its strength and the pledge of its final triumph lie in the fact that it is the vanguard, and that after it will follow the masses of the toilers and oppressed. Only by acting as the leader of all who toil can the working class conquer.

That is what Vladimir Ilyich understood when he lived among the workers of Petrograd. This thought, this belief illuminated every step of his subsequent activities. He desired power for the working class, for he knew that it was *not in order to build up a comfortable life for itself at the cost of the other toilers that the working class needed power*. He knew that the historical mission of the working class was to emancipate all who toiled and all who were oppressed.

This fundamental idea stamped every action in the life of Vladimir Ilyich. Representatives of the Soviet Republics, of the republics of the toilers, take this thought of Vladimir Ilyich very closely to heart. Our Ilyich is dead. Comrades, communists, lift up higher the banner of our beloved Lenin.

Comrades—workingmen and working women; comrades—peasants and peasant women; workers of the whole world, rally your ranks and march forward under the banner of Lenin, under the banner of communism!

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SO THE VIGOROUS, powerful, all-dominating President, Calvin Coolidge, has been defied by his own Attorney General. There seems to be no doubt whatever that Mr. Daugherty has declined to resign. Why the Jovian incumbent of the White House thus yields is not quite clear; there are those who think Mr. Daugherty has convinced him that he ought to be tried first, and others who believe that "Honest Cal" is terrified at the idea of what Mr. Daugherty and his friends might do to him in the Ohio and other primaries. Meanwhile the President has, to date of this writing, said nothing publicly about the revelations that the chief White House telegrapher ran the McLean private wire for three hours every evening; that a White House secret-service man is also in the McLean entanglements; that his private secretary was freely entertained by the McLeans when in Florida, together with Mr. Fall, and has called on them since; that a secret code of the Department of Justice was used for transmitting McLean messages, and that a Burns employee was tipping off Mr. McLean as to happenings within the Department of Justice. In this connection Edward G. Lowry, writing in the *New Republic*, declares that visitors to the White House have not

found the cool, austere man of legend in full command of himself and all his resources, resolute and alert to meet and subdue any large emergency. They have found instead a rather huddled-up little figure, much dismayed, wondering and asking what he should do.

No, the chances that Mr. Coolidge will succeed himself as President of the United States are rapidly waning.

WILLIAM J. BURNS and A. Mitchell Palmer—somehow it seems rather natural that their names should have come into the oil scandals. Not that their integrity is besmirched. Mr. Palmer was quite within his rights in accepting a retainer from Edward B. McLean. But we agree with the *New York World* that he must none the less be placed among those who sold their political and party reputations. Mr. Palmer was retained, we venture to guess, simply and solely because he, a former Democratic Attorney General, was expected to influence Senator Walsh to have Mr. McLean "let down easily." Mr. Burns's involvement is far more serious. His secret code was used in transmitting messages to Mr. McLean; one of his employees was in cahoots with Mr. McLean; and the charge is made that some of Mr. Burns's agents have been shadowing the members of the Oil Committee who really mean business. Mr. Burns is on the stand as these lines are written; hence we are unable to record his defense. We cannot, however, see how he can wholly exculpate himself. Curious how often such superpatriots are caught in unpleasant situations! People who so violently assail those of different points of view, like the "Reds," and who misuse their official powers to persecute them as have Messrs. Palmer and Burns, ought themselves to be suspect at all times.

FEDERAL TAX REDUCTION is coming—the politicians will see to that. Nothing sounds better than tax reduction—in New York State the Democratic Governor and the Republican Legislature have united on a 25 per cent cut. But it is a little amusing to find newspapers owned by millionaires proclaiming that the masses are crying for reduction of the surtax rate. We sometimes forget that the bulk of the residents of this country have incomes so low that they pay no income tax whatever. Less than seven million individuals report on taxable incomes, and less than 15 per cent of these, according to the *World Almanac*, report on incomes which might be subject to a surtax. The masses which clamor for a reduction of surtaxes are a very limited group indeed! The most serious complaint against high surtaxes is that they drive capital into tax-exempt securities, freeing them from any taxation whatever. We suspect that publication of the figures would show a far lower proportion of large incomes invested in "tax-exempts" than is commonly supposed; but in any case the remedy is to abolish the evil of such tax-free securities. The proposed constitutional amendment permitting federal taxation of State issues failed by a few votes to win the necessary two-thirds majority in the House; but the issue should not be forgotten. Fifteen years ago, when Mr. Hughes was governor of New York State, he opposed ratification of the federal income-tax amendment because of his fear that it might permit just such federal taxation of State issues; the obvious next step is for Congress to pass a measure taxing State bonds and let the courts pass upon its constitutionality. No two-thirds vote is needed for that.

BELGIUM'S REJECTION of the French treaty is a hopeful sign. Since the armistice Belgium has been fluttering weakly in the wind, a sort of helpless tail to the soaring kite of French diplomacy. Occasionally worried Belgian ministers have attempted to persuade French statesmen to moderation, but with little effect. Their hands were tied by a series of accords which included financial aid, commercial and industrial privileges, and political and military alliance. When England and Italy broke away from war-time bonds and refused to follow France in the invasion of the Ruhr, little Belgium rather unwillingly followed in the military wake of France. Now the Belgian Chamber of Deputies has, by a vote of 95 to 79, rejected the Franco-Belgian economic conventions, forcing the Theunis Government, which sponsored them, to resign, and, apparently, destroying one of the main props of the French imperialist dream. But Belgium may have to go through another election before she can settle upon a new policy, and it is by no means certain that the anti-French bloc in the Belgian Parliament is permanent.

LUDENDORFF'S TRIAL, in which the officials show themselves almost deferential to the old warrior who tried to overthrow the German Republic, betraying anxiety only lest some hostile demonstrator raise his voice, reveals once more the backward swing of the pendulum in Germany. Chaos and hunger have left fear and anger the dominant emotions. Men hope for little more than to live and eat. The spiritual impulses fostered by the 1918 revolution have lost their strength. Labor has lost the economic gains it made in 1918-19; the Social Democratic forces have almost abdicated; the Reichstag is less potent than in the Kaiser's day, and a dictatorship of big-business rules. Thuringia's and Saxony's elections show the rush to extremes. The liberal center parties are losing strength; the Communists are winning over the Socialist masses, and the middle-class groups are turning more and more reactionary—and on occasion Communist and monarchist find it possible to join hands in their common hate of the power of foreign finance. The mark shows signs of wobbling once more, and a weary people seems ready to promise almost anything to General Dawes and his fellow-experts if only they can produce a magic key to economic productivity.

"FILIPINO FANATICS kill nine troopers" the newspapers cry out in indignant headlines, and then add in mild, conversational-size type that "the Colorums lost 35 killed and scores were wounded." A cable from General Wood, dated January 10, reported that 18 constabulary police had been killed while "pacifying" the "fanatics" in Moroland; two days later further dispatches disclosed that more than four times as many Colorums had died in this clash. On January 28 the papers announced that 54 Moros had been killed, 19 wounded, and 13 captured, while only two insular police were wounded. A week later the captain of an inter-island steamer brought the estimate of 54 Moros slain up to 800. Finally the War Department indicated a doubt concerning "the published report that 1,800 Colorum fanatics have been killed by the Philippine Constabulary since the first battle a few weeks ago." Meanwhile the Philippine Press Bureau at Washington says:

The Colorum disturbance hardly calls for the employment of rigorous measures, because they are armed only with bolos, with a few exceptions. The use of barrage

from the United States gunboat is considered ridiculous here, while the burning of the houses was attacked by Senator Clarin on the floor of the Senate as altogether cruel and inhuman. . . . Before the present administration under Governor General Wood was inaugurated and during the entire administration of Governor General Harrison, there was not a single disturbance in Moroland.

Such frankness has had its immediate result. The Press Bureau, as well as the Independence Commission, is suddenly stranded for funds; the Insular Auditor, an appointee of General Wood, has discovered doubts of the "constitutionality" of their appropriations for four years past. But, we are glad to add, the House Committee on Insular Affairs has just voted to report a bill for Filipino independence.

JOHAN W. WEEKS, former member of Hornblower and Weeks, stockbrokers, is also Secretary of War of the United States. According to the New York *World* Mr. Weeks, speaking as Secretary of War, says, apropos of the Philippines, that "complete independence cannot be given the islands until its bond issues have been fully protected." The last government issue, the *World* adds, extends for twenty-nine more years. Apparently promises of independence made in the name of the American people, desire for self-determination, fitness for self-government count for nothing with Mr. Weeks; the bonds must be safeguarded, and they have twenty-nine years to run.

AERICAN MARINES on duty at the capital of Nicaragua have been ordered to the Honduran frontier, where they "will guard Americans and American property on the Nicaraguan side of the border," says another Washington dispatch. Still another reports more American troops landed at Ceiba "to guard the Consulate." From Nicaragua comes the news that the marines on the border are not only guarding Americans, but are "searching for arms and preventing gun-running." A curious reader might wonder how American marines came to be stationed in the capital of Nicaragua. The answer was told in *The Nation* for June 7, 1922. American marines have been in Managua ever since 1912, and they landed on precisely such pretexts as are now being given for the landing in Honduras. They killed some thousands of Nicaraguans, lost a few men themselves, and installed a puppet government which has ever since been under the thumb of New York bankers. With the record of 1912 in mind, not forgetting Secretary Weeks's remarks about Philippine bonds, one may be pardoned for being suspicious about our invasion of Honduras. Are we adding Honduras to Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua in the list of our crushed colonies?

THREE THOUSAND PERSONS stormed the Commercial Hotel at Waukesha, Wisconsin, put out the lights, smashed windows, broke doors, and disbanded an attempted Ku Klux Klan organization meeting. The Klansmen escaped to the second floor of the hotel, where they remained at bay two hours until rescued by policemen from Milwaukee. In Boston the city authorities made good their threat to break up Klan meetings on private property when they raided the Caledonian Building and ordered 150 persons out of the hall. This is succumbing to Klanism. The lawlessness of the hooded order is not to be cured by more lawlessness, official or unofficial. Nor are "strong measures" necessary. The Klan is already disintegrating. On the

Western coast the Seattle branch is divided into two opposing camps, 300 indignant Klansmen meeting to protest against the high fees and salaries paid the grand dragon, his exalted cyclops, the klokard, and the kligrapp. The Muncie, Indiana, Klan, in a State reputed to be the present center of strength of the organization, has bolted the national organization, "a privately owned concern . . . used for personal gain," and called upon Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan to join in a new order, "Nobles of the Klan of the North." The mother Klan at Atlanta has gathered the insurgents from twelve States to form the "Knights of the Mystic Clan," and virtuously denounces the national organization as a "menace to the integrity of the nation," while William J. Simmons, disavowed founder of the Klan, has formed the "Hidden Hosts, Knights of the Flaming Sword."

Be it Resolved, That it be the policy of the National Negro Press Association, in its efforts to husband strength in and further the industrial destinies of our people, that we as vendors of news will discourage and discredit all forms of unionism and economic radicalism.—From a resolution adopted at Nashville, Tennessee, February 21, 1924.

FORTUNATELY FOR THE NEGRO the National Negro Press Association is not representative of the entire press of the race. For to oppose unionism among Negroes is to advocate a form of economic race suicide. The American Negro belongs by compulsion to the working class, and the color of his skin wins him preference from his employer only if it means that he will work for a lower wage. The open-shop employers in the North who encourage Negro labor do so because for the present it is unorganized and therefore cheap. The Negro can fortify his industrial position only by alliance with his white fellow-workers. That has not always been easy; but the bars are falling. The American Federation of Labor has officially indorsed the policy of organizing colored workers on an equal basis with white, and some unions, like the Moulders, are justly proud of their record of no race discrimination. The Negroes, too, are learning the old American lesson that in union is strength. The extraordinary "Negro Sanhedrin" recently held at Chicago was one symptom of the growing race consciousness; the resolution advocating unionization which almost passed that conference, made up largely of conservative Negro organizations, was another sign of progress.

CARL C. MAGEE has made and is making a brave fight against heavy odds in New Mexico. We have commented before on the extraordinary legal and illegal difficulties put in his way. When his Albuquerque paper was boycotted and undermined financially he was forced to sell; after refusing to sell to Bonfils and to Hearst interests he finally sold to local interests which were, unknown to him, affiliated with a Chicago bank under Standard Oil control. The paper purchased, its attacks upon the oil interests naturally ceased. Mr. Magee, however, was undaunted; he founded another paper and continued his attacks. Two weeks ago, in commenting upon the exposures of press venality made in Washington, we referred to the purchase of Mr. Magee's former paper as an example. We intended no reflection upon Mr. Magee but rather upon the financial power that bought the silence of the Albuquerque *Journal*; unfortunately he misunderstood our comment and broadcasted a denunciation of us for something which we had never said.

DR. ALEXANDER FICHANDLER, principal of Public School 189 in Brooklyn, New York, and director of education for the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union, is an unusual candidate for a district school superintendency. It is natural that politicians accustomed to award educational positions for political service should look askance at a man who "never took up a question of school policy without thrashing it out thoroughly with his teachers," who never permitted youngsters "to become heroes through misbehavior—by the simple device of bringing the culprit before the unofficial jury of his classmates." Dr. Fichandler was long principal of one of the largest public schools in the Brownsville and East New York districts, which have an immigrant wage-earning population of almost 200,000, whose confidence he won to such a degree that virtually all the labor and liberal forces as well as business, religious, and social organizations in the community are spontaneously backing one man to "represent" them on the Board of Superintendents. Only the Brooklyn *Eagle* cautiously intimates disagreement on the ground that "Mr. Fichandler during the war was severely criticized for acts said to be radical and inimical to patriotism," meaning that he refused to subject the minds of children to the general hysteria. Workers' education might well feel that it had reached its majority if the Board of Education and the Board of Superintendents should recognize this educator's pioneer work rather than mere political services.

IN THE GREAT HALL of Cooper Union men of many nationalities and many beliefs have spoken. It was there that Lincoln, the hero of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, established a respectable ancestry for the radical group then known as the Republican Party. There too Mark Twain, "the wild humorist of the Pacific slope," in his lecture on the Sandwich Islands, first introduced the East to his particular brand of humor. It is there that the People's Institute, a unique educational enterprise in this country, has grown up. Under the singularly successful direction of Everett Dean Martin, audiences drawn largely from the working classes gather to hear lectures on psychology, philosophy, and social science, and stay afterward for pointed, lively, and relevant discussions. In order that some of the stimulation and life of these meetings may be turned into the more obvious permanency of print, the Institute has begun pamphlet publication of some of its important lectures.

FOUR OF MR. MARTIN'S own lectures, which are addressed to the largest class in philosophy and psychology in the world, have already appeared and are being widely distributed. They are models of popular exposition—soundness of thought and thoroughness of fact distilled in captivating and fool-proof simplicity. Their clarity of outline and civilization of interest put them completely out of the class of mere vulgarization of knowledge. "Psychology, What Psychology Really Is, Its Uses and Abuses," makes an admirable and just survey of the typical methods and the hoped-for fruits of recent inquiry in a much-abused field. "Psychology and Physiology" is an adroit translation of involved technical material into food whose nutritive value is not lost in the process of being made digestible. These lectures are hopeful signs that things of depth and significance can be made to reach thousands through the arts of simplicity and scholarship and grace.

Congress, Inquisitor

INQUIRIES galore! They are the order of the day in Washington, so much so that it is not surprising to learn that, beyond passing tax, immigration, and bonus bills, and the routine appropriations, Congress is not likely to achieve anything before it adjourns for the campaign. Probably never in the history of Congress have there been so many inquiries, all of them justified, and most of them bound to produce results of extraordinary value to the public, with the most far-reaching political consequences. Indeed, when one scans the list of these inquiries and recalls how much work is required of our legislators in their regular committees, one wonders how a Representative or a Senator can possibly keep up with it. We can readily understand a newly chosen Senator's remark the other day that he needed eight secretaries instead of his present three, and that even with those he doubted whether he could possibly inform himself adequately for his legislative duties and keep abreast of his non-legislative tasks. Yet it is obvious that some of these committee inquiries are far more important for the public weal than anything that can be accomplished this year in the way of new laws.

The list of the inquiries already under way is formidable. The Senate has committees at work upon the oil leases and Attorney General Daugherty, the Bok peace-prize contest and evidences of propaganda for reduced taxation and the bonus, the question of the recognition of Russia, the Alien Property Custodian, the conduct of the Philippine Government under General Wood, the Veterans' Bureau, the fertilizer industry, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, the question of academic "diploma mills"; and is proposing to probe the aircraft scandals and the Shipping Board. The contest over the election of Senator Mayfield of Texas, while in a sense a routine matter, is likely to arouse nation-wide interest since it brings up the whole question of the Ku Klux in politics. The House, too, has its investigations, one of which is into the charge that a member of the Tariff Commission is through his family affiliated with the sugar industry. The Senate is also inquiring into the allegation that the Treasury juggled the figures as to the cost of the bonus; Senator La Follette is pressing for an inquiry into the transfer of the Alaskan coal reserve, and Senator Owen has proposed his inquiry—so vitally needed—into the origins of the war. Not to be outdone, President Coolidge is urging an inquiry into land grants, especially those of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and a joint committee will probably be appointed by House and Senate for this purpose. Nor is the end there, for new suggestions and requests for investigations come up almost every day.

Now this is, of course, not a new development of the functions of Congress; it is significant, however, because of the multitude of the inquiries under way, and because most of these investigations are into the activities of the executive branch of the government. Congress has recently come into the position of being militant defender of the public against acts of malfeasance on the part of the Executive. We have had many treatises on the dangerous encroachments by Congress upon the rights of the Executive—James Bryce devotes several pages to it—but in neither Bryce nor De Tocqueville is there any comment upon

the power of Congress through its committees to keep watch over an executive and to reveal to the country at large the malfeasance of any of that executive's appointees. In the Ballinger case the congressional inquiry into what happened in the Interior Department under Mr. Taft wrecked that administration. If history is repeating itself now it is doing so in a way to bring home to the people a hundred times more vividly than ever before the service that Congress is always capable of rendering by the use of its powers to investigate the acts of officials. And if Congress should now go on and really investigate the prohibition-enforcement branch of the government and reveal the endless corruption there existing it would still further serve the country. For there is no doubt that that service is honeycombed with rottenness; that hundreds of law-enforcement agents are in league with the bootleggers and that this form of corruption runs through all official classes. If we are to have honest enforcement of the prohibition law such an inquiry of the present situation seems inevitable.

The use of parliamentary committees for such purposes is not altogether unknown abroad, but in England the great services of the parliamentary commissions constantly being appointed has been more constructive than inquisitorial. To some of the reports of these commissions the whole world owes a body of learning and of information of inestimable value. Few of our many inquiries have achieved as much in assembling facts and proposing solutions. The difference in purpose and procedure is perhaps explained by the inquisitorial powers possessed year in and year out by Parliament itself. We refer, of course, to the question-hour, to the right of any member of Parliament to ask a question, however foolish, of the head of a department, and to have that question answered on the floor of the House, unless the department affected declines to respond for reasons of public safety. No happening of recent years has so reinforced *The Nation's* contention that we should lose no time in similarly making our Cabinet responsible to Congress as have these oil scandals.

What a barrage of questions Mr. Denby, Mr. Daugherty, and Mr. Fall might have been subjected to at the time of the leases by Senator La Follette and Senator Walsh! We are inclined to think that the mere knowledge that any dissenting Progressive could immediately have cross-examined any of these gentlemen on the floor of the Senate as to his motives and reasons for thus transferring the domain of the people to individuals for exploitation and private enrichment would have prevented the transfer from being made—certainly in the secret and underhand way in which it was. The risk would have been too great to run. Instead of that we have to get at the facts through a committee at great cost of time and money, with all the accompaniments of a sensational exposure of untrustworthy public servants and at the expense of the transaction of other necessary public business. But if the country insists upon electing men of the caliber of Harding and Coolidge to the Presidency we shall continue to need an inquisitorial Congress, and shall continue to thank our lucky stars that we have men seated therein with the courage to investigate and the power to do so, whether the party machines and the Executive approve or not.

MacDonald vs. Poincaré

CAN international issues be debated frankly in public, by the prime ministers of countries at odds with each other, without stirring national passions to irrational defense and attack? That is the strange attempt which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is making in his correspondence with M. Poincaré, and M. Poincaré has replied without animosity. It is enough to recall the bitter arguments which used to occur behind closed doors between Mr. Lloyd George and his French opponents—arguments always followed by mendacious public announcements that the two governments were “in perfect harmony”—to realize the advance made by the publication of Mr. MacDonald’s public criticism of French policy.

It has come about [says Mr. MacDonald] that people in this country regard with anxiety what appears to them to be the determination of France to ruin Germany and to dominate the Continent without consideration of our reasonable interests and the future consequence to a European settlement; that they feel apprehensive of the large military and aerial establishments maintained not only in eastern but also in western France; that they are disturbed by the interest shown by your Government in the military organization of the new states in Central Europe. . . .

These are strong words for diplomacy. In the stilted school of European politics such courteous frankness was wont to be the accompaniment of a brutal ultimatum; when statesmen intended to maintain friendly relations they talked and wrote as if they agreed upon everything. That avoidance of real issues never helped the cause of peace. We might even wish that Ramsay MacDonald’s letter was franker than it is. “It is widely felt in England,” he says, “that France is endeavoring to create a situation which gains for it what it failed to get during the Allied peace negotiations.” This is a little blind, but M. Poincaré understood it well enough. “No reasonable Frenchman,” he answered, “has ever dreamed of annexing a particle of German territory or of turning a single German into a French citizen.” One might deduce from this that M. Poincaré had come to regard those who have supported his policies as unreasonable; or one might conclude that he understood the technique of modern imperialism, which does not bother to go through the form of “annexation” and refuses to grant citizenship rights to those whom it subjects.

The gist of Mr. MacDonald’s argument is in this fine statement of two clashing philosophies:

The French people desire philosophy, the British people cherish an identical ideal, but, whereas France conceives of security as security against Germany alone, the British Empire attributes to the words a far wider significance. What we desire is security against war. To my mind, the problem of security is not merely a French problem, it is a European problem, and one which interests alike England and Germany, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary and Jugoslavia, Russia and Rumania, Italy and Greece.

Those are profound words, worthy of a great statesman. *France will never have permanent security until Germany also is secure. No nation can be made secure by measures which, like all military measures, whether called “defensive” or not, threaten the security of other nations.*

To that argument M. Poincaré made no direct reply; he simply restated the French position in terms of French

particularism. France must have reparations and must have security, he said; her military and aerial establishments were exclusively defensive (the argument of Germany and of Russia before the war); she had made loans only “in exchange for positive pledges” from the allied nations of Central Europe; what was needed was a closer entente between France and England.

But the tone of the letter marked a real advance; if Mr. MacDonald and M. Poincaré publicly continue to debate courteously and frankly, and if the newspapers on both sides of the Channel will print their arguments, diplomacy may at last find public opinion in both countries ready to help it toward a settlement.

Toby, M.P.

THE “gaiety of nations”—whatever is left of it in these days—has not been eclipsed by the death of Sir Henry Lucy, but if he had been cut off in his prime the English people, at any rate, would have felt themselves to have lost an unfailing source of cheerful humor. The miracle of bringing forth sweetness out of the strong was rivaled when “Toby, M.P.,” distilled from the dulness of the House of Commons debates the sparkling draft of that Essence of Parliament which once a week revived the drooping spirits of readers of *Punch*. Lucy used to claim that he originated “lobbying” in the English sense of the word; that, as parliamentary representative of the *Daily News*, he was the first journalist to get into close personal contact with members and to glean from them material for comments on the political situation and for forecasts of impending events. But he will be most gratefully remembered as the writer of those genial and sprightly sketches of parliamentary proceedings in which he has had many imitators but no superiors.

Somehow, Lucy had discovered how to jump upon a man and leave him with a distinct sense of a favor conferred. Could anything be more cutting and yet less malevolent than this?

Disgusted alike with Whigs and Tories, Lord Stratheden and Campbell has formed a party of his own. Sometimes Stratheden is the leader and Campbell the follower. Sometimes Campbell leads and Stratheden is content to follow. But whichever peer is predominant, the unity of the party is never broken. Stratheden believes that since the days of Pitt there is no man who has a higher, clearer, and more patriotic notion of foreign policy than Campbell. Campbell, on his part, believes that, as far as home legislation is concerned, there is no man in Great Britain who for fulness of information, soundness of judgment, and readiness of resource equals Stratheden.

Whatever he might say about them, there were few British politicians who would not have preferred recognition by “Toby, M.P.,” in a pungent paragraph to eulogy in an editorial column of the *Times*. One of his practices was occasionally to put into the mouth of an M.P. some clever comment of his own, and there were beneficiaries of his who did not hesitate to profit by this kindly fiction. Lucy once told, for example, how Robert Lowe, when observing a deaf member get his ear-trumpet into position in order to listen to a tedious orator, remarked: “What a pity it is to see a man thus wasting his natural advantages!” It was the sort of thing that Lowe might have said, and Lowe has had the credit of it ever since, but the *bon mot* was really Lucy’s. One suspects, too, a similar origin for a story related by

Lucy of James Lowther, then Secretary for Ireland. There was an Irish member named Synan with an ear-piercing voice. "Where are you going?" someone asked Lowther, who was rushing out of the House immediately on Synan's rising to speak. "On to the terrace to hear Synan," was the reply.

In his forty years in the press gallery Lucy did a great deal more than provide a humorous section for the papers to which he contributed. He helped to make the political leaders of his day living figures, instead of mere dummies, in the public mind, and to quicken popular interest in parliamentary institutions. His influence in this direction was not confined to the British Isles. In the Princeton University Library a student happened one day to come across a series of parliamentary sketches in an English magazine, appearing over the signature, "The Member for the Chiltern Hundreds." These papers first attracted and then fascinated him. They set him reading, thinking, and ultimately writing about the actual working of political systems. So it was Henry Lucy that gave Woodrow Wilson the impulse toward his life-work.

Toot! Toot!

OUR locomotive whistles are quite all wrong. At least a professor of physics in a university of the Middle West has reached the conclusion that the fairly low-pitched chime whistle that is usual on American railways is both ineffective and wasteful. A single high-pitched note would be better; also it should be placed in front of the locomotive instead of toward the rear, where the sound is checked and diverted by the smoke-stack and other paraphernalia.

With the second suggestion we have no quarrel, but we are prepared to break a lance or so in defense of the character of American locomotive whistles. The shrill, thin shriek for which the professor calls has long been familiar in Europe. Nothing else is heard on French or Belgian railways, and it is doubtless effective at short range or when not opposed by too much other sound. But unless physics has been reformed since we went to school a low note carries farther than a high one, and grade crossings—comparatively rare in Europe—are offensively common in America. They are indeed one of the chief reasons why every locomotive should have a good whistle, and to be effective for the purpose it ought to be hearable at least a mile away.

So far as waste goes, that aspect leaves us unmoved. It may be true, as the professor asserts, that American locomotives consumed 2,434,026 tons of coal a year just in tooting and that five million dollars might be saved annually by the adoption of shrill single-tone whistles. What of it? The saving would doubtless go into the pockets of stockholders who need the extra cash less than the whole country needs the romance and the music of the American locomotive whistle "as is." For say what you will—and admitting many exceptions—our locomotive whistles are both romantic and musical. One only needs to compare them with the harsh "Honk! Honk!" of the automobile to realize this. The original simple bulb horn was at least inoffensive; the bugle call that came later was beautiful; but the modern rasping honk sets on edge every musical response in one's body. We would not have such a transformation wrought in our locomotive whistles for all the coal

in America. We like, when we cannot sleep at night, to listen to these whistles at a distance, picturing the locomotives themselves roaring through the darkness, their headlights blazing the tracks in front, their smoke-stacks thrusting up a shower of sparks into the sky. We recall especially the whistle of the engines on the Seaboard Air Line—a wailing note, rising and falling into a faint diminuendo—like a bloodhound following a scent or a lost soul ranging through purgatory. Not that we have ever heard either a bloodhound or a lost soul, but both have stirred our imagination, and so have these whistles of the Seaboard engines as they floated up out of a valley in the South in the night time.

Yes, the whistle of the locomotive symbolizes for us much of the romance of the age of steam. Ardent believers as we are in the suppression of unnecessary noise, we look with complacent tolerance upon the whistle of the railway engine even when it is used—as it generally is—somewhat unnecessarily and indiscriminately. Perhaps it could be made more effective, but we regard the locomotive whistle as we do the religion of our grandmother—not wholly scientific or up to date, perhaps, but fitting in its place and by no means to be disturbed.

The Marines on Teapot Dome

HOW and why a handful of armed marines were sent to Wyoming to clear the Teapot Dome Naval Reserve of trespassers on lands later turned over to Harry F. Sinclair was told in some neglected testimony before the Senate Committee by Captain George K. Shuler, the marine captain in charge of the adventure. This officer has since been elected treasurer of the State of New York, a rather sudden rise for a young captain of marines. It has been reported within the last few days that the order for the expedition, transmitted through General Lejeune, came from Assistant Secretary of the Navy Theodore Roosevelt, whose brother Archie was even then in the employ of Mr. Sinclair. Mr. Shuler has stated that after his return to Washington he received letters of praise and thanks from Albert B. Fall and Theodore Roosevelt. His testimony follows:

Q. Are you the officer who had charge of the squad of marines that went out to the naval reserve in the State of Wyoming during that year?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Upon whose order or direction did you go?

A. I went upon orders of the major general commandant of the Marine Corps, General Lejeune. I had instructions from him to confer with the Secretary of the Interior before I left.

Q. I wish you would tell the committee about your interview with General Lejeune and subsequently with the Secretary of the Interior.

A. On the 29th of July, 1922, I was asked by my commanding officer if I wanted to make a trip out to Wyoming, and I told him yes. And this was on a Saturday afternoon, about 2 o'clock. And he said: "General Lejeune wants to see you." So I went up to headquarters and the general said he had a rather delicate mission, and he thought I could carry it out for him. And he said that the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Fall, was waiting over in his office and I should go over and talk to him. So I went right over. . . .

Q (interposing). Did General Lejeune tell you anything more in detail about the matter?

A. Not at that time. The general told me about the trip out to Casper, Wyoming, and he showed me where it was on a map,

and that is about all the conversation we had then. I went over to the Interior Building, and the Secretary was waiting there, and I went in, and he said: "I have got a job for some marines. We have a naval reservation out in Wyoming, the Salt Creek country, and there is an oil company that is going in there and they are trespassing; that is, they are drilling a well," and he says, "We know that they have no rights there," and that he had called on the Secretary of the Navy to detail some marines to go out and drive them off. And he said that he had taken the matter up with the President that morning and that the President did not want to take this action because an officer of the company that was trespassing was a close personal friend and contributed to the campaign fund. And Mr. Fall told me he had told the President that his friend was a low-down S.O.B., and Mr. Fall said that the President told him that he supposed he was all that when he sent him his check, and Mr. Fall said that he told the President, "Mr. President, by God, he was." But he said the President finally consented, and that was why the marines were to go out. He said: "What would you do if they served an injunction on you, signed by a federal judge?"

I said: "Mr. Secretary, I have never seen an injunction in my life, and wouldn't know one if I saw it, and if they served one on me I would file it."

He said: "I guess you will get along all right out there." And he said he had made arrangements for Mr. Ambrose of the Bureau of Mines to accompany me, and that he had sent for Ambrose and expected him every minute. About that time Mr. Ambrose came in, and Mr. Fall asked me how soon I could go. I said: "Why, I can go immediately, as soon as I get some money." And after conferring with Ambrose, who had some reports to make up before he left, we arranged to leave on the same train the next day; that was Sunday.

I went back to the Marine Corps headquarters and told General Lejeune what the Secretary had told me; that is, I didn't repeat everything, but I told him in substance about the injunction, and the general asked me how many men I wanted. I told him if we were going out there and fight the whole State of Wyoming we probably would have to take quite a few, but if there wasn't going to be any fight I would not need anybody.

He said: "Well, you better take four or five men, and you can have anyone you want." So I told him I would take four, and gave him the names of some men down at the barracks that had been in the war with me and that I knew quite well. And they issued orders there for me to go.

The rest of the conversation was in regard to details regarding the subsistence of the men, and routine matters that we always have to take up before we start out. Those were the directions that I received.

Q. And what did you do?

A. I left Washington Sunday evening with Mr. Ambrose and these four men. Ambrose told me on the train—I had orders from General Lejeune that Mr. Ambrose would give me fuller details as we traveled along. And I was a little curious, and I asked Ambrose what it was all about. He told me that the Secretary of the Interior had made an agreement with the Sinclair oil people that they go into this reservation and to drill and take the oil out for the Navy. They had their pipe lines in there and their refineries and everything, and it would be a considerable expense to the Navy Department to put in their own line, and it was a good, solid proposition. It looked good to me. I thought it was a sensible thing.

And we traveled along and we got out to Cheyenne. There we met Mr. McInerney and Mr. Burt and Mr. Tough of the Bureau of Mines. And we took a train from Cheyenne to Casper. We got to Casper, and we met a Mr. Patterson and Mr. Carnahan of the Bureau of Mines. I was told that Patterson would show me where these trespassers were. I had orders to know where these people were; they were stated by name in my orders.

And we got to Casper about 7:30 in the morning and the

Interior Department people had automobiles waiting for us. And we went out to the Salt Creek district, about forty miles. We got out there, and Mr. Patterson was driving the car I was in, and had two marines with me in the same car. He said: "There is your battlefield," and we got out of the car.

There was a rig up there, a drilling rig, operating, and they had built a barbed-wire fence around it; a fence about three or four feet high, inclosing about three-quarters or possibly an acre. The wire was new and bright; it had not been rained on, even. I went up to the fence and yelled out and asked where the boss was, and a man came over and said that he was Harry McDonnell, or O'Donnell. I said: "Do you represent the Mutual oil people?" He said he did. I said: "I am the commandant of this Navy district." I assumed that title, being the only representative of the Navy Department around there, and somebody had to be commandant, so I took the title. I said: "I have orders to stop the work in this part of the reservation." He says: "Well, I have orders to keep everybody outside of this fence." I said: "Well, I have orders here from the Secretary of the Navy that I think will supersede any orders you have." I said: "Do you realize that I am absolutely serious about this thing, and I am going to back up what I say?" He said "Yes." He looked at the marines; they had pistols and rifles and belts full of ammunition, and everything that goes with it. He said he thought we meant business. I said: "You have got to stop drilling." He said: "I can't give the order." I said: "Who is your boss driller?" So he called over a fellow named Harry Martin, and I said: "How long will it take you to stop this work?" He said: "Well, it all depends on what you want me to do."

Well, I hadn't had much experience in that line, so I conferred with Mr. Tough and Mr. McInerney and Ambrose, and they told me to write some orders that they told me would be sufficient to close up the rig. So I wrote them out and signed that as commandant of the Naval Oil Reservation No. 3, I think it was.

I said: "How long is it going to take you to carry that out?" He said: "Five minutes." I said: "I will give you ten."

So he went right in and stopped the rig from working, and Mr. Tough gave me a government seal, and Mr. Tough and I placed the seal on the line, and I was told by the Bureau of Mines representative that that seal was absolutely sacred; it was a government seal, and no one would disturb it. About that time the field superintendent of the Mutual Oil Company came along, and I told him what I had done. He was rather peeved, but wanted to know if he could take the small tools and things that might be stolen if they shut down. I told him he could take anything he wanted, just so he left the ground. So he got a truck and they started taking off the small stuff. And he wanted to know where we were going to eat. I told him we hadn't thought about that up to that time. He said: "Well, you better come over and have lunch with me." So we all did.

And I made arrangements with the Fenceland Oil Company that had a place right there to take these four men and give them their meals. And along the next day the superintendent of the Mutual reported they had taken off all the small stuff. So I posted notices on the fence, "No trespassing," and we stayed around there two days longer.

Of course, I reported by telegraph as soon as the operation ceased there, according to the instructions given by the general of the Marine Corps. And I went up to Salt Creek and made my headquarters there, with the Bureau of Mines people. And about two days later I sent the men back from Casper and I reported by telegraph that I considered the duty completed, and I went down to Denver.

SENATOR WALSH. That is all.

That is the story of the United States Marine Corps at the service of Harry F. Sinclair, by order of Albert B. Fall and Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

Is Political Zionism Dead?

Yes

By ISRAEL ZANGWILL

(Ever since Israel Zangwill's famous speech in New York last fall, his opinions have been discussed by Jews and Gentiles the world over. In this article Mr. Zangwill presents his attack on the Zionist movement to readers of The Nation.)

THE Jewish problem lies now divided between Palestine and the Diaspora, and under the most favorable development of Palestine the scattered Jewries will long continue the overwhelmingly preponderant section as regards population. Palestine is a country little larger than Wales, from which French imperialism has already lopped off a northern slice, while Arab imperialism has robbed it of its extensibility eastwards; at the best it could barely shelter one-fourth of the sixteen million Jews of the Diaspora. Whether, therefore, the Jewish nationality, at present still permitted to evolve in Palestine, becomes the dominant influence upon the Diaspora, or vice versa, either a very little dog will wag a very large tail or a very large tail will wag a very little dog. It is true the situation may be modified if the Jewish republic now adumbrated in Russia, in the districts of Homel, Witebsk, and Minsk, really brings my own organization's ideal of an autonomous Jewish territory into being.

The picture of the Diaspora, mainly dark, comprises practically the whole globe. Jews are everywhere, and, though only 1 per cent of the population of the world, their finger is in every pie. But let me at once make the reservation that it is an individual finger thrust like little Jack Horner's into his Christmas pie for personal plums. Jewry is not a cosmos, but a chaos. The nearest approach to a unity is a unity of suffering over wide areas of Europe.

In every hell there is a lower deep; and starving Austrian anti-Semites talk gaily about what they call "tiger hunts." In Rumania the local Fascisti conspire and threaten to wipe out the whole Jewish population. In hapless Hungary, where economics seem at last to be teaching toleration, the Danube long was choked with Jewish corpses. In Poland it is unsafe for the Jew to enter a train, and the latest news from this beggar-on-horseback-among-countries is that any limited company has the right to refuse Jewish shareholders. Even in Turkey, land of immemorial Jewish toleration, the new Angora nationalism is reproducing all the economic chauvinism of Christendom; while a "Fascist" gang closes all Jewish shops on Friday, the Moslem Sabbath. "The Jewish National Home" itself is not free from pogroms. As recently as August 31 ten Jews were wounded at Tel-Joseph in an Arab affray. So far, the Jews of Japan have not been accused of the earthquake; but the ruin wrought by nature is less tragic than the ruin wrought by the hooligans of the Ukraine, where, in the grim language of the Chief Rabbi of the British Empire, "150,000 human beings were bayoneted, bombed, buried alive, drowned, thrown alive into lime pits, and subjected to the most diabolical tortures that only a Dantesque imagination could conceive." All Eastern Europe, in fact, is

red with the trails of our bleeding fugitives. Mussolini demanded of Greece fifty million lire as compensation for a few murdered Italians. If we had the power to impose blood-money for our murdered, the financing of Palestine would become child's play.

National politics is the realm of might, and if, as Dr. Hertz warns us, the menace of massacre still lies over the whole Russian Jewry should the Soviet Government be overthrown, we must face the sad fact that Jewish might does not exist. We are like those children whose fate Thomas Hardy deplores in one of his novels, trailed helplessly hither and thither in the wake of drunken and improvident parents. Armed defense in the Ghettoes may do something to mitigate pogroms, but the only hope for the Jewish Diaspora, as for so many other racial minorities in the resurrected or parvenu countries created by the Treaty of Versailles, lies in the enforcement by the League of Nations of one of the few righteous sections of that treaty, the clause providing for the protection of minorities.

Sir Willoughby Dickinson, the president of the minorities' commission of the League of Nations Union, says that Great Britain regards the protection of the Jewish minorities as an especial aim. But this union has only moral power; and of political power the League of Nations itself has only a modicum. But however justifiable or practicable America may find isolation, it is otherwise with the Jews of the Diaspora, interlinked with every nation and doomed in every country to murder one another. No landless, faithless Jewry can maintain its being in the Diaspora unless so densely aggregated that it is almost on its own soil.

Of this species of nationalism, however, no pure example yet exists; it is only a tendency. New York's East Side comes nearest to it. But unless the East Side nationalists could be absolutely segregated from the general life in a close-barred Ghetto, they, and still more their children educated in the public schools, would be found responding to all the mass-emotions of the majority. So great is the power of place that not the most consuming passion for Palestine could swamp the influence of the actual seat of residence. It is that which molds the soul in the plastic years, and Russian and Rumanian Jews, even though Zionists and prosperous in other lands, have told me how acutely they suffer from the miseries and humiliations of Russia and Rumania, their whilom lands of persecution. A Jewish millionaire in Rumania has just left his estate of five and a half million dollars to Rumania; in the part of Rumania just annexed from Hungary a rabbi goes to prison for proclaiming himself a Magyar—while in Hungary itself the conversion of sixteen thousand Jews to Christianity in the last decade reveals rather their love of Hungary than of Christ. It is the American Jews from Lithuania that were the main factor in securing for their old home the port of Memel. And is it likely the American Jews from America will grow up less American?

Even as regards those East European aggregations where a "minority nationalism" is in order, it is foolish to imagine that any number of them could cohere in a political unity or that any one of them could be linked politically with Palestine. I believe that with the vanishing of the larger Zionist hope this sort of Diaspora national-

ism has disappeared. It was formally repudiated by Dr. Weizmann in a speech at Boston, but as even he cannot control the hot-heads or the muddle-heads of his movement, let me say here to any Diaspora nationalists that may happen to be in America that if they mean seriously that they are not merely sentimental sympathizers with the Palestinian Jewry, as Irish-Americans are with Ireland, but that they are actual subjects of the Jewish National Home, they must naturally give up their American citizenship and all rights save those appertaining to resident aliens; a status which when proposed by a Belloc they are the first to cry out against. The tragic humor of the situation is that the Jewish nationalists could not even register themselves as Jews; the only national label open to them according to the British Mandate, Article 7, reinforced by the White Paper, Clause 4, is "Palestinians," a label which they share with the Palestine Arabs and Christians.

Again, every acknowledged citizen of a state claims the protection of that state wherever he may be. But I cannot find in the British Mandate any obligation to safeguard self-proclaimed Palestinians in the Diaspora. Do they perhaps suppose the Arabs of Palestine will goad Britain to their rescue? But absentee patriotism is at best no admirable form of that virtue. The only way of being a Zionist is to be in Zion. There is to be no Jewish state in Palestine—only a development of the Jewish nationality previously existing in Palestine. That was formally laid down in the Churchill-Samuel White Paper, and as formally accepted by the Zionist leaders. My monition at the great Balfour meeting that Mount Zion in labor must not produce a mouse has been disregarded.

The whittling down of even the semi-Zionism conceded by the Balfour Declaration is the sole justification—apart from money drives—of the continuance of the Zionist organization in the Diaspora, but I fail to see how those who accept this White Paper or white-feather Zionism can continue to call themselves Zionists, unless they join the existing Jewish community in Palestine.

The world's contempt for the Jew is not wholly undeserved. A people, a faith, in so parlous a situation, lives not under peace conditions but under war conditions, and the standard of duty exacted from every Jew is not a peace standard but a war standard. How high that was you know from the summits of sacrifice to which American Jews, no less than American Christians, rose in the late war. To this war standard a small minority of Jews have lived up—or are now trying to live up. But even the faithful few have not done enough. As for the vast majority of Jews, there is not even a peace standard of communal obligation or solidarity. A traveler, Mr. J. Cohen Lask, lately returned from Poland, gives us a picture of Polish Jewry with its multiplicity of Bundists, Zeire-Zionists, Poale-Zionists, Communists, Volkists, Yiddishists, Agudists, and Mizrachists, culminating in a plague of Wonder-Rabbis, each with its own adherents—and Palestine is perhaps more split up than the Diaspora.

It is because Zionism which came to revitalize the Jew lost, like Christianity, its first rapture of sacrifice and sincerity, that it finds itself today in the dismal political situation which evoked at the recent Carlsbad Congress the belated resolutions against the Mandatory of Palestine. When at that congress the Polish Deputy, Grünebaum, declared

so passionately that autocracy must not reap what democracy has sown, he forgot that there was nothing for autocracy to reap except the possibility of more sowing. This sounds like an Irish bull, but indeed the whole debate had a farcical element, for the Agency possesses, under the Mandate, no political power whatever, and indeed is held by the Zionist organization only on governmental sufferance and on the express condition that it rally round it "all Jews who are willing to assist in the establishment of the Jewish National Home." For the Zionist Congress therefore to spend heated days discussing whether it should or should not share with others the power which it did not possess, and which even if it did possess it had no power of withholding from them, is a measure of the unreality to which Zionism is now reduced. The further protest of the Carlsbad Congress against the restriction of immigration brings to light another political flaw that may well be fatal. "Immigration," says the White Paper, "will not exceed the economic capacity of the country at the time to absorb new arrivals." But nobody really knows what is the absorbing capacity of a country. The protest of the real Zionist Congress—the one assembled at Tel-Aviv—shows that those on the spot feel that despite the unemployment there is room for more. But, as Moussa Kazim el Hussein, the chief of the Arab Opposition, observed with crushing logic in a letter to the *London Times*, "if Palestine is to be really a 'home' for the Jews, they must be masters there." A measure of autonomy is, you see, a *sine qua non* of colonization, indeed of any work, if it is not to be interrupted in the middle.

In the work of the Jewish Territorial Organization, which aimed at a Jewish National Home anywhere "on an autonomous basis," I was soon confronted with this problem. On the one hand, the self-styled practical men, who are the great bunglers of the world, shied at demanding autonomy. On the other hand, every country I approached boggled at conceding it to the Jews even when they possessed enormous unpeopled territories. Carlyle said the population of England was 30,000,000, mostly fools. I discovered the population of the world was 1,650,000,000, mostly dogs in the manger. Not that they would not part with the land; only Jews must turn into *them*. But coming down to bed-rock, my organization found that the absolute minimum of autonomy was the right to control one's immigration. Without that one was building upon sand, or on soil politically volcanic.

Mr. Herbert Samuel, when he was originally sent to spy out the land of Zion, before being created a knight and a governor, brought back the report that Lebanon, a district of the same character as Palestine, carried, per square mile, three times its population, and that therefore Zionism was a practicable policy. A more naive report was never made by a statesman of experience, and one can only suppose that this admirable ex-Home Secretary of a civilized country was, like the distinguished chemist, Weizmann, entirely out of his element in coping with politics in the rough, and countries in the making. He might as well have reported that Ireland, a country of the same general character as England, carried only a population one-sixth as dense, and that therefore a great Jewish colonization could be established in Ireland.

Though, as the *London Times* admits, in the stress and confusion of the war the right hand of the British Gov-

ernment did not always know what the left hand was giving away, and the same territory may have been promised to rival applicants, yet I am sure England did not issue the Balfour Declaration merely as a war maneuver, but sincerely meant to solve the Jewish problem by the establishment of a Jewish state. No, though the Balfour Declaration has been reduced to a scrap of White Paper, Balfour was unquestionably sincere. He had long toyed with the Jewish problem. If his statesman-like conception has been reduced to its lowest possible meaning, the blame lies first with the military administration of Palestine, brazenly overruling the home Government, and with our British permanent officialdom, whose function it is to curb the generous impulses of their transient and embarrassed chiefs, and to express the honorable indiscretions of ministers in language which does not so much conceal as cancel them. The fact that no Zionist protest was made at any point on the road to political ruin, combined with the feeble handling of the situation in Palestine itself by the Jewish Governor, precipitated the fiasco of political Zionism.

The truth is that there is a joint British-Jewish interest in Palestine, without which the officialdom of the Foreign Office would have strangled the Balfour Declaration even before birth; and this joint interest, as Herzl who loved England, admired her colonizing capacity, and placed his financial base in London perceived, was the best guaranty of Jewish renaissance in Palestine.

In some respects it might have been better had France and England frankly divided Syria between them as legitimate spoil of war, leaving the Jewish people, whose fate is bound up with the growth of world truth and world justice, unentangled with the ambiguous device of mandates and the dubious justice of peace treaties. There is, however, one surpassing advantage in being under the League of Nations and not nakedly under Britain—that it is a protection to non-British Jews living in such countries as are liable to come into clash with Britain. Imagine the situation of the mildest non-British Zionist in war time if he were supposed to be building up an enemy colony. That is why, imperfect as is the League of Nations, to Zionism it is indispensable. That is why Zionism cannot afford to become the blind and obsequious agent of any Power. At the same time it is unfair that Zionism shall fail to receive from the British Government, still less from our British yellow press, any acknowledgment that its presence is of value to Britain or even to world civilization.

I shall always remain persuaded that a Jewish state was possible at the moment when the Arab was a defeated enemy, liberated from the Turk and glad enough to take on any political impress; that by a policy of racial redistribution such as is now in operation between the Greeks and the Turks under the Treaty of Lausanne, combined with full compensation for expropriated land, the difficulty of making a home out of a territory in which we are only one out of every nine inhabitants and in which our total holding of the soil is still below 4 per cent, could have been largely removed. I shall always believe that at the critical moment the Zionist leadership failed in nerve and will-power. But the hour of destiny has passed. A great moment found, as Herzl had foreboded, a small people.

An expropriation policy, tolerable in the immense tragedy of the war, would be inadvisable today. Think of the world-jungle in which the little Jewry nestles. All countries civilized enough to have chemists and inventors

are busy preparing to destroy the remnants of civilization. We are menaced with the possibility of all life being driven underground. Lloyd George reminded us recently that there are ten million more men under arms in Europe than before the "war to end war." Both France and England have the right under their Mandates to raise local militia for the defense respectively of Syria and Palestine and, moreover, to use their ports and railways for the passage of their own troops and munitions of war. Who would throw a match into such a powder factory as the globe has become?

No, not only must all the forces of Israel be mobilized against "the next war," but we must forego our political hopes in Palestine rather than kindle a conflagration which may ravage the whole world. It is true, as even the White Paper concedes, the Carlsbad Congress may take its grievances to the League of Nations. But who believes either that the League of Nations has the power to coerce England or that England will abandon Palestine to the enterprise of France or the lethargy of the Arab? No, Dr. Weizmann has received the freedom of New York; he cannot obtain the freedom of Jerusalem.

Political Zionism is dead. All organizations cling to life, especially when they own funds. But humanity must not become a parasite on its own machinery, and the proudest will must sometimes acknowledge honorable defeat. The Arab race, with millions of square miles to draw on for its renaissance, has shown no spark of magnanimity, although Jewish love, Jewish medical assistance, and Jewish gold have been pouring almost recklessly in its direction. But the case of the Palestine Arabs must be conceded in so far as it is reasonable. By the Balfour Declaration they were promised no prejudice to their civil or religious rights. But as they had already enjoyed a parliamentary status under the tyrant Turk, their refusal to accept the proposed Crown Colony arrangement, their demand for a constitution in Palestine, though probably only an agitation engineered by a Christian minority and the intriguing agents of another Power, is not without some basis. There must be a conference between Arab and Jewish leaders to settle the conditions of peace.

Money must indeed be poured into Palestine, but it will be poured in to much better purpose when the representatives of all pro-Zionist parties have got together so as not to get in one another's way. The Palestine Government, too, must raise its promised loan to develop the resources of the country and Britain must at once, according to the terms of her Mandate, encourage "in cooperation with the Jewish Agency close settlement by Jews on the land, including state lands and waste lands not required for public purposes."

A world congress for our world affairs, Zionism included, would leave no excuse to any Jew of remaining unrepresented in it, unless his solution of the Jewish question was dissolution. The concerns of the Diaspora are all the more important because Zionism, which came to demolish it, has strengthened its foundations.

America stands at the parting of the ways, suffering from the same post-war tendency to violence as Europe, tending to take, as Europe has taken, the wrong turning. And if Europe has taken the wrong turning, it may be that the mission of the Jew is to help America to take the right one.

Zionism—Alive and Triumphant

By CHAIM WEIZMANN

(Dr. Weizmann is at present in the United States in the interests of the Zionist movement. He has chosen to make his answer to Mr. Zangwill in the form of a discussion of the hope that lies in the Zionist ideal and of the solid achievements of the Palestine colonists.)

OF all the concepts which are associated with the Jewish problem and the outstanding effort which is being made toward its solution, perhaps none has become involved in obscurer controversy than "political Zionism." So keen and even acrimonious have the debates become that the doctrine which this phrase inadequately represents has been torn out of its setting of history and reality, like a sentence wrenched out of its context, and has become a sort of *Ding an sich*, a self-inclosed system of ideas, or, better still, an incantation, capable of effecting a wonderful transformation in the relationship of Palestine to the Jewish people.

Yet political Zionism can no more be dissociated from practical affairs than law from natural process. For us there is only Zionism—and "cultural Zionism," "practical Zionism," "political Zionism" are only convenient figures of speech, arbitrary approaches or methods of discussion. To talk of political Zionism as something which the Zionist can either accept or deny is to talk of granting permission to two and two to make four. Political Zionism is not something outside of the process of building up a homeland in Palestine which may be added to that process or withheld from it. It is inherent in every step. Every affirmative act in the creation of a Jewish center in Palestine is political.

Political Zionism, in brief, is the creation of circumstances favorable to Jewish settlement in Palestine. The circumstance most favorable to Jewish settlement in Palestine is the existence of a Jewish settlement in Palestine. The larger the Jewish settlement the greater the ease with which it can be increased, the less the external opposition to its increase; the smaller the Jewish settlement in Palestine the more difficult its increase, the more obstinate the opposition.

One does not create political Zionism by affirming it, any more than one destroys it by denying it. Men who have never heard the phrase, and others who have combated it, have been political Zionists. Those first pioneers of nearly half a century ago, who went out to Palestine and founded the first modern colonies, who laid the foundations of the still small but flourishing Jewish settlement, were actually the founders of political Zionism. They built up positions, they furnished proof of the practicality of the scheme, they gave the most convincing demonstration of the will behind the demand; their work, whatever they intended, reached beyond the immediate achievement and beyond the Jewish people. The world respects the settlements in Palestine more than all the protestations of the Jews.

Those who believe, or who affect to believe, that some sort of system can be devised whereby Palestine can be "given" to the Jewish people are talking of a Zionism which is not political but metaphysical. A country is not a thing done up in a parcel and delivered on demand. England can no more "give" Palestine to the Jews than it can give them history or a culture. All that England can do—and is mak-

ing serious efforts to do—is to create conditions whereby the Jews cannot "take" Palestine but can grow into it again, by a natural and organic process.

England could not even give Palestine to the Jews if that country were entirely uninhabited. It could permit Jewish immigration "as of right and not on sufferance"—which is precisely what it is doing now. The rest is in the hands of the Jewish people. That Jewish immigration into Palestine should be recognized as being "of right and not on sufferance" is the triumph of political Zionism. The preamble to that part of the British Mandate over Palestine which says: "Whereas recognition has been given to the historical connection of the Jewish people with Palestine and to the grounds for reconstituting their National Home in that country," is the triumph of political Zionism. This recognition is not British alone, but is common to all the nations which combined to give the Mandate, and to America, which indorsed the essential part of the Mandate in a special resolution.

But the idea that England should "give" Palestine to the Jews is particularly crude and Utopian when it is linked up with the suggestion of expropriation or removal of the Arabs. Fortunately no such suggestion has ever come from a responsible Zionist leader. For apart from its inherent impracticality and immorality, the idea again betrays a complete dissociation from the realities of the situation. England would not commit such an act even if the Jewish people were to demand it. And the Jewish people would not demand it because it realizes that, in laying the foundations of its old-new home, it must not tolerate even a suspicion of faith in those vicious imperialist principles which have been the source of half its woes.

If there is any significance at all in the rebuilding of a Jewish homeland, it must be made evident first in the attitude of the Jewish people toward the nations in the midst of which that homeland is being built. Friendliness with the Arabs is not simply a matter of convenience or expedience; it is a cardinal doctrine; it is an essential part of the Jewish outlook, an aspect of the spiritual dream which the Jewish homeland is to embody. If we reject the vicious shifts and tricks of what is inaccurately called *Realpolitik* it is not only because of its essential stupidity and ineffectiveness, but because our entire history has been a living protest against it. To solve one problem by the creation of two others is a method which is not unapproved in the world of practical men. Perhaps it pays in the case of fly-by-night nations, though even most of these live long enough to witness the undoing of their practical wisdom. In the case of the Jews, who are, as it were, a permanent institution, there is a reputation to be cherished and maintained. Nor is Jewish-Arab cooperation a new concept. The ideal already has an illustrious history. It is not so long ago—as history, and particularly Jewish history, goes—that Jews and Arabs worked hand in hand from Granada to Bagdad in founding and spreading one of the most brilliant civilizations; when the rest of Europe was still steeped in the dark slumber of the Middle Ages, Spain, Mesopotamia, and Northern Africa were brightly illumined by a great Arab Jewish culture. That culture has never disappeared; it survived, transmuted and disguised, in the Renaissance to which it contributed generously; its unacknowledged issue today forms part of our Western civilization.

For I would make it clear that the primal appeal of the

Jewish homeland in Palestine is spiritual. Zionism cannot solve immediately, it can only relieve to some extent, the Jewish world problem. If Palestine were empty today, if it could absorb fifty thousand immigrants a year (and by the way these two conditions are not supplementary: an empty Palestine could not absorb Jews more rapidly than Palestine as it is), it would still fail to solve the problem of eight million of Jews subject to the moods and caprices of unfriendly surrounding nations. But even at that the refugee problem in its relation to Palestine has another aspect. Our plea to the Western world to open its gates to the persecuted Jews loses much of its cogency if that part of the problem which is in our own hands remains unsolved. When we are sending as many refugees into Palestine as that country can absorb, we have a double claim on the sympathy of the world.

One must not, of course, talk of "sending Jews into Palestine" as though this were purely an arithmetical problem. Jews "sent to Palestine" cannot stay there unless they can be absorbed healthily into the economic life of the country. Preparation must be made for every Jew who wishes to enter Palestine. In the last three years we have sent over thirty thousand Jews into the country. Tens of thousands more await the opportunity to enter it. They cannot be admitted pell-mell and at random, lest the emigration from Palestine finally counterbalance the immigration into it. And by preparation we mean of course the growth and development of the country's resources and the integration of newcomers with its economic life. Money is needed for this task; but we need equally a sense of organic construction. Restriction of immigration into Palestine has nothing to do with political conditions. Given the means we could double and treble the immigration, though we must understand that even unlimited means would not enable us to ship a hundred thousand Jews a year to Palestine. It takes time for a small country like Palestine to digest and assimilate fifteen or twenty thousand newcomers.

It would be false to see the ultimate possibilities of the Zionist experiment in terms of Palestine alone. The peculiar position of Palestine fits it to play a role of extraordinary importance in the Near East—a role which it has already entered on. The development of Palestine is the key to the development of a vast territory once the most fruitful in the world, today cut off from the centers of civilization and given over to neglect and decay. Unfortunately hunger is impatient, and the immense resources of the Mesopotamian hinterland are neglected because they cannot be developed in a day. Yet the first steps toward this development have already been taken. The linking up of Bagdad with Haifa is the tangible evidence. The carrying of mail in seven hours between these two points—separated hitherto by three and a half weeks of laborious traveling; the immediate prospects of a railway track which will carry freight back and forth in three days, these are both symbols and achievements. Their creation was made possible only with the awakening of Palestine by Jewish enterprise, and Jewish enterprise is perhaps destined to play an exceedingly important part in the economic reconstruction of the Near East.

Yet I must repeat that if the question of the Jewish refugee gives a new spur to the Zionist effort, it is not and never was the primal motive. There was something more affirmative behind the first stirrings of the movement—and that something became more coherent and self-conscious as

the movement gathered momentum and power. Zionism envisages more than the negative relief of suffering, more than philanthropic effort, and Palestine to the Zionist was never merely a last desperate opportunity to escape the persecution of the world. Indeed, whatever fortuitous co-operation there has been between anti-Semitism and Zionism, it would be quite wrong to make the two interdependent. The Jew does not depend on anti-Semitism for his existence, and Zionism is the strongest expression of the Jewish will to live.

The hope and lure of Palestine, its special appeal to the Zionist, lay in the authentic Jewish life and culture which could again develop there, after an interruption of twenty centuries. The concept of Jewish culture—and even Jewish culture in Palestine—has too often been of a "literary" nature. It is true that Zionist effort has succeeded in reviving the Hebrew language so that throughout an entire public-school and high-school system Hebrew is the language of tuition, so that Jewish children again use Hebrew as their natural medium. It is equally true that within a few months the Hebrew University is to be opened. It is equally true that concomitant with the Zionist renaissance there has come an extraordinary resurgence of Hebrew poetry—certainly the finest we have produced since the time of the Spanish singers—and perhaps the finest since the days of the Hebrew prophets. But culture must not be dissociated from life, and when we talk of a renewed Jewish culture, an authentic Jewish culture, in Palestine, we are not talking only of schools and literary people.

A civilization is whole and complete. The Jewish village in the valley of Jizreel, the Jewish cooperative colony under the shadow of Mount Hermon, the Jewish merchants of Tel-Aviv and Jerusalem, the young men and women who are building roads and draining marshes—these are, after all, the material of the new Jewish culture. These people, working in a world of their own, from clean and unspoiled beginnings, are apt to produce that now forgotten value—the purely Jewish culture. In all other countries, in all other colonies, the Jew comes to add and to adapt. He is nowhere free to be himself; he must be that which an established civilization will permit him to be. With the best will in the world a nation welcoming the Jew cannot remove the tacit pressure and demand of its civilization and culture on the individuality of the Jew. But in Palestine the Jew can, for the first time since his dispersion, enter again into direct relation with his foundations. No one there stands between him and the first principles of life. He is back on the soil in every sense of the word: it would perhaps be better to say that he is back on the earth.

It is idle to speculate as to the forms which Jewish life in Palestine will take in two or three generations from now. To say that the Jew will give this or that to the world, as the result of a restoration of Palestinian Jewish life, is to indulge in vicarious generosity. We must say frankly that we cannot foresee the end of the experiment. We can only say that its beginnings are extraordinarily auspicious, that all circumstances combine to convince us of the value of the effort, that the vitality and richness of the Jewish people precludes the fear that the final product will be either commonplace or meaningless. Given a chance to be himself, the Jew will certainly not serve the world less than when forced to be everybody but himself. And that restoration to himself implies, too, the rehabilitation of his reputation in his own eyes and in the eyes of the world.

The Scandal Fisheries

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE oil inquiry has developed into a multitude of general fishing expeditions for all the scandals of any and all sorts that may infest the Washington waters. If any Senator thinks that by casting a hook into this or that subject he may be able to pull up a disgraceful or a politically useful incident, he brings in a resolution for an inquiry committee equipped with a hook and the power of issuing subpoenas, and hardly any Senator dares to vote against it. To hesitate to inquire is to confess to being a rogue. To speak to a person who is the object of an inquiry is to confess to being an accomplice in his sinfulness. To send him a telegram, hoping, perhaps, that he, after all, may be innocent of the charges brought against him, is to prove oneself as guilty as he. Senators in inquiries ask such questions as: "How many blocks from your hotel was the defendant's house?"

To live near a defendant becomes dangerous. To think that he may be innocent and to try to help him to prove his innocence becomes incriminating. To believe that an accused person should ever do anything but plead guilty and retire from public life becomes an indication of membership in the plunderbund.

This state of mind in Washington (and it exists deeply and widely and permeatingly through Washington) would be taken by Ralph Waldo Emerson as the strongest possible proof of inward corruption festering in the town and occupying its whole structure and impelling it to instant cowardice under any accusation directed from any source at any personage. Emerson held to the view, and expressed it, that fear is a vulture that lives only where there is carrion. In that view Washington must be all carrion. The outward aspect of Washington to the country is scandal. The striking and significant internal aspect of it is fear, terror, panic, and an almost universal inclination to run whenever the finger of a new inquiry throws its shadow upon a friend.

In the midst of this panic two hardy mariners from the Republican side of the village have determined that the gaining of a livelihood on the boisterous waves of the scandal fisheries shall not be confined to their Democratic neighbors and shall not be monopolized by the robust scions of our leading Democratic families. These two ambitious and vengeful characters—Attorney General Daugherty and Republican National Committee Chairman Adams—are now about to sail out on the foggy banks where the largest scandals are caught and they intend to come home with wriggling Democratic scandals filling their ships to the gunwales.

The reader of the daily news put on the wires from Washington during the next few weeks will have a clue to an understanding of his reading if he realizes that now at last there are two really rival firms in the scandal- and suspicion-fishing business. One firm consists of numerous Democrats, with their homes especially in the Senate. The rival firm might reasonably have been expected to exist of Republican senators. No Republican senators formed themselves, however, into any association for prosecuting the business. The Republican President himself did not rise either to make any fervent defense of accused Republicans or to organize any fervent attack upon accusable

Democrats. It was in these circumstances, and it was during this situation, that Senator Wheeler of Montana launched his resolution for an inquiry into Mr. Daugherty.

What lies back of Senator Wheeler's attitude and action has not been realized by the public. Senator Wheeler, as a United States prosecuting attorney in Montana during the hysterics of war time, drew back from putting people into jail on charges which superficially had to do with an alleged opposition to the war, but which basically had their origin in the opposition of these people to the industrial managers and masters of Montana.

Wheeler was not willing to see the United States Department of Justice used as an agency of class warfare by the top people against the bottom people. The Department of Justice, on the other hand, under the Democratic Attorney General, A. Mitchell Palmer, and subsequently under the Republican Attorney General, Harry M. Daugherty, was perfectly willing, and perhaps perfectly conscientiously willing, to be an agency for supporting the industrial ins and ups against the industrial downs and outs.

Wheeler, when he ran for United States Senator, was supported by the railroad trade unions. Daugherty, as United States Attorney General, tried to break the shop-craft railroad trade unions in 1922 with an injunction.

Behind the resolution of Wheeler for inquiring into Daugherty lies the struggle of the industrially mastered to raise their heads against those whom they believe to be not only employing them but exploiting and subjugating them.

Wheeler brought numerous charges against Daugherty, reflecting not indeed any theory as to his being an ally of capital against labor, but reflecting strongly a firm theory as to his being personally dishonorable and dishonest.

At that point the whole scandal pageant in Washington broke into a new departure. Daugherty happens to be personally a man of physical and nervous courage. He sought the chairman of the Republican National Committee, Mr. John T. Adams. Adams happens also to have physical and nervous courage abundantly. Against the Eastern aggregated wealth of his party he has refused, for instance, to be for the League of Nations. A conservative, a tory, he has resisted all the pressures of the Eastern conservative tory element in his party for American participation in the Treaty of Versailles. In this respect he stands with those other tory but anti-League and anti-Versailles characters, Senator Brandegee of Connecticut and Senator Moses of New Hampshire.

Adams is a hard-boiled Republican, a hard-boiled American, and a hard-boiled man. Consulting with Attorney General Daugherty, he determined that there were just as many Democratic fish in the scandals seas as there could possibly be Republican fish and he determined to get out his hooks and nets and catch the Democratic ones.

So far he has tied to the Democratic Secretary of the Navy Daniels the alleged horrid crime of originating the policy of leasing naval oil reserve lands to private persons. He also has tied to the Democratic Secretary of the Interior Payne the alleged equally horrid crime of rendering the drilling of naval oil reserves necessary by authorizing the sinking of private wells in the general public domain on the edges of the special naval oil reserves. Day by day and week by week he will go further into the Democratic records and endeavor further to prove that Democrats are the sanctioning godfathers of Republican scandals.

Daugherty meanwhile also intends not only to try to

prove himself innocent, but also to try to prove a lot of Democrats abominably guilty. The news of the next few weeks will exhibit the results of this sort of intention and of this sort of quality in him. The Democratic Party will struggle in the net and bleed from the gaff, along with the Republican Party, because it just happened that two certain Republicans—Adams and Daugherty—were by the chemical composition of their blood, or something, unterrified by storms and disposed to take their chances with the hardest and most adventurous Democrats in discovering any and all fish that any depths in Washington may conceal. Mr. Adams and Mr. Daugherty will be the ablest destroyers of the Democratic Party and unintentionally the ablest creators of a new one.

British Labor at Work

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, February 15

THE first Labor Government contains few surprises of any notable kind. Lord Chelmsford, a Conservative Viceroy of India, becomes First Lord of the Admiralty, but those who remembered his association with Indian constitutional reform and his chairmanship of the Miners' Welfare Fund were prepared for his change of view. It is a dramatic Cabinet. It is right and fitting that Sidney Webb should sit on the Treasury bench; he made the Labor Party, and he has mind enough and knowledge enough to fit any dozen officers in the state. Lord Olivier and Lord Haldane are men of vast administrative experience. Lord Thomson is that contradiction in terms, a soldier capable of statesmanship. Mr. Wheatley brings to the Ministry of Health courage and vision and a knowledge of the housing problem second to none in the country. The Ministry outside the Cabinet contains many men of first-rate caliber—Robert Richards in the India Office, Arthur Greenwood at the Ministry of Health, Morgan Jones at the Board of Education. With Miss Bondfield at the Ministry of Labor, the revolution begun by the Franchise Act of 1918 takes a new turn; and one hopes that Mr. MacDonald will be bold enough to find room for her presently in the Cabinet. Presently, too, Mr. Morel ought to be in the Government and Mr. Tawney—the Platonic philosopher in politics—and Miss Susan Lawrence. The Prime Minister has chosen well in a complex situation. There are one or two doubts, and one or two names whose presence I find inexplicable. But every Prime Minister has these difficulties, and I hazard the guess that no Cabinet in our generation has represented so solid or so varied an experience.

Above all, there is MacDonald himself. Friendship always makes judgment a matter of difficulty. But I think these last weeks have made it broadly realized in England that MacDonald is a national asset. It is not only that he has vision and courage. He has a knowledge of Europe to which no other English statesman can pretend. He has a sense of his mission, a power to measure his responsibilities, a love of humble men and the happiness of humble men. Given the chance, I think no other statesman so likely to appease the hatreds of a weary Europe. His judgment is cool, his mind a balanced mind. He has already won the devoted loyalty of his colleagues; and he has struck a new note in the House of Commons. You feel there that mem-

bers are no longer playing a game; they are set to the solution of problems.

His program was announced on Tuesday. Inevitably, it has disappointed many; but you cannot produce the co-operative commonwealth like a rabbit from a conjurer's hat. Russia is recognized; and in that righting of a great wrong Labor has, as is just, been the first of the Allied Powers to herald a new dawn. With Russia once more in the family of nations, we may hope, not merely for the rebuilding of economic relationships, but, what is even more urgent, the interchange of ideas. Russia has a great experience to bring us; we have, I think, something to contribute to her. At least the barriers between us are down, and the feverish dreams of Mr. Winston Churchill can now affect only the squires and old ladies for whom they are so fitted.

But relations with France are the crux. MacDonald moves cautiously. Dexterity has already solved the problem of the Cologne railways; and France has been made to withdraw her shameful support of the Separatists in the Palatinate. The rest turns on two things. The report of the Expert Commissions is the basis upon which MacDonald must build; and his task will not be made easier by the fact that your internal problem has, I suppose, made the Republicans look askance at adding to the burden they must bear by European commitments. The fall in the franc may make France less unreasonable; and discussion may produce a European conference—with Germany and the neutrals—for the revision of Versailles. Italy certainly will go forward on that road, and, I think, Belgium would take the occasion to separate from France if the latter proved obdurate. With patience and skill MacDonald has the right to hope that he can get France out of the Ruhr. If he can do that he can move directly to a European settlement.

At home, the two immediate issues are housing and unemployment. On the first, the Ministry of Health is formulating a program which will look to 120,000 houses a year at a rent of nine shillings a week. It will not be easy. The building rings are powerful, and the Liberals do not welcome the notion of more taxes for the benefit of the poor. But the unions are at one with Mr. Wheatley; and it will be very difficult for any party to oppose a solid scheme. On unemployment, there is to be a great extension of credit facilities, on which Mr. Webb's plans are almost ready; the gap in unemployment insurance relief is to be abolished; certain constructive works are to be taken in hand. In education, the size of classes is to be immediately decreased, there is to be larger expenditure on meals for school children, an increase in the free places in secondary schools, and in scholarships to the universities. These are already under way. It is hoped, too, to improve the treatment of prisoners, especially by a scheme of prison education, and to revise the system of defending poor prisoners. I ought to put on record here the magnificent spirit in which the civil service has cooperated with the new Government. It has worked with a zest that has encouraged the ministers greatly, and the removal of the shadow of Geddesism has given the best men a new hope in their work.

Imperial preference was killed by the election; it will be decently interred next month by a free vote of the House of Commons. We are not to have a particularist empire within a tariff wall. In a similar spirit, Singapore is to go; and with its disappearance there will, one hopes, be a new spirit in the attitude to disarmament. The Government will, in that same spirit, demand the admission of Germany

and Russia to the League of Nations. It proposes to seek the transformation of that timid instrument into a powerful lever. It believes that the League can only win the confidence of the world by being made the center of consistent enterprise. It will not use the Council of Ambassadors. It will insist that the League function in all disputes; and, in the light of the past, it will urge that no disputes are of a non-justiciable kind. We will not have more Corfus if MacDonald can help it.

I have said no word, as yet, of India. That is not going to be an easy problem. The release of Mr. Gandhi was a good beginning; but if the Swarajists are going simply to block administration in the legislatures, the parliamentary situation here will make it impossible for Lord Olivier to move leftward. We in the Labor Party are all agreed that the truest path to Dominion Home Rule for India is such creative use of the present reforms as will permit the acceleration of the period of revision. There will be much less tendency under Lord Olivier to overrule Indian judgment; and, I hope, a new attitude to the Kenya problem. But if the Nationalists refuse a gesture of friendship to Labor, it will be impossible to advance on the present system. I believe myself that Mr. Gandhi is too wise not to see that he is presented with a new and great opportunity.

But, of course, all this depends on whether the Labor Government can retain the confidence of the House of Commons. Obviously, that is not going to be easy since it depends upon what the Liberals will do. And if Mr. Asquith's first gesture is an index to his attitude, he is going to make it as difficult as he can for the Labor Government. He wants to show the country that he is the real master of the House of Commons; and his attack on Poplarism—which he showed a signal inability to understand—proved clearly that his mind still lingers about mid-Victorian economic conceptions. The Government is certainly not going to make itself the creature of his will. It will not resign merely because he maneuvers defeat on details; the challenge must be a frontal attack. How and when that will come lies on the knees of the Gods. I can only assure American radicals that when it comes it will be faced boldly and with no desire to avoid the larger issues. And, in the meantime, we shall inquire into the whole problem of the national debt; we shall revise the present iniquitous poor-law system; we shall gain experience of administration by the actual exercise of power.

For the Labor Party realizes more than any other that this is the critical time of parliamentary institutions. If we can so comport ourselves as to win popular confidence we can hope, after the next election, for a majority that will enable us to take great strides toward great measures. If the Liberal Party tries to prevent our effective functioning, it will convince innumerable people now full of hope that the supporters of the existing regime are not at bottom prepared for its revision in constitutional terms. We may, of course, fail by our own ineptitude; but if we fail through the perversion of tactics by the Liberals, parliamentary government will fall into serious discredit with the masses who still look to it with hope. We live in a period of great events, and great measures are necessary to cope with them. If our political system is so manipulated as to prevent their emergence, the working class will swing rapidly to revolution. But the decision here rests with Mr. Asquith. Mr. MacDonald will go forward if he is given the chance. If it is denied him, the ultimate solution will be found elsewhere.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has always had a particular tenderness for the undergraduates of Barnard College. On occasional driftings in the direction of Columbia University he has observed the keenness, vivacity, and general bouncing air of these young misses with admiration properly tempered by respect and reserve. Now, however, there is danger that his regard for them will burst out of bounds and become positively rapturous. A study of what makes Barnard girls angry is the cause for his delight: "teasing," he reads, "bossing, giving unwelcome advice, contradiction, interruption of sleep, disobedient children, the wrong number on the telephone, inability to open a locker door, being kept waiting, scolding, spilling ink, and breaking one's glasses or watch"—any one of these is ample to put a Barnard girl—or the Drifter—in a towering rage.

* * * * *

LIKE the Drifter, Barnard girls are more prone to anger when they are hungry or sleepy, and generate more fury at persons than at things. When they leave the sheltering confines of their Alma Mater, the Drifter is confident that they will continue to show their appreciation of life's proper values by irritation at persons who seek information over the telephone that is readily accessible in a dictionary, persons who persist in knowing one's destination when one does not know it oneself, persons who like rainy weather, persons who complain at rainy weather, persons who do not wear rubbers and are scornful of those who do, persons who insist on keeping engagements, persons who neglect to keep engagements, and all obnoxious, prying souls who ask personal questions. Besides these the astute Barnard graduates will, the Drifter knows, grow apoplectic over clogged inkwells, desk drawers that refuse to open, desirable books too high in price for the deserving poor, social reform, underdone bacon, jerking Pullman trains, the income tax, and stamps that will not stick. It is evident that education at Barnard really means something: besides the inevitable dryasdust facts these young women are acquiring an enviable capacity for resentment. The Drifter admits proudly that he possesses this quality to a degree; he can almost believe that in some previous incarnation he must have gone to Barnard himself.

* * * * *

IT is not improbable that the Barnard aversions are shared by many besides the Drifter. Yet an editorial writer on the estimable *New York Times*, who is in accord with almost all of the above, takes exception to the discovery that Barnard anger is more easily aroused over the week-ends than at other times, and is shocked to hear the young ladies attribute it to the fact that they are at home then. "What sort of education is this?" demands the outraged gentleman, "that makes the young dissatisfied with their homes?" To the Drifter nothing seems more natural. The antagonism between parents and children is not peculiar to a college for young women, nor is it the result of any form of education. Sweeping aside smaller, inconsequential irritations, the Drifter is planning to concentrate in the future all his great store of anger stimuli on parents who will not recognize this fact, and particularly on *New York Times* editorial writers who deny to the present generation the stimulating rages which they themselves must have enjoyed while still young.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Some Readers on Wilson

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article on Woodrow Wilson in *The Nation* contains more of real truth concerning the deceased than all the other matter printed concerning him during his lifetime and since his death.

On October 15, 1915, while a member of the House, I wrote Wilson as strong a plea as I could make to stop the unlawful seizure of ships and cargoes of American citizens on the high seas by the English; pointed out to him that by tolerating the seizure and indefinite detention of American vessels bound for neutral ports with peaceful cargoes of flour, meat, and other foodstuffs, he was practically withdrawing the protection of the Government of the United States from American citizens on the high seas, thereby forfeiting the respect of all civilized nations and that of our own citizens as well, and violating his own proclamation of neutrality. I received, in reply, a stiff and formal note from Joe Tumulty advising me that he had brought my letter to the attention of the President. Wilson did all in his power, secretly, to defeat me for renomination in 1916 for telling him what he knew to be the truth, and he never forgave me for it.

This incident was characteristic of Wilson; he only tolerated disagreement with him when the political exigencies made it necessary and expedient to do so, and when he had clubbed Congress into transferring to him all power necessary to make him a despot, he used it to the temporary destruction of free institutions and his own undoing. One of the Roman emperors at the end of his career wrote: "Arbitrary power conferred upon the most benevolent man who ever lived will convert him into a wild beast."

Cleveland, Ohio, February 23

WILLIAM GORDON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard has made any contribution in the article appearing in the current issue of *The Nation* entitled Woodrow Wilson: A Supreme Tragedy it is to give expression to the endurance of German hate. The article is unworthy of a scholar and a thinker.

Mr. Villard and his brother pacifists have never dared to picture a world dominated by a triumphant Germany, in other words, by the success of the German idea. This idea makes the state supreme, the individual an unimportant entity to be utilized at all times for the state's power and glory. Men have fought thousands of years and shed rivers of blood in refutation of this idea. No principal in the conflict possessed more accurate information about the human race's long struggle up from slavery than Woodrow Wilson. He knew the sacrifices that had been made in defense of the democratic idea, which stresses the dignity of the individual and assures him protection in his quest for liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The Great War was a contest between these contending forms of government. If Mr. Villard and his brother pacifists had any plan whereby Mr. Wilson could have safeguarded the heritage of human freedom bequeathed to him and at the same time permitted Germany to win the war they have consistently held their peace.

New York, February 11

SARA MCPIKE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is now almost three weeks since Wisconsin people had the gratification of reading the admirable editorial on Woodrow Wilson. They are talking about it yet. There was a letter in the *Capital Times* yesterday in regard to it. Everywhere I go I hear people ask, "Have you read that article in *The Nation* on Wilson?" It was a wonderful condensation of all the most important things which ought to be said about Wil-

son's career, so wonderful and inspiring to all liberals up until the time of his tragic downfall.

Madison, Wisconsin, February 22

CHESTER C. PLATT,

Wisconsin Nonpartisan League

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to your severe judgment and bitter arraignment of Woodrow Wilson, permit me to quote Abraham Lincoln:

The true rule in determining to embrace or reject anything is not whether it have evil in it, but whether it have more of evil than of good. There are few things that are wholly evil or wholly good. Almost everything, especially government policy, is an inseparable compound of the two, so that our best judgment of the preponderance between them is continually demanded.

Woodrow Wilson, abhorring war as fervently as the sincerest pacifist, having turned the other cheek, there was but one other posture—and the imperial boot was already lifted! Non-combative pride could go no further without ignominy. Not even the "God-given" suggestion of Mr. Bryan could have saved us at this crisis, and so Mr. Wilson had to "judge of the preponderance of evil"; he dared not ignore the inexorable logic of events, nor his supreme duty. And yet you profess to wonder what influence won Woodrow Wilson over to the war!

The price of temporary peace would have been much too high. Germany would undoubtedly have been victorious. Autocracy triumphant, we would, today, be paying tribute to the War Lord compared with whom Charlemagne, Julius Caesar, Napoleon would be mere pikers!

Glen Ridge, New Jersey, February 17 LOUIS CORTAMBERT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Villard's estimate of Wilson seems to me as fine as anything that has ever appeared in *The Nation*.

Pittsburgh, February 11

BAYARD H. CHRISTY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read your article in *The Nation* on Woodrow Wilson and wish to take this opportunity to congratulate you on having written the truth about Wilson at a time when most writers are forgetting his tragic failure to shower him with praises.

Dartmouth, February 10

ROLAND A. GIBSON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I want to thank you sincerely for your admirable summing up of the Tragedy of Wilson, in the February 13 number of *The Nation*. It could not have been more trenchant, nor, alas, more true.

I have just seen from William Allen White this (as I remember):

God gave him a vision,
The Devil gave him an imperious temper.
The man has passed on,
The vision remains.

Stanford University, February 15 DAVID STARR JORDAN

Broke, Decorated, but Determined

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am against the bonus and I doubt if I would accept it unless I accepted it as *un beau geste*, and laughed ironically as I did so, and laughed still more ironically as I split it two ways: one-half to help rebuild devastated France and one-half for starving German babies.

I am against the bonus although I am stony-broke and ten thousand dollars in debt as the result of saving the world for democracy and Poincaré.

I am against the bonus although I served twenty-six months, through the St. Mihiel salient, thirty-one days in the

Argonne, saw my regiment lose 45 per cent, 1st personnel, and stayed six months on the Rhine after the armistice.

I am against the bonus although I boast a promotion and field rank, a decoration and a citation, an honorable discharge, and a half-dubious pride in that "I stuck it out" without running away.

In formulating my position I have tried to wipe out of mind memories like these: certain whipper-snapper young West Pointers, more sadistic than the legendary Prussian officer, badgering and driving men in a lust of so-called discipline; farm lads from Kansas wallowing in the same bloody trench as their foe—and both speaking German; a disemboweled man cradled in the shattered bowels of a dead horse; November dawns, acrid with mustard gas and the seven-day corpses of the 32nd Division, rotting in the rain; underfed and blue-eyed Saxon boys—fourteen and fifteen years of age—limbs shattered or dying where they fell.

I have tried to forget the retrospect of hundreds of German children, "ricketed" and undernourished (just as I have wished never to remember Rheims, gaunt against the sky, and a thousand French farm homes ground to powder and dust).

I have tried to forget even my own people war-mad and crazy, calling upon God and Pershing "to can the Kaiser" and slaughter Hans Wilhelm Niederluecke of Neuerburg-im-Eifel, aged twenty-one, and just a stupid Rhenish farm hand. (Well, I shouted with the rest but I also fought. There is a slight distinction implied at this point.)

Yet, of course, I cannot forget all these things—or I would be for the bonus.

But somehow for me to take the bonus would be to acknowledge that it was a just war, that any war is right. It would be to establish one more sophistry, to proclaim once more both the patriotic and moral sanctity of war. Whether we lost pride or principle, a bank roll or a leg—the reasoning would be the same. Money, the great material agent, would justify the cause and heal the wound with the salve of a rabid chauvinism.

I am against the bonus, and if I ever accept it I shall split it two ways: one-half to the German babies dying for lack of milk (there's the body recognized and your foe forgiven); one-half to help rebuild devastated France (there's a swift recognition of the indomitable in man, a tribute to that eternal fortitude of the peasant wherever you find him, and your late brother-in-arms saluted).

Thus the amenities will be observed, although in the meantime I remain decorated and disillusioned, stony-broke and bused.

Yet there's a whole inarticulate legion of us—too proud to speak if not too proud to fight. And probably the whole parcel of us would be deemed unworthy of the designation "the American Legion."

New York, March 1

C. J. MASSECK

Contributors to This Issue

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, writer and lecturer, is president of the Jewish Territorial Organization.

CHAIM WEIZMANN is the president of the international Zionist Organization.

HAROLD J. LASKI, formerly of the Harvard Law School, is professor at the London School of Economics.

CHARLES H. A. WAGER is professor of English at Oberlin.

WILLIAM MACDONALD, a former editor of *The Nation*, has recently agreed to give a course of lectures in American history at Yale.

HERBERT W. HORWILL is an English correspondent who has been spending the past winter in Washington.

Books

The Divine Darkness

Lamps of Western Mysticism. By Arthur Edward Waite. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

"WHAT do you call mysticism?" asks Antinous, in "Aids to Reflection," "and do you use the word in a good or a bad sense?" "In the latter only," replies Nous, "as far, at least, as we are now concerned with it. When a man refers to *inward feelings and experiences*, of which mankind at large are not conscious, as evidences of the truth of any opinion—such a man I call a mystic." There speaks the eighteenth century, with its distrust of "enthusiasm" and its conviction that "where mystery begins, religion ends"; there also speaks the twentieth, whose objection is the same, though its language is different. And yet, in the last analysis, mysticism, properly understood, is at the bottom of all religion that is worthy of the name—not the shallow deism of Voltaire and Bolingbroke, to be sure, nor the "morality touched with emotion" to which a good deal of modern Protestantism is reducible, but religion as it has always been understood by experts in the spiritual life. God, as Pascal is never weary of saying, is a *Deus Absconditus*, who cannot be reached save by "the reasons of the heart." "Formless and vague and fleeting as it is," says Dean Inge, "the mystical experience is the bed-rock of religious faith."

It is this conception of mysticism that underlies Mr. Waite's book—an approach to religion that is direct, personal, independent of creed or rite, that seeks reunion with the Divine Nature as the one goal of man's striving, the end of ends. As the goal is one, so the path is one, whatever the name by which it is called. No religion monopolizes it, whether of the West or the East. While the true mystic makes use of "the lesser means of sanctification," that is to say, the forms and ceremonies and obligations laid upon him as a member of a great society, yet he is essentially of the mind, rather than of the body of the church. He is not an antinomian, for he recognizes the supreme importance of conduct; nor is he an ascetic. Indeed, Mr. Waite appears to think, with Coventry Patmore, that marriage is the medium of the highest mystical experience, and that without it, such experience is impossible. The Catholic church, whose immense services to mystical religion he freely grants, does not, he declares, understand this particular matter at all. The true mystic is not an unsocial being, even though life for him is a long and intense contemplation. What may be called the habit of the interior life does not make him self-centered. On the contrary, it drives him to altruistic action. "Among the first intentions of personal goodness," says Mr. Waite, "is the design of being good to others." But the emphasis upon the mystical basis of religion is a necessary corrective of the externalism, the mere "social service," into which modern Christianity has been so largely transmuted.

The knowledge of divine, supersensible things attained in the mystic state is not knowledge in the intellectual sense at all. The logical understanding has no part in it. It is direct, immediate, intuitive. It comes about, indeed, through "the utter cessation of knowledge." The mystic as such makes no theological discoveries. So far is he from the clear apprehension of intellectual truth that can be set forth in words that he is driven to deny rather than to affirm. He speaks a language of negatives. With many of the mystical writers, the favorite symbol for God is not light, but darkness. The first chapter of the pseudo-Dyonisian treatise on mystical theology, which is the fountainhead of much mystical speculation, speaks of the "supersubstantial ray of the divine darkness" as the goal of the mystic quest. Moreover, the state of union with the Divine Nature toward which the mystic constantly strives is neither conscious nor permanent. Only after such an experience is he aware of it, but its effects are permanent and color all his thought and all his conduct.

The church, though she is the mother of mystics, has never felt quite comfortable with these incalculable children, and her instinct is sound. The mystic is potentially a heretic, though Mr. Waite correctly insists that he is seldom actually or consciously so. He passes, indeed, beyond the rites and doctrines of the church, but they are nevertheless the ladder by which he rises. He transcends without annulling them. The church, Mr. Waite insists, has never had the courage of its own possibilities. If its rulers had experience of the mystic union, "would it not perchance repent of all its dogmas and all the high definitions?" We think not, except at the price of ceasing to be a church at all.

Unfortunately, the doctrine of religious mysticism is historically related to a class of doctrines with which it is less easy to sympathize. Spiritism, various forms of the occult, mystic brotherhoods claiming vast antiquity—Mr. Waite takes account of them all and speaks of them with more deference than many of his readers can feel. He thinks, for example, that there is in spiritism the possibility of genuine mystic discoveries in the future, but he is severe enough upon the "inchoate clamor" of its present pronouncements. Nor does he think better of various mystic cults with which he appears to have the acquaintance of an initiate. "The truth," he found, was "not in these things or in those who sought them." Newman once said, though without humorous intent, "if I must submit my reason to mysteries, it is not much matter whether it is a mystery more or a mystery less"; but Mr. Waite would evidently not go quite so far.

It is impossible, in the space at our command, to give an adequate account of a book like this, for it is really of a good deal of importance. It is badly written, in a kind of jargon that, if the author were an American, the English reviewers would call Americanese. But it is a profound and penetrating account of the mystic idea and its chief interpreters, and it is evidently based upon experience. Mr. Waite's competence to discuss such matters is well known. It ought at any rate to convince any candid reader, however unsympathetic, who has the patience to read it that his own experience is not the measure of the spiritually possible.

CHARLES H. A. WAGER

Toilers of the Sea

Letters of Stephen Reynolds. Edited by Harold Wright. London: The Hogarth Press.

THE English are a seafaring nation and the genus "seafaring man" includes both the sailor and the fisherman, but only the former of these has found his *vates sacer*. The English fisherman has had neither a Dibdin to make him the hero of popular songs nor a Marryat or Clark Russell or Conrad to present him as a living character in fiction. English literature, indeed, knows nothing about any kind of fishing except the tame variety made famous by Izaak Walton. If Stephen Reynolds had not died at thirty-eight, the gap might have been filled.

A graduate of Manchester University with honors in chemistry, Reynolds attempted to gain a living by writing, but an early breakdown sent him to the coast of Devon, where he regained his health by working for a fisherman whose acquaintance he had made on a holiday visit. The experiment turned out so well that he not only entered into partnership with his Sidmouth friend but made his home with the fisherman's family, and, as a general thing, forsook middle-class society. The difference in social standards brought some trying moments, especially at meal times, but Reynolds was not playing with life, and his fundamental humanity carried him safely over all embarrassments. He soon learned the fisherman's craft from A to Z, and his outside training and experience supplemented his partner's knowledge and skill in many ways. He introduced, though not without a conflict with the conservatism of his fisher colleagues, the profitable innovation of a motor boat. He led a fight against a lord of the manor whose depredations on the

foreshore were threatening the local fisheries with ruin. He devised schemes for saving the fishermen from the exactions of the middlemen, and did his best to get them to combine in plans of cooperative marketing. After a few years, he was able to render his friends valuable service on a larger scale by official work for the Fisheries Board, especially during the war. In all this he showed a business capacity not usually associated with the artistic temperament.

But an artist Stephen Reynolds undoubtedly was. A writer whose prose won high commendation from Joseph Conrad was no tyro in literature. The letters collected in this volume, though thrown off hurriedly in the course of an over-busy life, are enough to show his quality. They are couched always in a vigorous English, with a wholesome and refreshing smack of the sea. Yet he had a struggle to make anything like a livelihood by his pen. He would have been content, he said, to make £150 a year out of literature, but he found it hard to get.

His first-hand experiences of the worker's life naturally stimulated Reynolds's thinking on social problems. He cherished the hope that the fisheries might lead the nation toward a better social and economic order. His reaction to the European war may be indicated by quoting his opinion that those who have died for the honor of their nations, on both sides, are sacrifices to the dishonor of the race as a whole, and that to all appearance Kultur has conquered by its traditional method of peaceful penetration, pursued under war instead of peace conditions. As to the post-war situation, "the governing classes are skating not merely on thin ice, but on thin ice over a stream that's gathering pace." They "seem not to be aware that the real bone of contention is not wealth, but life." The talk about reconstruction proves to Reynolds that the people who presume to guide the nation are not thinking. The new generation will not want reconstruction—which has to do only with matter, with bricks and mortar, and will amount only to an effort of the old gang to get back to top-dog—but re-creation, the inseminating of life with more life. These are but samples of the shrewd and penetrating reflections which make one feel that when Reynolds became in 1919 the victim of his over-exertions in the cause dear to him the British nation lost a man of the type it could least spare.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Wanted: An Executioner

A Study of International Government. By Jessie Wallace Hughan, Ph.D. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$2.75.

The Development of International Law After the World War. By Otfried Nippold. Translated from the German by Amos S. Hershey, Ph.D. Oxford: Clarendon Press. \$2.50.

International Society, Its Nature and Interests. By Philip Marshall Brown. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

WHEN Madison, in anticipation of the meeting of the convention which was to frame the Constitution of the United States, drew up an elaborate account of the systems of federal government that had already been tried, he doubtless hoped that the lessons of the past which he had collected would be studied by the men who were shortly to reorganize the American nation. Unfortunately, while we do not know that the work was not read, there is little evidence to show that it was used. It is to be feared that a similar fate may attend Miss Hughan's sketchy survey of the history of international government and administration, as far, at least, as the persons practically connected with those matters are concerned. History is not lacking in lessons, but every generation is about like every other in forgetting or ignoring them and in going about the solution of its own problems as if no one had ever essayed similar problems before.

To most readers, accordingly, what Miss Hughan has to say about the past will probably seem only a rather long introduction to what she has to say about the League of Nations. She is at pains to tell us that the book is not a plea for or

against the League, and her discussion of the organization and work of the League is, as a whole, commendably impartial. What is said in her closing chapters, however, about the problems which neither the League nor its members have shown either inclination or capacity to solve, and of the general political and social atmosphere in which internationalism of any kind is today compelled to live, more than suffices to show how futile is the attempt to make the world better by accepting the yoke of the Covenant. Practically every influence that in the past has helped to make war possible is still operating, and some of the most deadly of those influences have been strengthened by the treaties to which the League owes its existence and whose provisions it is in part expected to enforce. When the League is prepared to put its own existence at issue by attacking the unholy internationalism upon which it rests, it will be time to talk about the League as a help in forming an international mind.

Otfried Nippold's learned treatise, already well known to such students of international law as can read German, was published in the spring of 1917, and to readers who are not specialists it will be of interest chiefly because of the author's clear anticipation of a league of nations as the body under whose direction and control the development of international law should properly take place. The league which Mr. Nippold has in mind, however, is not the one-sided structure created by the Paris treaties. The international body upon whose influence he relies is one in which all the nations are represented, "but in which no one nation should have a predominant part"; he is not interested in a league so contrived that a nation like the United States would feel constrained for its own safety to keep out of it, or in one which Great Britain or France, or the two in combination, would be easily able to dominate. Given a league of his planning, any violation of the system would at once concern every member state, and might be punished by combined pressure or even force. The fundamental defect of the plan is that membership in such a league means national subordination rather than free national cooperation, and in the present state of national spirit such cooperation is impossible.

The vigorous and thought-provoking discussion of the conditions and problems of an international society which Mr. Brown offers contains a chapter on the League of Nations which was written before the Corfu incident, and which the author might now feel disposed to modify in the light of that informing episode. Even so, his conclusions are stated with so much caution and such important reservations as to suggest that the League, although recognized by him as a "going concern" and acclaimed for its admirable organization, nevertheless has a perilous road to travel. The League, he points out, "purports to guarantee—at least in a moral sense—the existing *status quo* either against physical aggression or against the revision of the treaties on which the League is based"; yet the Treaty of Sèvres and the agreements with the Turks (he writes before the Lausanne Treaty had been concluded) show what the Great Powers "may choose to do outside and in derogation of the League's authority." A second function of the League is "to guarantee the fullest discussion of international disputes before nations are permitted to resort to war." Italy's course with Greece in the Corfu controversy did not go beyond a war-like gesture, but the debates in the League were treated with contempt by Italy and ignored by the conference of ambassadors, with the result that discussion and events went on apart. A third guaranty, "that coercion of some sort will be brought to bear against any nation which seeks self-redress through war without having first demonstrated its full right to do so," ebbed its young life away when Mussolini thumbed his nose at the League and Lord Robert Cecil tried to make black appear white, and is seriously questioned by Mr. Brown on the ground that relations between nations ought to be conducted "on the basis of conciliation." In addition, the League is "primarily a European concern," and the regional character of most of its

problems makes no particular appeal to the United States. Mr. Brown even goes so far as to suggest the possibility of regional leagues to deal with special problems—an idea which, he thinks, "may prove the saving of the League and indicate the natural wise direction for its evolution."

One puts down these three volumes with the clear impression that the League of Nations needs someone to help it to die. It is built, to use Mr. Brown's phrase, on the "shaky foundation" of vicious treaties; it is dominated by a few Great Powers that flout it when they please; there is no agreement as to whether or not it ought to use force, and it has no force to use; it embodies no moral idea for which anyone would give a sixpence; and it is a regional undertaking anyway. One wonders that well-intentioned souls should still dream of the time when the United States will embrace so decrepit an institution.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Weary Souls

Humble Folk. By Bosworth Crocker. Stewart Kidd Company. \$2.

IT would be illuminating to know how large a percentage of New York's population dwells below the level of the sidewalks. The premium which high rents have placed upon every square foot of ground has transformed the subsoil of Manhattan into a landlord's gold mine, and the rapidity with which what were meant to be basements have been "converted" into what are alleged to be apartments is crowding people downward—almost as fast as they are being pushed skyward. Meantime pneumatic drills bite out the rock to make fresh burrows.

It is this submerged tenth (or whatever the proportion may be) that Bosworth Crocker draws upon for material in her one-act plays. Of the five plays in the collection, two have scenes laid below the pavement level—and the other three command a view of life equally narrow and similarly depressing. It is as if her characters, staring out through dingy barred windows, have only the horizon of the curbstone across the street for their dreams; their eyes, seeking a meaning and some beauty in life, are blinded by the sweepings and the litter of the gutters. In "The Last Straw" one faces "the kitchen of the Bauer flat in the basement of the Bryn Mawr"—how poetic these apartment houses are in the telephone directory!—and looks through an open door at the dumbwaiter, common carrier of garbage and groceries and gossip. In "The Baby Carriage" the vista is that from a tailor-shop "two steps down from the sidewalk." Here one finds that mingling of emotions and races out of which are woven the trials and aspirations of humanity. The author is not dealing with poverty, but with that grinding struggle which is even worse; her people have the illusion of some future dawn of comfort, which grows pitifully dimmer with every step. Two of the plays—"The Dog" and "The First Time"—are laid in police courts, which—in the figurative temple of the law—themselves occupy the converted basement, administering justice with the lazy impartiality of a janitor. Here one has again, in Bosworth Crocker's vivid handling, an appraisal of the ironic fates which play with the lives of humble folk, turned aside from the normal expression of their hopes and loves and replacing their true emotions with parodies. In the protagonists of her dramas, the author has been highly successful; they are living creations voicing their woes and their disappointments with conviction and with no mawkish interludes. The lay figures which she has introduced to express the good impulses of the world are not quite so convincing; the Irish police matron in "The First Time" is a little incredible in her well-meant offices of kindness, and Mrs. Rooney—the Hibernian angel in "The Baby Carriage"—seems too Lady Bountiful to be true. Some of the minor figures in these compact little dramas, however, are etched with a swift and compelling fidelity to life.

If one cites the well-worn slice-of-life label for Bosworth

Crocker's plays it is to suggest that—contrary to the accepted method—she has made her cuts transversely and examined with greatest care the bottom layers. She is not interested in dramatic contrast and only secondarily in dramatic conflict; she centers her thought upon weary souls, buffeting existence and being buffeted to the breaking-point, so that they face the crises of life only partially aware of the significance of their revolt. Out of such elements are woven drama which is sharp and terse and—like life itself—indecisive. LISLE BELL

The Return of Ovid

Ovid. The Lover's Handbook. A Complete Translation of the Ars Amatoria. By F. A. Wright. The Broadway Translations. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

OVID was a favorite poet of Chaucer, as he was of Shakespeare, and also, strangely enough, of Milton. Dryden was fonder of him than he was of certain classical writers whom he translated at greater length, and Pope did not neglect to modernize a few passages from the "Metamorphoses." But Ovid's reputation, as Mr. Wright says somewhere in the hundred pages of introduction which precede the present work, declined in England after the first few years of the eighteenth century. "Since 1717 translations of Horace and Virgil have been as thick as gooseberries on a gooseberry bush: of Ovid there has scarcely been one that deserves notice." Mr. Wright finds reasons for this. Horace spoke perfectly for the men of the eighteenth century, with their "genuine but very restricted patriotism, their polished but slightly brutal manners, their utter lack of all true religious feeling"; while Virgil was fitted to attract the later nineteenth century by his imperialism, his philosophic melancholy, and his acquiescence to all forms of power whether hollow or profound. Mr. Wright plausibly predicts a revival of Ovid, as he does of Lucretius, and in the case of Ovid at least it is probable that the revival will follow upon Mr. Wright's own efforts as a translator; for, judged by the present specimen, he belongs in the company of the most skillful of all Englishmen who have made classic poets modern.

Ovid until now has been more or less suspect because he is so interesting. He never was a "classic" in the sense that he was solemn. His wit, his impudence, his cool grace, his ability along with his willingness to say anything whatever that came into his head, and his indifference to dignity have been rather against him. But Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton delighted in him because he was incredibly rich in the materials of poetry, and anyone capable of knowing a good story when he sees it has always known that Ovid is one of the best tellers of tales in the world. Add his sophistication and he becomes a poet who, if signs mean anything, ought to be popular today. Columnists who have rung the last dreary changes upon the odes of Horace may profitably turn to the "Amores," the "Heroides," the "Metamorphoses," the "Tristia," or even the "Fasti." Once Ovid is recalled from his exile in the cold north, the stream of his poetry will flow again, unlocked—if Mr. Wright continues to turn the key—from the grip of that winter which froze the beards of the men of Tomi and changed their beverages into stone:

Nor need they jars their liquor to confine;
They do not quaff a cup, they break a bit of wine.

From the opening stanza of Mr. Wright's book the reader settles down comfortably to a poem which is never in any obvious way a translation:

It is by art ships sail the sea,
It is by art that chariots move,
If then unskilled in love you be
Come to my school and learn to love.
In all the process of seduction
This handbook gives you full instruction.

This is Ovid, as all of Mr. Wright's stanzas decidedly are; but it

is as contemporary as Austin Dobson or Ezra Pound. Mr. Wright establishes himself here as a master of light, ironic verse—an exceedingly difficult kind of verse, calling for constant labor and care in cadence and rhyme, yet demanding that both of these be concealed behind an appearance of ease. His rhymes astonish by their ingenuity and at the same time do not irritate by any suspicion of constraint. He introduces the most charming anachronisms without seeming to work them in; modern idioms, proverbs, names light upon the ear with a natural and proper sound:

If all the entrances are blocked,
If at each gate there stands a sentry,
If the front door is safely locked,
Then down the chimney make your entry.
Be bold and every trick essay,
Where there's a window there's a way.

So on through the three portions of this toothsome treatise upon love—the last of its kind in European poetry, and perhaps the best. So on, through directions to the lover as to how to behave at the circus, at the banquet, and in his lady's chamber, and through exhortations to the loved on many a subtle or unsubtle point, to the nearest conclusion a classic, Latin or English, could ask for:

Come now, my swans, from heaven descend,
The car you've drawn its course has run.
Our sportive task has reached its end,
And when love's trophy she has won
Let each maid whisper to her suitor
Ovid to both of us was tutor.

MARK VAN DOREN

Taking Stock

Told by an Idiot. By Rose Macaulay. Boni and Liveright. \$2.
The Plastic Age. By Percy Marks. The Century Company. \$2.

MISS MACAULAY means the title of her brilliantly executed satire to be taken seriously, but it is with difficulty that she achieves gloom. Through her pages, liberally sprinkled with exploding bombs of wit, she leads one character who bridges the three generations described, who watches with bitter detachment the flux of enthusiasms and absurdities which constitute life, and who ends with Macbeth's words upon her lips. But though one has laughed often the tears do not come, for obviously Miss Macaulay is one of those born satirists who find too much fun in exhibiting human follies ever to regret that man is not more wise. To read the book is to know that, for her, gibing is a sufficient end in itself and that even if God made the world for no other purpose than to make satire possible (and this theory fits the facts as well as any other) she has no real cause for repining. Disillusioned she is, but bitter she only tries to be. "Sad to say," she begins a paragraph, "the earth was, in the year 1880, drenched (as usual) in gore"; and again, speaking of freedom she remarks: "There's one thing about it; each generation of people begins by thinking they've got it for the first time in history, and ends by being sure the generation younger than themselves have too much of it. It can't really always have been increasing at the rate people suppose, or there would be more of it by now." However tragically true these things are, for the person who can state them so jauntily and so wittily, the joy of the phrase more than compensates for the sadness of the fact. What Miss Macaulay gives us is moderately good fiction, competent social history, and superlative wit, but, as for the tragedy, it has about as much chance of coming off as "Hamlet" would have if it were staged in the midst of one of Mr. Pain's most elaborate exhibitions of the pyrotechnic art.

"In the year 1879, Mrs. Garden came briskly into the drawing room from Mr. Garden's study and said in her crisp, even voice to her six children, 'Well, my dears, I have to tell you something. Poor papa has lost his faith again.'" So she begins, and so she continues, sweeping with unflinching wit and gusto

through the years from the time when clergymen were busy reconciling Genesis with geology and a smart Victorian miss said to her outraged mother, "I am a late Victorian and we do what we like," down to the present day, when other smart misses are saying much the same thing. She touches off with burlesque or epigram every familiar type from the painfully liberal-minded clergyman to the latest flapper philosopher, every "movement" from Ruskin to Freud. Whoever wishes to know what the typical contemporary sophisticate thinks of himself and his grandfather will find it here, for "Told by an Idiot" is the History of Our Own Times as seen by that "younger generation" which is just now growing old, and it is a magnificently witty summing up.

Yet in spite of Miss Macaulay's dominant thesis, which is that all times are changing times, all women new women, and every year the end of an epoch, I venture the opinion that her book could not have been written except at the end of a definite literary period. Satire as easy, pointed, and unerring is not achieved on unfamiliar themes and is possible only when the object of attack is definitely recognized by all, and when we can perfect our weapons with a full knowledge of the victim's weak spots. Victorianism is dead—so dead that only an exhibition of skill as superlative as Miss Macaulay's can interest us in seeing it killed again, and if literature is not to become definitely stereotyped some new approach must be found. Perhaps there are choices other than the choice here offered between black despair and satire for satire's sake; perhaps, indeed, Victorian seriousness will come back, though not in the way our conservative friends would hope. Consider, for example, poor papa, in whom "broadmindedness amounted to a disease" and who had "believed much and often." He and his fellows fought battles against terrible monsters of superstition and tradition, losing their livelihoods and their peace of mind in the struggle, and if today the monsters they faced seem but unreal chimeras that is only because they did their job so well. Perhaps we, too, as Miss Macaulay suggests, will seem to our children to have fought with shadows, but to us those shadows are real—real enough to give wounds or draw blood, and that is enough. Life is no less passionate and important because to God (or to our descendants) it is also absurd. Such, at least, is the only faith by which novels can be written.

Mr. Percy Marks is by no means so skilful a workman as Miss Macaulay, but he cultivates a less well-tilled field. Satires on college life which are not of the George Ade variety are new, for only the very youngest of the younger generation caught the anti-Babbittian enthusiasm early enough in their lives to apply its standards to their college careers, although the new genre to which Mr. Marks's book belongs is already recognizable. It is not rash to assume that the author, who is described as an instructor at Brown, is himself not long out of college and more familiar with life and thought within the walls than without them, but he is conscious of other standards and he has brought them to bear upon college life. The picture which he draws in a very literally realistic fashion is not optimistic. On the one side the horde of unawakened barbarians, on the other a group of dry pedants; and seldom do the two meet. Though not very important as literature, "The Plastic Age" is pleasant reading and an interesting document. If Mr. Marks can judge and protest, other young men can too, and the college is not lost.

J. W. KRUTCH

Books in Brief

Nine of Hearts. By Ethel Colburn Mayne. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

The short-story writer who plunges too abruptly into the inner psychology of his characters cannot expect to take the reader with him. Miss Mayne knows the deep pools of emotion, but she insists upon diving into them before her reader is prepared for the immersion. One is asked to share her searchings

amid subtleties of action and thought before one has sufficient acquaintance with her people to make the exercise truly rewarding. As a disciple of Henry James, she needs to acquire his qualities of deliberation and detachment.

Injury, Recovery and Death in Relation to Conductivity and Permeability. By W. J. V. Osterhout. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

This is a highly technical biological work which involves some mathematical calculations that may discourage the general reader at the very outset. The work is highly interesting and suggestive to the biologist, however. The experiments described aim to measure accurately such vague terms as injury, recovery, and death, to find an expression in mathematical terms for the general statement that a living thing has suffered a severe or a slight injury, or, conversely, to measure the vitality or resistance of a living organism to untoward conditions. To be sure, these experiments are made only on seaweed, but methods may be devised whereby higher organisms may be tested. The principle discovered by these experiments is that living matter offers greater resistance to the passage of an electric current when perfectly normal than when injured or when its vitality is lowered, as by exposure to a non-fatal dose of a poison.

Together. By Norman Douglas. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.50.

Nothing can be much less rewarding than a travel record which has been conscientiously committed to a book without having first been filtered through an alert and an informed intelligence. When one turns to the narratives of Norman Douglas one can be assured that this cerebral preliminary has been observed. Mr. Douglas does not so much set down what passes in front of his eyes as what passes across his mind; his observations are the source of his impressions, and his impressions the luminous pivot for all manner of philosophy and speculation. There is just enough actual substance in "Together" to form a basis for what the author chooses to contribute out of his ripe intelligence and nimble wit; the whole works up into a pattern which eludes classification in precisely the same degree in which it gives pleasure.

Drama Serpent of Old Nile

THE eighteenth century held Shakespeare to be an inspired barbarian; the romanticists invented a sovereign and impeccable master and called that image of their fervid minds Shakespeare. He was neither the one nor the other. His was undoubtedly the highest poetical endowment in history. But his works are not so much ill-built as written in and out of a period that had the architectonic sense of neither antiquity nor modernity; his human psychology is, except at certain famous and transcendent moments, medieval and sins constantly against truth and nature; his style, of an intense and flawless glory at its best, is unsteady, unmastered, never to be counted on. He was, in truth, the victim of a general manner of writing that was nearly as bad as possible. Chaucer is, whatever else he is or is not, a good writer; Dryden is a good writer. The Elizabethans are bad writers—stilted, affected, conceited, obscure. There is no fault of the writer that cannot be illustrated from almost any page of any Elizabethan or Jacobean poet. It were well if these plain facts gained general acceptance and Shakespeare were freed from the idolatry of the schools. We should then, among other things, be spared such melancholy occasions as the performance of "Cymbeline" by Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe; Miss Cowl would not venture forth on her Egyptian craft.

It is clear enough what attracted her. Cleopatra is one of Shakespeare's most genuine women. She is extraordinarily

feminine. She is scold and queen, great lady and great courtesan, romantic lover and acrid gossip. And that is much. For, contrary to the general opinion, Shakespeare's women are more unreal than his men. Ophelia, Imogen, Viola on the one hand, Portia and Rosalind on the other, are types of womanhood created by an almost adolescent wish. They are either exquisite simpletons or exquisite hoydens. Juliet is an exception; Cleopatra is another. She is Juliet at thirty. This character, especially in the scenes of scolding and jealousy and frank realism—the scene with the messenger, the scene in which Octavia is discussed—Miss Cowl acts delightfully. She is angry and arch and insinuating; she has a lovely liquidness of aspect and fluidity of gesture. In the famous death scene she is inadequate and bewildered. And so she is in the scene with the dying Antony. She makes little of these high and heroic moments. Perhaps she does not quite feel them. And I admit that it is hard to feel them. They are remote. One wonders if people ever acted thus or if this is but an heroic convention. I strongly suspect the latter to be true. And the writing of the dramatist does not help. Oh, yes, he writes divinely. Here are those incomparable words:

O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou movest in! Darkling stand
The varying star of the world;

Here are those others:

No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares.

"O si sic omnia!" Alas, they are not. The staple is:

No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offense.

How forced and frigid that is, how little the speech of any true passion or despair! In the death scene, too, one listens for a half dozen matchless lines and then is "for the dark."

Yet the scenes in which Cleopatra appears, the scenes for the sake of which the production at the Lyceum Theater was undertaken, are by far the most coherent and human of the play. The Roman scenes, whether political, warlike, or festive, are scrappy, disconnected, and wholly lacking in verisimilitude. Shakespeare is, of course, blameless for lacking all sense of historic atmosphere and exactness. It was not of his age. But it was not indeed. These are not Romans; these are neither practical politicians nor warriors. Caesar and Pompey were not ranting euphuists. If this is to be acted, let it be acted as an Elizabethan fantasy. It has nothing to do with atrium or toga or the garb of the legions. No wonder that Mr. Rollo Peters seemed simply an uncomfortable young man with a beard. The emotions were either unreal or thoroughly archaic. The real Antony, we may be sure, didn't think of himself as the "demi-Atlas of the earth," any more than any other first triumphant and then defeated general. Heroic poetry may still be written; the convention of heroic conduct in bed or at board is dead. And when the modesty of nature is constantly offended the players have no choice but to strut and mime until the lights go out.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Russia After Lenin

THE immediate policies of the Soviet Government, following the death of Lenin, are revealed in the following statement by the new chairman of the Council of Peoples' Commissars, A. I. Rykov, published in the Moscow *Izvestia* on February 9:

A great number of correspondents, both Russian and foreign, have wanted to interview me on the subject of my election to the post of chairman of the Council of People's Commissars and the immediate problems of the foreign and internal policies of the U.S.S.R. It would be impossible to talk to the representative of each paper separately and I shall have to limit myself to the following statement:

It seems to me that the representatives of the press are exaggerating the importance of the appointment of one person or another as the head of the Council of People's Commissars in our republic. For more than six years now the decisive and leading force in the Soviet Republic has been the Communist Party, which assumed the leadership in the October Revolution. This party is still in power.

The peoples of the Union have successfully passed through under the direct leadership of Lenin. Further progress will have to consist in continuing, under conditions that are far more favorable than those of the past six years, the policies which have already been defined.

During these six years I have had the opportunity of being one of Lenin's closest aids in his governmental work. It was on the suggestion of Lenin, more than two years ago, that I was appointed to act in his place in the Council of People's Commissars and in the Council of Labor and Defense. During those periods when his health permitted Lenin to do his work in the councils we have worked together. The main task both of myself and of the councils is to continue the policies which have been determined under the guidance of Lenin.

In questions of internal and foreign policy decisions have been recently adopted by the congresses of the soviets of the allied republics and by the Second Congress of the Soviets of the Union. These decisions will define the policies of the Soviet Government in the immediate future. That unanimity which was demonstrated in the voting at the recent congresses of the soviets bears witness to the fact that the policy of the Government enjoys the fullest support of the whole mass of the laboring elements in the U.S.S.R.

In the field of foreign policies these decisions may be summed up as aiming toward the continuation of peace and the strengthening of the position of the Soviet Union among the nations. The Union of Soviet Republics has never coveted foreign territories and does not want to rule other peoples. But the unsettled conditions in contemporary Europe and the instability of the Versailles peace compel the Soviet Government to keep up the fighting force of the Red Army, at present considerably reduced, in order to be prepared against any assaults.

My election to the post of chairman of the Council of People's Commissars coincided with the recognition of our republic on the part of England. This recognition is of the more value to us since it has been one of the first acts of the new British Government and is an expression of the opinion of the English working masses. I would like to see in this act of recognition a disinterested attempt on the part of the present British Government to find new ways to establish peaceful relations between the peoples of Europe and Asia. . . .

Faith in the stability of the Republic of the Soviets of the Workers', Peasants', and Red Army Deputies on the seventh year of the October Revolution has deeply penetrated the consciousness of Western European society. This creates a basis for the success of business negotiations on mutual differences. Those countries which earlier than the others adopted a sober

attitude toward the great revolutionary change in our country have nothing to regret, it seems to me. Our relations with Germany after the treaty of Rapallo have developed with great success and have profited both countries. . . .

The universal sympathy which Soviet Russia enjoys among the peoples of the East and the exceptional popularity of the name of our leader Comrade Lenin among these peoples have been the result of that policy upon which Vladimir Ilyich firmly insisted: disinterested help to and full sympathy with the peoples of the East in their striving for national, cultural, and political regeneration. This policy we shall continue in the future to the fullest extent, and I am certain that it will strengthen our relations with Turkey, China, Persia, Afghanistan, and other nations of the East. In fact, this is only an application to our foreign relations with the nations of the East of that policy of national self-determination which the Soviet Government has always carried out in relation toward the different nationalities composing the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

Within the Union the creation of the Council of Nationalities as one of the supreme organs of our Union will serve as a constitutional guaranty for the observance of the interests of those nationalities which have been most oppressed during the whole period of the history of Czarist Russia. . . .

In the field of internal policy our first task is still the re-establishment and development of our economic life, chiefly in the exchange of goods between the city and village. The development of our exports of agricultural products, the organization of agricultural credits, the increase in plowing, and the general regeneration of our agriculture will raise the purchasing power of the main mass of our population—the peasantry—and will thus insure the growth of industry, the increase of employment, and a rise in the wages of the workers. . . . During the immediate future the greatest attention will be centered upon the further improvement of our budget and monetary exchange. The monetary reform adopted by the Second Congress of the Soviets will stabilize the whole exchange of goods within our country.

During the past year our economic life has been considerably revived by our own efforts, without the participation of foreign capital. The improvement in our relations with the Western European Powers (Germany, England, Italy) may quicken this regeneration through the attraction of Western capital, both in the form of loans and concessions. . . .

The economic bond between the city and village, the union of workers and peasants, is the main slogan for our government machinery. In establishing this bond as well as in defining our policies in regard to taxes, credits, cooperatives, and agriculture, it is necessary to help in every way to improve the condition of the poor peasant who suffers on account of his lack of live stock and plowing land.

The Soviet Congress on British Recognition

THE British note tendering de jure recognition to the Soviet Government was received in the Moscow Foreign Office on February 2, at the time when the Second Congress of the Soviets of the U.S.S.R. was in session. On this occasion the congress adopted the following resolution:

After hearing the communication on the full de jure recognition extended the U.S.S.R. by Great Britain and the establishment of full normal diplomatic relations between the two countries, the Second Congress of the Soviets of the U.S.S.R. notes with satisfaction that this historic act was one of the first steps taken by the first government of England brought forth by the working class.

The Workers' and Peasants' Government of the U.S.S.R., which has been generated by the great revolution, put forth as its prime task the struggle for peace, and during all the time of its existence it has striven persistently toward establishment of normal relations with all peoples. Unfortunately, none of the previous governments of Great Britain came forward to meet the advances of the Government of the U.S.S.R. Moreover, in May last the U.S.S.R. was confronted by English diplomacy with an ultimatum which threatened to sever the commercial relations already existing and which created a direct menace to the peace of Europe.

During all this time the working class of England has been a faithful ally of the laboring masses of the U.S.S.R. in their struggle for peace. The peoples of the U.S.S.R. remember the efforts of the working masses of England and of the liberal part of English society directed toward the lifting of the boycott and blockade and the ending of armed intervention. They are well aware of the fact that the present recognition has come as a result of the persistent will of the English people, which demanded the political recognition of the Soviet Government as an indispensable condition for the firm establishment of universal peace, the reconstruction of world economy destroyed by the imperialist war, and, in particular, for the successful struggle against industrial stagnation and unemployment in England itself.

The peaceful policy of the Soviet Government under the leadership of V. I. Lenin, coupled with the loudly proclaimed will of the English people, has finally brought about the establishment of normal relations between the two countries in a form worthy of the great peoples of both countries and has laid down a basis for their friendly cooperation.

In the strained atmosphere of contemporary international relations, which are pregnant with menaces of new world conflicts and which are holding the laboring population of all countries in a state of natural alarm, this step by the English Labor Government acquires especial importance.

The Second Congress of the Soviets of the U.S.S.R. declares that cooperation between the peoples of Great Britain and the U.S.S.R. will remain one of the prime concerns of the Union Soviet Government, which, in accordance with its expressed peaceful policy, will use every effort toward the settlement of all questions of difference and misunderstandings and toward the development and firm establishment of the economic relations so sorely needed for the economic and political progress of the peoples of both countries and of the whole world.

The Second Congress of the Soviets of the U.S.S.R. extends its friendly brotherly hand to the English people and instructs the Union Government to take before the British Government all the necessary steps following from the fact of the recognition of the Soviet Government.

President of the Second Congress
of the Soviets of the U.S.S.R.,
M. KALININ
Secretary of the Second Congress
of the Soviets of the U.S.S.R.,
A. ENUKIDZE

Italy Recognizes Soviet Russia

THE Moscow press on February 9 carried the following official statement issued by the People's Commissariat of Foreign affairs:

Today, February 8, the acting Commissar of Foreign Affairs, M. Litvinov, received the Italian representative, M. Paterno, who informed him of the *de jure* recognition of the Soviet Government. Afterward M. Paterno sent Commissar Chicherin the following text of the note of Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs Mussolini addressed on February 7 to Commissar Chicherin:

The Teapot Dome investigation is in a sense an echo of the old conservation fight. The oil in the Wyoming Naval Reserve is a drop in the bucket compared with the energy resources of the country at stake in the development of Giant Power from coal-mine to water-fall.

Giant Power

"Giant power" is a term coined to set off from earlier developments the tremendous projects now forecast in the harnessing of tumbling waters, in burning coal at the mine-mouth and in organizing great interlocking schemes of power transmission.

THE projects raise grave questions of government control, private and public, state and national; questions of monopoly, of offsetting the needs of small consumers and large, the rise or dwindling of great industrial districts. They raise also great human questions.

We know how the common life was upset by the uncontrolled advent of steam-power and the factory system it ushered in. Does Giant Electric Power lift up the hope of overcoming much misery and capturing new leisure, a hope especially of spreading out production, of a recovered village life capable of meeting the cities on even terms?

AMONG the contributors to this issue, brought together by Robert W. Bruère, are Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, Governor Smith of New York, Joseph Hyde Pratt, director of the North Carolina Geological Economic Survey, Sir Adam Beck, chairman of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission, Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company, Morris L. Cooke, director of Pennsylvania's Giant Power Survey, and an interview with Secretary Hoover by William Hard.

Henry Ford

is doing something on the River Rouge in the way of water power development which is uneconomic as yet—but it is fascinating. It is the play of a big man with a little river.

FORD began in his boyhood with a water-wheel on the same stream. Now there is the tremendous River Rouge plant of the Ford Motor Company in the Detroit suburbs. Further up the river there is Ford's own home at Dearborn with Dam No. 1 and his pond stocked with fish. Above, the stream grows smaller and here and there on old mill sites, some of them unused for half a century, Henry Ford is putting up new dams, modern turbines and small factory buildings. To these he is transferring tiny departments from his great Highland Park plant.

Whatever else can be said about Ford, he clings to an idea until he has squeezed it dry.

An interview with Henry Ford on his River Rouge Experiment will be just one of the features of the special number of Survey Graphic on Giant Power.

Survey Graphic

is full of original, first-hand articles on the most interesting subjects of our time and of "pictures of men as they are." Among its contributors are James Harvey Robinson, Dr. Richard C. Cabot, Edward T. Devine, Francis Hackett, Hendrik Willem Van Loon.

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M. PEOPLE'S COMMISSAR:

You know that ever since I took the government into my hands it has been my desire to accomplish the reestablishment of political relations between the two countries, considering these of great importance both in the interests of the two countries as well as in the general interests of Europe.

I am therefore gratified that the Italo-Russian commercial treaty has been signed today. I am happy to inform you on this occasion that in accordance with the statement made in my speech of November 30, 1923, before the Chamber of Deputies and in my speech at the close of the conference on the afore-named treaty which took place January 31, 1924, since the treaty has been shaped I consider the question of the de jure recognition of the Government of the U.S.S.R. by Italy as settled.

The Italian Government has therefore given an unreserved order to appoint a royal ambassador to the Government of the Union and it therefore considers that from this day, February 7, 1924, the political relations between the two countries are finally and firmly established.

I am certain that this day may be marked as the beginning of a new and fruitful era of cooperation between the two states in their mutual interests and I ask you, M. People's Commissar, to accept my deepest respect.

MUSSOLINI

The Bulgarian Reaction

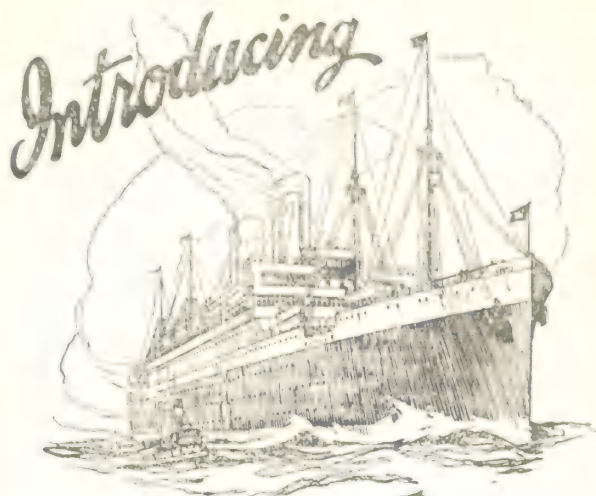
THE right of asylum for political refugees is in imminent danger of being violated by the Turkish Government in connection with the Bulgarian refugees who crossed the border after the failure of the September uprising against the military dictatorship now ruling Bulgaria. The Turkish Government has threatened to accede to the demand of the Bulgarian Government to deliver these refugees up to Bulgarian justice on the ground that the refugees are not political but common offenders. In protest against this intention, the Bulgarian Foreign Aid Committee, organized in Vienna on behalf of the victims of the uprisings in Bulgaria of June and September, has issued the following manifesto:

The disregard by the Turkish Government of the right of asylum for political emigrants (which is recognized by all civilized countries) cannot be justified on the ground that the Bulgarian Government claims that in this case the offenders are not political but common offenders. There is no need to prove to a neighboring country like Turkey that the Bulgarian refugees there—workers, peasants, and intellectuals—are no common offenders but courageous sons of the people, who rebelled in September of this year against the usurpers governing Bulgaria, and who fought and will continue to fight for national independence, for peaceful relations with its neighbors, and for freedom. The Government of New Turkey, many members and workers of which were often forced under the old regime to seek asylum in other countries, can easily understand what the refusal of this right would mean for the refugees.

The Bulgarian Foreign Aid Committee voices its protest to the Turkish Government as well as to public opinion throughout Europe against the attempt to deliver into the hands of their executioners those who took part in the September uprising in Bulgaria and who are now on Turkish soil. It expects the Turkish Government immediately to withdraw its order and extend the right of asylum to the Bulgarian refugees or give them the opportunity to go to Russia, where the people will welcome them with open arms and brotherly sympathy.

Following is a letter written by the Priest Athanas in Kritschin, Bulgaria, to his student son in Austria:

On October 1 Boris Gentshev, student of medicine in Gratz



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(Austria), came to our village with his brother, Ivan Gentshev, an officer. Fifteen cutthroats from Philipopol met them here. All day long this gang drank with the Gentshev brothers in Felo Popov's house and continually threatened that when they were through with drinking wine they would drink blood. Toward 7 p.m. they loaded thirteen peasants, among them your brother Petko, upon a truck and drove them to Philipopol. We begged them to transport the men during the day, but were ordered to keep quiet at the points of bayonets. The commandant forbade anyone to leave the village and the truck drove off to the accompaniment of the screams and cries of the children.

Days went by and we knew nothing of the fate of the arrested men until this terrible news came: When the truck arrived near the mill between Kurtev and Kara-Kai, the chauffeur said that there was something wrong with the motor; that he could not proceed. The ruffians cried out: "That fat one should get off." Your brother was torn from the truck and tortured and maltreated in the most frightful manner. After they stabbed him fifty times with a knife, they crushed his head. Nikola was killed in the same manner. The rest of them fled, but three of them were shot. This sad news soon spread and put the whole village into a state of great agitation. At 7 p.m. the truck was returned with the naked, mutilated corpses. The commandant ordered us to have them dressed by 8 o'clock the following morning. At 3 o'clock the funeral took place. The investigation committee we asked for did not materialize.

When you get this letter, write immediately to your brother in America that he should give the facts to the newspapers. Do everything you can to give these facts the widest publicity in the German and English press. The whole world should know that Bulgaria is being ruled by beasts. Real human beings are living in Western Europe who will understand our cry for help. They will hear the crying of thousands of children who will have neither home nor bread when winter comes. In the name of thousands of parents, widows, and orphans, in the name of the whole people, we demand that our Government be brought to account for causing innocent blood to flow.

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WE ARE NOT INTERESTED in scapegoats. Thus we are only mildly interested that Charles R. Forbes, formerly director of the Veterans' Bureau, and John W. Thompson, a Western contractor, have been indicted for their part in misusing the funds intended to compensate or relieve our war victims. We are not even greatly interested in the statement of the grand jury that two members of Congress are implicated in the scandal or in the probability that court proceedings will reveal worse abuses than the inquiry of the Senate committee. We have no liking for filth, and when we call attention to it—as we have done repeatedly in connection with the Veterans' Bureau—our purpose is to quicken the average American to a sense of the dishonesty and futility of our existing political system even when dealing with the most sacred national obligations. Poor, pitiful, weak-souled Forbes and his shameless associates should be punished, no doubt, in the normal process of justice, but the only thing of lasting importance is that we should find our way through this mire to a little higher and firmer ground. We are infinitely less concerned with Forbes, who is out, than with Hines, who bears today the responsibility that Forbes abused. And most of all we are

concerned that the disgust of decent Americans shall wean them from their allegiance to old-party politics to the extent of choosing hereafter the hopeful untried in preference to that which has been too long tolerated.

FIVE YEARS OF MADNESS is bearing fruit in France. The franc, which stood almost at par after the armistice, and was still worth seven and a half cents fifteen months ago when the French regiments assembled to march into the Ruhr, has fallen to three and one-half cents. There are rumors of an Anglo-American loan to safeguard it; such measures can only postpone a further collapse unless a fundamentally new orientation is given to French policy. It is nonsense for French politicians to cry out that their currency is the victim of an international plot. France has indeed a sound economic structure with her large and prosperous peasantry. But nothing can save the franc if the Government continues to squander hundreds of millions in military loans for the nations of Central Europe and to pour more millions into the pockets of speculators under the guise of "reconstruction," making no provision for such expenses in the budget, and staking all hope of stabilization upon the dream of impossible billions from Germany.

TIME WAS WHEN RELIGION dominated politics, but today politics dominates religion—even in the Moslem world. The Republic of Turkey has abolished the caliphate, and thereby demonstrated that it has more power in its own world than the bolsheviks in Russia or than the lay kingdom ever had in Italy. The action is comparable to an abolition of the papacy or of the patriarchate of the Eastern Church. Apparently the attachment of the Moslem world to its caliphate is regarded in Angora as such another myth as the famous "jihad," the terrible holy war which, when proclaimed by the Sultan, was to mean the collapse of the British and French rule over Moslem countries. The much touted unity of the Moslem world has seldom showed itself in action in recent years except in the "caliphate" agitation in India three years ago, when the injustice done to holy Turkey by the Treaty of Sèvres proved so powerful a slogan in stirring the Moslems of India to join the Hindus in demanding independence. After all, the Koran itself prescribes no caliph, and the Turkish line which has held the title for four centuries has done so only by right of conquest. The foreign offices of Great Britain and of France seem to have been more stirred by the announcement than the Mohammedans themselves; if France is determined that her Moslem subjects shall call her puppet sultan of Morocco caliph there may be a pretty struggle with the British influences which have proclaimed that Hussein, the puppet king of the Hedjaz, shall bear the title abolished by the Turks.

POSSIBLY THE WHALE spoke feelingly to Jonah on the danger of his being swallowed by some large fish—that was Mr. Heywood Broun's pertinent comment on President Coolidge's devout assurance that it was primarily our concern for the Filipinos which led us to insist upon maintaining them in tutelage. Mr. Coolidge, to be sure,

found another excuse: that the Filipinos had not yet had sufficient training for self-government. It appeared that some Filipino officials had not conducted themselves in office quite as they should. It must have been a little difficult even for such a Yankee as Mr. Coolidge to get through that reference without winking a large wink in the general direction of the Senate committee investigating the oil leases.

ANOTHER GUNBOAT, the third, has been sent to Honduras, we note from a *Washington dispatch* dated March 10. We italicize "Washington dispatch" because we wonder if our readers have observed that all the news in regard to the disturbance in Honduras, and our interference in it, has been emanating from Washington—and from the State Department. There is almost no news from Honduras direct, either by correspondents of the Associated Press or of individual newspapers. Such correspondents, as every sophisticated newspaper reader knows, are all too prone to take the official view, but they occasionally telegraph a fact or so that lets the cat out of the bag. As long as our news from Central America is all in the form of canned paragraphs from the State Department we are certain to find crying need of intervention on behalf of "American interests" and subsequent assurances that, however many natives we have killed, our efforts have been successful in "averting bloodshed."

THE FOREMOST REASON for the financial misfortunes of farmers in the upper Mississippi Valley, it is well understood, is the reduced demand for wheat, with the consequent fall in its price. The Secretary of Agriculture, Henry C. Wallace, reporting on this situation, sees little chance of increased consumption. He notes that Europe is not using as much wheat as before the war, while the prospect of a larger nearby supply is increasing through the agricultural revival in Russia. Not only is Europe unlikely to be importing more wheat, but we are using less ourselves than before the war. Mr. Wallace thinks this is due to the fact that during the war many public eating-places began for the first time to charge for bread, a custom they have since continued, thus reducing the consumption. Even more important than this, we imagine, is the fact that many persons learned during the war to use other grain than wheat for bread and other food in place of bread. Mr. Wallace recommends, by way of relief for the distressed farmers of the wheat-growing regions, government assistance through credits and lower freight rates, but his facts indicate that the world needs to reduce its production of wheat.

IT DOES SEEM a pity to reduce the world's output of wheat at a time when thousands of persons are going hungry, but unless there is some way of bringing the two together—and there appears to be none now except on a charity basis—we have no alternative. Mr. Wallace estimates the world wheat crop for 1923, outside of Russia, at 3,400,000,000 bushels. This exceeds the production of the previous year by 300,000,000 bushels and the pre-war average, also excluding Russia, by 500,000,000 bushels. Besides, newer countries with cheaper land, like Argentina, Australia, and Canada, are edging the United States more and more out of the international wheat market. The hope of stimulating domestic consumption is illusory, even if desirable. In the long run people eat what they like and can

afford, despite drives and advertisers' slogans. There is a natural sequence in farming. On new, cheap land sheep usually come first; then cattle for beef; then grain; then dairying; and finally intensive cultivation of fruits and vegetables. It is time for farmers in the wheat regions to consider a change to dairying or diversified crops.

SO MANY PERSONS rose to protest at the announcement that, owing to increased immigration, aliens coming second-class as well as third-class would have to go to Ellis Island for examination instead of going through the process aboard ship that the order was revoked. Why so much emotion? The order had only one defect: it ought to have included first-class passengers. For many years persons having money enough to afford first or second-class tickets have been able to save hours and days of time and to escape manifold indignity and hardship. What is sauce for the poor should be sauce for the rich. There is no excuse in law or justice for the discrimination so long practiced. Besides, if our English lecturers and Italian prima donnas and French counts had to pass through Ellis Island a few times, there would be a hullabaloo sufficient to bring some much needed changes in short order.

IN HOMESTEAD, a suburb of Pittsburgh, a Negro broke into a house, was chased by the owner, and escaped. The next day the police arrested thirty Negro suspects. At least twenty-nine of them must have been innocent, yet "each," according to the *Pittsburgh News*, "was sentenced to serve thirty days in the workhouse by Burgess Cavanaugh." In Kansas City, Missouri, the Irving Pitt Manufacturing Company was robbed of \$13,000. The police took into custody three black men, and after ten hours of "examination" announced that they had obtained detailed, though contradictory confessions from all three. Their attorney, according to the *Chicago Daily Worker*, obtained their release on habeas corpus writs only after some delay. "All three had been pulped and kicked, their ears torn, their bodies marked from shoulders to knees by the rubber hose. They were examined by the doctor, who at once ordered Ramsay [one of the three] to the hospital." The judge had a different idea of the proper role of the police and called the matter to the attention of the grand jury. One police official resigned, one fled to Porto Rico, and the city detective could not be found—his resignation arrived by mail. Finally, the real robbers, caught in a shooting scrape in East Chicago, confessed. The police chief, when interviewed, remarked aggrievedly: "An innocent man, if he were any sort of a sport, would be willing to suffer that punishment of the guilty might be rendered easy."

SEVEN PROTESTANT DENOMINATIONS—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Baptist, Universalist, Unitarian, Lutheran—and two shades of Jewish faith participated actively through their ministers and rabbis in the New York State Birth Control Conference at Syracuse. An audience even larger than those which thronged the sessions was reached when Mrs. Sanger broadcasted the first address on birth control ever transmitted by radio in America. One hundred physicians attended the meeting for members of the profession, and a birth-control clinic for Syracuse is an immediate probability. Thus the attempt to stop discussion of this vital subject served, as in the

case of a similar effort at the Town Hall in New York City a year ago, to give a vigorous impulse to the movement.

IN COMMON with the National Woman's Party, which is introducing a series of "equality bills" in the various State legislatures, we believe that women should "own their labor in or out of the home." We suspect that most women find the endless domestic drudgery, the necessity of depending on the amiable impulses of a man for any recognition beyond a bare living, very wearying to the spirit. But we suspect also that most women, like most men, are so bound by the customs and mental habits of generations that any drastic remedy of their domestic slavery will be a shock. People can learn to absorb shocks, but it takes time. Peter the Great faced something like a revolution when he ordered Russian women to face the world unveiled; but in the last few hundred years they have successfully caught up with and passed their Western sisters. It need not take as long as that for women to learn to demand the economic value of their home labor. But in the years of adjustment certain difficulties must be got over. If a husband pays wages he becomes an employer—the boss of the shop—and will be in a position to dictate hours and standards. Under our present haphazard and unjust system women are fairly free in their own domain to work or shirk as they please. If women decide to exchange this status for a wage and a boss, they must face the implications of this change. They must organize in unions to protect their working conditions and to win a living wage. They must learn to dissociate the loving husband and the recalcitrant boss. Can these things be achieved within the rather narrow limits of human instincts and emotions? We advise those married women with an uncontrollable yearning for domestic labor to go and do it in some other man's home.

THE struggle between the Actors' Equity Association and the Producing Managers' Association, which may result in a temporary closing of the New York theaters when, on June 1, the present contracts expire, is on its economic side a perfectly conventional conflict between masters and men. What gives it a keenly humorous interest is the priceless argument of the managers that the noble art of acting shall not be contaminated by trade unionism or affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. The spectacle of Messrs. Erlanger, Dillingham and Ziegfeld, Brady, Henry Miller, Klaw, Wages, Hals and Kemper, of Mr. George White, who produces only the "Scandals," of Mr. Broadhurst, and of Mr. Golden, who does the sweet, pure, all-American plays—the spectacle of these gentlemen passionately concerned over Art and the dignity of its devotees is one of uncommon gaiety. "The theater is not a shop. It represents an art!" exclaims Mr. Belasco. How noble that sounds. Mr. Frank Gillmore of the Equity Association can indulge in no such swelling words. He is obliged, though an artist himself, to speak of "jumping contracts" and "bogus managers" and other ills from which the union has protected the actor. A little economic security, a little assurance that the laborer will get his hire may not be a bad thing even for art.

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO is to be deported from Spain. A man of courage and appalling activity, a poet, critic, novelist, dramatist, professor, he has but one subject—man and the duel between man's reason and his faith.

Though his reputation in the Spanish-speaking world is as a writer and philosopher, in Spain itself, with magnificent arrogance, he has made himself a storm-center by his attacks on the Government. Since Spain was put under the spurred heel of the Rivera dictatorship Unamuno has been one of the few who have dared to protest. The parody of the civil movement of the Italian Fascists, staged in Spain by a coterie of soldiers, was primarily intended to conceal the responsibility of the Crown and of its military advisers for the Moroccan disasters. They tried, by diverting public attention, to load the Spanish politician with all the sins of the African campaign, to muzzle the proposed parliamentary investigation into the frauds and criminal neglect of the Moorish war, to silence the press by censorship. Unamuno raised his voice to accuse, to point out those responsible, including the King himself. He exposed with biting sarcasm the sad comedy of the attempt to ape Mussolini with a barrack coup. Now he is condemned to exile. No longer young, Unamuno is about to leave Spain and his chair in the University of Salamanca.

NO OTHER MARCH LITERATURE is so fascinating as the seed catalogues. A cover of flaming marigold is for a month more universally appealing than the customary pretty-girl wrapper, a pictured basket of sweet corn and melons more alluring than a curve of palm-bordered South Sea beach. How, when the snow is melting and the ground thawing, can Sinclair Lewis or Edith Wharton compete with Peter Henderson or with Vaughan's "Gardening Illustrated, 1924"? Your true farmer planned his crops long ago; but it takes a barrel-organ, a rope-skipping girl, and a crowd of boys playing marbles on the sidewalk to concentrate the thoughts of the suburbanite or city-dweller upon his backyard or his window-box. Then comes the thrill which only the gardener with little space can know; the man with large acres can never dream so wistfully as the farmer of a window-box or a row in the yard. The man with six square feet to plant knows the eagerness of the two-weeks vacationer, a closed book to those who winter in Florida and summer in Europe. The proud grower of a new dahlia or a new French salad may rate his triumph high; it is as nothing compared with the glow of victory in the breast of the New Yorker who produces radishes where there seemed naught but cinders and ashes.

SEED-CATALOGUE WRITERS are beginning to learn the art of P. T. Barnum. There was a time when pansies seemed adequately described as "of clear color and persistent bloom." Today we read something like this: "Cedarstrom's Giant Orchid-flowered Butterfly Pansies are world-famous for their superb spread, elegant form, careless freedom of growth, fiery diversity of color and tone, and for the persistence of the bold, velvety blossoms through summer heat and autumn cold. The late Theophilus Cedarstrom sent scouts to scour seven continents to build this race of super-pansies." Hollyhocks no longer grow in spikes; they are "mammoth candelabra." Even the turnip almost becomes a "succulent bulb." Why not? The visitor to Barnum's circus, if he did not see what the posters had pictured, got his money's worth, and the gardener, even if his crop fail, is sure of surprises for which he did not bargain. The seed catalogue, for all its mouth-filling phrases, can never equal the thrill of the first green shoot that pierces the ground.

President Calvin Coolidge

THE President of the United States, holding the highest office in the world, cannot escape his share of critical attention. So far as the public has learned his energies have been directed chiefly to the protection of men in whom the nation had lost confidence. There is no suspicion that he has made money out of oil; but he has put his trust in a corrupt gang, and instead of protecting the people from them he has sought to protect them from the people. When at last public opinion forced him to name special prosecutors to do the work which his discredited Attorney General could not do he named a succession of corporation lawyers, some of whom held retainers from the oil companies and all of whom were of that type. The Senate rejected some of his appointees; in those whom it has confirmed the public has little faith. They may be honest men; that is not enough. They are not men whose names give confidence that they will hew tirelessly to the line, let the chips fall where they may. Yet America is not without men—like Frank P. Walsh, Gilbert E. Roe, Samuel Untermyer, Morris Hillquit, Francis Heney, Clarence Darrow—whose names would give such confidence.

Unless the Republican Party is desirous of committing suicide it will not renominate Calvin Coolidge. It did not nominate President Arthur at the conclusion of his accidental service as President; it never occurred to it that no one but Mr. Arthur could uphold the standard of the party in the campaign of 1884. To maintain, as so many do, that Mr. Coolidge must be nominated merely because he is the incumbent is preposterous. The favorable votes of party conventions in Minnesota and Iowa mean little. When the national convention is at hand the Republicans will hardly court deliberate defeat by selecting this man whose whole record shows that he is grossly inadequate to the tasks to which he has fallen heir, who has failed utterly to rise to the need of the hour, and at this writing stands convicted by his own telegrams of being a cordial friend of the group which is responsible for the existing shame of the republic. We do not mean to insinuate that he has connived deliberately at wrongdoing. But there is no escaping the fact that he has shown the grossest misunderstanding of the gravity of the situation. A man able and willing to continue to associate on friendly terms with Mr. McLean after his confession that he had deceived the senators investigating the oil transaction is obviously unfitted for the office of President. Mr. Lodge would have served Mr. Coolidge, their party, and the country better if instead of defending the President he had frankly stated it as his opinion that Mr. Coolidge would do well to retire from the Presidency.

A campaign is under way to whitewash Mr. Coolidge. He has been hysterically and unjustly attacked, we are told; the abuse of him in the Senate and in the press is unfair and unwarranted. Let us, therefore, set down without color the facts concerning him which have appeared in the record. They have been scattered and need assembling.

The President had appointed as his secretary an ex-Representative, a merchant of postmasterships who had sold appointments for contributions to the party treasury. Just as the oil inquiry began to reach the front pages, on December 22, this secretary left Washington for Palm Beach, Florida, where he lunched, dined, and golfed with Mr. Mc-

Lean, publisher of the *Washington Post*, with whom Mr. Fall was taking his meals. McLean had deceived the Senate committee investigating the oil scandals, leading them to believe that he had lent Mr. Fall \$100,000 with which to buy a ranch—the \$100,000 which, as was later learned, had really been “lent,” in a satchel, by Mr. Doheny. The White House doorman notified Mr. McLean by telegram that Mr. Slemp was leaving. So did John Major, Mr. McLean’s confidential assistant, who simultaneously suggested the installation of a private leased wire, which, he said, would give McLean “easy and quick access to the White House.” Mr. Slemp later took the stand and told the Senate committee that he had gone South for rest and recreation and had hardly mentioned oil to Mr. McLean or to Mr. Fall.

The private wire was installed on January 3, and the White House telegrapher was put in charge of it. Messages sent on this private wire of Mr. McLean’s by Mr. Coolidge’s telegrapher were sent in a Department of Justice code—not an “obsolete code,” but one still in use, as Mr. Burns testified, though replaced in extremely confidential matters by a newer code. Over this wire went the message, on January 29, informing Mr. McLean that the “principal” had said there would be “no rocking of the boat and no resignations.” This was just two days after Mr. Coolidge’s midnight statement announcing that he would appoint special counsel to prosecute. Over this private wire had gone advance notice of Senator Walsh’s departure to examine Mr. McLean in Palm Beach. The day after Senator Walsh led Mr. McLean, under oath, to admit that he had deceived the committee in Washington, President Coolidge telegraphed McLean from the White House: “Prescott is away. Advise Slemp with whom I shall confer. Acknowledge.” This, he now explains, referred to local politics in the District of Columbia; the significant point in any case is that, as Senator Lodge stated in his official explanation, the President did not know how to reach his own secretary except through McLean. He knew at least that Slemp would be in constant touch with him. A month later President Coolidge still retained his regard for McLean. It was on February 12 that he wired: “Thank you for your message. You have always been most considerate. Mrs. Coolidge joins me in kindest regards to you and Mrs. McLean.” When this telegram was published on March 6 the White House hastily explained that it was a reply to congratulations upon the President’s Lincoln’s Birthday speech. Study revealed that it had been sent at 10:17 a.m.—eleven or twelve hours before the speech. The White House then explained that further examination of the files revealed that it was a reply (a very prompt reply) to congratulations on the President’s statement, made on the previous evening, in reply to the Senate’s demand that Mr. Denby be ousted.

That is the record. It convicts the President of no crime. It does show him maintaining, secretly and persistently, intimate relations with a corrupt group. Messrs. Fall and McLean were constantly conferring on ways of hiding their corrupt tracks, and this was known to the country and to Mr. Coolidge when his secretary went to Palm Beach, as when the President consulted McLean upon politics in the District of Columbia, lent him his confidential telegrapher, and sent him cordial telegrams.

The President could have given us at least one ringing declaration of his sense of outrage, both that he should find himself in so humiliating a position and that the country should be subjected to this unutterable disgrace. He could have put every department at the service of the committee instead of letting them stand aloof. He could have said to the American people: "I see that in my faith in my associates of Mr. Harding's Cabinet I have been deceived. I shall leave no stone unturned to set my own house in order without a moment's delay. I shall not only punish the guilty; I shall make a clean sweep. Above all, I shall dissociate myself absolutely from all who have been tarnished by the disclosures."

What did the President do? Nothing of the kind. His promises of punishing wrongdoers have been as perfunctory as it was possible to make them. He accepted the kind congratulations of Mr. McLean upon his refusal to demand the resignation of Mr. Denby in response to the request of Congress. It is no wonder that Senator Heflin asks: "Who is McLean? Is he the head of the Republican Party now,

its chief spokesman?" Well, the best that Mr. Lodge could do was to say: "I am not discussing Mr. McLean's character, but he was known to the President and it was a very natural way of reaching Mr. Slemp if he were still in Florida." To us it seems the most unnatural way possible. He should have used the Secret Service, the telegraph companies, and all the federal officeholders in Florida, if necessary to locate Mr. Slemp, before applying to McLean. From the beginning of this scandal the President has shown himself pitifully small, pitifully inadequate, pitifully lacking in that fine sense of honor which the American people have the right to expect of any man they put in the White House.

Explanations are needed. The fact that a man holds high office is no justification for silence. We know that Senators Smoot and Lenroot, members of the investigating committee, have actually used their position to confer with the guilty instead of to expose them. The facts on the record justify suspicion that Mr. Coolidge has slipped into the same policy of protection. In any case he owes the country a full explanation.

The New Masters of Europe

CURRENT revolutions—and counter-revolutions—on the Continent pass almost unnoticed. The historians note the dates of Germany's constitutions; they may record as even more significant the date when the German Reichstag voluntarily surrendered its parliamentary power to a dictatorship. There were no parades in Germany, but the event was as portentous and as discouraging as the advent of Mussolini in Italy or of Primo de Rivera in Spain. Equally striking is the near-abdication of the French Parliament. A year ago Poincaré rode rough-shod over the deputies and forced them to pass a budget without discussion—a budget which, duplicating the preceding year's, obviously would require extensive modification. This year he has again forced through a sort of blanket authority, the new tax measures including (in addition to the 20 per cent increase in all taxes, the 50 per cent jump in railroad rates, and similar explicit measures) a general authorization to the Government to make measures of economy by decree.

This decay of parliamentarism is an often-observed phenomenon. We recently quoted a bank circular which seemed to welcome the trend and remarked: "After all, the most important service of government is that of maintaining order and protecting industry and private business." The important question to ask is just that: Whom do these dictatorships serve? When the bulwark of parliamentary control is gone does business rule absolute, and what happens to the plain people? The answer lies in such scantily recorded phenomena as the gradual loss of the eight-hour day in Germany, the substitution of the eight-hour day in the mines for the seven-hour day won in 1919, the manner in which wages have lagged behind prices as the cost of living rose in all the countries of Europe. Personal military dictatorships such as that of Rivera in Spain are of far less significance than the forces behind Chancellor Marx in Germany or Poincaré in France. No one any longer attributes much importance to the positions which may be taken by the various political parties which nominally rule Germany through the Reichstag. The attitude of the leaders of business determines the attitude of Germany. Such a dispatch as the fol-

lowing (to the *New York Times*) tells a significant tale:

BERLIN, Feb. 22.—The Government gave the Reichstag to understand this morning that if any attempt is made to annul any of the special rules and regulations decreed by the Government while the country was under martial law the Reichstag will immediately be dissolved.

Another dispatch, which may have been mistaken, is no less significant as illustrating the trend of thought. The *New York World's* Paris correspondent reports:

I learn from a trustworthy source that the Comité des Forges, union of the great French ironmasters, has made a dramatic reentry on the political scene after lurking in the background for several months.

One of the most prominent members of the ironmasters' ring, former Ambassador Laurent, a close personal friend of President Millerand, has conveyed to the highest quarters the belief that "France can only emerge from the industrial crisis threatening by suspending the constitution and establishing a dictatorship in the Italian manner."

Austria has been taken in hand, under the auspices of the League of Nations, by a Dutch financier acting essentially in behalf of the international bankers who raised the Austrian loan. Hungary, too, is going under the wing of international finance. The expert commission which has been studying Germany's finances is expected to make proposals which would similarly involve a transfer of Germany's essential assets. In these cases power passes, not to a group of foreign governments, but to a group of foreign financiers.

In this gradual transfer of power from the political governments of Europe, controlled to a greater or less degree by the peoples of the respective countries, to financiers utterly divorced from such control, lies perhaps the most significant current in present-day Europe. It is not a healthy current; it cannot be permanent, and it is not likely to be turned back without some rather violent measures. And the most important question for America to consider, in determining the help which we will give Europe, is the question as to how far we will help strangle European democracy, or will assist Ramsay MacDonald in promoting a return to sanity.

Ships and Their Names

IF it is hard to name the baby—and it is said to be—in a way satisfying and adequate from the standpoint of all its parents, grandparents, godparents, fosterparents, and miscellaneous relatives, how much more difficult must it be rightly to name a ship! For, whereas babies are at the most merely human, ships (as every sailor knows) are at least superhuman. And while a misnamed infant may later on change and repair the mischief that has been done him, a ship (no matter how noble) has to await the initiative of some poor human.

Once upon a time the names of ships were bestowed by their builders or their captains or at least by merchant owners with a knowledge of and a keen respect for their craft and the sea. Now the selection of names for ships is largely left to office-chair managers, boards of directors, and other persons whose acquaintance with the sea is by way of an occasional six-day transatlantic trip passed mostly in the smoking-room or in front of the bar. The result, inevitably, is a tendency toward the conventional, a search for names that are safe, sane, and sound rather than beautiful, symbolic, or personal. Under the old method there were some ludicrous results but there were also some inspired ones. Now places or persons seem to be the safest bet, and in any list of arrivals and sailings one finds a preponderance of names like Maracaibo, Rotterdam, Asia, President Monroe, or General W. C. Gorgas—a list of names eminently suited to dining-cars but carrying no inkling of the hazards, the possibilities, or the poetry of the sea.

The height of inept nomenclature was reached during the war, says C. Fox Smith in "Sailor Town Days," when rapid construction and a hysterical mentality led to absurdities as notable as those when ships were named in a more personal way, but to none of the compensating successes of that earlier period. Take, for instance, the series of ships in England with the prefix "War." The War Spear and the War Sword were not so bad, but what shall one say of the War Beryl and, finally, the War Fig? "War Fig!" sniffs Fox Smith, with legitimate contempt. "What possible connection is there between figs and ships, except in the capacity of a cargo; and even if Fig be conceded, then why on earth War Fig? What is a War Fig, and why is a War Fig different from a Peace Fig, or for the matter of that a Pre-War Fig?" Equally bad were some of the names bestowed upon American standard ships built in our war haste and waste: the Lake Gravity and the Lake Frugality, for example, which might as well have been accompanied by a Lake Prohibition or a Lake Sobriety.

Let us turn back to earlier eras. There was spirit in the names of ships like Fiery Cross and Hotspur, Pride of the West and Great Republic, Aventurier, Sovereign of the Seas, Challenger, or Dreadnought. There was beauty of name as well as of line in those English-built China-tea ships, the Ariel, the Lothair, and the Sir Launcelot. What imagination is not touched by recalling the Sea Witch, Trade's Increase, Chariot of Fame Neptune's Car, or even Cognac Packet; or by the bare mention of the old whaler Truelove, the New World, the Hope, the Bombay Castle, the Cornish Belle, or the Flying Cloud?

And as for us, we would take passage any day for any place on the Star of Peace, the Golden Hynde, or the Jesus of Lubeck.

Art and Artifice

WHAT, despite so much talent and preoccupation and earnestness, makes the field of contemporary letters often a little wearying is the absence of what our ancestors used to call *afflatus*. We are well aware of the sins and follies that were committed in the name of that quality of which the "inspirational appeal" of the Chautauqua lecturer is today's stale and nauseating residuum. When you read an introduction to the works of Milton once written by so good and able a man as William Ellery Channing, you become wary enough of emphasizing the importance of *afflatus*.

The reaction against that manner was strong and has been permanent. Yet if thoughts do not breathe, words will not burn, and the most skilful writer, if he does not write primarily to relieve his own mind, will end by wearying the minds he addresses. A writer who is intent primarily on what he must say need not by any means trail singing robes or indulge in solemn gestures. Neither Swift nor Voltaire, neither Lessing nor Nietzsche, neither Hazlitt nor Thoreau can be accused of being soggy with their "message" or of writing ill. Yet it is patently true of them all that they wrote in order to communicate thoughts which they held to be of the highest practical or philosophical importance to mankind, and polished and perfected their media merely as methods of communication between themselves and a world that needed them.

Now in a good deal of contemporary writing in English we miss the sense of the writer's inner necessity for writing at all. We miss that very often where protests are loudest and find it occasionally where no protest exists. Mr. Sinclair Lewis and Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, for example, are such satisfactory writers because they have the modern, sober, unobtrusive equivalent of what was once called *afflatus*. They are tremendously anxious to say their say and entirely convinced of the importance of the result. Mr. Waldo Frank, on the other hand, seems to experiment in a dim region between form and formlessness of both thought and technique and thus we get no impact from his notable talent at all. Mr. Hergesheimer, to take a different kind of example, seems ashamed of having anything to say, avoids earnestness like a solecism, and drifts back into the decorative with the sense of having both socially and artistically done the right thing.

Now perhaps the main difference between art and artifice, using the latter word on a rather high plane, is somehow involved in the distinction we have been trying to make. It is a distinction that exists in other arts as well. Nothing is beautiful in architecture that does not serve to uphold the structure it adorns; a utensil is not comely that was not made for use. Literature is, in this respect, the most responsible of the arts. Artifice may glitter for a day; it is passionate thought that knows the morning of immortality. Many of our writers today connect this doctrine with the mood of professional reformers or "spellbinders." To all such we commend Remy de Gourmont's great essay on style. Gourmont, of all men, can hardly be thought of as an inspiration monger. Yet in that essay he declared the final truth to be this, that works well thought out are always well written, and that a curious or a beautiful style built around an insufficient substance will, like a powerful parasite wrapping a feeble tree, finally crash with the rottenness of what it feigns to support.

Six New Republics in Central Europe

By EMIL LENGYEL

FIVE years ago six constituent assemblies were feverishly at work in Central Europe preparing to give legislative certificates of birth to six countries which had come into existence a few months previously. National constitutions in the making were resplendent with high-sounding assertions of inalienable human rights; vows were uttered to make each country the standard-bearer of unadulterated democracy; parties scrambled for strategic positions; "special interests" made friendly overtures to the new rulers. Groups which had formerly been irredentist nationalities celebrated their newly won independence and filled the air with songs of liberty. The tyrants were in flight or prostrate in the dust. Verily, a new golden age seemed to be near at hand.

The six countries which were established in the central parts of Europe occupy an almost contiguous territory spreading from the Arctic regions down to the Danube. Fifty-one million people are living on this territory, which covers 325 thousand square miles. The six nations which inhabit it have hardly anything in common except the memory of their sufferings in the bondage of alien oppressors. Most of them come from different racial ancestries. Their traditions and history as well as their languages are different.

Czecho-Slovakia, although her size is rather moderate and the number of her inhabitants does not exceed thirteen million, occupies a unique position among the six new republics. The land of the Czechs is a thoroughly Westernized country, a projection of Slavdom into Western civilization. It was already a highly rated country when it lost its independence in the battle at the White Mountains, at a time when Russia, to quote a contemporary, was still a "semi-barbaric giant."

Poland of the preindependence times held the record as numerically the greatest irredentist country of all ages. Even at present her twenty-six million citizens outnumber the population of all the other new states taken together. Its culture is characteristically Eastern European, with an intermixture of Prussianism and the Austrianism of the Vienna Court in the upper social strata of what formerly were the Polish holdings of Germany and Austria. Poland's fate was all the more pathetic because her territory had been torn to pieces and distributed between three Powers. Of these, Czarism and its break-or-bend system was more oppressive and provocative to revolutionary outbreaks than either the policy of absorption of Bismarck or the benevolent autocracy of the Hapsburgs.

The history of Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia, the three Baltic states, was inconspicuous prior to the declaration

of their independence. St. Petersburg had choked them into such complete submission that the world could not hear their protestations. In crushing their independence the czars were aided by the local land-owning German barons who for centuries had held the Baltic provinces in fief. It is all the more remarkable that notwithstanding this tremendous pressure all three countries had preserved their distinct nationality and their language, which, in Lithuania and Latvia, is a version of ancient Sanskrit and in Esthonia a Finnish-Ugor dialect.

The thralldom of the Finnish people, who inhabit the northernmost parts of Central Europe, dates back only a century. Their subjection to the Russian rule, therefore, was not as thoroughgoing as that of their southern cousins, the Esthonians. They were too self-reliant and too aware of their cultural superiority to be intimidated into a complete surrender. Passive resistance to which they had taken recourse proved a powerful weapon in repelling attempts at a more than superficial Russification of the country of the thousand lakes.

Now that these six countries have enjoyed five full years of freedom and national independence, it is pertinent to ask what they have achieved during this time. Are they on the path toward the realization of those lofty ideals which were laid down in the covenants of their nationhood? Or did they forget how bitter it was to

be oppressed? Are they just and democratic, defenders of the weak? And, what is most important, may old Europe look toward new Europe for a genius among the nations, a leader possessing resources of energy and vision, who can show the way out of the chaos in which Europe seems to be sinking?

The new republics believe that their problems are primarily of an economic nature. They cannot do the "great things" they are expected to achieve unless their economic position is such as to give them leisure to devote their attention to problems other than the struggle for daily bread. The question of a sound currency is of vital importance; without it no economic consolidation is possible. As an argument proving this contention the case of Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, two of the new republics, is cited.

Economically Czecho-Slovakia is one of the best-equipped countries of Central Europe. The peace treaties placed within her boundaries 70 per cent of all the industries of the former monarchy. Nature has been equally generous. Czecho-Slovakia's resources of raw material are bountiful and afford a comfortable margin for export.

Poland, Czecho-Slovakia's neighbor, is in an even more advantageous position. She has inherited almost the whole

The Kid or The Franco-Czech Alliance



Drawing by E. Schilling in *Simplicissimus*

Poincaré-Chaplin: "Just smash the windows of the Germans and you shall have all the money you want."

industrial district of the former Russian empire situated in Congress Poland and the well-equipped industrial plants in Posen, not to speak of the Upper Silesian mining region, which is second only to the Ruhr valley in the quality and quantity of its coal. Yet the Czecho-Slovak currency is the best in Central Europe, while the Polish exchange competes with the German mark for the honor of having the least value. The consequence is that in Czecho-Slovakia, after an initial period of deflationary slump, an era of comparative prosperity has set in, while in Poland financial and economic conditions are chaotic, labor disorders are of every-day occurrence, and the political situation is gloomy.

Their relative economic position determines the place these two countries occupy in international politics. There has hardly been an international conference at which Czecho-Slovakia has not played an important role. In fact, she has specialized in doctoring Europe's troubles. One could see her ever-agile representative, Edward Benes, now at Genoa cooperating with Mr. Lloyd George, now at London attempting to resuscitate the moribund Entente, or at Belgrade manufacturing the Little Entente. The Czecho-Slovak republic was among the first to extend a helping hand to Austria, its former oppressor. It made every effort to induce the League of Nations to raise an Austrian loan, it helped in settling the dispute between Austria and Hungary over the Burgenland, and it represented the "mailed fist" of Europe when Charles Hapsburg tried to ascend his vacant throne in the Budapest royal palace.

Edward Benes, whatever his shortcomings is one of the strongest political personalities of new Europe. His countrymen think he is a great man. They even think that he is a man of destiny, a new Moses, who will lead Europe out into the Canaan of liberty. At present one cannot tell whither he is bound. He is too shrewd a diplomat to avow his purpose honestly. At all events, there is nothing of the religious fanatic in him. Neither does he impress one with the somber heroism that might be expected in a new Moses. He may be disliked by many, but he is hated only by a few. In this he lacks the characteristic sign of greatness. He concluded recently a treaty with France, and not even the German representatives in the Czecho-Slovak Parliament hated him for it! Instead, they began to wonder whether it really was his intention, as his friends intimated, to use the treaty as a means to dilute the condensed jingoism of Poincaré with his own moderate "Europeanism." In his résumé of Czecho-Slovakia's foreign policy, presented on February 6, 1924, before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Czech Parliament, he spoke openly of an impending Franco-German rapprochement, due particularly to the influence of Czecho-Slovakia. On the same occasion he talked of a great alliance which would include all the nations of Europe.

The foreign policy of Poland, the other great country of new Europe, has been determined by her status as a "land without frontiers." Her godparents, the "Big Entente," failed to circumscribe her territory. To the north, the west, and the south young Poland was surrounded by plebiscite regions. Her frontier line to the east was equally hazy, because the so-called Curzon line separating Poland from Russia was only a temporary boundary which could have been conveniently shifted to the west—or perhaps removed altogether—had the Russian reaction become victorious. It was only on March 15, 1923, that the Allies graciously permitted Poland to consider the Curzon line

as the permanent eastern boundary of the new republic.

Polish supernaturalists try to charge to these uncertain conditions the numerous armed conflicts in which Poland has been engaged since the official termination of the World War. On the other hand, the neighboring states point out that in almost every instance it was Poland who attacked. She took Vilna from the Lithuanians, making them thereby her most bitter enemies. In the west Upper Silesia had its own dose of Korfanty, which lasted until October, 1921, when the League of Nations sanctioned the *coup de main* of the Polish irregulars. To the south the frontier conflicts in the Teschen plebiscite region continued even after the summer of 1920, when the Council of Ambassadors made its award concerning the disputed territory. Simultaneously the Polish-Russian war was in progress in the east and the Red Army was menacing the suburbs of Warsaw.

During all these conflicts Poland has played a rather undignified role. As soon as she would attack one of her neighbors the Polish Government would charge its representatives at the seat of the League of Nations and in the capitals of the Allied countries to proffer Poland's complaint against the "unwarranted attack" of the outlaw neighbor. It is small wonder therefore that Poland is one of the most friendless states of Europe. The only country for which her heart is aglow is France, who recently gave her a "military credit" of 400 million francs to cover the expenses which she will incur as guardian of the "cordon militaire" thrown between Russia and Germany.

Unlike Poland, two of the Baltic states are making headway toward a broader interpretation of their newly won independence. Esthonia and Latvia have for some time past given evidence of a desire to disregard narrowly nationalistic conceptions and to join a Baltic alliance, which, in the opinion of every observer of Baltic affairs, would be the most reasonable combination under the present circumstances. It is considered an auspicious beginning that the Esthonians and Latvians concluded an alliance in November, 1923, which practically eliminates the frontiers separating the two countries. Unfortunately, differences between these countries and Lithuania make it unlikely that the Baltic League will be set up in the near future.

Turning one's attention to internal politics one cannot help thinking that most of the new states are cursed with defects inherited from their former masters. The most hideous, because the most bloody, of these defects is that with which Finland is afflicted. That country stained her record with a reign of terror which obscured everything Czarist Russia had done to the oppressed nationalities. When the Finnish Soviet regime was overturned 15,000 men, women, and children were executed by the Finnish White Guards and about 80,000 persons, including women and children, were imprisoned. Although tens of thousands of revolutionaries were disfranchised, the Finnish Parliament has always had a fair percentage of Socialists, sometimes almost equaling in strength the other parties combined. Yet the reactionary parties have so far managed to retain control of the legislature and of the executive offices by jailing the "disturbing elements" as soon as their opposition has become uncomfortable.

The great evil in the internal political system of Czecho-Slovakia is her unsolved problem of nationalities. All assurances to the contrary notwithstanding, it is undoubtedly true that contemporary Czecho-Slovakia is almost

as much a "nationality state" as the monarchy was. The official government statistics for 1921, recording the data of the last census, show that there were living at that time on the territory of the republic 8,700,000 "Czecho-Slovaks," 3,100,000 Germans, 800,000 Hungarians, and some smaller nationalities in addition. All taken together, the non-Czecho-Slovak population comprised 45 per cent of the inhabitants of the republic. But even these figures hardly represent the facts. There are twelve Slovak representatives in the Prague Parliament, the party of Father Hlinka, who on behalf of their constituents object most vehemently to being called Czecho-Slovaks. They point out that the Slovaks are a nationality wholly different from the Czechs and that they should be treated accordingly.

The plight of the Germans living in Czecho-Slovakia, the so-called *Sudetendeutsche*, is worse than that of the Slovaks. They are living in a mass, three million strong, on a territory which is quite distinct from Czecho-Slovakia proper. Outside of local functions they are not given an adequate share in administrative matters. Although they form nearly 25 per cent of the total population of the country there is not a single German cabinet minister in Czecho-Slovakia. It is natural therefore that their heart goes out to their kin in the Reich. True, they are less aggressive now than they have been, preferring to sympathize from the outside with their brethren across the frontier rather than to make an attempt at boarding Germany's storm-swept ship in its present distress. But it can be taken for granted that as soon as Germany is out of danger they will renew their offensive against the country which requires their allegiance. Then will be the time for Czecho-Slovakia to come to an understanding with her nationalities if she does not want to rear an irredenta as embittered and as well-organized as was her own in Hapsburg times.

But there is a common evil which all the six countries have inherited from their predecessors. It is a hypertrophied form of militarism. They simply cannot get away from thinking in terms of armies as the measure of greatness. External dangers, real and imaginary, are carefully recorded; their discussion is kept alive in parliaments as well as in newspapers. Czecho-Slovakia shivers at the thought of a Hapsburg or Hohenzollern restoration and therefore keeps a good-sized army. Poland sees armored ghosts in every corner and therefore feels obliged to maintain a large standing army even if she has to go begging for the money necessary for its upkeep. The Baltic states and Finland are not yet convinced of the peaceful intentions of Russia and spend the little money they have on troops. Lithuania has her own affair with Poland, which is sufficient inducement for her to spend an amount for her army relatively more than that expended by any other nation on earth. Facts such as these offer a gloomy outlook for a new world order.



From *l'Ere Nouvelle*

Starving the New Generation in Germany

By EDITH VAN HOOK

THE general impoverishment of the German people reacts most directly on the health of the children. It is no longer the birthright of every child to be happy and well-fed; just keeping the spark of life going is a problem absorbing the nation. From all parts of the country the reports on living conditions are the same; figures collected from twenty different cities prove that never before has a civilized nation sent out a generation less fit to take up the staggering burdens of a disordered world. Children born in times of want, raised on inappropriate and insufficient food, exposed to the rigors of a cold, relentless northern climate are not going to be able to build up a war-torn nation. With the health of children thus permanently undermined, and their powers of resistance largely diminished, we find an appalling increase in such diseases as scrofula, rickets, spinal curvature, and, worst of all, tuberculosis.

The decrease in the birth-rate from 800,000 to 500,000 annually is accompanied by a growing number of children born dead or not viable. The mothers, weakened by fatigue and want, undernourishment and hard work, are unable to nurse their infants. The scarcity of fresh milk—the supply is only one-tenth of the pre-war quantity—and the prohibitive price contribute equally to an alarmingly high rate of infant mortality. In Munich, for example, 12 per cent of the babies born in 1922 died, as compared with 40 per cent in 1923. In cities comparatively well supplied with milk, like Aix-la-Chapelle, invalids and nursing mothers are entitled to half a pint a day, but children over two years old have no claim to any; while in Magdeburg 90 per cent of the infants are insufficiently provided with milk, and in Breslau no child over one year of age receives a drop. Many towns are exerting themselves to the utmost to sell milk and other foodstuffs for children at cost to the poor, but their funds are too limited to purchase supplies. Even sugar is scarce for infant feeding and has to be replaced by saccharine, with injurious effects. Day nurseries, orphan asylums, foundling homes, and many hospitals are closing their doors for lack of funds!

If the condition of the babies is pitiable, that of school children shows more advanced consequences of prolonged suffering; health examinations throughout the elementary schools show all children many pounds below normal weight. Boys between the ages of six and fourteen weigh seven and seven-tenths pounds, and girls nearly five pounds under; between the years of nine and thirteen the combined average was thirteen pounds underweight. In regard to physical development, the boys are retarded on an average of at least two years and the girls are one and a half years behind normal growth. Many individual cases far exceed these figures. In a Berlin school of the poorest quarter I saw a girl ten years old no bigger than a child of four; she was not suffering from any disease nor abnormality, merely extreme malnutrition from birth. Twenty boys filed by, apparently between the ages of six and eight, each calling out his age; they varied from eleven to fourteen. These boys and girls are about to leave school and take out their working papers, but not one was physically fit to enter a trade. Industrial efficiency has already been reduced to 60 per cent of the

pre-war figure, and it will no doubt be far below this when the new class enters the ranks of producers.

In Chemnitz the questioning of 1,300 school children revealed the fact that four hundred had had no breakfast, nine hundred brought only a piece of dry bread for lunch, in rare instances spread with lard; one thousand had had but a most inadequate dinner the night before, and many had not eaten in twenty-four hours. In many families two meals a day consisting of fried potatoes for dinner and boiled potatoes for supper are considered entirely sufficient for a growing child. Black corn coffee, dry bread, cold potatoes with herring brine, in rare cases even herring itself, are the usual food among the working classes. In Magdeburg 20 per cent of all the children do not receive a single warm meal a day.

In Dresden schools many children were found to have had for breakfast a carrot, a bit of raw turnip, or some cold potatoes. One-sixth of all the children in the elementary schools have some form of hunger disease. Pernicious anemia, defective glands, goiter, weak hearts, and all forms of tuberculosis are wide-spread. It is no uncommon sight during the lessons to see a child weakened by starvation slip from his desk and fall fainting to the floor. The schools are too poor to furnish pen, paper, ink, chalk, or sponges for the pupils. Nor can the parents afford to buy school books, so the children barter and exchange with those who have been promoted into higher classes. Lessons are written out on old million-mark bills now no longer in circulation, and old paper bags. Comparatively well-to-do parents who can still let their daughters study music send them off to the teacher with one briquette and a loaf of bread in payment for the lesson. Hundreds must miss school and stay in bed because of weakness, or because they possess neither clothes nor shoes. It is an established fact that not only in the working classes, but also in the middle classes, many children up to eight years of age have never in their lives known what it means to have enough to eat.

The lack of warm clothing and the insufficient heating of homes are contributory factors in the spread of disease. There is also a general housing shortage throughout the large cities, caused by an influx of refugees from the lost provinces, especially Silesia, and the universal standstill in building following the war. Overcrowding in the poorer quarters is general, and the problem of the large numbers of homeless is perplexing the authorities. They are forced to disregard the legal sanitary requirements in order to provide shelter for as many as possible. This situation no doubt also accounts for the great increase in illegitimacy since the war. Families of eight and even ten members have been found living in one room, and invalids suffering from contagious diseases share their beds with children. In their under-

mined condition they rapidly become a prey to tuberculosis. If a child belonging to a large family applies for treatment in a hospital the doctors know that in a very short while they will also be caring for all his brothers and sisters. In Saxony one child in six is already infected. If once acquired, there is no possibility of overcoming the disease under the prevailing conditions. Segregation presents insuperable difficulties, and nourishing food is not available with which to counteract the effects of the disease. Hospitals and doctors no longer prescribe medicaments, as no one is able to purchase them. Drugstores are empty, prescriptions cannot be filled—and this in a country which used to lead in the production of chemicals and drugs.

Those hospitals which are still able to continue report the necessity of giving up much of their work with the X-ray and violet rays, because of the need for economy. They are overcrowded and besieged by mothers bringing children already beyond medical help. Many women are themselves in such a pitiful condition that they are no longer able to realize the suffering of their children.

Although the standard of cleanliness is higher in Germany than in other countries of Europe, it is beyond the efforts of the most hardworking mothers to care properly for their children, with the result that skin diseases are also spreading to an alarming degree. They flourish in the absence of heat-producing foods such as butter, lard, and meat, and among those who live in unheated, badly

lighted homes. There is frequently no soap, no warm room to bathe in, no clean linen for a change for many families formerly enjoying a comfortable income. Bed-clothes and bedding of every description are entirely missing in 10 per cent of the homes in Magdeburg, and in Munich 75 per cent of the school children are seriously endangered by the want of shoes. In Aix-la-Chapelle many families have no beds at all, and sleep on the floor on rags and old clothes. Similar conditions are reported from Stettin, Leipzig, Stuttgart, and other large cities. Both state and local boards are exerting themselves to the utmost to alleviate the suffering, especially among the children, but the public funds are nearly exhausted. Destitution will no doubt increase with the steadily growing unemployment. But there is no such thing in Germany today as a living wage, whether for skilled labor, unskilled labor, professionals, or lesser officials. Prices for food, fuel, and clothing are so high that even the most thrifty cannot make ends meet. Ninety per cent of the average weekly wage is necessary for food, which means the barest necessities only, and includes no fats whatever. The state deducts from the wages of those who still have

work a proportional sum for the benefit of the unemployed. With such penalization, there is little inducement to stick to one's job among a people already weakened and demoralized.



Drawing by Käthe Kollwitz in *Simplicissimus*

Taxing Capital in Czecho-Slovakia

By FREDERICK KUH

BEFORE I visited Prague I tried to inform myself concerning the capital levy in Czecho-Slovakia. Newspaper comments on this experiment as well as the opinions of diplomats conveyed a dismal impression. An American economist who prides himself upon his conversance with European finance had told me that the tax on capital in Czecho-Slovakia was proving disastrous.

"Disastrous to what?" I asked.

"Oh, to industry, commerce, and—" He finished the sentence with a gesture, signifying everything, or nothing.

This grave charge—that the capital levy was ruining Czecho-Slovak trade—was being echoed in the reports of Entente and American commercial attachés in Czecho-Slovakia. Wherever my preliminary inquiries led me, they disclosed ominously negative opinions.

When I arrived in Prague I found these hostile criticisms substantiated by a few standpatters, by professional damners of the republic, by a small group of hard-hit industrialists, and by most of the alien gentlemen seated in foreign embassies. Before long I discovered that nearly everyone with whom I talked objected vigorously to Czecho-Slovakia's radical departure in taxation—except the Czecho-Slovaks themselves.

I do not mean to imply that the whole Czecho-Slovak people arise as one Czecho-Slovak and cheer lustily whenever the capital levy is mentioned. There is a minor group of factory owners which is, in the words of the old Mississippi song,

Down on the levee . . .

The tax collector in Prague, Gablonz, or Brno is no more a national favorite than his colleague in Chicago or Gopher Prairie. And, naturally, those Czecho-Slovak property owners who dig deepest into their pockets to meet the capital levy are least of all inclined to shout for the tax.

Wherever I sought information—among the textile workers of Reichenberg, Kladno miners, Prague shopkeepers, trade-union officials, teachers, and even in the offices of bank directors and in the Ministry of Finance—I heard the same story.

"It was the capital levy," they all repeated, "that saved Czecho-Slovakia's currency from treading the gruesome path of the Austrian and Hungarian crown and the German mark. If we have passed through perilous economic crises in our country, it is thanks to the capital levy that our trade, finance, and industry are not worse impaired."

As one frivolous observer put it, it was the levy on capital which Czechmated the collapse of the republic.

In resorting to the capital levy as a desperate expedient to comb out their disheveled finances after the war, the leaders of Czecho-Slovak labor, then at the zenith of their power, candidly admitted that they were taking a leap in the dark. Nowadays they consider that venture their most successful achievement.

To shift upon the capital tax the responsibility for the periods of industrial stagnation, unemployment, and trade slumps through which Czecho-Slovakia has been passing, is like ascribing a man's illness to his hectic cheeks and overlooking the fact that he is tubercular. Every canny

observer has long since allotted the major blame for this recurrent crisis to the peace treaties, with their severance of Czecho-Slovak industry from the Danube markets; to the customs ramparts thrown up on each after-war frontier; and to the depreciated currencies and cheaper labor among Czecho-Slovakia's neighbors, with their stunning blow to Czech competition. It was these factors, and not Czecho-Slovakia's capital levy, which led Austria to import coal from England and even America, while stores of anthracite lay idle in Czecho-Slovak warehouses, only 200 miles away.

To those accustomed to find the capital levy everywhere identified with labor's program it may seem peculiar that the most serious objection to this measure emanates from the very Czecho-Slovak Socialists and Communists who first effected its passage. It is with its administration, however, and not with the tax itself, that the Left quarrels. The levy exempts Czecho-Slovak citizens whose capital does not exceed \$335; a tax of 1 per cent is imposed upon the first \$840 worth of property; thence, the levy is graduated up to 30 per cent on fortunes over \$335,000. The levy applies to all property situated in Czecho-Slovakia on March 1, 1919, and to all foreign securities owned by resident Czecho-Slovaks on that date. Special commissioners fix the amount levied upon each citizen. Fifteen per cent must be paid within thirty days after demand and the balance in six semi-annual instalments. If any taxpayer can show, graphically enough to suit the commissioners, that the levy inflicts undue hardship, he may be permitted special privileges, such as an extension of tax payments over five instead of three years. Even a reduction in the levy is provided for should the taxpayer's capital have diminished through some unavoidable event.

Examined critically, the persistent objection leveled against the capital levy by Czecho-Slovakia's radicals assumes a curious air of logic. They protest against the slow, lenient execution of the tax and suggest that this slackness has partially defeated the purpose of the whole measure. They denounce the three- or five-year instalment scheme, which allows affluent merchants, bankers, and manufacturers gradually to raise their prices or interest rates and thus regain, at the consumer's expense, a part or all of the sums levied by the state. This method of dodging could be thwarted, they declare, by demanding payment of the capital tax in a lump sum and simultaneously regulating prices and banking rates by drastic anti-profiteering laws. The left-wing critics who share this view believe that the capital levy must be boldly confiscatory to be effective. But they are reconciled to the conclusion that any such radical policy is unthinkable in a state in which the Socialists do not enjoy complete dominance.

Since the capital levy has already brought the Czecho-Slovak state revenues amounting, roughly, to \$150,000,000, and is expected to net at least twice that amount before its first five years have elapsed, Czecho-Slovak liberals and Socialists say that they are grateful for small favors. They will inform you that the three immediate objectives of the tax have been attained: to cover the costs of introducing their new currency; to meet obligations incurred by taking

over the treasury notes (*Kassenscheine*) from the old Austro-Hungarian bank; and to reimburse the state for the ample expenditures involved in setting up the republic—a luxury which no state can afford as a habit.

After the passage of the capital-levy bill the Czech crown soon trebled its value on the world's money market, a perverse accomplishment in the days when thousands, millions, and even trillions came to be tossed over shop-counters in adjacent countries in return for a ribbon or slice of meat. Today more than 40 per cent of all Czecho-Slovak money in circulation is covered by gold or silver reserves.

A Little Matter of Money

By HARBOR ALLEN

A FEW months ago there wasn't enough money in Germany to go around. Now there is too much. The only trouble with it is: it's no good. Everyday one sees new specimens—and reads about new counterfeits.

First of all there are the various kinds of marks: the paper mark, the Rentenmark, the goldmark, the Reichsbahn mark, the Postamt mark, the Notmark, the Bavarian mark, the Munich mark, and a different kind of mark for every village large enough to own a printing press. Each of these, of course, has a progeny of pfennige.

Then come the dollars: the ancestral and omnipotent American dollar (evidently—as were the occupation troops—quite at home on German soil), the Schatzanweisung dollar, the Goldanleihe dollar, the Hamburg Giro-dollar, the Notdollar, the Walchensee dollar, the Hypotheken dollar, the Bavarian dollar, the various bank dollars, and as many industry dollars—at whose respective heels tag a family of assorted offspring, from one-tenth to one-half a dollar.

So when you change a twenty-dollar bill in Germany you get a collection of legal documents resembling everything from a postage stamp to a liberty bond, of sufficiently diverse shades and tints to form a color scale. Half or more of this money is good only in the city in which you received it. If you offer a Munich dollar to a merchant in Nuremberg he will examine it with a collector's interest, perhaps, but will decline to accept it in exchange for wares; and to enter a store in Berlin with a Bavarian Schein is to fall under the suspicion of being a black Catholic monarchist, or a still blacker counterfeiter. In short, everytime you approach a railroad station you have to empty half your pockets and start making new and shoddy acquaintances.

But let us grant you have kept your patience and changed your money and sorted it out into your filing case of a purse and started off on a buying spree. "Billig—Inventur Verkauf—Preis Ermässigung" you see on all the store fronts; and indeed, since the first of the year, prices—aided by gentle prodding from the Government—have been sinking to something approaching the American level; sinking, that is, together with wages, which by this time have reached something approaching the Chinese coolie level. You ask yourself: Who gets the difference?

Refusing to let that puzzle you, however, you enter a store and buy several pairs of Wiener sausages at 55 pfennig (13 cents) a pair. You offer the shopkeeper a Walchensee dollar. She examines it long and closely.

"Ja, mein Herr," she says at last; "that I cannot accept."

"Why not?"

"It's not good."

"Nonsense. I just got it from a bank."

But your shopkeeper shrugs her shoulders; you see her place a heavy hand on your precious pairs of Wieners. "A Herr from a bank just told me a Walchensee dollar was worth only 3 marks instead of 4 marks 20. Haven't you any other kind of money?"

"You know that's not allowed," you say, just to show her that despite your foreign accent you read the papers. "That's legal money. You've got to take it."

This logic doesn't trouble your shopkeeper. If you insist she'll accept it—for 3 marks. But she prefers Rentenmarks; and you prefer Wieners: so Rentenmarks she gets, and an inky scowl, for you remember that there are several Walchensees in your purse and you scent trouble ahead.

Rather than start a row in the next store, however, you offer to pay in paper marks.

"Ja, mein Herr," is the reply, "of course, there's a law compelling me to take that. But haven't you any stable money?"

"No," you snap, "that is, nothing but Walchensee dollars."

A smile splits your shopkeeper's face. Walchensee dollars! Nothing better. She has a special fondness for Walchensee dollars. Four marks, twenty, of course! You give her all you have and march out of the store feeling cooler under the collar and more communicative.

In store number three you lay down a crisp new Rentenmark Schein. It is lifted slowly across the counter.

"Well?" you ask, with a hint of war in your voice.

The shopkeeper is very apologetic. You must under-

THE FOREIGNERS IN BERLIN



Drawing by Karl Arnold in *Simplicissimus*

"Yesterday I ran across a German. The poor wretch has been looking for an apartment the past three years."

stand, mein Herr, that she has to buy her wares in foreign countries; and the Rentenmark, unfortunately, is quoted at only 80 pfennig in Zurich. A Herr from a bank told her so. Now, paper marks—they're different. The Herr from the bank told her there was a premium on every billion-mark Schein in New York. So—"Couldn't the Herr, as a special favor, pay in paper marks?"

And by and by you stop worrying about it. But you never do your shopping in less than half a dozen stores.

Storm-Center

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THE most translated and traduced of poets will not let the world rest. In Germany the vitality of his personality and his works is electric. He is at the core of the tempests between reactionaries and reds, between Nordics and non-Nordics. To prove that this man was not and could not have been a German poet is the chief life-work of at least one learned and gifted historian of literature. Meanwhile editions of Heine's works increase and the revolutionary youth of Germany nourishes itself on his substance and example if no longer on his style. And meanwhile, too, in England and America there persists the silly legend that Heine is not only the greatest but indeed the sole German lyricist since Goethe, and ladies like Miss Horine continue to mistake the ease of his verses for slovenliness and gentlemen like Mr. Michael Monahan continue to enlighten the world with remarks to the effect that Heine's "song is that of the nightingale in pain."* Both the translations and the facile adulation do the poet no service. The ravings of the arch-anti-Semite Bartels are more profitable.

It is, happily, not difficult to clear the murky air that has a habit of gathering about this man and his work. Bartels and his less hectic colleagues are right in this, that Heine is not a lyricist of the most intimate and inimitable German tradition and it takes no "German heart" to feel the difference between him and Storm, Mörike, Falke, or some of the early verses of the redoubtable Bartels himself. And it may help to clear that murky air to say that I am myself inordinately devoted to that specific tradition of German lyrical poetry. The English poet most closely akin in style and substance to such a lyricist as Storm is A. E. Housman. And, from a narrow but not at all negligible point of view, a case could be made out for holding Housman to be a poet of more permanent value than Browning. But to blame Heine for not being Storm is as childish as it would be to blame Browning for not being Housman. The critical problem is complicated, but only slightly complicated, by the fact that Heine, issuing from the romantic school, set out in his early verses to be, if not a Theodor Storm, then a Wilhelm Müller. Many of these early verses are now seen to be incurably artificial and false; they do not belong to the Heine that counts. This stuff about nightingales and roses and flirting violets with its constant and trivial use of the "pathetic fallacy" is vapid and wilted. The trouble is that the Miss Horines and the Mr. Monahans both in Germany and here keep emphasizing it. You will never see them quote such lapidary lyrical masterpieces as "Das Glück ist eine leichte Dirne" or the orchestral crash of "An die Jugend" or "Salomo" or the great ballads, visions, apocalypses of the "Romancero." They go on talking about the fir-tree that dreams of the palm. Heine is not so adorable a lyricist as Goethe or Storm or Mörike or Eichendorff. Divine simplicity is precisely not his note. Neither was it Victor Hugo's nor Byron's. There is false romanticism in Heine as there is false romanticism in Byron. Heine could not have written Goethe's "Mailed"

any more than Byron could have written Wordsworth's "Lucy" poems. But Byron wrote "Don Juan" and Heine "Romancero."

How could Heine have had the divine simplicity of the earth-rooted poets? He was, as he himself said, the last of the romantics; he was the first of the realists. He was a German—very truly and passionately a German; he was a Jew and an outcast. These are no cheap antitheses in the manner of Macaulay. Pain and blood, defeated ardor and grinding humiliation cling to them. The famous or, as the Pan-German professors would have it, the notorious poem endings in which the romantic mood is riven, loveliness flung into the icy light of common day, and the critical intellect crashes through the poetic vision—these endings are the symbols of the tragic division within Heine himself and rise, by virtue of the potency and magic of his personality, into symbols of the two major moods that in both literature and life struggle for supremacy in the whole of modern civilization. Of course Heine is not so exquisite a lyricist as Eichendorff. He is a poet and personality of European import.

His prose has contributed not a little to his influence and power. A good deal of the early prose shares the fate of the early verses. Whole sections of the "Reisebilder" are affected and florid. Yet even here there is a mastery of German prose as a medium of world expression and communication that had quite simply not existed since Lessing. In the later books, in "The Romantic School," the treatise "On Religion and Philosophy in Germany," the political and critical reports sent year after year from Paris there are many pages so pregnant with the significance of Europe's essential life that seventy years of change, of industrial revolution, of catastrophes in the mind and the world have not robbed them of their native life.

Well, when with all the pleasure in life you give up to the Pan-German professors Heine's early poems or, at least, a good many of them and a good deal of his early prose and grant them not only freely but eagerly that neither the "Buch der Lieder" nor the "Reisebilder" is a masterpiece and that the influence of the former on the development of German poetry was, during the years from 1850 to 1880, demonstrably bad—when you have done all that, they are not yet contented. They add: He had neither character nor conviction. He was, in fact, a dirty fellow.

The most ill-guided of the poet's admirers are those who, in answer to such assertions, try to make Heine out to have been a gentleman of high personal dignity, scrupulous honor, unselfish idealism. That is nonsense. Still more nonsensical is the assertion of the aesthetes that character makes no difference in an artist. It makes all the difference. Art is expression of the self and of the experience of that self in the world, and the nature of that self is ultimately identical with the nature of the art product. But this self, this thing that we call character, is neither accidental nor blankly self-originating. The question is not: Was Heine a "good" man or not? The pertinent question is something like this: How would the fierce Bartels and the suaver Belloc have borne themselves in the world had they been born

Heinrich Heine. Romance and Tragedy of the Poet's Life. By Michael Monahan. Nicholas L. Brown. \$2.
Heine's Poems. Translated from the German. By Clara Horine. The Stratford Company.

with sick nerves and the power and pride and susceptibility of genius and been born Jews barely removed from the restrictions of the medieval Ghetto, told to assimilate or get out, and, having made both the gestures and the effort of assimilation, still suffered exile, obloquy, fame embittered by irrelevant imputations, friendship poisoned by superstitious fears? I am profoundly offended by Heine's official "conversion" and by his French pension. I have the right to be. I am not impressed by his relations with his mother. They were beautiful. But they are characteristic of every Jewish home. But Bartels and Belloc—I use their names symbolically—are guilty of the merest effrontery when they are offended by the conversion and the pension. Their ancestors demanded the conversion as a prerequisite of professional activity and told the Jew to be a German, as with his whole heart he desired to be, and then suppressed his writings and made his continued stay in Germany next to impossible. It is quite true that in an outer sense Heine did not suffer very severely. The point is that he was a man of genius and that the monstrousness of the situation is in the injustice of his having been made, on these grounds and after this manner, to suffer at all. In brief, I do not defend either his actions or his at times disgusting controversial methods. He was what the impact of his particular world upon his particular spirit necessarily made him. Praise and blame are mere babbling here. The same forces that molded his character also molded his work. That is all we know, all we can know. The man and the work are one—full of pain, warped by wrong, the reverse of Olympian, of noble and serene, but also possessing a somber glow, less beautiful than portentous, drawn from the fires of certain central problems of both art and history and as radiant today as on the day he died.

M. Poincaré—Confidence Man

By COUNT HARRY KESSLER

THE fact that dominates the political situation in Europe is the virtual annexation of the Rhineland and the Ruhr by France. M. Poincaré, it is true, seizes every possible occasion of denying that France intends to annex these regions, but a very cursory look suffices to show that they are to all intents and purposes already annexed by France and the denials of M. Poincaré are mere eyewash.

France has drawn a customs barrier around the Ruhr and Rhineland separating them from Germany. It has introduced passport visas so that any German wishing to go from unoccupied Germany to the Ruhr or Rhineland must obtain the permit of the French Government. It has expelled all the higher German officials and thus put an end to the administration of the Ruhr and Rhineland by the Central German Government. It has seized the railways which were a part of the German state railway system and has installed a Franco-Belgian railway administration. It has forced agreements on the mine-owners and industrialists of the Ruhr and Rhineland which place them and their millions of workingmen at the mercy of the political agents of France on the spot. No mine-owner can move a ton of coal, no industrialist a ton of steel, or export them, without a special license from these French political agents. And behind all this stands the military occupation of France, which, according to M. Poincaré, is to be upheld indefinitely.

In other words, when M. Poincaré protests his innocence while he "gets away with the goods" he is practicing the old well-known confidence game upon the world.

Now, as ethics have up to date never played any great part in international politics, except in war time as propaganda, hard-shelled diplomats and business men might contemplate the performance of M. Poincaré with more amusement than indignation or concern if it were not for two consequences it is likely to have. The goods he is getting away with happen to be part of the necessary stock in trade of Europe as a paying business concern, and unless General Dawes or somebody else succeeds in getting them back from him Europe must go bankrupt.

And the second consideration is that if M. Poincaré succeeds in keeping them—that is, in keeping the Rhineland and Ruhr for France as its political and economic domain—there will be a new world war within our generation. For, on the one hand, French dominion in the Ruhr and Rhineland will create an irredenta there, an irredenta of twelve million Germans oppressed by foreign military authorities and capitalists, which will lead to the same results as the Italian irredenta against Austria and the irredenta of the Balkan people against Turkey. And, on the other hand, Great Britain cannot look on complacently while France welds together all the economic resources of the Continent—all its coal mines, all its iron ore, all its basic industries—with the greatest military power in history, especially if that power happens to be England's next neighbor across the Channel and on the shores of the ocean. This mammoth trust backed by such military power and by such strategic and geographical opportunities could make an end to British trade and British imperial power at its pleasure.

It would be the situation of 1914, only much worse. Therefore the success of M. Poincaré's pretty trick means war eventually between France and Great Britain, just as it means war between France and Germany.

It is necessary that this should be understood, and understood especially in France itself, which will be one of the first victims of this sleight-of-hand performance. Otherwise the French people may awake one day to find that it is sometimes ruinous to employ a too unscrupulous lawyer.

Alteration

By MARK VAN DOREN

I did not ask to have the shed
Pulled down, although it leaned so sickly.
But now the proper word is said
Let it come quickly.

Bring rope and pulley, ax and bar,
And while you hammer I will pry.
Shingies can be sent as far
As feathers fly.

Naked beams can tumble faster
Than cobwebs in a sudden gust;
Floors can stand on end; and plaster
Soon is dust.

I did not think the valley view
Deserved that any roof should fall.
But now the word is said by you,
I want it all.

Hands Across the Rhine

By LIDA G. HEYMANN

SINCE the days of Charles V the governments of both France and Germany have sought to destroy and devastate each other, supported on each side by a group of extremists and chauvinists. But there is another Germany and another France of which one seldom hears, because the press is silent. Intellectually France and Germany have never been able to exist without each other; and since the Great War new elements have arisen and have joined hands—pacifists, women, workers, and young people. The friendship between these groups has never been so closely knit as it has since the peace of Versailles. They are all agreed that the responsibility for the Great War is shared by all the civilized states of the world, but that Germany has a war debt to discharge: the restoration of the devastated regions of northern France. Reparations must be paid so that northern France may be restored. Until that has been done no peace can be hoped for in Europe.

And when the governments of France and Germany have failed in their duty these four groups have tried to step in. As far back as 1919 the idea occurred to the Quakers and trade unions that Germans should be sent into France and work with the French in rebuilding the villages, laying out gardens, and planting trees. The plan was unfortunately blocked by the French Government and the French and German capitalists, all of whom feared the loss of rich profits. In 1923, the year in which the Ruhr was occupied by the French military forces, the same idea was revived with new supporters and champions. This time it was more successful.

The members of the German section of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, pacifists, readers of the *Menschheit*, Socialist workmen, and the youth of both sexes who are organized in Quickborn and other leagues of youth, combined in their work of reconciliation. The appeal of the German section contained these words:

Let the German nation arouse itself at this last moment! It has found the strength for passive resistance; let it now proceed to active deeds. Let us gather together in working battalions; let us go over with hammer and saw, with trowel and level, and begin to rebuild.

Funds were collected. Women brought their jewels, men temporarily gave up smoking and contributed the money thus saved, workmen subscribed their pay for an hour's work, officials promised to give a certain percentage of their monthly wages for the task of reconciliation.

The letters which accompanied gifts of jewelry and

money give one an insight into the feelings of these Germans. Let me quote from some. A German mother wrote:

I have been telling my children of the distress among the French children; they brought me their savings to help to build a home for French children.

A letter from a man said:

Please accept a bronze bust of Bismarck. It is all I possess. I offer it so that I may be delivered from this spirit and attain a higher and more worthy conception of national life.

A touching letter from a mere boy included these words:

I send you my greatest treasure in the service of reconciliation. I send it willingly but sadly. My mother gave me the little chain when I went to my first communion.

A student from Berlin writes:

I am poor; I have neither gold nor valuables. But I am twenty years old, strong and healthy. I will dedicate myself to the service of justice and help with the rebuilding.

And then the various German groups began to work with the French. In the neighborhood of Lens the community gave a free site and there, built with German money, will arise a Building of Reconciliation. A community house will be constructed with a library, club-rooms, and other equipment as a symbol for future generations of a new spirit of reconciliation between France and Germany. The women of the French section declared in the French newspapers:

We are ashamed to take money from you at a time when the German population is being oppressed by the French military and when old men, women, and children are suffering from hunger. Nevertheless the world is in need of reconciliation; we too wish to contribute our share of sacrifice.

And so French women sent food, clothes, and toys to the children in the Ruhr. When spring comes 500 German children will be sent to the mild south of France, there to be received by French mothers and nursed back into health.

You must not imagine that these things came about simply. In Germany and in France many difficulties were thrown in the way of the work. In both countries those who took part were branded as traitors. We were said to have been bribed by foreigners. In Germany an attempt was made to confiscate the money collected; the French Government declared that it would not permit German children to be sent into France, nor grant passports to the young Germans who wished to help reconstruct.

This does not disturb us; our enthusiasm is great.

Poincaré Speaks On



From *Izvestia* (Moscow)

The real cause of the Paris flood.

The Postman's Lot

By MAX BERMAN

"NEITHER snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." Such is the motto spread across the entablature of the vast granite, Corinthian-patterned edifice that is New York's General Post Office. The stranger in New York has many times paused, impressed by the simple magnificence of that line, and wondered who was intended by the "couriers."

It is a drizzling November morning in a staid, residential portion of Brooklyn. Along a deserted street, lined with rows of high-stooped, brownstone houses, a man in a gray uniform is making a slow intermittent progress. From his left shoulder is slung a leather bag crammed with tied-up bundles of envelopes and protruding parcels. A drum-shaped bundle of periodicals rests in the crook of his left arm and in his hand is a thick pack of letters. He pauses at each house and into a slotted box or the grilled ironwork door of the basement vestibule deposits a few envelopes and, perhaps, a periodical. He is one of the "couriers" mentioned in the motto on his "appointed round."

As he makes his way up the street he frequently lowers the magazines to the sidewalk, sometimes for greater convenience in extracting parcels from the bag, but oftener for relief while climbing the high stoops to boxes fixed at the heads of the stairs. He goes in this manner about halfway up the block when through the rain there comes to him the high, petulant voice of a woman calling: "Mailman! Oh, Mister Mailman!" He hesitates and continues on for a few paces. But it is an imperative voice and there is no disregarding it. Irritatedly he sets down his bundle and walks back several yards. An indignant lady in a heavy bathrobe and holding a moist weekly movie-announcement card is standing in a vestibule. "See here, Mister Mailman," she begins, "haven't I told you a number of times that you are *not* to throw our mail into the area-way?"

"Well, you ought to get a mail box."

"Never mind mail boxes," interrupts the lady. "You ring the bell and wait till I come. The law is that you're to wait two minutes. I know my rights and I want my mail handed to me and not thrown into the area-way."

"All right, lady. It won't happen again," replies the man, turning away. "I forgot this time." He hurries on.

"Hey, postman, anything for Jones—565?" calls out a big, rain-coated man whom he meets. "It'll only take you a minute to look."

The gray-uniformed man shakes his head positively. "Sorry; can't delay the mail," he replies. "It's all tied up and in the bag. You'll have to wait your turn."

"Aw, I know all about that, but this is an important letter. I must get it before I go downtown."

With un concealed irritation the postman extracts and unties a bundle of letters and searches through it in the rain. "Nothing today, sir." The man nods a thanks and with a grumble hastens away.

"Postman, will you come over here a moment, please?" pipes a feminine voice from a house he is passing. With a frown he turns aside. It is a little, bespectacled, old lady at a parlor basement window. "Do you know anything

about a parcel mailed to me from Chicago two months ago that hasn't come yet—a mail-order catalogue?" she asks.

"No, I don't think I do," he replies with pretended reflection as he edges toward the gate. "But I'll deliver it as soon as it comes."

"Oh, will you? Thanks, ever so much. But just a moment, please. My son posted a letter to Montreal last night. Do you know if it will get there by Thursday?" With the postman in such proximity, the temptation to ply him with questions is irresistible. Finally he breaks away. Further up the street a remonstrant lady comes out to object because, to make a quick disposal of a registered letter, he rang the bell twice. A woman calls him back to tell him that her doorbell is out of order and that he is to use the upstairs one. He reaches, after a train of similar incidents, the vestibule of a great apartment house on the corner. The inner door is locked. He pushes the superintendent's button and then, more impatiently, another, but gets no response. A man in going out opens the door and gives him an opportunity to enter. He enters the inner hall and makes for a dark space under a stairs landing. There, set into the wall, are about forty narrow slots for mail. He begins to push letters into these, but in the gloom of the place the names upon the envelopes and those under the slots are indistinguishable. He strikes a match and in its flicker makes a more successful attempt to read.

The colored superintendent appears beside him. "Say, postman," he begins accusingly, "Mrs. Fisher upstairs been complainin' you been puttin' her mail in the wrong box. She says if you do it again she'll complain in the post office."

"Let 'er complain," replies the postman, losing temper at last. "How'm I to know which is her box when there's no name on it? And can you read a name in this light?"

"Oh, that," apologizes the superintendent. "I took out the bulb because they used to leave it burnin' after gettin' their mail out."

He emerges upon the sidewalk and turns into the cross-street. The rain is becoming a hail and a penetrating wind is now blowing, but these he disregards. The complaints of the small business men on that block at the lateness of the mail require far more attention. A storekeeper, more sympathetic than the rest, suggests that perhaps the weather has been the cause of his tardiness. He shakes his head silently at this and hurries out into the storm. He has his route to serve and there is no time for speaking the truth—that it is not snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night that delays him, but the stupidity of the very people that he is trying his utmost to serve.

Some two years ago the writer had occasion to seek employment as a letter-carrier. After fulfilling the civil service requirements and after some waiting he was notified to report for service. But the elation that this notice brought was abruptly destroyed when upon reporting he was informed that not yet was he to be a letter-carrier. Years were first to be served as a substitute carrier. Understanding that this substituting was a sort of necessary apprenticeship, the writer agreed to the terms.

He has now been a "sub" for over two years. "Subbing" has turned out to be a prolonged physical and economic ordeal that must be gone through before the bliss of the regular carrier is attained. The "sub," he found, receives no regular salary but is paid by the hour. He has no regular work but, as a sort of scavenger, seizes upon whatever employment he can get. This may be a few hours' work as an "assist" on a heavy delivery route or a day's work as substitute for an absent carrier. It may be a job at "setting-up" a parcel-post route. Sometimes it is employment through "jumping" a carrier, i.e., through taking his place when he is over five minutes late. Many a carrier, delayed for a few minutes on his way to work, has dashed, panting, into the station, only to find himself "jumped" by a triumphant "sub." Oftenest, however, the "sub" does nothing. Days may pass before a chance to work will occur. To prevent squabbles over work when it does come, waiting lists are established and the "subs" receive turns at working in rotation. At the writer's station it takes usually three days to "buck" the list and get a turn. Although the "sub" receives no pay for time spent in waiting, he is expected to be constantly on hand should work arise. During prescribed hours he may not be elsewhere than within the station, "on the floor," in reserve for a possible emergency.

Nevertheless, on the sixty cents per hour that he occasionally earns, the "sub" strives to maintain himself, keep in uniforms, and, very often, to support a family. Many find this impossible and give up at the start. He who perseveres does it only through his vision of the future. The time is coming, he knows, when he will be appointed a regular carrier. There will then be no uncertainties, no vicissitudes in his life, he will know beforehand what his pay will be, he will have an annual vacation and sick-leave, and, best of all, he will be able to do some planning ahead. Years, of course, must pass, sometimes two, sometimes four or five, in one instance nineteen, before this condition is reached. But what are a few years of adversity when compared with the certainties of the letter-carrier's "life job"?

A day finally arrives when the "sub" is made a "regular" and definitely given the work and the pay of a letter-carrier. He is assigned to a route and the newly appointed carrier prepares to devote the rest of his life to the service of the residents on a few city blocks. Somewhat bungling at first, he soon familiarizes himself with the idiosyncrasies of those living on his route and with the peculiar ways in which some like to receive their mail. In time he is able to give from memory the address of each resident on his route, to know who has moved away, who has gone on vacation, and even their forwarding addresses. Every box, every mail-slot, every doorbell acquires an individuality and becomes an intrinsic part of his life.

Gradually the letter-carrier comes to realize that his condition is better only by contrast with that of the "sub." His salary, increased on rare occasions by a none-too-beneficent Congress, has always lagged behind the ever-rising cost of living. Of its present maximum of \$1,800 per year, 25 to 40 per cent must go for rent alone. Upon the remainder he is expected to live as a respectable, self-respecting citizen. As the years pass and under the stress of hard work he deteriorates physically. Extremes of weather develop rheumatism, and the constant walking under heavy loads gradually produces flat feet and varicose veins. As he grows older and weaker he finds his route becoming heavier. What was a year ago an unpaved path is now a street of

stuccoed cottages, what was formerly an empty lot has become in a few months a row of huge apartment houses, each with its scores of families to receive mail. But appropriations for an increased postal force are not made and the carrier bears the brunt.

The most familiar figure in the neighborhood, some who pass him at work greet him intimately, a few scowl at him, and the great number pass him without notice. He is merely the mailman, an accepted incident of city life, regarded as passively as the trolley pole and the fire hydrant.

The Birth of a New Movement

By NORMAN THOMAS

OF the making of many conferences we had decided there is no end, and much comment upon them is a weariness to the flesh. But the Conference of Youth Organizations at Bear Mountain the beginning of this month was different—different and significant. The peculiar interest did not inhere in the glory of snow-covered hills under a winter's sun. Neither did it lie in the set speeches of the conference, though they were good. Rather, it was found in the fact that the much-discussed and long-sought inclusive Youth Movement of America seemed to be in evidence.

Here, side by side, were representatives of orthodox Christian and Jewish young people's organizations; the Y. P. S. C. E. (Christian Endeavor Society) fraternized with the Y. P. S. L. (Young People's Socialist League), the Student Volunteers of America with the Young Workers League. Over thirty organizations of youth were represented. Young men and women, both white and colored, came from colleges and factories, forums and churches. Convinced and determined radicals, anxious inquirers after light, ardent young religious idealists sat down together, talked over living standards, changes in economic order, and next steps for youth. There were honest differences of opinion strongly expressed. The discussion did not rise to great heights of thought or expression; it had a good deal of the "I'm telling you" quality, but throughout it was informed by a spirit of youth and earnestness. These young people were doing what their elders had never done. They were getting together.

It was surprising to discover how general was the agreement on a statement of principles. When Devere Allen of the Fellowship of Reconciliation took the initiative in forming an organizing committee for the conference, it was not supposed that a platform would be desired. But the delegates themselves called for something of the sort and a committee representing all the organizations under the chairmanship of Harry W. Laidler of the League for Industrial Democracy formulated a statement which was unanimously adopted. The statement was not, of course, binding upon the various organizations, but for all that it revealed a degree of radicalism in unexpected quarters. It declared for a social order based on production for use, with equal opportunity for all. It deplored commercial and militaristic standards of education and all racial and religious prejudice. As immediate steps it declared for the restoration of civil liberties, the abolition of child labor, collective bargaining, equal pay for equal work, insurance against sickness, unemployment, accident, and old age, and the socialization of mines, railroads, and superpower. It advocated the increase of world friendship and concerted

agitation against war, militarism, and armament. It indorsed changes in the laws giving physicians the right to impart information on birth control; and it favored the strengthening of labor unionism, voluntary cooperation, labor education, and an independent political party of labor and of farmers.

To adopt such resolutions is one thing; to make them effective is another. It was encouraging to see a widely diffused recognition of the importance of study and research and of individual dedication to other than purely material values. The real service of such a conference lies not directly in the field of political and economic agitation and platform making, but in bringing together those who in the vigor and enthusiasm of their youth must deliver the world from war and make it a fit home for free men. The conference recognizing that fact formed a continuing committee with instructions to plan a further conference. If such conferences can carry forward the work begun at Bear Mountain a vital, inclusive, and genuine youth movement is at hand.

Washington and Mid-Europe

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE mind of Washington toward Europe has enormously changed since the time of the height of the League of Nations fight five years ago. It has become both more isolationist and more interventionist.

It has become more isolationist in respect of any proposed complicity in any permanent European international organization with duties laid down beforehand in the organization's constitution. It has become more interventionist in respect of the possibility of single unrelated useful acts, from time to time, by the United States in transatlantic affairs.

These two developments constitute, in fact, a mere belated return to the traditional American policy toward Europe. That policy, as laid down by the forefathers, was an abstinence from the European system and an intrusion, whenever genuinely necessary for American interests, into the European area. It embraced, on the one hand, a refusal to join the European Holy Alliance of the European great Powers; and it embraced, on the other hand, an invasion of the Mediterranean Sea to put down the Barbary pirates and a severe insistence, whenever possible, on the rights of Americans in European territories.

This natural combination of reasonable aloofness and of reasonable inclusiveness is now returning to Washington after having been artificially split for some time into its two component parts with each part carried to an absurd extreme.

Five years ago Washington tended to be divided into those who wished the United States to settle everything everywhere and those who did not wish the United States to take any part in settling anything anywhere. The Wilsonian passion for thinking that the United States knew what to do about Fiume in its relation to the boundary between Italy and Yugoslavia produced a counterpassion for declaring that the United States did not know what to do about German reparations in relation to the debt from France to the United States.

Woodrow Wilson took Washington farther away from the rest of the world than any other President that the

United States has ever had. He made it a hermit on the banks of the Potomac by holding up before it the prospect of being a continuous gadabout on the banks of the Vistula.

Today the opposition to any permanent perambulation on the banks of the Vistula is indeed stronger than ever. Democratic Senator after Democratic Senator, having sung a high song on behalf of the League of Nations, has gone to Europe and has come back and has sung low. In an executive session of the Senate the other day a Democratic Senator incidentally and rather irrelevantly produced a panegyric on the League. In the midst of it a playful and glibing Republican Senator arose and moved that the seal of secrecy be removed from the proceedings of this executive session. A chorus of appreciative and understanding Democratic shouts of "no" was his expected and received answer.

Senator Brookhart of Iowa, Republican but radical, a party colleague of Senator Lodge's, but totally without any inclination or compulsion within him or about him to follow Senator Lodge's policies or Republican policies, goes to Europe and arrives in Britain and attends a national meeting of Britain's cooperative movement. An advocate of the League of Nations appears before the meeting. He argues for the League. A British cooperator arises and answers him. He alleges that the League is a means of continuing the aristocratic political system and the competitive economic system in Europe. He sits down. The votes are called. Not one vote is conceded to the League. Senator Brookhart returns to the United States and recounts his experience with the feelings of the British cooperative economic democracy and ceases to speak even with tolerant indecision of the future possibilities of American participation in the works of this present League. He speaks now positively against that participation. A superficially contrary tendency is nevertheless at the same time spectacularly noticeable. The height of spectacularness in it is furnished by La Follette of Wisconsin.

La Follette was one of the four Republican senators who, having been against Mr. Wilson's League of Nations, were also against Mr. Harding's Four-Power Treaty. The other three were France of Maryland, Johnson of California, and Borah of Idaho.

France of Maryland is defeated and for the time being eliminated. Johnson of California has committed himself to the proposition that while he is against the League of Nations and against the League Court, he is not against an American policy regarding specific situations in Europe, provided that it is an American policy produced and announced by America itself out of its own American thought and for the promotion of its own American philosophy.

Borah of Idaho has repeatedly declared himself in favor of an "international economic conference" for the bringing of American advice and influence into the settlement of the immediate economic difficulties of Europe and of the world.

Now comes La Follette of Wisconsin and gives his sanction to the labors of the "Emergency Foreign Policy Conference," which is headed by Senator Frazier of North Dakota, Senator Howell of Nebraska, Senator Johnson of Minnesota, Senator Ladd of North Dakota, and Senator Wheeler of Montana, and which asserts that in European affairs the United States has both a specific duty and a specific interest, immediate and not indeterminate, American and not foreign, definable now and not merely to be discovered after prolonged dinner parties between unin-

structed American delegates and proficient European diplomats in a European capital.

This interest, as alleged, is to find a wider world market for the distressed American farmer. This duty, as alleged, is to fulfil the promise which America made to Germany in the armistice terms which Germany accepted from the hands and words of Woodrow Wilson.

Senator La Follette's name does not appear in the list of senators signing this program. He nevertheless is known to have been consulted about it. The senators signing it are members of his group or allied to his group in many of their views and activities. He himself has long been known to adhere to the conviction that the terms of the armistice impose today a duty upon the United States. This conviction is shared by senators who did not sign this program. Among them may be mentioned Shipstead of Minnesota, first Farmer-Laborite in the Senate.

As the Senate becomes more radical it becomes more and more disinclined to join in any scheme for the indeterminate perpetuation of the European spoils of the late European conflict. As the shock of Woodrow Wilson's willingness to go anywhere on anything recedes into the past, the Senate again tends toward becoming willing to go somewhere named on something known. By going beyond Wilson, the city of Washington has arrived at Thomas Jefferson, who denounced entanglements and intervened in the Mediterranean. Thus always there is progress.

President Eliot at Ninety

By WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

FOR more than half a century Charles William Eliot has occupied a unique place in American public life. For forty years the head of Harvard University, he has exercised on all classes of his countrymen an influence far beyond that of the usual academic dignitary. Other leaders of opinion have come and gone, and some for a time have been more conspicuous; but it is impossible to name a figure who has so continuously dominated our intellectual horizon for the last fifty years.

From the beginning he showed the power of the great executive in mastering infinite detail while keeping large general principles in view. He came into control of an institution which had to its credit a long line of distinguished graduates but which was essentially an unprogressive provincial college, with one or two inefficient professional schools loosely attached to it. He proceeded at once to reorganize the whole machine, and in his inaugural address laid down practically all the main ideas which directed the evolution of the university during his regime. His theories were founded on a personal knowledge of what the college was doing and was not doing for its students, on a somewhat varied experience as a teacher, and on prolonged observation of educational methods in Europe. He saw clearly what he wanted to do, and he began at once to argue that it should be done. Though strong-willed and self-assured, he sought to make his policies prevail not by the exercise of autocratic power but by persuasion. Yet he never flattered, never played politics. He had faith that truth would prevail; and he stated the truth as he saw it bluntly, persistently, and with all the logic he could command. One by one the reforms he advocated were adopted by sufficient majorities of the faculties and governing

boards; and though the defeated might feel regret, they had none of the sense of grievance that would have come from brutal forcing through of measures or suppression of full and free discussion. Thus were established the elective system, with the consequent development of specialization; the enrichment of the curriculum, especially on what is known as the modern side; the substitution of written for oral examinations and of lectures for recitations. In the administration of discipline a greater degree of liberty and responsibility was granted to the student, and entrance to the college was guarded by higher standards of admission. Meanwhile Harvard grew from one thousand students to five thousand; twenty million dollars were added to its endowment; and a New England college became a cosmopolitan university.

Here surely was sufficient achievement for one man; but Dr. Eliot's influence went far beyond. His interest in the preparation for college led him to a consideration of the preparatory schools, with a resulting increase in their efficiency and a revision of their curricula. And all the while he refused to allow his official position to deprive him of his rights as a citizen. The freedom of speech he granted to the distinguished scholars whom he attracted to the faculties he demanded for himself; and he has been listened to more and more widely on almost all subjects of public interest. Now it is his judgment on rival candidates for the Presidency or the rights of non-union labor; now on civil-service reform, the religion of the future, or the best road to international peace, or the education of the sexes. Without exaggeration and without rhetoric, his plain telling sentences appeal to the sober sense of the American people, and seem to them the summing up of what they have always thought, the application of principles they have always held. He does not, it is true, convince all men; but he always helps to clarify.

Dr. Eliot has not been a great scholar in the technical sense. In his own subject he was a competent chemist and wrote a good textbook; but he abandoned specialization too early to reach distinction in research. He is very widely informed and is a great reader; but he learns as much from men as from books. He is an expert in the employment of experts; and he consulted members of his faculty when in search of special information as another man might consult a cyclopedia. His judgment of men is keen, and he forms it by watching them and letting them reveal themselves by their words and deeds. Cautious up to a certain point, he is bold when his mind is made up; and he constantly astonishes one by the freedom and almost indiscretion of his criticisms.

Grave and stately in appearance, Dr. Eliot is not in reality an austere man. Even a slight intimacy reveals geniality, kindness, and humor; but his inability to trifle with the truth, his scorn of insincerity and affectation, and his courageous frankness of utterance sometimes frighten the timid. His spoken and written style is a faithful expression of his character. It is a style without applied ornament, without excess of any kind. At first sight it appears bald in its severe simplicity and its courageous obviousness; at its best it is monumental, balanced, logical, the utterance of a just and valiant man.

On his ninetieth birthday many will bring him congratulations. Let ours be offered to the civilization which produced him, and made possible for so astounding a period the exercise of his superb and beneficent energy.

In the Driftway

TO read the critics of the day you would think there was little or no beauty left in the world. Perhaps we have a shortage rather of what Swinburne called "the noble art of praising" and perhaps the reporters of what happens in the field of the arts are too often busier whetting their wits than being passive before beauty. The Drifter does not want slack appreciations from the ungirdled mind; what, in a friendly enough manner, he protests against is smartness, superficiality, lack of fire and love and glow. He would like to call to the attention of the critics who wander between two worlds, one that they wish dead, another whose birth might diminish their own importance, a saying of one Nietzsche, no "stick-in-the-mud" conservative: "What thou dost not love—pass it by."

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FOR his part he finds the little world to which he has access quite stirring. His only regret is that what happens in New York cannot be spread to Wilkes-Barre and Dallas and to all the Springfields and Columbias and Liberties of the land. He has been uplifted by Shaw's "Saint Joan"—which Mr. George Jean Nathan thinks a contemptible performance—and dazzled, at least, by "The Miracle," and both charmed and instructed by "Fashion." He dropped in at the Metropolitan to hear "Lohengrin" the other night. He had not heard it for many years; once more the old magician got hold of him and made all other composers of the lyric stage seem thin and jejune and shallow. And he found not only the rapture of that still incomparable music but, more than ever, the well-grounded philosophy of the fable, with its fine implication that the world will not accept nobility, will not even accept its own salvation unless the bringer of it displays the pedigrees of death and dust.

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NEXT afternoon—or was it the afternoon before?—the Drifter saw Irene Triesch and Max Montor and their excellent associates do "Rosmersholm" in German. And though he knows his Ibsen reasonably well, he found a hundred new meanings in this interpretation. The players had brought the authentic Ibsen tradition, both in life and in literature, of Northern and Central Europe. Again he was both enchanted and instructed, and also, after the mumbling of Broadway pleased with the bell-like clarity of the diction of these players. But when he opened the papers next morning he found no notice of the event and he wondered why a first-rate production of a modern classic in a language of which most cultivated people have a smattering seemed so unimportant and a performance of "The Death of Pazukhin," by one Mikhail Saltikov-Shtchedrin, in a language of which neither the Drifter nor any local critic understands one syllable, seemed so important. And he could not help thinking of several of the kinds of idols mentioned by Bacon in a passage which, he suspects, is not much read or pondered by our critics either.

* * * * *

IN a gallery off Fifth Avenue the Drifter found some astonishing modern paintings by the Spaniards Ramon and Valentin Zubiaurre—magnificently realized Spanish peasants, blood, bone, and muscle compositions both crashing and harmonious and infinitely curious backgrounds painted in almost Byzantine perspective as though the

painters meant to tell us something of the primitive mental horizon of these robust and splendid creatures. Around the corner, on Fifth Avenue itself, he ran into an exhibition of Rembrandt etchings and Dürer drawings and hardly knew which to prefer—the earth-rooted magnificence of the one or the soaring imagination of the other.

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IT is not that he does not admire either new things or Russian things. He admires the Moscow Art Theater thoroughly, even as he does Rimsky-Korsakoff's lovely if not precisely rich "Coq d'Or." What he would like to see is more catholicity and more joy, a wider range of appreciations than Hazlitt or Lamb had, but something of their gusto, something of their delight. Art exists to be enjoyed—a simple fact, often forgotten.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

These People Must Be Helped!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After a stay of many happy and fruitful months in this bountiful land I returned to my native shores some weeks ago. As we neared the German coast, after a stormy passage, my heart was filled with grave fears of the misery and suffering which I should find. On the other hand, I was happy in the thought that I was carrying with me a generous gift from Americans who had come to the aid of the sufferers in the Rhine-Ruhr region.

The difficulties which beset the traveler in the occupied district are many and trying. All railroad traffic is crippled, and the great network of lines which formerly assured such excellent connections between the Rhineland and the rest of Germany is now practically useless. Trains under the French regime move slowly. Railway stations are unutterably filthy. I was told that three French operating companies had failed and a fourth one was to try its hand. I finally arrived at Cologne.

During my brief stay I kept my eyes open in order to get a clear picture of the situation. I can only say that the misery is indescribable. The best proof of this is the fact that the soup kitchens thus far established are unable to cope with the dire need. Many must go away hungry, for the daily ration is quickly used up. Only recently a British charitable organization opened five soup kitchens in Cologne, and yet daily I saw men, women, and children eagerly searching through garbage pails in the forlorn hope of finding there something edible—people whose dress and bearing told plainly that they had seen better days. I could not help calling to mind the picture of garbage pails I had seen in New York, too frequently exhibiting half loaves of white bread, large chunks of meat, and much fruit, all going to waste. Every human heart must be roused to revolt at the sight of great numbers of undernourished children, and of starving, freezing men and women that storm the soup kitchens organized everywhere in Germany through American kindheartedness.

Great as the need is, however, there is an earnest endeavor among persons of all classes to help those needier than themselves. On every hand local charitable organizations are doing what they can, and special effort is made to reach those classes who are too proud to let their need be seen. There are numerous families who, when their means at all permit it, take in as their guests poor children, or young students, or those incapacitated for work. Large sums, considering the circumstances, are raised within Germany. Quite recently several banks in Berlin gave 700,000 gold marks for the special purpose of furnishing food and fuel for the aged and the sick. To anyone seeing these things with his own eyes it becomes at once apparent that the reports received here from time to time of scenes

of revelry and extravagance in German restaurants, and of lack of interest or indifference to the need all about, are greatly exaggerated.

It goes without saying that relief work even on the grandest scale cannot reach the root of the evil. But it can save human lives, it can encourage self-help, it can through natural, kind, human sympathy with striving fellow-creatures help a new Europe to rise and stand on a better and more solid foundation.

The roots of the evil are to be found in the present political situation and can be exterminated only from within when Germany is again on the road to recovery and in a position to work. In the meantime a tremendous task lies before us. So many suffer innocently. So many children were born after the war into conditions of which they are blameless. So many undernourished mothers give birth to children who will be weakened for life.

These people must be helped! To further this work is my duty and privilege and the purpose of my efforts in this great-hearted country, and I returned to its hospitable shores, a few days ago, with the happy conviction that its people will continue the effective support thus far given.

New York, March 5

HELLMUTH M. BRINCKMANN

The Golden Rule in Europe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Do as you would be done by" should undoubtedly have been the principle of the Allies at Versailles. Lately, however, a small doubt has crept into my mind. I think even *The Nation* congratulated Denmark on its good sense in not accepting as much of its old domain of Schleswig as the suspiciously generous Allies were willing to give it and as a tiny misguided Conservative Danish minority was willing to take. The people rose in a general strike against this, there was as much noise as Denmark ever permits itself, and the chauvinists lost.

The new border was fixed not according to Danish legal right, but according to the justest of plebiscites. A minority of Germans remained in Danish territory, and an equal minority of Danes in German. As a Swedish paper says, the Danish Government then proceeded to treat its German subjects not as the Danes themselves had been treated, nor as some minorities in the new states are now being treated—according to the old Prussian recipe—but as they hoped their brothers across the border might be treated. The Germans were allowed the fullest freedom of language in school, church, and court, as well as the rights of Danish citizens. At the same time the Danes continued to feed starving German and Austrian children as they are yet doing, thousands and thousands of them came to the Danish farms, although the German authorities in the city of Flensburg refused to allow a few Danish children to go for a vacation visit to their mother country. Still that was overlooked as a little lack of tact.

It is more difficult even for angelic patience to overlook the debate in the Prussian Landtag during the first week in February of this year. At that debate, *every party*—German National, People's, Center, Democrats, and Socialists—agreed that the new Schleswig border was "in accordance neither with justice nor morals."

So much for the golden-rule, self-sacrificial, do-as-you-would-be-done-by border!

What is the use? A good conscience is of course a pleasant thing to have, and the Danes can warm themselves at that while interpreting the cold resolution of Prussia, and waiting for the day when Germany will be strong enough again to fine the Schleswig girls for wearing red and white.

One begins to understand the French a little better.

Paris, February 12

SIGNE TOKSVIG

Do Conventions Repeat Themselves?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now that another presidential year has come around it is perhaps profitable to recall some of the unpublished incidents of the National Republican Convention in June, 1920.

I remember that when I arrived in Chicago a few days in advance, one of my lieutenants told me that Harding would be nominated and outlined with considerable detail just what the procedure would be. Subsequent events proved that he was right. The followers of Lowden and Leonard Wood, not realizing that the cards were stacked against them, were pitted against each other until the deadlock was complete. Then they were brutally eliminated and their votes were gradually shifted to Harding, the preordained Penrose candidate, until only a few more votes were needed. Then the votes of the Pennsylvania delegation, heretofore held in reserve, were thrown into the balance and Penrose had nominated Harding, as the Pennsylvania Senator frankly announced a few hours later.

Hiram Johnson, who at that time enjoyed possibly the largest measure of public sentiment among the Republican voters, was kept sitting outside the convention in a taxicab waiting for the invitation which never came, while inside a few sincere Johnson delegates, notably the Montana delegation, reminded the convention of his existence by stubbornly voting for Johnson throughout the proceedings.

The La Follette delegation were hissed every time La Follette or Wisconsin was mentioned. Their chairman was mobbed when he endeavored to deliver the minority report of the platform committee. After Harding had been nominated, some foolish delegate moved that the nomination be made unanimous, and when the Johnson and La Follette men conscientiously voted against this motion, quick as a flash the tense feeling against them came to a head in the shape of a motion duly made and seconded that all those who had voted in the negative should be physically ejected from the floor of Convention Hall.

A moment more and the Republican Convention, which had just reached an "harmonious" conclusion, would have been the scene of a disgraceful riot, but Senator Lodge (who sensed the seriousness of the situation), instead of putting the motion, banged the gavel and declared the convention adjourned.

New York, February 29

J. A. H. HOPKINS

Poincaré vs. France

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A striking illustration of the two conflicting conceptions of the true interest of France is contained in a Paris dispatch to the *New York Times* of March 3, 1924:

The French public, of which only a part had begun to feel really confident of the general situation, was frightened by the new fall of the franc; more particularly so when the drop in price was accompanied by numerous "bear rumors." The principal rumor of this sort [note: "bear rumor"] alleged that Poincaré would refuse to abandon the working of the Ruhr railways, even though France received in exchange a pledge on the whole German railway situation. From this it was argued that no agreement concerning reparations could possibly be arrived at. It was *while this rumor circulated, and chiefly on account of it*, that the franc gave way last week without meeting serious resistance from Paris.

There were M. Poincaré and his admirers, who thought they promoted France's economic interest by refusing to give up the German railroads in the Ruhr; and yet the Paris public was less "confident of the general situation," and the franc gave way "chiefly on account of this rumor": that Poincaré would continue his attempt to safeguard France's interest by his method of force and coercion. Is it not a strange paradox

that public sentiment among the French people should almost subconsciously reject his point of view and rally to that of the British Labor Government?

New York, March 3

JOHN MEZ

On Pre-Adamic Hottentots, Mencken, *The Nation*, and Others

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention is called to what I take to be an editorial article in your journal for January 9, under the title *What to Do with the Doughtys*, seconding the gas attack of H. L. Mencken, made on this writer, in the *Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post*, for November 24, 1923. The writer of your article is a jazz performer, but he crooks a wicked elbow in his raucous playing of second fiddle. I think you will take it as a compliment when I say you play second fiddle to H. L. Mencken; but I do not mean it as such. I think there is no one of so puerile a mind or so circumscribed or contemptible an outlook as ought to condemn him to that place in the chorus of the "diabetic" tribe, as he names you in the *Literary Review*.

All I object to in your delightful defense of the Art of Obscenity, and the doctrine of Freedom for the Worst, is the determination shown in your article to second H. L. Mencken even in his mistakeness or mendacity of statement as to facts. Whether he knew or no, your writer knew, from the article in the *Dallas News*, which he quotes in part, that I am no professor of a college, nor in any way ever so remotely connected with the "university *Gelehrten*," as meaninglessly and spitefully said by H. L. Mencken in his article in the *Review*. Why you thought it would add weight to your condemnation of my stand for decency even in what you call "art," to falsely report me as a university professor, I leave to a psychological diagnosis of the freak mentality of the writer of the article in *The Nation*.

I am a practicing lawyer in the courts of Texas, and have been all the years of my maturity; and nothing I said in the *Alcalde*, of Austin, Texas, for January, 1923, would remotely remind any one having the critical acumen of a pre-Adamic Hottentot, of anything ever said by Professor Brownell, Beers, Georg Brandes, Erskine, or the rest, with whose names my name was so fatuously connected by H. L. Mencken.

In my reply to H. L. Mencken I used the phrase of pathologic nomenclature, "delusion of grandeur," in a figurative and satiric sense; but not here, where I am confronted with your writer's definition of himself—"We ourselves, liberal critics . . . thinkers." That is on page 26 of your journal for January 9, 1924.

My space here, of course, is too circumscribed to allow me to do other than scrappily understate my position toward your diatribe. I can only say here at the end of the inadequate space granted me that bearing in mind "the fear of the Doughtys" which the writer naively admits, it would appear likely that the seeming boldness and frenzy of his attack is but the hysteria of congenital timidity, startled into insolence. As to his expressed desire to purge what he calls his soul of all that "remotely resembles Doughty," I will say to him, and to all the mute, inglorious manikins of his kind, and as simplifying his problems, that providence graciously awarded me that total differentiation, when it made him what he is.

Austin, Texas, January 18

LEONARD DOUGHTY

In next week's issue of

The Nation

Two articles on Henry Ford and Muscle Shoals
by Edwin Dakin and C. F. Adams

Books

French Treachery

The Treachery of France. By C. J. C. Street, M.C., O.B.E. Allan and Company.

IT would be hard to imagine a more difficult problem than that with which French imperialists have confronted the British Government. The problem is that of using our influence to mitigate French oppression and militarism without becoming anti-French and creating the kind of atmosphere which ultimately leads to war. It is fortunate indeed that Labor is in office at this moment, since Conservatives are willing to acquiesce in the ruin of Germany, while Liberals apparently would not object to a war with France.

Mr. Street's book is an enumeration of the crimes of France during the last five years. It does not aim at impartiality; it is the case for the prosecution. The case is ably stated, and the main facts are undeniable. Let us first review the facts, and then consider the verdict. It must be remembered that we are speaking throughout of the acts of the French Government, which may be repudiated by the French people in the forthcoming general election, just as Lloyd George has been repudiated by Great Britain.

The broad facts are well known. Under cover of a pretended fear for her own security, France has refused to abandon compulsory military service, and, while refusing to honor her debt to England and America, has found large sums for loans to Poland, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, to be spent mainly on military needs supplied by France. The sums involved are 400 million francs to Poland, 300 million francs to Yugoslavia, and 100 million francs to Rumania. In the last case, the avowed purpose is "for the purchase of war materials to be bought exclusively in France under supervision of the French 'Service Interministeriel'." The result of French alliances and loans is that the entire military strength of the Continent (omitting Italy, Hungary, Russia, and un-military neutrals) is controlled by France, whose position is quite as strong as in the time of Napoleon.

Some of the least defensible of French actions have been done under the aegis of the League of Nations, which, as at present constituted, must be regarded as a department of the Quai d'Orsay. Two instances are dealt with at length by Mr. Street, namely, Silesia and the Saar. According to the Treaty of Versailles, the status of Upper Silesia was to be decided by a plebiscite. With designs on Silesian coal, France was very anxious that Poland should win in the voting; Polish terrorist bands were imported, and people who voted for Germany did so at great risk. Nevertheless 717,122 votes were cast for Germany, and 483,514 for Poland. The League of Nations therefore decided that Upper Silesia should be partitioned in such a way as to render it industrially useless to Germany and as profitable as possible to Poland. The case of the Saar is even more remarkable. By the Treaty of Versailles, the French were to have the coal, while the administration of the territory was to be by the League of Nations until 1935, when there should be a plebiscite. The League of Nations was to govern by means of a commission, containing a French member, a member representative of the Saar, and three others. The others chosen were a Belgian (who of course sides with France), a Dane who had lived all his life in Paris and was repudiated by Denmark, and a Canadian. The representative chosen by the League of Nations to represent the Saar was one of the very few individuals with French sympathies living in the district. After some years of power he was convicted of perjury in the courts, but was saved from arrest by his immunity as a commissioner. However, the incident led to his resignation. It is interesting to observe that the Saar Commission punishes with five years' imprisonment any person who speaks disrespectfully of the Treaty of Versailles.

Mr. Street devotes a chapter to French dealings with the Turks. On this subject, however, perhaps the less said by Englishmen the better. It is of course true that the French behavior in making a separate treaty with the Angora Government was incorrect, but in substance it was a better policy than ours. British policy throughout the Near East ever since the armistice has been one long record of perfidy and cruelty. I hope, though not very confidently, that the present Government will do something to put things right by evacuating Mesopotamia and Palestine, making friends with the Egyptian nationalists, and confining its authority to the Canal and the South Persian oil fields. If it does this, it will be in a better position to suggest sacrifices to the French.

The gravamen of the charge against France is French policy in the Rhineland and the Ruhr. It would be difficult to find anything much worse than this policy in the whole history of civilized governments; for cold-blooded cruelty it puts even Czarist Russia in the shade. The French have a twofold object, strategic and economic: to establish the Rhine frontier and to secure their supremacy in coal and iron. It must not be supposed that their plans are fantastic and impossible; on the contrary, they are now seen to be more feasible than anybody in this country supposed.

Under the Treaty of Versailles, the Allies occupied German territory on the west bank of the Rhine, as security for reparations. The occupation was to be purely military, leaving the civil government to the Germans; it was to cease when (if ever) the Germans had completed the payment of reparations. None of the occupied territory was to be annexed by any of the Allies. A year ago the Americans withdrew, and the British are confined in Cologne, with French occupied territory surrounding them on all sides. Thus virtually the French are left alone in the Rhineland. As they cannot annex the country, they have hit on an ingenious expedient. Under the treaty, they had a right to disarm the population (except a small number of police); this right they exercised strictly. They then let it be known that arms would be given to those who chose to accept service under the French. The only people who accepted were criminals—burglars, brothel keepers, etc. These people therefore were sent armed among an unarmed population. They were instructed to demand separation from the German Reich and the creation of a Rhineland republic. Bands of them were collected by the French and sent by special trains first to one town and then to another. For instance, in Düsseldorf, on the seventh of last October, the separatist armed bands attacked all who showed lack of sympathy with their propaganda. The police undertook the protection of the law-abiding population, but the French troops intervened on behalf of the separatists. After they had disarmed the police and separated them into small groups, they stood by while separatists beat policemen to death.

The occupation of the Ruhr, in the opinion of the law officers of the late British Government, was illegal under the Treaty of Versailles, but it was necessary in order to acquire coke for the Lorraine iron ore. The incidents of this occupation being so recent, one may perhaps assume that they have not yet been forgotten. The author makes much of the economic menace to British industry, which undoubtedly caused Mr. Baldwin's hasty adoption of protection. He points out that France owns or controls three-fifths of the coal of Europe, which is two and a half times as much as we have; at the same time she owns or controls half the output of iron ore in Europe. Against this, however, is to be set the destructiveness of the French in the Ruhr, which makes it certain that that region cannot for many years regain its former productiveness. It is doubtful whether the French and the Poles have the capacity for great industrial development, though they certainly now have the material requisites.

The most terrible chapter in Mr. Street's book is that on colored troops. He proves conclusively not only what is obvious a priori, that these troops are constantly guilty of the worst

moral offenses, often of an unnatural kind, but also, what could hardly have been guessed, that they are encouraged in this conduct by the authorities.

The moral to be drawn from such facts is not a simple one. The natural reaction of a man not belonging to a nation allied with the French is to conclude that they are exceptionally wicked, and that all would be well if they were suppressed. People had this view of the Germans, but it has since turned out that some who are not Germans are not saints. The French are not worse than other people; they are only stronger. Every nation does as much evil as it dare; therefore the strongest does most. The Americans and English made France strong under the ridiculous notion that original sin is confined to Germany; the Americans then withdrew from Europe, and invited us to make the best of the hell they helped to create. Nay, more, for the sake of oil and Messrs. Morgan's investments, America has taken sides with France whenever she has taken sides at all. It is clear, therefore, that America shares the moral responsibility with France. As for Great Britain, not only did we, in a fit of vindictive madness against Germany, give France the means of acquiring her present position, but our own record is scarcely better. The chief difference is that our worst acts of oppression are in Asia and Africa, while those of France are in Europe. To subject a white population to a colored garrison is horrible; to subject a colored population to a white garrison is equally horrible, though no one among the white nations seems to think so.

No good will come from forcible suppression of the French by other imperialistic nations; the victors will only take over the vices of the vanquished. The French must be made to see for themselves that a policy of sheer military violence does not pay. There is one way by which this can be done: let America demand interest on the French debt. Great Britain cannot make this demand, for fear of French aeroplanes. But if America makes it, either the French agree, in which case they can no longer afford to finance their own vast armaments and those of their Allies; or they refuse, in which case they are bankrupt, the franc falls with a rush, and they can no longer borrow, which makes them incapable of conducting a long war and makes Great Britain therefore able to undertake the reconstruction of Germany. Such a demand on the part of America would be merely a return to neutrality as between France and England. The objection to it is that it might impoverish Messrs. Morgan. There is no other.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Sic Semper Tyrannis

The Deportations Delirium of 1920. A Personal Narrative of an Historic Official Experience. By Louis F. Post. Charles H. Kerr and Company. \$1.50.

FOR the benefit of those who do not know him, let it be said that Louis F. Post was Assistant Secretary of Labor of the United States during the eight years of the Wilson Administration, and that during the months of March and April, 1920, by reason of the illness of Secretary Wilson and the absence of Solicitor Abercrombie, he was by operation of law the official head of the Department of Labor for all matters dealing with the immigration laws. As such it became his official duty to review the records of the cases of the twenty-five hundred odd aliens who had been arrested for deportation in the so-called "red crusade" conducted by Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer during the early days of 1920. This volume is the story of what he found in those records; of the unlawful acts and the tyrannous practice of the Department of Justice; and of the attack of hysterics which made the Attorney General of the United States timid lest the government be overthrown by a handful of foreign-born radical theorists. It is an amazing story, and in telling it Mr. Post has contrived to combine an ease of narrative with a restraint of statement and a wealth of sound legal reasoning in such a manner that the reader is at once fascinated, astounded,

and, whatever his preconceived notions, utterly convinced.

The narrative begins with the sailing, just before Xmas 1919, of the Buford, that "Soviet Ark" on which, we were told by an excitable press, were being deported "249 blasphemous creatures who . . . sought by a campaign of assassination and terrorism to ruin America as a nation of free men." Mr. Post now tells us most convincingly that the evidence in their cases did not justify "a rational inference" that any of them was a dangerous conspirator.

Then comes the story of Mr. Palmer's "red crusade." It tells of warrants of arrest issued in "job lots" based on affidavits upon mimeographed forms "sworn to by supervising detectives upon information reported by subordinate detectives. The affidavits seldom had any other information; their informants often had none at all." These affidavits were often defective. "Some were not sworn to. Some were not even signed by the affiant. Some were blank as when they were ground out by the mimeographing machine except for names and wear and tear." The story tells of arrests totaling several thousands of people upon warrants thus issued, and in hundreds of cases without any warrant at all. It tells of the breaking into and entering without search warrant or lawful process of clubrooms, meeting-places, and private homes, and the search of persons and premises. It tells of the confinement of the persons thus arrested under unsanitary and shocking conditions for many days, and often for weeks and months. It tells of the attempt (fortunately frustrated) to hold those arrested incommunicado and under excessive bail. And, above all, it makes it abundantly clear that for these shameful things the responsibility rested squarely upon A. Mitchell Palmer and his subordinate and appointee William J. Flynn.

Mr. Palmer's only relevant retort to those who have criticized these practices has been to say that when you are "trying to protect the community against moral rats you sometimes get to thinking more of your trap's effectiveness than of its lawful construction." This is, of course, a nice sentiment for the chief law officer of the government to be entertaining, but, aside from its more subtle aspects, it raises the question of whether those caught in Mr. Palmer's trap were or were not "moral rats." Upon this point what did Mr. Post find the evidence to be? Well, in the first place, he found that the trap caught a great many persons whom even Mr. Palmer did not intend to catch. Hundreds, if not a thousand or so, including many citizens, were arrested, held incommunicado for periods varying from some hours to some days, only to be released without having any charge of any sort preferred against them. For the rest, some 2,500 were held under warrants of deportation. These were the cases which it was Mr. Post's duty to examine and decide. Of the many grotesque injustices which he found in the records, space forbids mention here. Suffice it to say that of the 2,500 odd cases, deportation was finally ordered in only 562. The rest were set free because Mr. Post did not find in the records any evidence at all of conduct for which they could be deported. The potential "moral rats" were accordingly not more than 562 in number, and not the four or five thousand whom the Department of Justice had arrested. But what of the 562? Mr. Post finds that

in no instance was it shown that the offending aliens had been connected in any way with bomb-throwing or bomb-making. No explosives were discovered, nor trace of any, nor any firearms except four pistols personally owned, and some guns in the "property room" of an amateur theatrical group. . . . In nearly every deportation case the record disclosed nothing but some variety of proof of mere technical membership in one or another organization which the Secretary of Labor had held to be within the proscription of the alien deportation laws. And in most of these cases it was apparent that the alien had neither suspicion nor cause for suspicion that the organization was unlawful. . . . There were a few cases in which the aliens were proved to hold "anarchistic" opinions. But in all these in which the proof was at all clear, the "anarchistic"

opinions were of the extreme pacifist type. A single instance of any anarchistic opinion of the violent revolutionary type was as great a curiosity as a "sport" in a herd of cattle.

And that is the end of Mr. Palmer's "moral rat" justification.

In telling this story Mr. Post has done us a great service, but the service for which we are all inestimably in his debt is another. It is his official actions during the deportations delirium. In a time of great excitement, under enormous pressure, with a hail of ignorant criticism beating upon his head, he had the poise, the clarity of vision, and the courage not to be stampeded by a timid and vindictive Attorney General, and to protect the weakest and most despised of our population in the rights to which they were entitled under the law. The extraordinary bit of history which he now relates may shake the faith of some of us in the ways of government, but it will make us all unite in thanks that at such a time Louis F. Post was on the job.

ALBERT DESILVER

Crowned by the Boosters' Club

The Midlander. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.

MR. TARKINGTON is by general consent our most skilful describer of the ordinary citizen as that citizen sees himself. Yet I, for one, should prefer to consider "The Midlander" a libel, for it does indeed speak for the millions, making articulate their aims and ideals, and if it does represent, as its author seems to intend that it shall, the best type that our American civilization has produced, then the "American spirit" is the shabbiest excuse for a national religion that any country ever had. Provided as he is with a novelist's privilege of choosing his incidents and of endowing his characters with whatever attributes he likes, Mr. Tarkington has deliberately chosen to tell a story in which nothing important is at stake and no central character is ever concerned about anything that cannot be seen and touched. Once, America was the home of the puritan, and however hard or narrow his heart may have been it at least burned with an intense flame, and his concern was with the soul more than with the goods of man. But, if we are to believe Mr. Tarkington, the extinction of that flame has left nothing except a tepid prudence and a business sense. The avowed defender of the average citizen calmly writes him down as incapable of a passion for anything less tangible than bank returns or of an ideal beyond that of a chamber-of-commerce man. Honest, energetic, kindly his *Midlander* is made, and these are excellent qualities. But they are no more than a groundwork and leave him as bare as our bitterest satirists say we are of those qualities of imagination and susceptibility to spiritual values which are necessary, not merely to cultivation, but to any dignity of character in peasant or professor. When Mr. Lowes Dickinson, for example, declares that we have no ideal beyond acceleration and that we are incapable of any disinterested intellectual operation he is accusing us of nothing that Mr. Tarkington does not glory in.

The nominal hero of the book is a young man who desires to serve his people and his nation by buying an outlying farm, persuading the street-car company to run a line to it, and then reselling it in small lots for a sufficient sum to make him one of those solid citizens to whom neighbors point as just the sort of man one would expect to come from his fine old pioneer stock. The whole story turns upon the failure or success of a commercial venture, and the real protagonist of the drama is a piece of real estate which is supposed to wring our hearts by its failure to blossom forth as soon as it should into suburban homes. It is, of course, nothing against Mr. Tarkington that his hero is dull and that after taking his B.A. at New Haven he never shows himself capable of an interest, enthusiasm, or valuation which would not be understood and shared by the boy who passed from primary school into a grocery store to weigh

sugar or cut lard. That is merely sober realism. But it is something against Mr. Tarkington as an artist that he finds the mere belching forth of smoke in increasing volume and the spreading out of street-car tracks a sufficient proof of national greatness.

Many novelists, from Cooper to Willa Cather, have made pioneering the material of moving novels, but always they have shown what pioneering did to the pioneer, making him a great and heroic figure, whereas Mr. Tarkington attempts to write an epic around a central character who never rises above the level of the enthusiastic realtor. The building of a suburb to a midland city may possibly be as important in the history of the nation as the opening up of the West, but it cannot be made satisfactory material for heroic art unless it can be shown to have molded great men, and this Mr. Tarkington never attempts to show. Some great books ("Tom Jones," for example) are books written about stupid people, but intended to be read by intelligent ones, whereas "The Midlander" would seem to be for as well as about the dull.

This is equivalent to saying that Mr. Tarkington has written a piece of typical magazine fiction, for the essential difference between such writing and literature lies not, as is sometimes supposed, in the moral timidity or imperfect execution of the latter—magazine stories are often revolutionary in tone and admirable in execution—but in the centering of all interest upon material things and the failure to suggest that either the characters or the author realize that other values exist or that what a man feels and is may be as important as what he has or does. Many a book both deserves and gets serious consideration from the critic which is not as well written or as skillfully observed as either "The Midlander" or a large portion of *Saturday Evening Post* fiction, but which soars above both by virtue of the fact that it does recognize that important things go on inside a man which have no relation to his business career or the growth of cities. From "The Midlander," as from most magazine fiction, one gets the impression that man is a wealth-and-comfort-producing machine and that the function of fiction is the analysis of the efficiency of such a machine; hence to one sort of temperament such work will always seem merely vulgar. But it is not to be forgotten that the point of view has many supporters and that if ever the Boosters' Club should found an academy, "The Midlander" should be the first book crowned.

J. W. KRUTCH

The Growth of Science

Science and Civilization. Edited by F. S. Marvin. Oxford University Press. \$4.

THE five previous volumes of the Unity Series, surveying the continuousness of human experience in history and thought, have been of such interest that we are glad to welcome a sixth. This volume, containing a dozen lectures by eminent English scientists, traces step by step the history of science from its earliest beginnings to the present day, with several essays on the influence of science on health, education, and religion, and especially on contemporary social evolution. The essays have been skillfully arranged to follow a certain sequence of thought so that, in spite of the independence of each man in his own opinions, there is an impression of unity of authorship.

J. L. Myres shows the slow progress of early science and the lack of a method of recording the results of experience for the use of future generations. Primitive peoples were paralyzed by fear of the unknown world about them. Even the early Egyptians and Babylonians, advanced as they were in crafts and mechanical arts, were hampered by this fear of the forces of nature—fear of death above all. All advance in science among primitive peoples came from the need for explanation of

hunger, sickness, rain, the baffling ways of game and the behavior of dogs and of womankind, their own feelings and imaginations and, above all, their dreams. . . .

The Greeks lived under more favorable conditions and in a more favorable environment. Released from fear of vast inhuman forces, living in the Aegean "paradise," their vision was clearer and with them in the sixth century B.C. the true scientific idea began. "It was not the practice of science that the Greeks invented, but the scientific idea; the conception that the world was knowable inasmuch and in so far as it could be investigated." The noble and advanced ideas and discoveries of Hippocrates and the extent of medical knowledge in the Roman empire under the Greek Galen are treated in an excellent lecture by Charles Singer. The Greeks continued to entertain certain superstitions in regard to disease, in spite of their enlightenment, and the Romans contributed preventive medicine and sanitation and hospitals, in spite of their lack of scientific tastes.

The Greeks also made the greatest advance in biological and geological discoveries. With Aristotle, Alcmaeon, Plato, Galen, Thales, Pythagoras, and Strabo immense progress was made. Mr. Platt sees good reason for the advancement of modern science: "Recognition of the importance of experiment, the habit of testing hypotheses, the invention of the microscope and the telescope and other instruments of all kinds, and the training of a multitude of scientists."

The period of the Middle Ages was the night of scientific development, occasionally lightened by such scattered stars as Hermann the Cripple and Marbod of Anjou. Leonardo da Vinci stands for many as the turning-point toward modern times.

Following these essays are several of varying interest on the influence of science on the modern world. Cecil H. Desch, in writing on Science in the Industrial Revolution, urges that

it would be wrong to blame science for the evils of industrialism. It was scientific discovery, misapplied in practice, that made those evils possible. Science is not responsible for its misuse by selfish men. In the last few years the cry has again been raised that materialistic science is responsible for the horrors of war, because chemistry and physics have been applied to the production of more destructive and crueler means of warfare.

J. Arthur Thomson in his *Influence of Darwinism* and Julian Huxley in his *Science and Religion* surprise us by making room for religion, although in the latter instance a decidedly scientific and denatured religion. Mr. Thomson thinks that it is only to the shallow-witted that the world has become, through Darwinism, less wonderful, less beautiful, less fundamentally mysterious. The emotional path to religion remains as open as before—perhaps more clearly open, while the fact of evolution remains more firmly fixed than ever, although it, too, has evolved into more satisfactory conclusions.

For what this book offers us we are grateful in an age ruled and dominated by science. LUCY HUMPHREY SMITH

Personalia

Myself Not Least. Being the Personal Reminiscences of "X." Henry Holt and Company. \$3.50.

THIS, as Mr. Philip Guedalla recently observed with some acerbity, is "the confessional period of English literature." The virtue of frankness, admirable in its place, is practiced to satiety. Yet satiety, which should follow, seems to stay its coming; for the public appetite still assimilates the lesser memoirists with dispatch.

The publisher's business acumen and the author's vanity usually unite in displaying prominently the name of the public's confidant. But the volume of personal reminiscences at hand, "Myself Not Least," is merely signed "X"; modestly, perhaps; perhaps to convey a piquant sense of indiscretion.

"X's" family, he tells us, has been accounted blooded stock in England ever since the Roman invasion. His education was impeccable, socially speaking, for he put in the proper term of

residence both at Harrow and Cambridge. He married, traveled in leisurely fashion over the face of Europe, collected celebrities, stood for Parliament, and, one gathers, pursued authorship and politics as graceful ornaments for the dinner table, the club lounge, and the corridors of the House of Commons.

This surprisingly scant autobiographic information is supplied elliptically. Like life itself it comes in various guises and without selection. But the lacunae are given over to the familiar, copious anecdotes of intimacies with the Peers (Burke's, not Mr. Lloyd George's) and the fashionables of London's society and art life during the last few decades.

"My favorite fishing story was told me by James McNeil Whistler." "The first time I saw Zola he had just brought out 'Lourdes.' . . ." "This reminds me of a distinguished Russian general, whom I met at Monte Carlo at Christmas, 1914." "One day Mr. Churchill came into the smoking-room of the House of Commons. . . ."

Personalities, topical references, sly esoteric allusions, little *contes* thin in content, but rich in association with the beau monde, all come tumbling after one another without rhyme and—But no; there is a reason. "The dead," in Doctor Johnson's terse way of saying, "cannot pay for praise." But the living can.

GERALD HEWES CARSON.

A Spanish Impressionist

Don Juan. By Azorin (Jose Martinez Ruiz). Translated from the Spanish by Catherine Alison Phillips. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

THERE is no one in Spanish literature today who in originality or in the influence he is exerting upon Spanish letters goes beyond Azorin. His contribution to Spanish literature is strikingly new. And since he is of the very best Spain can offer the world today, one can only hope that his reception by the American public will be warmer than that offered to Baroja or Unamuno. The way of translations, however—especially from the Spanish—is a strange one. No one can venture to foretell the fortune of this little work of art at the hands of American readers.

This volume is typical of the imaginative work of Azorin. It consists of a collection of narrative sketches deftly held together by a main character and by the mood that runs through its pages. Azorin, who has been greatly influenced by the French, is said to have adapted this form from Anatole France, but he has carried it to its farthest possibility. He is an impressionist. His main concern is with the suggestion of evanescent moods. And to him nature is not important except as a core upon which to build a dream about "the inevitable sadness of things"; upon which to catch, as he puts it, "something more than the ostensible reality about us." He has been called a "philosopher of the commonplace," and this is perhaps the best possible characterization of him. But the commonplace loses in his hands its tedious quality and becomes a thing of exotic beauty. No one has ever brought out of the vulgarities of life such sensuous essence, such disquieting sadness. This is his most important contribution to Spanish literature. He has brought into it the possibility of a new range and of a new concern. And his influence, already beginning to be felt, is acting as an emollient force upon the hardness of spirit and form of Spanish art; an art which, faithful to the genius of the race, suffers from a lack of sensibility, of soft colors, and of quiet moods.

Preoccupied with the blighting power of time Azorin was the first, also, to catch the true soul of the Castile of today. Writers before him, blinded as Spaniards have always been by the memories of their old glories and splendors, thought they yet saw in the ancient Castilian towns the glitter of the past. He has been the first to paint them as they really are, with their gray, decayed beauty hardly ruffled by the futile life that yet remains in them.

His claim to recognition, however, goes deeper yet. As a member of the generation of ninety-eight he waged, in his early years, an indefatigable war against the guardians of that misunderstood tradition which has exercised such nefarious influence upon the whole life of the nation. And although as a sociologist he has not made any original contribution his work has been more fruitful than that of Unamuno or Ganivet, because it has met with greater popularity. With age his propagandist fervor has abated considerably. His later critical works give one the impression—it may be said without malice—that he is flirting with the Academy. But whatever his recent development his revaluation of the classics in modern terms, especially of the drama of the Golden Era, the need of which had long been felt, remains. And if he seems to abandon the colors he so gallantly defended in his youth he cannot undo his early accomplishments.

About this novel, through which Azorin is for the first time made available in English, little more need be said. It is his latest. The *Don Juan* of Azorin, with his ineffable, somewhat ironic smile, is no longer the vulgar deceiver of Tirso de Molina. He is, rather, a disillusioned old man who realizes the wisdom of Keheleth in time to reform, and who, in the end, achieves perhaps the greatest happiness of which a Spaniard is capable—the peace of the monastery. The English version leaves nothing to be desired. All the subtle poetry of Azorin's prose, all the weary nostalgia that escapes from his pictures, have been preserved in this version.

ELISEO VIVAS

Books in Brief

Travels Through the Interior Parts of America. By Thomas Anburey. Houghton Mifflin Company. 2 vols. \$10.

Anburey was a lieutenant in the army of Burgoyne who had something of the civilized temper which marked his general. In the form of letters to a friend, beginning while Anburey was still at Cork, continuing through the stay in Canada, the expedition and the surrender, a year on parole in Massachusetts, a march to Virginia and back with prisoners of war, and his voyage home after the defeat of Cornwallis, this likable Briton set down with a neat pen what he had seen with two sharp eyes. Though a soldier, he tells little which is of great value to the military historian, but his book is full of observations about the domestic life and local characteristics of the Americans. Those inquisitive Yankees, those brutal lower-class Virginians, those gouging traders—how he resented them! And how copiously, if at times credulously, he went into details which after nearly a century and a half seem more fascinating than almost any historical novel devoted to the times. First published in 1789, the "Travels" is now reissued in a superb edition of 525 copies with a preface by Major-General William Harding Carter, U.S.A.

The Sisters Rondoli and Other Stories; Miss Harriett and Other Stories; Bel Ami. By Guy de Maupassant. Translated and edited by Ernest Boyd. Alfred Knopf. 3 vols. \$2 each.

Volumes V-VII of this excellent translation contain forty-one short stories and a novel written during the years 1883-85, when the powers of Maupassant were at their height. The fierce little episode here called *Mother Savage* is perhaps the best known to American readers, but there are a half dozen others of nearly first rank. And the ruthless account, in "Bel Ami," of how a rogue made his way in Paris with the help of a handsome face assuredly belongs with the most striking documents on the *bête humaine*.

The Praise of Folly. By Bliss Perry. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

After all, it is pleasant—and even profitable—to have a few essayists who stem from the New England tradition. The world

has, ostensibly, grown beyond it and grown impatient with it, but there still remains a certain quality of austere exhilaration to be derived from the disciples of Emerson and Lowell, a diminishing category of which Bliss Perry is an admirable exponent. These papers are not revolutionary, but they possess the integrity of a disciplined and alert mind; they say something, and no one who follows them through will be in doubt as to what that is.

Piri and I. By Lawrence Vail. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.

Readers whose preference is for novels containing "a lot of conversation" will find this light-waisted romance quite to their taste. One is carried along in a series of dialogues with more cleverness than momentum, and emerges finally well steeped in talk about art, love, and life. The characters contributing to this melange are picturesque, but not noticeably real; their creator has looked upon them through a veil of verbal rhapsody.

A Primer of Higher Space: The Fourth Dimension. By Claude Bragdon. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

This is a simple treatment of aspects of hyperdimensional thought, by one whose mysticism renders him less the clear thinker than the special pleader. From an admirable treatment of the mathematical analogies clarifying the idea of the fourth dimension, he passes more and more deeply into mysticism, until he has identified Christ as the Fourth Dimensional Man, whose ascension into Heaven meant that he "folded up his higher space form, forsook it, and became once more a ray of the One Light." Following this is a weird parody of the Sermon on the Mount entitled *The Sermon on the Plane*, whose spirit of hyperdimensional reverence cannot save it. Such a union of geometry and Blavatsky will speedily break up from innate incompatibility.

John Marin

THE reputation of John Marin has not been founded on the sensational elements of modernism. Always averse to schools and dogmas, and equally opposed to the fashionable eccentricities of cubes and cones, this distinguished painter has, quite simply, abandoned himself to nature. Year after year he has contemplated the Maine coastline; he has observed shrewdly, and with great intensity, the lines of cliffs, the spurs of small islands, and the shapes of trees and clouds; he has been a student of ships and the moods of the sea; and occasionally, with an ambition somewhat foreign to his temperament, he has recorded in terms of design the geometry of the New York skyscrapers. The result has been an annual production of water-colors which unquestionably will rank with the best ever done in this department of art. His most recent pictures, now showing at the Montross Gallery, represent the complete Marin: here we have the many phases of a devout and venerable passion for nature, and here we may see a technical mastery surpassing anything in modern times. Every resource at the command of the water-colorist has been utilized: the glowing washes of rich and original color have been applied in delicate transparencies to render the variegated play of sunlight on the sea; in most cases the white, untouched spaces serve to accentuate prominent forms, but in the Palisades group the paper has been fully covered in the dramatic manner of Turner; there are landscapes and sea-pieces, sketches of schooners, waves huddled together in a curiously compact fashion, and a number of things which frankly are no more than antic experiments.

Latterly Marin has suffered from the extravagant praise of his supporters. An impressionist in an age when impressionism has been repudiated, he has been counseled or instigated by his admirers to try his hand at intellectual design—thus, I suppose, to get in line with the classic trend of modern thought. But his efforts in this direction, as witnessed by his New York studies and some of those psychic fantasies contain-

ing brilliant splashes of color and wanton streaks of charcoal, are explosive and unintelligible. Marin's painting is in no sense intellectual; primarily it is a matter of strong feelings and vivid impressions, an art of subtle arrangements and omissions, akin to Whistler and Monet, though strengthened a little by an acquaintance with Cézanne. One has only to compare it with a truly composed art, that of Claude Lorrain, for instance, to realize the difference between the classic and the romantic points of view. A landscape by Lorrain is not merely an interpretation of nature but a reconstruction as well; it is a symbol of the artist's experiences; based on a fine perception of relationships in which line is arrayed against line, contour added to contour, and mass superimposed upon mass, it attests with power and precision the structural unity of great art. But it would be unjust to Marin to say that his water-colors represent only sensuous reactions to optical phenomena—his poetical concern with trees, waves, and skies is charged with solid conviction, with the desire to project meanings into his pictures. If this were not true his drawing would be nothing more than clever illustration. His ideas are vague, but as a musician of moods and nuances he is unrivaled. The lapses of form characterizing all of his painting, that is, the slurring of unmanageable spaces, cannot be attributed to naturalistic impulses—he has set himself to emphasize what he regards and feels as significant in his immediate impressions. He is not of those who build sequences of forms, who reconstruct the world in a philosophic order; but, on the other hand, he is not trying to play a losing game with the camera, and to imitate with expert mechanics little corners of atmosphere.

With the close of the first cycle of modernism, Marin finds himself in an anomalous position. Of all Americans who have come to the front in that remarkable plastic revival emanating from Cézanne, he is the most finished and mature—yet he is practically without influence. Younger painters disapprove of his poetry, and assert that his conceptions are wanting in measure, completeness, and design. As regards the poetry, I can only say that it is his most valuable asset. In truth, his pictures are held together by the warmth and fervor of his first impressions, and without the poetic content even his supreme technical skill could not raise his water-colors above the level of descriptive sketches. It is only the narrow-minded advocates of lifeless abstractions who object to poetry in art. Design is another matter. It is through this constructive element that the hand of man enters art, that painting is humanized and differentiated from the lawless world of nature. Design, of course, being a product of reason and imagination, robs art of its spontaneity and freshness; and those who prefer these qualities, with the added charm of color and fine workmanship, will continue to back Marin against the intellectuals.

THOMAS CRAVEN

Drama Mirage

WHAT is there about "Fata Morgana," the new Theater Guild play at the Garrick, that touches one so deeply? It is the author's innocence, his uncorrupted mind, his tender piety toward life. I shall be accused of paradox-mongering. I shall be told that this Hungarian, Ernst Vajda, has, as a matter of fact, told a dramatic anecdote sufficiently scabrous. But when I am told that I shall but be convinced more strongly that most people have lost that lovely innocence and do not know what natural piety is, that they and their literary judgments are three parts envy born of repression and the fretfulness that comes of sick nerves and sick consciences. . . .

From one point of view "Fata Morgana" is a play of adolescence. But the scene is in the country, on the great central Hungarian plain, and it has little to do with the terrible "Frühlings Erwachen" of Frank Wedekind. I am sure, on the

other hand, that Vajda is well acquainted with Max Halbe's "Jugend," which touches with so exquisite a hand the poetry and tragedy of youth. "Fata Morgana" has perhaps less aroma than "Jugend" but it has more wisdom and is one of the few plays extant which has an overwhelmingly right ending—an ending which, on the one hand, avoids definiteness, since there is none in life, and, on the other, refuses to use the rare event of a violent death as a typical solution. Vajda knows with Schnitzler that the significance of things lies in the fact that, having been, they are forever. He also knows that this reality of the past is nothing loud or external but is an added strain in the music of life. . . .

This "gymnasiast" of eighteen who stands at the center of the play goes through a tremendous experience. He is pure and ardent. His fashionable cousin by marriage from the city gives him one night—a night, to him, of unspeakable poetry and exaltation. Then she flees; she forces him to lie to her husband concerning what has happened. What can he, poor boy, do for her? She needs a summer at Ostend and a certain emerald ring and clothes and plays and distraction. And so in two short days George knows the utmost glory and the utmost disillusion that life can offer. He returns to his studies. And what I mean by the natural piety toward life that Vajda has is this, that he makes us feel, as is indeed most true, that this experience has been to George not a corrupting but an enriching one and will echo in his heart forever. And the people who fail to see this fail also to understand natural piety.

In this, too, Vajda shows his uncorrupted attitude, that Mrs. Fey, the *mondaine* from Budapest, knows perfectly the preciousness of what the boy has given her; she is not unaware of the sordidness of that coil of things in which she is ensnared. But she is so ensnared. She can no more get free of all that than she can be born again. She returns to her rather empty feasts and flirtations. What she and George have seen is, they being what they are, only a mirage, only like the *fata morgana* of the hot Puszta sands. But its beauty was real, more real than anything in the business of life to which both must return—a sea more magical than any that beats upon an earthly shore, pinnacles more dreamlike and golden than they will ever behold. Thus they are both enriched. "Hæc olim meminisse juvat."

As in the play the poetry is the poetry of life itself, so the directors of the Guild have been faithful to the concreteness of atmosphere, character, and event that is to be shown. There is no attempt at a facile Americanization here. But the concrete is the universal. And by leaving the play so characteristically Hungarian the production makes it profoundly human. It is impertinent to speak of decoration. An interior is provided that breathes the essence of these lives. Beyond the window is one of those scenes in which Lee Simonson, more than any other scenic artist I know, makes nature and the flavor of a given landscape alive for us. To the singularly satisfying railroad embankment in "Liliom," to the indication of spring in "Beyond Our Strength" he now adds the glow and dream of the Puszta.

The directing is delightful, full of life and humor and zest; the acting is admirable. Morgan Farley convinces me that he is eighteen and pure and ardent. He never, like Glenn Hunter, cleverly assumes this lovely kind of youthfulness. His performance touches the heart. Miss Emily Stevens is less mannerized, more natural, less hard and glittering than she has been for years, and Miss Helen Westley gives one of those performances of hers that have a certain classical quality in definiteness, edge, bitingness, and ease of execution. Josephine Hull, William Ingersoll, and Orlando Daly give such admirable performances in minor parts that I am more convinced than ever—as I am constantly at Guild plays—that what we generally lack is not actors who can act but directors who will not insist on artificial mouthing and gesturing, who, like Philip Moeller, will let the actors act and help them to make truth and nature prevail.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Contributors to This Issue

EMIL LENGYEL is an Hungarian journalist at present living in the United States.

EDITH VAN HOOK is an American woman engaged in relief work in Germany.

FREDERICK KUH, now New York correspondent of the Federated Press, has spent four years in Central Europe as representative of the London *Daily Herald*.

HARBOR ALLEN is an American living in Germany.

COUNT HARRY KESSLER, a leading German publicist and statesman, is now lecturing in the United States.

LIDA G. HEYMANN is a German pacifist and editor of the magazine *Frau im Staat* who has come to the United States as delegate to the conference of the Women's International League at Washington in May.

MAX BERMAN is a letter-carrier in Brooklyn, New York.

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON, formerly professor of English at Harvard University, is president of Smith College.

BERTRAND RUSSELL, the distinguished English philosopher, is coming to the United States in April.

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International Relations Section

The Crisis in the German Unions

By SYLVIA KOPALD

THE pressure of events has pushed the German unions far from the triumphs of November, 1918. Today the unions that ruled Germany for six crucial weeks (November 9 to December 20, 1918) are fighting for their lives. So grave has their position become that the labor movement throughout the world is coming to their aid. Naturally the German unions devote a good part of their shrunken journals to a discussion of the causes of this crisis that confronts them. They find them, on the whole, in the operation of six major forces: the collapse of Germany's industrial life, the fall in the value of the mark, the employers' offensive against hard-won union conditions, the practical disappearance of union funds, the occupation of the Ruhr, and internal dissension.

It was in 1923 that the effects of these forces drew to a dangerous head, but the unions place their origins at an earlier time. In the review of the past which it published in its New Year issue *Der Bauarbeiter* (the *Building Trades Worker*), organ of the left wing expelled from the Building Trades Union, said:

What must we do now? The five years of bureaucratic democracy, the coalition with the bourgeoisie, the Social Democratic policy of reconstructing capitalist industry, the policy of promises and of withholding the working masses from the war against exploitation and slavery have certainly not lifted the working class out of its misery. They have rather increased that misery and surrendered the working masses unconditionally to the bourgeoisie. As a result of the policies of the Social Democrats and the trade-union leaders, 1923 ended with a complete defeat of the German proletariat. . . . The theft of the eight-hour day, the fall in wages, the abolition of workers' control, the introduction of ever-harder toil was forced upon the workers without much difficulty.

Der Grundstein (the *Brickbuilder*) is less bitter in its review of the past, but explains its bleakness in similar terms:

We were going to write a review of the year that has just passed. We were going to write about the occupation of the Ruhr last January, of the depreciation of the mark, of the attack upon wages, of the abandonment of passive resistance in the Ruhr, of the collapse of industry, of the great unemployment, and of the brutal offensive launched by the employers, who are trying to utilize their industrial power to force unlimited working hours and starvation wages upon the workers. But we leave our review of the past with such mere mention. The space of *Der Grundstein* is severely limited and its interests are many. It is true that we can learn from the past. It is still truer that we must consider our immediate present and our future.

Yet consideration of the present and future reveals nothing to the journals but the continued operation of destructive forces. The collapse of Germany's industrial life is bringing benumbing misery to the workers through unemployment and shrinking wages, which, in turn, inevitably limit the workers' ability to continue their effective participation in union activity. In its issue of February 2 *Der Fachgenosse*, organ of the Glassworkers' Union, explains how serious the problem of unemployment has become:

Although a slight improvement is noticeable in certain branches of production, the extent of unemployment is still terrifyingly great. Lack of work marks not only the municipal and state industries, but private enterprises as well. . . . In unoccupied Germany there were about 1½ millions unemployed in the middle of December—23 per cent of the trade-union membership—while those on short time numbered 1¼ millions. In occupied Germany the unemployed numbered 3½ millions, while 4 millions were on part time. One-half of Germany's workers have inadequate opportunity for work; fully one-quarter have no opportunity whatsoever.

Der Rote Bergarbeiter (the *Revolutionary Mine Worker*) calls for the organization of the unemployed as a means of grappling with this problem.

Wages are depressed to rock-bottom by this unemployment and, in addition, the great depreciation of the mark. The workers get little, and what they get is worth less—since, as Ludwig Quessel points out in the *Sozialistische Monatshefte*, “0 + 0 = 12,000,000,000” in Germany's fantastic currency. During November and December many of the journals reported new wage-rate agreements. These are the first agreements under the new plan of “gold-basis wages.” The building workers appear to top the list with a range of from 50 to 75 pfennig (37 to 55 pre-war pfennig).

Der Kommunistische Gewerkschafter (the *Communist Unionist*) points out that 1 gold mark on November 5 was worth 100,000,000,000 paper marks. In his *Bulletin of Financial Politics*, Dr. Kuczynski said:

The minimum wage per day absolutely necessary to support life in November, 1923 [in Greater Berlin], was the following:

1,675,000,000 marks for a single man.

2,571,000,000 marks for a childless married couple.

3,346,000,000 marks for a married couple with 2 children between 6 and 10 years of age.

In other words, the new gold-basis wage contracts tend to write into the *wage-rates* an average standard of living from 65 to 80 per cent lower than that of the pre-war period. The Government has declared openly for this “road to economic salvation.” The national unions have issued a joint protest against it.

How seriously this misery of its members menaces the life of the unions may be gauged from such appeals as the following with which *Der Fachgenosse* headlines its issue:

MORE IMPORTANT THAN EVER IS UNITY AND SOLIDARITY TODAY

The employers' offensive can be repulsed only if every trade unionist always fulfils his duty like a loyal and class-conscious comrade. In such dire necessity it is really a very little thing to ask.

The depreciation of the mark has exerted a twofold influence in precipitating the present crisis. By strengthening the employers it has made possible a stern offensive against labor's hard-won conditions, especially the eight-hour day. At just this crucial time it has practically wiped out the unions' funds. Thus far the unions have patriotically refused to invest in foreign currency.

Der Bauarbeiter begins its discussion of the offensive against labor's working hours with a warning:

Thus far and no further! For years the German building trades unions have been in retreat. Step by step the employers have captured one position after another.

With every defeat the reformist leaders have lost an important milestone in the general improvement of workers' conditions. The building trades unions have fallen often enough. Now we are faced with the final battle for the eight-hour day. Now it is essential that the building workers enter the fight without illusions, clearly recognizing that peace between workers and capitalists is impossible.

The more conservative journals (*Der Grundstein* and *Der Fachgenosse*) accept the essentials of this position. *Der Grundstein* warns its readers, as follows:

The "holy war" has begun. With wild war cries the capitalists and their hirelings storm the legal working day and working conditions. . . . It will now lie with the workers to defeat these ruthless attempts.

The *Internationales Transportarbeiter-Bulletin* (*Bulletin of the International Transport Workers*) calls attention to another dangerous offensive launched by the employers. The fall of the mark has so contracted the state's revenue that it is being forced to surrender municipal and state industries to capitalists. It says, in part:

German big business has launched a new offensive against labor and especially the transport workers. . . . On December 7 the bourgeois press told how Hugo Stinnes together with Klöckner, Vögler, and Dr. Silberberg had worked out a plan for the establishment of a private railroad corporation. The project is to be proposed in a conference with the big banks and the National Union of German Industry is to take it up. The fundamental idea of the plan is that for which Stinnes and his press have propagandized. Because of the decline and bad financial conditions of the state railways, the roads should be brought under private control, thus freeing the Government from immediate and continued responsibility in railroad management.

On the other hand, the declining mark which is enabling the organized capitalists to swallow Germany and attack the workers has wiped out union funds. *Der Kommunistische Gewerkschafter* gives figures which explain this result. It takes on the average under present conditions about three weeks for trade-union dues to reach general headquarters from all industrial centers. Let us say dues have been paid in paper marks on October 3, 1923. At that time one can get 100,000,000 paper marks for one gold mark, and 440,000,000 for one dollar. The dues reach headquarters on October 22. On that day one must give 10,000,000,000 paper marks for one gold mark and 40,000,000,000 for one dollar. Thus in their journey to headquarters the trade-union funds literally evaporate.

The unions seldom touch directly upon the influence of the Ruhr occupation. Such incidental discussion as they give it emphasizes both the manner in which passive resistance and the patriotic agitation have taken the workers' energies from the industrial conflict and the influence of economic stagnation in the occupied districts upon the workers. How the left-wing elements tend to lay all the present misery of the German workers to the failure of the Social Democrats to capitalize the opportunities of November, 1918, is evident from the quotations made above from left-wing journals.

Unions throughout the world are rushing financial aid to the embattled German workers. On January 18 the International Federation of Trades Unions reported the total collection to date of £36,045 in response to its earlier appeal for union aid for the German workers. The contributions came from twenty-four different countries. The

unions of the United States sent \$4,831. The executive committee of the American Federation of Labor sent an appeal during December for financial aid for German unionism to all its constituent bodies. A national committee is now in process of formation to follow up this plea.

Workers' families outside of Germany are taking German working-class children into their homes for stated periods, to nourish and strengthen them. The French Government has denied permission to French workers to cooperate in this plan.

The Other France

WE print below the text of an appeal published at Christmas time by Romain Rolland to the French people. Besides Romain Rolland's, the appeal bore the signatures of many distinguished French men and women and caused much comment both in France and in Germany.

In the face of affliction there are no longer either conquerors or vanquished.

One of the holiest traditions of our people is that of uncovering before passing death, regardless of what that life may have been. And the honor of all who bend toward human suffering that they may diminish it—doctors, nurses, sisters of charity—is to give to those who suffer, no matter who they may be, the same measure of devotion.

Strengthened by these sacred sentiments, we stand forth and say to France:

The German people are dying of hunger. Thousands of innocent are cruelly expiating the consequences of the scourge of war for which they are responsible only through the ambitions, greed, and egotism of their ruling classes.

At Berlin, at Leipzig, at Freiburg, when in late October bread was costing from seven to ten thousands of millions of marks, the monthly salary of a brain-worker failed to come within one one-hundredth of that figure. Professors, doctors, engineers, lawyers are selling their books and the instruments with which they labor that they may purchase bread. Students of certain universities are begging in troops along the highways and hedges. At Berlin 70 per cent of the children go to school without their breakfast, a great many of them have nothing but hot soup every second day. Thousands of families, emaciated by privation, are in slow agony. The pangs of cold are added to those of hunger. A winter of dreadful famine and epidemics has begun.

The chivalrous France of former days, of whose power Hugo was the last minstrel, stretches forth her hand to the conquered on the fields of battle and staunches his wounds. It is now four years since, as they say, the war ended; the new life of the earth has reclothed the battlefields with fecund oblivion of its harvests. But the vanquished lies sick unto death and perishes without assistance.

We appeal to all those of our race, without distinction of party or belief. Many passions, alas, disunite the French. But let us render justice to one another. We have this one thing in common: that we all respect our France, that we all have faith in her moral nobility, and that we are all anxious to safeguard it. Let us show this then to the world. Let us affirm that there is no room in the heart of the French for a debasing hatred or for a yet more vile indifference to the misery of men, but that victorious France keeps the field of pity.

One tests his victory only by the greatness of his soul. And the loftiest power is the power of generosity. We invite the French to stretch forth the hand of succor to the people they fought. We are opening a subscription for the wretched in Germany, and place upon the list, as a beginning, our own names.

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The Italo-Jugoslav Pacts

THE "PACT OF AMITY"

THE Government of His Majesty the King of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes and the Government of His Majesty the King of Italy, firmly resolved to maintain peace and to assure the results obtained by the Great War and sanctioned by the peace treaties, have agreed upon the present convention, a natural consequence of the friendship between the two kingdoms and of mutual respect for their rights upon land and sea, and have agreed upon the following articles:

Article I. The high contracting parties agree to give their mutual support and cordial collaboration to the maintenance of the regime established by the treaties of the Trianon [with Hungary], of St. Germain [with Austria], and of Neuilly [with Bulgaria], as well as to respect and execute the obligations stipulated in those treaties.

Art. II. If one of the high contracting parties should suffer an unprovoked aggression from one or several Powers the other party agrees to remain neutral throughout the conflict. If the security and interests of one of the high contracting parties are menaced as the result of violent invasion from without the other party agrees to give, by its benevolent assistance, its political and diplomatic support in order to help make the external cause of these menaces disappear.

Art. III. In case of international complications, if the two contracting parties agree that their common interests are or may be menaced, they agree to discuss in common the joint measures of defense to be taken.

Art. IV. The present agreement shall be valid for five years and may be denounced or renewed one year before expiration.

Art. V. The present treaty shall be ratified and the ratifications shall be exchanged at Rome. It will come into force immediately after the exchange of ratifications.

In faith whereof the respective plenipotentiaries have signed and sealed the original in duplicate.

N. PACHICH

B. MUSSOLINI

M. NINCHICH

Done at Rome, January 27, 1924

THE "ADDITIONAL PROTOCOL"

Article I. The high contracting parties agree to communicate to each other, after a preliminary understanding, the agreements which concern their policy in Central Europe, and in this connection they declare that in the pact of amity signed today there is nothing contrary to the treaties of alliance which the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes concluded with the Czecho-Slovak Republic and with the Kingdom of Rumania, on August 31, 1922, and July 7, 1923, respectively.

Art. II. The pact of amity concluded today and the present additional protocol will be presented to the League of Nations for registration in accordance with Article XVIII of its Covenant.

Done at Rome, January 27, 1924

THE FIUME TREATY

His Majesty the King of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes and His Majesty the King of Italy, having noted the utter impossibility of organizing in a practical fashion the Free State of Fiume in accordance with Article IV of the treaty signed at Rapallo on November 12, 1920, and with the general dispositions of the agreement signed at Rome on October 23, 1922;

in order to establish cordial relations between the two states for the common good of the two peoples,

animated by a desire to assure for the city of Fiume the most satisfactory life and the economic development best suited to its interests,

have resolved to sign an agreement to that end and accordingly have named as their plenipotentiaries,

by His Majesty the King of the Croats, Serbs, and Slo-

venes: M. Nicholas Pachich, Prime Minister, and M. Moncilo Ninchich, Minister of Foreign Affairs; by His Majesty the King of Italy: M. Benito Mussolini, deputy, Prime Minister, and Minister of Foreign Affairs,

who, having communicated their full powers found in good and due order, have agreed as follows:

Article I. The Italian Government recognizes the full and complete sovereignty of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes over the port of Baros and the delta, which will be evacuated and transferred to the competent authorities of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes within two days of the ratification of the present agreement.

Art. II. The Government of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes recognizes the full and complete sovereignty of the Italian Kingdom over the city and port of Fiume as well as over the territory attributed to it according to the frontier line indicated in the following article.

Art. III. The frontier of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes toward Fiume, as fixed in Article III of the treaty signed at Rapallo on November 12, 1920, should be rectified in accordance with the dispositions of the two preceding articles. This frontier line will be drawn by a special mixed commission, composed of Italian delegates and of Serb-Croat-Slovene delegates, according to a line fixed in general as follows: The Castia-Fiume road will be included in the territory of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes from a point east of Tometici to the crossing north of Belgudi. The frontier line will be traced on the spot along a line to be determined, between the aforementioned road and the railroad. From that point the frontier line will turn northeast in such fashion that Peklin shall be included in the Serb-Croat-Slovene territory; then, by a short convex curve north of Drenova, it will reach a point north of Recina, in the northern half of the part of the frontier included between points VIII and IX.

The Kingdom of Italy recognizes the full and complete sovereignty of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes over the territory thus attributed to the latter. This territory will be evacuated by Italy and transferred to the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes as soon as the new frontier line shall have been fixed by the mixed commission. This mixed commission shall perform its work in such fashion that the said territory may be evacuated within five days of the exchange of ratifications of the present agreement.

Art. IV. The dispositions contained in the additional convention, Annex A, attached hereto, will be observed in relations between the frontier zones along the new frontier and in relations between the census district of Castia and the neighboring Italian territory, and these dispositions will remain in effect until the conclusion of the commercial treaty which will regulate frontier traffic.

The two contracting parties agree that treaty questions concerning commerce between the frontier zones separated by the new frontier will be regulated with particular consideration of the economic relations between the said zones and of the special needs of the respective populations.

Art. V. The Kingdom of Italy grants to the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes a fifty-year lease on the covered and uncovered positions which constitute the Thacon di Revel basin in the great port of Fiume, according to the description of them in the additional convention hereunto annexed. The lease, which bears no extra-territorial character, includes the right to exclusive and unlimited use of the great warehouse of the Napoli breakwater, of the two warehouses which open on the quay Thacon di Revel, and of the two warehouses of the Genova breakwater opening on the western side, and the right to privileged usage of the three quays which bound the basin with their accessories. The authorities of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, and the personnel attached to them, concerned with the commerce of their state in the said basin will exercise their functions in conformity with the additional convention, Annex B, Chapter I, attached to the present

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agreement. The Government of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes will pay to the Government of Italy an annual rental of one gold lira for the lease of the said port establishments.

Art. VI. The principal railroad station of Fiume will be organized as an international frontier station. In accordance with the custom of the international stations upon the Italian frontiers, a delegation of Serb-Croat-Slovene railroad personnel will be assigned to this station. This delegation will collaborate with the administration of the Italian railroads, especially in whatever concerns the use of the branch lines connecting the station on Serb-Croat-Slovene territory in the basin referred to in the preceding article, and connecting this basin with the port of Baros. The details of this collaboration are established in the additional convention, Annex B, Chapter 2, attached to the present agreement.

Art. VII. The frontier between Fiume and the port of Baros, along the quay, will be fixed according to the line drawn on the map attached to the letter which supplemented the Treaty of Rapallo in such fashion as the mixed commission mentioned in Article III may esteem most suitable for the exercise of the customs supervision of the two states, taking account of the special requirements of commerce, of public order, and of the communications of the city. The revolving bridge between the port of Baros and Porto Grande will be Italian territory.

The Kingdom of Italy recognizes the full and complete sovereignty of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes over the waters of the Fiumara. On this side the frontier line will therefore be formed by the side of the river westward of the canal. Passage and embarkation from the western (Italian) bank of the Fiumara are regulated by the additional convention attached hereto, Annex B, Chapter 3, in such fashion that navigation of the Fiumara shall not be hampered.

For the maintenance of its right to use the Serb-Croat-Slovene waters of the canal and in recognition of the sovereignty of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes over the said waters, the Italian Government will pay to the said kingdom an annual sum of one gold dinar.

Art. VIII. The dispositions of the additional convention attached hereto, Annex B, Chapter 4, which concern the aqueduct of Fiume and the maintenance of the works on the river Recina, will be observed.

Art. IX. The Yugoslav minorities in Fiume will be granted the regime established in favor of the Italian minorities in Dalmatia by the present international agreements.

Art. X. The present agreement will be ratified and the ratifications will be exchanged at Rome within a maximum of twenty days from the signature of the present agreement.

In faith whereof the plenipotentiaries have signed and sealed the original in duplicate.

NICHOLAS PACHICH
M. NINCHICH

BENITO MUSSOLINI

Done at Rome, January 27, 1924

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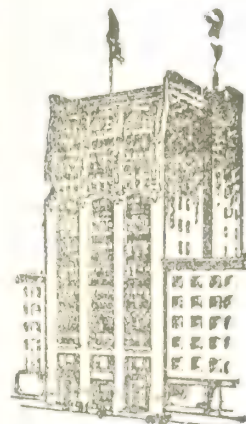
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PRESIDENT OBREGON OF MEXICO charges that officials of a British oil firm, Lord Cowdray's El Aguilar Oil Company, financially and otherwise aided the recent De la Huerta movement. We know that Mr. Doheny made a loan of \$5,000,000 to the Obregon Government when the De la Huerta revolt was at its height. We also know that since the revolt was put down American business men have been gathering a rich harvest of concessions. Was the whole thing just another chapter in the history of the Anglo-American oil war?

J. P. MORGAN AND CO. have opened a credit of \$100,000,000 for the French Government, and accordingly the franc, which had sunk below three and a half cents, has shot up toward five cents. It is to be hoped that the rise is permanent. It can last only if, because of pressure by the bankers or because of a dawn of common sense, the French Government resolutely turns its back upon the mad policy of the past five years. France must accept the principle that she is a part of Europe and can work back to health only by helping to restore health in the rest of Europe, including Germany. Her policy of crushing Germany came perilously near to throwing her under the same steam-roller of ruin. One can hardly suppose that such shrewd financiers as the Morgan firm would have prom-

ised so large an advance to a Government on the verge of bankruptcy—even for the sake of their own previous loans to the same Government—without much more explicit pledges of financial reform than appear in the published statement by the governor of the Bank of France. He states that the Government agrees to make no further internal or external loans until the budget is balanced by taxation. This implies a number of things—among them abandonment of the policy of making military loans to lesser allies and acceptance of the Dawes program, which appears to be a step in the right direction.

A NEW SECRETARY of the Navy has been appointed, but Mr. Daugherty remains in office. Mr. Curtis D. Wilbur, who is to be the new head of the Navy, comes from the Supreme Court of California. He has the respect and regard of his profession; Mr. Daugherty does not have them, yet he remains as Attorney General despite, if press reports are to be trusted, renewed party appeals to the President that the Attorney General be thrown overboard. What the inquiry into his conduct of his office has revealed we have elsewhere summarized for the benefit of those readers who are unable to wade through columns of testimony and are likely to be misled by the efforts of the daily press to decry and to pooh-pooh the whole thing. Jess Smith had his office next to the Attorney General, although he held no government position and was on no pay roll. Gaston B. Means may, as he himself says, have been accused of every crime in the calendar, but why was he for more than two years on the staff of Mr. Daugherty, certified to by Mr. William J. Burns as "the ablest investigator I have ever known"? There is far more to the scandals than even now the public is permitted to know.

WE MUST CONFESS to genuine disappointment that Prime Minister MacDonald repudiated the speech of his Home Secretary, Mr. Arthur Henderson, calling for the revision of the Treaty of Versailles. Without the complete rewriting of that iniquitous document there can be no peace or prosperity for Europe. We had thought that all the Labor leaders saw that. Plainly, Mr. MacDonald does not wish to bring forward the necessity for this until he has concluded his present delicate negotiations with Poincaré. One cannot but feel sympathy for the Prime Minister's extraordinarily difficult position. He must walk as if on eggshells, for his official existence may be terminated any day by the vote of the opposing parties. So he has laid down five cruisers where we had hoped he would build none at all, and he has compromised as to that dangerous naval base at Singapore by suspending all further expenditures for a year, when the project is to be "reexamined." As to air armaments, he is plainly using the increases to which he has assented as a pawn in his struggle with Poincaré. These are dangerous compromises. If he needs must choose, and it seems that he must, then we would have him go down by offending the dominions or the Tories rather than by alienating his own supporters. After all, it is still not failure, but low aim, through compromise,

which is the crime. On the whole, however, the MacDonald Government holds itself well and has become better entrenched than was believed possible a month ago.

WE HOPE that Lord Balfour's recent remarks in the House of Lords about India express his own well-known views and not those of the new Government. We cannot suppose that his words are naive, so we must believe them to be disingenuous; he accuses the Indians of lacking a "fundamental desire to make the government work" and concludes that they are therefore not ready for home rule. The Indian nationalists have no desire whatever to make the Government work; they have an active, deliberate purpose to prevent it from working. Does this prove their incapacity to rule themselves? About as conclusively as the Boston Tea Party proved the necessary permanent dependence of the American colonies; or as the boycotting of the Dublin Castle authorities proved the political incapacity of the Irish. Lord Balfour is talking through his hat and the question is whether he is talking through the Labor Party's hat as well. Ramsay MacDonald, who is the unwilling spokesman of shifting, temporary coalitions, is committed to a parliamentary inquiry into the working of the Government of India Act, but this proposal has been rejected as inadequate by the Indian Legislative Assembly. The round-table conference demanded by the Indians would commit Great Britain to nothing further than a willingness to discuss home rule on a dominion basis. Mr. Asquith may not permit Mr. MacDonald to go even so far as to admit the possibility of discussing such a seditious idea; and Mr. MacDonald may not want to go to defeat on an issue so far removed from the daily lives and thoughts of English workmen. But India is in no mood to be trifled with. Native control of the important legislative assemblies can tie up the entire administration; only the other day the central assembly threw out the budget and defeated the government.

ONE OF THE EMBARRASMENTS of the white man's burden is that one is likely to carry the load of the browns, blacks, or yellows too much and too far. Especially is this true if the burden-bearers are hirelings who like their job and need the money—as they generally do. In all of our outlying islands the bureaucracies which we have established there have usually been the last to realize that their powers ought to be reduced or abolished. Thus we find the little coterie of naval officers and civilians in the Virgin Islands—which is a pleasant berth as such things go—wholly satisfied with its administration and sure that the natives feel the same way. Fortunately, the Washington executives of the Navy Department think otherwise. As long ago as 1919 Secretary Daniels wrote to the congressional commission which was about to visit the islands that, although the existing government was necessary during the transition period from Danish to American sovereignty, "the department feels that the time has arrived when some more permanent provision should be made." The present administration of the Navy Department, it is understood, favors the bill that friends of the Virgin Islands have prepared—a measure that would establish a civil government similar to that of Porto Rico and confer American citizenship upon the natives. This is the least that the situation demands. The present arrangement for the Virgin Islands—a presidential preserve farmed out to the navy—was a makeshift adopted

on the eve of our entry into the World War and described in the organic act itself as "temporary." Yet that act was passed seven years ago this spring, spanning a period during which numerous "permanent" governments of the world have gone to smash. We offer as a question for debate: How many years should a "temporary" government last?

WHAT is a white man? This is a question which will presently begin to worry and perplex all persons with one-half of one per cent or more pigmentation in their skin. None of the existing rules of anthropologists and biologists is henceforth to count; a person is white if he is recognized by the "man in the street" as white. If he is not so recognized he is to be considered black or brown or yellow or some other tint which makes it impossible for him to qualify for American citizenship. Take as an example Mr. T. O. Cartozian, of Portland, Oregon, whose citizenship has been attacked by the Government. Mr. Cartozian is an Armenian; he was born in Turkey; he was granted his American citizenship when he was a subject of the Sultan. Is Mr. Cartozian free and white and thus proper stuff to make an American of? His case will decide the status of every Armenian in the country and will doubtless be carried up to the Supreme Court. It has already been held by that court that a Hindu, Bahai Singh, was not white enough to be considered white by the man in the street and thus eligible to become a citizen of this pallid country; but Mr. Cartozian claims that his homeland is outside of the proscribed neighborhood inhabited by Mr. Singh's countrymen and is in fact only about two degrees east of Jerusalem. Jews, whose claim to Jerusalem as a home town is well established, are admitted to citizenship without a question; why not Mr. Cartozian? The argument will undoubtedly be ramified and extended east and west, and up and down the scale of color; and then finally the man in the street and the judges of the Supreme Court will put their heads together and decide. But meanwhile our dark-skinned brothers from Italy and Spain and Portugal and Greece and Egypt and Siberia and the Caucasus and other points east may pass some anxious moments gazing into their shaving mirrors.

IS THERE A RADIO TRUST? Are we threatened with a monopoly of the air? Of course we are. It was as certain that high-power and high-cost broadcasting would come under some form of monopoly control as that railroads would stop paralleling each other or that the post office would control its field. As radio is developed we shall have fewer and fewer broadcasting stations. It is small use debating the point whether there is or ought to be a monopoly; the question is, Who shall control the monopoly, and how? The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has acquired the essential patents for the manufacture of broadcasting apparatus, and has determined to force stations which use its patents to buy licenses from it. The telephone company, meanwhile, refuses to license high-power stations which would compete directly with its own station WEAf. Sooner or later, the officials of this company believe, radio must be made to pay its way. Either the senders or the receivers must pay for broadcasting; the electrical-equipment companies cannot be expected to bear the burden forever. In that they are undoubtedly right. England makes the receivers pay for licenses, thereby financing the programs broadcasted, and we may eventually

come to that system here. In that case, however, the question will arise, Who shall license the receivers—the Government or a private corporation?

ENGLAND HAS ANSWERED that question too. The state does it. But England is going further still: the Imperial Wireless Telegraphy Committee, appointed since Labor's accession to power, has already issued a report to the Postmaster General which will probably be adopted. It proposes that the state through the Post Office shall own all wireless stations in Great Britain which communicate with the overseas dominions and other territories, except that in Canada private enterprise shall be allowed to continue competition with the state. The state reserves the right to take over any private station in an emergency and may acquire the use of all patented inventions used in public-utility services such as wireless. The empire station at Leafeld, England, is to be enlarged so that it can communicate regularly not merely with Canada and Egypt, but with India and Australia. Wireless telephony is already a state monopoly in England; broadcasting is controlled by the state; and imperial wireless telegraphy is thus to be made a state monopoly. England is, we believe, wise; there are dangers in any kind of monopoly, but a state monopoly is less dangerous than a private monopoly. It is, however, a question of degree. We are not alarmed by the fears expressed that the telephone company will confine broadcasting to Protestant, Catholic, or Jew, to Republican or Democrat; the company is scrupulously excluding controversial matter from its wires. It will sin rather by excluding minority opinion, and that is a danger which a state too would have to guard against.

WE ARE WHOLE-HEARTEDLY on the side of the Actors' Equity Association in its renewed struggle with the Producing Managers' Association. The proposed new agreement between them is reasonableness itself. It does not touch salaries except in prescribing a minimum for the chorus of \$30 a week, and the actors are willing—mistakenly, we think—to agree to keep their hands off salaries for the next twenty-five years. Furthermore, the Equity agrees not to take part in sympathetic strikes on behalf of stage hands or musicians. It will admit all to membership who apply, establishing no apprenticeship class, or probationary period, or any classification of the membership. It will make, as now, no requirements beyond the payment of dues. That is, it will not interfere with free competition for actors among managers; neither will it dictate to authors about their plays or any lines in those plays, nor to managers as to make-up of a cast. It will not discriminate against the managers' union—the Actors' Fidelity League. What could be more generous or more reasonable? The only point at issue upon which the managers have thrown over the whole arrangement is the clause that Equity players will act only with Equity members. This is a very different thing from what is known as the closed union shop. The managers will be free to establish companies composed of non-union actors. But if there are any Equity actors in the cast, all the others must be of the association and they may join without question on payment of dues. We trust that the Equity will under no circumstances yield to the producers, and we believe that the public is behind it.

THE death of Colonel Richard Henry Pratt, founder of the Carlisle Indian school, at eighty-four years of age, marks the end of an era in Indian affairs, for Colonel Pratt had had contact with the Indians for possibly a longer time than any man alive, and knew them better, perhaps, than any man except General Hugh L. Scott. His contact with the race was that of an army official who became an educator. He believed that the complete absorption of the Indian into the white community was both inevitable and desirable, and that the best service to the Indian would be to hasten that process even to the extent of wiping out the race-memories of the Indian in one generation. Strenuously, efficiently, with good-fellowship and with much love, he applied that philosophy of individualism over forty years' time, during twenty-five years of which he was superintendent of the famous Carlisle school. He even believed that young Indians should be taken from home and sundered irrevocably from their tribe, their community, and their race heritage. He believed further that higher education, especially along industrial and professional lines, should be brought to all Indians asking and hungering therefor. A new generation has arisen which sees the Indian problem through new eyes, through eyes of modern colonial science and anthropology. The so-called "individualization" policy is considered by this new generation to have failed in practice. There is plenty of evidence to support such belief. But the individualization policy is still the official policy; and there are no giants like Colonel Pratt now at work in the Indian Bureau to execute the policy or to revise it. Colonel Pratt viewed his subject exactly as Carl Schurz viewed it and all the other friends of the Indians of his generation. For seventy years he stood as the best friend of the Indians, and his unwisdom was the best wisdom of his time.

Beginning their council with prayer, business men and ministers met Saturday in the office of the Civic and Commerce Association to formulate a plan for a spiritual revival in Minneapolis. The chairman declared that the people must "hook up with God." The Rev. F. D. Tyner said the phrase expressed aptly what was needed. A series of public prayer meetings will be held in various convenient places. Meetings will be conducted tomorrow and Friday at the Mayor's reception room, City Hall; the Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Co.; and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad shops.—*Press item.*

THE PREACHER and the business man were lunching at the club.

"'Tis sad," they said, "to hear the words that come from Henry Dubb.

He talks of rights and wages while carrying his hod.

—The folks of Minneapolis must all hook up with God."

"Let's say a prayer," the preacher said, attempting to look thin.

"Let's say a prayer to exorcise this noxious form of sin.

Our brothers in the shops and yards must kneel down on the sod.

—For the folks of Minneapolis are hooking up with God."

"Let's have a good-will meeting," the business man replied.

"We'll round 'em up and rake 'em in and once they get inside We'll stop this talk of rights before they lift from us our wad.

—The folks of Minneapolis are hooking up with God!"

The Lesson of the Scandals

WHAT shall be the lasting profit from all the muck-raking in Washington? The question intrudes itself insistently as the Republicans continue to cling to Coolidge and the Democrats, quite leaderless, are united only in a desire to save as much of their capital as possible from the universal wreck. By mid-summer we shall be deafened by shouts of "Turn the rascals out" and, if no determined effort is made to prevent it, we shall merely elect the same or other similar men to Washington and leave the system and the conditions which have produced this corruption untouched. Roosevelt and Wilson assaulted that system and left it intact. The difficulty was that they busied themselves with symptoms and not with fundamental causes. Hence in 1924 we are not only no further along than in 1912 but we have fresh proof of the lengths to which the invisible government will go to achieve its end at the expense of all the people and at the cost of the integrity of our Government.

At the bottom of it all lie some simple questions: Do we propose to attack special privilege in America or to continue to foster its growth? Do the natural resources of the country constitute a trust for all the people, or are they to be disposed of to powerful capitalists whose sole motive in exploiting them is not public service but private profit? Is there no other way to bring these natural resources into service than to turn them over to Sinclairs, Dohenys, and Fords? To our mind the answers are plain. We must preserve our natural resources for all the people and exploit them for service and not for private profit. We must revoke special privileges wherever they have been granted. We must strike at the present possessors of those privileges and the controllers of natural monopolies and near-monopolies because it is through the power of these possessions that they are no more shaken in their positions by such assaults as those of Roosevelt and Wilson than a modern infantry trench would be by troops armed with the muskets of Revolutionary days. A Roosevelt fulminates, makes a breach here and there; his sons turn up as coadjutors and paid employees of the enemy. A trust is broken in pieces; its component parts wax richer than ever and operate as much in harmony as if all of one body corporate. In 1903 we decree that amalgamating railroads shall be divorced. In 1920 we legislate that all railroads shall come together in great groups.

And thus the only worthwhile question in connection with the Washington scandals is whether or not they will lead to the building up of an effective popular program of attack upon the citadels of power. Transportation lines, banks, trust companies, public-service corporations, oil companies, steel corporations, large business enterprises of every kind are allied; their control is often the same; their directorates interlock and their managers and directors, however well meaning and godly themselves, constitute by force of circumstances, often quite involuntarily, the "invisible government" against which so many have inveighed. These groups, it ought now once and for all to be plain, cannot be overthrown until the sources of their power are taken from them. We must take from them ownership of transportation lines; we must oust them from ownership of coal and other mines; we must oust them from monopolies and near-monopolies, even though we may employ the same

men later to operate those industries, in our efforts to avoid the dangers that come from government ownership and operation. The point is that, as our experience with the railroads and the State regulatory bodies and the Interstate Commerce Commission now shows beyond cavil, regulation achieves little or nothing. It creates a huge army of supervising experts and inspectors, but rebates and favors persist; great organizations continue to grow wealthy as a result of railroad discrimination, and the railroads themselves become more and more the creature of the bankers who were formerly their servants.

Shall we now declare war upon this whole system, set out to reconquer for the people that which is theirs, and strike from legitimate business the shackles it has placed upon itself by the inter-ownership of many businesses, by the concentration of power in the money-marts, and the control of credit? It seems to us that there can be only one reply. If we cannot capitalize the public indignation at the shame of our Government, we shall simply drift on, from bad to worse, with the "invisible government" becoming more and more powerful, more and more dangerous, more and more in control of our several private activities. To our mind this is the time and the hour to start the revolt for which Woodrow Wilson called in 1912 when he said: "We stand in the presence of a revolution. . . . Some radical changes we must make in our law and our practice. Some reconstructions we must push forward, which a new age and new circumstances impose upon us." As Mr. Wilson also said: "It is an intolerable thing that the Government of the Republic should have got so far out of the hands of the people; should have been captured by interests which are special but not general." "In the train of this capture," he added, "follow the troops of scandals, wrongs, and indecencies with which our politics swarm." Precisely. If we do not now attack the system with a clear vision of our objective, with a determination to get into the very citadel of special privilege itself, why then the hubbub over Daugherty, Denby, Jess Smith, Burns, and all the rest of them will die away and leave us precisely as we were before. After a spasm of reform the same old practices will go on behind the curtain until that is once more torn aside to enable the public to get a fleeting glimpse of what the real owners of our government are about.

Elsewhere in this issue we set forth the story of the incredible betrayal of the people in the effort to bestow Muscle Shoals upon Henry Ford—now almost consummated—because it points the moral of the hour. Congress has not learned the lesson of the scandals; hence it is preparing a greater one than all by thus moving to alienate a priceless possession of the people. To give Muscle Shoals to Henry Ford for a song is just as bad as to give Teapot Dome to Harry Sinclair or Elk Hills to Edward L. Doheny. As we approach the era of giant-power, the nation's greatest water-power is to be given to an individual; we barter away carelessly the source of industrial power sufficient for a kingdom. *We are not even accepting the highest bid made for this incalculably valuable property.* If the Senate connives at this, if the progressives there do not filibuster against it to the last ditch, then their protestations of anger and shame over the oil scandals become the merest hypocrisy.

All of which reinforces our contention that the hour for the revolt has come. It is the hour for a third party with a simple but far-reaching program, publicly planned, freely and openly discussed. It must include government ownership of railroad properties as its first plank; of coal mines as its second. It must oppose such raids on our resources as the Muscle Shoals deal. It must declare for recapture of alienated natural resources, and for perpetual control of those that remain. It must affirm that to give away public resources honestly is as dangerous and as

treasonable as to give them away dishonestly. Never was there a more constructive program than this. It is the progressives' opportunity.

Every time that issues of such a nature have come squarely before the American public the voters have settled them with an unanswerable unanimity of judgment. It will be a long and hard fight but there is no other as worth while. For if once we capture our natural resources we shall be well on the road to the recapture of our government.

Daugherty, Aegis of Justice

NEVER in recent years have the character and administration of a Cabinet officer been so torn to pieces as in the Senate inquiry into charges against Harry M. Daugherty, appointed Attorney General by Mr. Harding and retained in office by President Coolidge. At this writing the inquiry has not been concluded, and Mr. Daugherty has not put in his defense, but there is enough adequately corroborated testimony so that there can be no doubt in the public mind of the total unfitness of the man who is at the head of the Department of Justice and of the complete corruption of the office under him.

Within the first week of the Senate hearing testimony was brought out involving Attorney General Daugherty in the acceptance of bribes in return for immunity from prosecution, in negotiations for the sale of pardons, in the barter of federal jobs, in the issuance of illegal permits to withdraw liquor, in personal violation of the Volstead Act, and in unlawful searches and spyings. Senator Wheeler of Montana, chairman of the investigating committee, said at the end of the first four days of testimony that there was already enough evidence to secure conviction by any jury on charges of corruption and conspiracy to defraud the Government in connection with the exhibition of the motion-picture films of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight and the failure to prosecute the Standard Aircraft Corporation.

F. C. Quimby, who produced the Dempsey-Carpentier films, said that these pictures, which were taken in New Jersey, were shown in twenty-two or more States at a profit of \$125,000 in spite of the federal law against transporting such films from one State to another. Arrangements for showing these films were made through three men, one of them Edward B. McLean's newspaper representative in New York, all understood to be close friends of Mr. Daugherty. Half of the profits were to be given up in return for freedom from prosecution. In order to throw dust in the eyes of the public, there were arrests in a number of cities, but after small fines had been imposed the films of the fight were allowed to be shown without further interference. Mr. Quimby's story was supported by Gaston B. Means, formerly an agent of the Department of Justice, who said he had at various times received sums of from \$3,000 to \$7,000 from the exhibition of the films; he had turned this money over to Mr. Daugherty's special friend, Jess Smith, who committed suicide last spring rather than face, as it is believed, the imminent revelations concerning himself and the Attorney General. Gerald O. Holdridge gave testimony against Mr. Daugherty and W. J. Burns. Miss Roxy Stinson, divorced wife of Jess Smith, added another link by her testimony that she had heard her former

husband say that he and Mr. Daugherty were expecting to make \$180,000 out of the fight films. Below is some of Miss Stinson's testimony:

SENATOR JONES. I want to ask you just a question or two about the films. What idea did Mr. Smith give you as to Mr. Daugherty's interest in the films? A. Why, that there would not be any prosecutions out of the Department of Justice.

Q. That is, Mr. Smith told you that Mr. Daugherty would see that no prosecutions would be had? A. That was the deal.

Q. That was his deal with Mr. Daugherty or—? A. No, that was the deal with the two of them for this.

Q. They were to get the \$180,000? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did he tell you with whom they had this agreement or contract? A. Oh, with the picture men, the picture company. I don't just recall the name.

In regard to the aircraft company Mr. Means told the committee that he had received from Mitsui and Company, the firm which financed the corporation, 100 bills of \$1,000 each, and had passed them on to Jess Smith, in order to prevent the Department of Justice from starting proceedings in an alleged overpayment of \$6,500,000 on war contracts. Miss Stinson corroborated this testimony by stating that she saw Jess Smith with seventy-five \$1,000 bills upon his return to Ohio after a visit to Washington.

Miss Stinson, who was supported by and continued to be friendly with Jess Smith up to the time of his suicide, gave most damaging testimony of what had been told her of conferences that Mr. Daugherty had had in a "little green house in K Street" (Washington) and in the "shack," near Washington Court House, Ohio. These conferences involved deals for pardons, permits to withdraw liquor, federal appointments, and other matters. Miss Stinson said Jess Smith had given her White Motor and Pure Oil stocks, with the assurance that they had cost nothing, and that her former husband had deposited \$175,000 in a bank in Washington Court House of which a brother of the Attorney General was president. Soon after President Harding was inaugurated, Mr. Daugherty and Jess Smith met an oil operator, Colonel James T. Darden, in the "shack." They gave Colonel Darden \$2,400 each for an oil speculation that involved obtaining Government leases. Miss Stinson told how Jess Smith, who long had a desk in the Department of Justice, although holding no official position there, had also lived with the Attorney General in Washington. Jess Smith had told her that it cost the two \$50,000 to live in the capital but that he thought he could afford it because of his relations with the Department of Justice. Miss Stinson visited New York City with Jess Smith, and they were

entertained by Joe Weber, the actor, who was seeking a pardon for his brother-in-law. Here is a bit of the testimony:

SENATOR WHEELER. Now, did you talk to Jess Smith afterward? A. Yes; we discussed it and he said they get a lot of them for different people, of course.

Q. Was there anything said to you about any money transaction in connection with it? A. He said, "He [Weber] is awful cheap."

SENATOR JONES. Was that all he said? A. He said, referring to him, "He [Weber] wants a lot, and he is awful cheap."

Q. Is that all he said about it? A. "But," he said, "I think we are going to do something for him."

Miss Stinson told also of conversations with Jess Smith in regard to deals for permits to take liquor out of storage and how her former husband used to come home to Washington Court House, his suit cases heavy with whiskey. Mr. Daugherty came with him.

Mr. Means, in his testimony, said that he had received money, to be passed on, for permits for whiskey withdrawal, while Captain B. C. Baldwin, of the Texas Rangers, formerly a Department of Justice agent, said that specific instructions from Washington were that the department's men were not to take any action in regard to rum-running across the Mexican border.

Munsey Destroys Another Daily

BY his sale of the *Herald* to Ogden M. Reid, Frank A. Munsey, dealer in dailies and wrecker of them, has wiped out a third great New York daily. He himself speaks of "my work of amalgamating newspapers," as if it were a commendable profession. The merging of the *Herald* with the *Tribune* is a tragedy indeed. Not because under Mr. Munsey it could lay claim to intellectual ability or civic leadership or any forward looking point of view, but because it means the disappearance of an historic newspaper, the throwing out of work of hundreds of journalists and printers, and the further narrowing of the field of metropolitan journalism. New York is now down to four morning newspapers and must, therefore, take its morning news from Messrs. Ochs, Pulitzer, Hearst, and Reid. Only one of the four dailies is liberal and progressive. If anything should happen to the *World*, New York's plight would be grievous indeed; yet the *World* is sorely in need of more vigor, more news, and more vital leadership, which latter may be supplied now that Walter Lippman is to take charge of its editorial page.

Whatever else may happen, this third death of a metropolitan daily since June last must bring home to everybody the gravity of the situation which confronts American journalism. Mr. Munsey glories in his shame. His amalgamations are, he says, "as sound a piece of economics as the amalgamation for competing lines of railroads or banks or manufactures." That bears out precisely what critics like ourselves have been saying—that the profession of journalism has disappeared and that the newspaper business now ranks in the eyes of its chief owners with any other mercantile enterprise. A sense of public responsibility, a recognition of the fact that the newspapers have a public interest—these things are gone. More than that, if Mr. Munsey's "piece of economics" is sound, why should the process of amalgamation not continue until we have one

morning and one evening newspaper both under one management? Already there is little to distinguish the newspapers in the New York evening field, so far as editorial views are concerned. It is no exaggeration to say that it makes no difference whatever which newspaper the average citizen buys on his way home at night.

Nowhere is there sound leadership, or any leadership. They all have the Associated Press service, some of them reinforcing this by the United Press dispatches, but in the main the outlook and viewpoints of these newspapers are much the same. They all regard everything from a purely capitalistic point of view; they are ultra conservative; they are as frantic upholders of the existing political, economic, and social status as any rotary club or chamber of commerce, and they are as bankrupt intellectually. How can one hope for an intelligent electorate under these circumstances? Already, as Mr. Munsey declares, the costs of newspaper publishing in New York are mounting higher and higher until they have become "appalling." How long will it be before, in order to meet those costs, the control of public opinion in the greatest American city is placed in the hands of one or two men responsible only to their purses?

New Yorkers may soon be petitioning the Christian Science mother church to move the *Christian Science Monitor* to New York City so that they may again have an evening newspaper with real news, intelligently edited and with opinions written from some other standpoint than that of the business man. Certainly the opportunity would seem to be ripe for the establishment of a non-profit-making, cooperative daily like the *Jewish Forward*. So great has been the mortality of the New York dailies of late that we believe that such a newspaper could readily obtain the Associated Press service, the cost of which to each newspaper has increased enormously with every new consolidation.

Our "Interests" in Latin America

THERE is plenty of idealism in America; there is abundant good-will toward our neighbors on the south; there are thousands of persons in the United States who have a genuine interest in the progress of the Latin American republics toward a better civilization. But there is little contact between such persons and the republics in question. The influences that have a vital and direct relation to Latin America are almost exclusively those of business and finance. Thus for practical purposes we have come to view Latin America, especially the Caribbean countries, not as collections of human beings with ambitions and aspirations like our own but as fields of exploitation easier and more profitable than any left at home. Looking at them with a purely business eye, we see these countries as places in which to lay out plantations near to cheap help and far from child-labor laws; in which to erect factories secure against labor unions and health regulations; in which to float loans at exorbitant interest on terms so inimical to the independence of the countries concerned that we would not dare to offer them to any State, county, or municipality at home. And so the United States, with all its idealism and its genuine good-will toward Latin America, has become, in fact, an all-powerful influence there against bettering the conditions of the workers, against social progress, against the very independence and democracy in government for which we contend so strongly in our own land.

Of this vision of Latin America as an oasis for business where labor organizations do not annoy, where laws may be defied or immunity obtained at moderate price from public officials, where social progress may be ignored, we get frequent glimpses. We note, for instance, a newspaper interview with F. J. Lisman of the New York brokerage house which recently floated a loan for Salvador, persuading Mr. Hughes to commit the Supreme Court and the Department of State to carrying out the terms of this speculation. Mr. Lisman, just returned from Salvador and Guatemala, sees that part of the world not as an aggregation of human beings but as an ever-developing plantation. Outside of bananas the principal product is coffee, while these countries will soon rank as substantial producers of cotton. "Labor is plentiful and wages low." Ah, yes, there is the kernel of the nut! And investors may rest assured that there will be alert American business men in Central America to see that labor continues to be plentiful and wages low.

The London *Economist*, in a recent issue, gives us a similar suggestion of Central America as a plantation run for the benefit of outsiders: "It is expected that the current Central American banana season will witness the handling of 38,000,000 stems of fruit, compared with 35,000,000 in 1923 and 34,000,000 in 1922. The widely extended cultivation of the trees undertaken by the United Fruit Company in Honduras is, however, threatened by political disturbances in that country." Political disturbances interfere with business. Hence, argue our business men, they should be prevented even if United States marines have to be called in to do it. Can it be possible, we wonder, that this business view of diplomacy has influenced Mr. Hughes in decreeing that there shall be no more revolutions in Central America and that only such governments as he likes shall exist?

But there are parts of Latin America which are viewed in terms of factories rather than plantations. In Peru the Cerro de Pasco Copper Corporation, an American company, built a couple of years ago a great reduction plant in the Oroya valley, one of the noted stock-raising regions of the country. This plant, we learn from a subscriber in Callao, Dora Mayer de Zulen, has become a political issue. Both the air and the water of the valley have been poisoned to a distance of many miles, with great losses to stock-raisers and agriculturists. A Deputy recently stated in Parliament that for the year 1922 alone stock owners lost 70,000 sheep, 6,000 oxen, 2,000 horses, and 7,000 llamas. As long ago as September 2 last a report adverse to the company was made by an engineer of the Department of Public Works, but it was suppressed and only became known through publication in *El Comercio* last January. The copper company has pursued a policy of indemnification rather than remedy, and has met attacks with promises and "stalling." Our correspondent writes that, Parliament having adjourned, nothing can be done before next summer at the earliest toward relief from the noxious plant maintained by this "great capitalistic kingdom incrusting in our hills."

It is well to think of these things when we hear that American warships, American money, and American men have been called upon to uphold our "rights" and "interests" in Latin America. The rights are not human rights. The interests are not even those of bona fide settlers; they are primarily those of absentee landlords who are trying to roll up profits abroad by the exercise of principles and methods which they find it difficult or impossible to practice any longer at home.

Spring—Even in the City

MARCH IS A SPRING MONTH, according to an ancient tradition, but in the bleak regions of New York State and New England the thermometer and the wind often refuse to admit that March and spring are more than very distant cousins. The calendar notwithstanding, the ground remains frozen and the snow is gracious if it yields so far as to melt into slush.

Yet somehow obscure instincts justify and accept the calendar. You can count on robins and bluebirds and song sparrows any sunny day of later March, and they must have come North in the gray days that preceded the sun. You can be sure that about the cold springs and streams which keep an even temperature throughout the winter the brown cowls of skunk cabbage, that ill-named monk of the spring swamps, are pushing their way through to the light. And in the cities small boys, who paid no heed to a February thaw, suddenly produce marbles from capacious pockets, girls begin rope-skipping, and weary householders learn by the repetition of broken windows that baseball is once more abroad in the land. One common ancestral urge drives the robin northward, the skunk cabbage skyward, and the city boy ballward; spring, though powerless to master the weather man, finds expression in these her more faithful harbingers.

Spring, everywhere capricious, is peculiarly tantalizing in the city. When once the willows have taken on new color with the push of the sap a countryman has evidences of spring to hearten him though frost be in the air; there are no such persistent signs in the city. The indefatigable street-cleaners and excellent drainage system of the city even halt the effect of that atmospheric geniality which to Thoreau was the essence of spring. The warm sun, he thought, falling on the snow-covered earth, caused an almost invisible vapor to blur the woods and fields, softening their outlines and giving them fresh life. "Through this transparent vapor all surfaces, not osiers and open water alone, look more vivid. The hardness of winter is relaxed. There is a fine effluence surrounding the wood, as if the sap had begun to stir, and you could detect it a mile off. . . . As we sit in this wonderful air . . . our voices even sound differently, and betray the spring."

Yet somehow, though the signs are missing, spring does come, even to the most squalid tenement street of the metropolis. Not only the children feel it, and the hurdy-gurdy men give it expression. The sparrows that quarrel over the dung in the street sense it, and turn to courting. That mysterious malady, spring fever, penetrates office-building and factory, and sends thoughts darting through dusty windows to lapping summer waters and murmuring pines. A soft March day between two frosts makes even the city man understand what Thoreau felt when he wrote:

This afternoon I throw off my great coat. The vil-lagers are out in the sun, and every man is happy whose work takes him out doors. I lean over a rail to hear what is in the air. My life partakes of infinity. Is the drawing in of this vital air attended with no more glorious results than I witness? I go forth to make new demands on life. I wish to begin this summer well, to do something in it worthy of it and of me, to transcend my daily routine and that of my townsmen, to have my immortality now, in the quality of my daily life, to pay the greatest price of any man in Concord, and enjoy the most.

Henry Ford—Man or Superman?

By EDWIN DAKIN

FROM the beginning of written history to the exile of Napoleon the destiny of ambitious men depended largely on the amount of man-power they could bring under their control. They were uniformly successful in proportion to the size and efficiency of the army of toilers they could assemble. With the discovery in the last century of generated mechanical power that condition swiftly changed. The ruler of today is not the man who owns human labor. He is the man who owns or monopolizes such natural forces as coal, oil, and waterfalls.

Within the next few weeks another Napoleon is planning to be born.

He will control one-third of all the undeveloped water-power in that Southern section of the United States which is known as the "superpower area." Comprising nine States with a population of eighteen millions, the area centers at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, where the Tennessee River drops suddenly many feet on its way to the sea. He will control this power for his own personal use, unregulated by public-utility laws or the Federal Water Power Act, as the usual public-utility corporation is controlled. Only one other step is necessary for his final appointment—and the appointment of his heirs for 100 years—as czar: that is the formal acceptance by the Senate of the majority report of the Committee on Military Affairs. This report recommends that the offer of Henry Ford for the Muscle Shoal property be accepted. The McKenzie bill embodying that acceptance has already been passed by the House. It may be hoped that in the rush of other scandals the bill may be allowed to die of procrastination in the Senate, without reaching a vote. If a vote is taken, its passage seems assured.

Mr. Ford's offer is less than that of some of the competing bidders. He also refused, if his offer was finally accepted, to be governed by those restrictions of the laws which relate to the use of water-power for the public benefit, and which would apply to any other bidder who was given the property. Despite these facts, the House accepted the Ford offer by an overwhelming majority. This means that for the first time since the Federal Water Power Act was passed, limiting power grants to fifty years, Congress has dared to invalidate that law.

This strange situation is made possible for two reasons: first, the country has very little idea at this time of the almost inestimable future value of the Southern superpower area; second, neither the average citizen nor the average Congressman is aware of the enormous amount of propaganda which has been financed in behalf of the Ford offer. Mr. Ford himself, possibly, is not fully conscious of these things. It is probably true that he has little capacity for mental analysis and an immeasurable amount of almost uncanny intuition. He looks; subconsciously he feels; he knows. Such a theory at least explains with fewer contradictions than any other the strange ensemble of reactions that go to make up the Ford character: his ungovernable temper; his suave public exterior; his fantastic "peace ship" idealism; his coldness to all charitable appeal; his distrust of the individual; his subtle love of mob acclaim; his belief in impracticable and impossible economic nos-

trums; his unerring judgment as regards his own business welfare; the hunger for domination which has made him the most powerful capitalist in America today.

Those who bow down to the Ford shibboleth do not yet recognize the extent of this power complex, if such it can be called. Mr. Ford today owns coal mines, whole forests, lumber and pulp mills, railroads, cotton-converting factories. The plants where he actually assembles automobiles are probably the smallest part of his interests. It is quite true that the ownership of the sources of all his raw materials helps him to sell a finished product cheaper—as long as he desires to sell at the cheaper price. It is equally true that an absolute monarch, if he has the desire, can operate a country more efficiently than can a republican form of government. Unfortunately humanity has discovered that it cannot depend on the permanence of the philanthropic desire to pass on to the public the benefit of this efficiency or saving. After the power of an individual passes a certain varying limit there is always developed a point of decreasing return, as far as benefit to the masses is concerned. This is true both of kaiser and capitalist. Inarticulate recognition of this truth accounts for the imposed restraints both of magna chartas and of anti-trust laws.

We are not concerned here with the question of how long Mr. Ford intends to pass along to the public the savings he makes in automobile manufacture. The interesting point is that Mr. Ford is no longer content to manufacture only automobiles and gather in the millions attendant thereon. He has long been looking for other fields to conquer. He thought that politics might be a means to this end; the attempt proved abortive. He had previously failed in international diplomacy. It was about this time that he recognized the value of gathering in a railroad or two and natural resources in the shape of coal mines and forests. Shortly Mr. Ford's power-hunger looked further. Having long spurned alliances with Wall Street, which had mocked him in his younger days, he turned to Europe. In the last year there have been well-established reports of his activities in Germany and Central Europe; of advances made to German steel and coal barons; of attempted alliances with Thyssen and Stinnes. Steel, coal, automobiles, railroads—the bones and arteries of modern civilization.

During this time Mr. Ford has been thinking about Muscle Shoals.

For more than a decade there has been building in the South a new and surprising industrial development. For years the South had been rotting in stagnation, owing to reasons not all of them dependent on the ravages of the Civil War. The change came almost unheralded; suddenly nine States which centered around Muscle Shoals realized they were honeycombed with rivers that could be harnessed to make a superpower development unsurpassed in the world. The harnessing began; cheap electric power appeared for the first time in the South; it was so cheap and produced under such favorable conditions that scores of mills in New England picked up their plants and even their employees, and transported them bodily to the Southern superpower area. The power could be carried for hundreds

of miles along the country-side; ideal mill villages were set down among the open hills; lifeless villages began to unfold into prosperous cities; electricity for the first time was brought to the door of the farmer as well as to the manufacturer. One electric plant was linked up with another, and the second with a third, gradually forming a system where power could be "relayed" for hundreds of miles across the country if the water supply of one plant failed. Power from Alabama at the present time needs only a short connecting development to be brought into Washington, D. C., and thence to New York to be linked up with Niagara Falls.

Mr. Ford looked at all this growing wealth, and wondered. Then the Government offered to part with Muscle Shoals, for its development by private capital.

At the Shoals the Government built, during the war, two nitrate plants to extract nitrogen from the air for the manufacture of ammunition. It was the intention of the Government to use the plants afterwards for the manufacture of nitrate fertilizers for the soil. These plants cost the Government in round figures \$83,000,000.

Mr. Ford offered to buy these two plants from the United States for \$5,000,000, with the guaranty that each year he would manufacture fertilizer with a nitrogen content of at least 40,000 tons. He would sell this to the farmer, he agreed, at a cost not to exceed 8 per cent profit on the manufacturing cost. But there was a condition attached to this offer. He would buy these plants and manufacture fertilizer only if the Government would give him a lease on Muscle Shoals for 100 years, and would finish building the dams there so that the power could be properly developed. For this leasing privilege he offered to pay the Government a certain yearly rental—in round figures, about \$250,000,000 for the hundred years' privilege, paid in equal annual instalments under various provisions. At the end of the period Mr. Ford should have first option on the renewal of the lease—a condition, it will be noted, which could be easily developed into giving Mr. Ford's heirs a lease on this water-power to perpetuity. Furthermore, after devoting the necessary power to the manufacture of fertilizer, Mr. Ford would have the privilege of using the whole surplus for his own manufacturing purposes, instead of selling it to the public as an ordinary utility company would be obliged to do. This would of course put him out of reach of competition by any other manufacturer. If future inventions of more efficient machinery developed so much power out of the water supply that he could not possibly use all of it, he could sell the surplus and avoid coming under the laws ordinarily controlling the operation of public utilities. For instead of selling it directly to the consumer he could merely sell it to another public-utility company—thus taking advantage of a loophole in the Alabama public-utility law which provides that the law shall be applicable only to a utility which sells power directly to the *public*. Mr. Ford could make his own terms with any public-utility company, and if that company needed the power badly enough it would have to meet his terms and pass the cost on to the people, Mr. Ford being out of reach of the law.

Mr. Ford made that carefully hedged offer two years ago. There was no unanimity on the subject, and much agitation at the time against the acceptance of the bid; the matter was allowed to drag. Observe what happened in the meantime. Real-estate speculators descended in a body on Muscle Shoals. They plotted out the country into lots, for

miles in all directions. They bought it cheap, of course, and saved most of their money for "literature." They sent this literature out in the most approved California-Florida style, by the ton load. The country surrounding Muscle Shoals was described as a second heaven. Mr. Ford was to be god, and he was only awaiting a mandate from Congress to come in and take his throne. The streets were shortly to be paved with gold. The response to the invitation was all that the hopeful heart of any speculator could desire. With the usual sprinkling of widows, orphans, and school-teachers came a generous arrival of farmers. All of these buyers immediately began to inform their congressmen that the country could only be saved by giving Mr. Ford Muscle Shoals. They were of course more interested in saving their investments than saving the country, but congressmen cannot be expected to know such things.

In the meantime, in addition to the ordinary selling literature, the original speculators sent out special farmer literature advertising the wholly mythical idea that Mr. Ford intended to manufacture fertilizer for the farmers at half its present cost. The farmers were charmed with the thought, and even those who had not bought land immediately began petitioning congressmen to give them cheap fertilizer by giving Mr. Ford Muscle Shoals. Farmers sent letters; their farmer-organizations sent lobbies; the sanguine speculators laid aside a fund for lobbying as well as for circulars; in the meantime Mr. Ford also began pulling his wires.

He has denied that he has ever financed any propaganda in favor of his bid. In view of Mr. Ford's action in permitting his biographer to state unblushingly that all of the Ford war-profits had been returned to the Government, Mr. Ford's asseverations or denials are perhaps not to be taken too seriously. If we accept his claim that he has never financed any direct propaganda, the evidence that he has done it by indirection seems too large to be ignored. The exact extent of this propaganda expenditure will probably never be known—just as the direct and indirect expenditure made in the attempt to put a large share of the country's oil resources in the hands of one or two men will probably never be known.

In the meantime, although Mr. Ford's offer was the first, it has by no means been the last. There have been at least three offers made by other interests in very recent months. The terms of these have not been given any undue publicity by Congress. At least one of them is considerably larger than Mr. Ford's offer and more favorable to the public interest.

The Associated Power Companies of the South, for instance, have offered to lease the Shoals for a period of fifty years, without any first option on the renewal, and giving the Government at the end of that time the privilege of raising the rental, if a renewal was granted. They agreed to manufacture a maximum of 50,000 tons of nitrate a year, instead of Mr. Ford's offer of 40,000, submitting to price and manufacturing conditions which were almost identical in substance to those offered by Mr. Ford. They did not insist that the Government should sell them the nitrate plants, as did Mr. Ford, who offered only \$5,000,000 for the deed to this property which cost the Government \$83,000,000. Instead, they offered to lease one of the plants along with the power privilege, enabling them to manufacture the amount of fertilizer guaranteed. For this fifty-year-power lease they offered in round figures \$160,000,000, to be paid

in annual instalments. For an adequate basis of comparison with Mr. Ford's offer this amount should be doubled, making an equivalent of \$320,000,000 offered by the power companies for a 100-year lease against \$255,000,000 offered by Mr. Ford for the same property—part of which property, however, he was purchasing for all time.

It must be remembered that these Associated Power Companies are the same companies that have developed the Southern superpower system to the stage it occupies today. There are good reasons for and against public operation of national resources by private corporations; it remains that in these operations the private corporations are strictly regulated in the matter of fair costs and rates. Those leasing water-power are strictly controlled both by the Federal Water Power Act and the State public-utility laws, and when their power is relayed from State to State they also come under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Under this carefully hedged control the Associated Power Companies have performed an acceptable public service.

The Congressional Reporting Committee, however, had to find at least one acceptable reason for throwing its favor to Mr. Ford. The most plausible reason for accepting one offer instead of another would be that the one was higher.

Observe here the workings of high finance. The committee put its brains to work. It figured out that the \$5,000,000 cash which Mr. Ford paid for the title to the nitrate plants could be made to equal \$20,000,000 in 100 years' time if the Government put it out at 4 per cent interest for the period of the lease. (This of course works out on the principle that if a man pays you \$10,000 for your house today, you can really figure that you're getting \$40,000, if you count in the interest you can draw on the money in a hundred years.) This item of \$20,000,000, so arrived at, was gravely set down in the published report of the committee as an actual part of Mr. Ford's offer. Part of the lease money to be paid in annual instalments every year was called by Mr. Ford an amortization fund and totaled \$4,415,154; the committee estimated that this amount put out at interest in the same way would total \$49,071,935 at the end of a century, and this item was also actually set down as a part of Mr. Ford's offer. The committee also figured that it would cost Mr. Ford at least \$30,000,000 to maintain during a century's time the nitrate plants that he bought from the Government; it took this sum that Mr. Ford would naturally expect to spend in maintenance of his own nitrate plants, stated that he would relieve the Government of that great burden, and gravely published this \$30,000,000 as another part of the payment offered by Mr. Ford. By similar methods of fantastic finance, the reporting committee rummaged up a number of additional millions which could be added to Mr. Ford's actual cash offer; finally it was able to announce that Mr. Ford's offer was just a little larger than the bid of any of his competitors. It is true that the minority report of the committee threw a somewhat different light on the situation. But minorities are seriously declining both in importance and fashion.

Mr. Ford has agreed, it will be noted, to form a \$10,000,000 corporation to handle the grant of power. He will presumably retain control of the corporation during his lifetime—Mr. Ford has never been known to let anyone else control what he owns. When he dies, no one knows who will control the corporation—but it will not be the Govern-

ment. For according to the grant such a corporation would be specifically out of reach of present State and federal utility laws.

This, then, is the Napoleon who is confidently awaiting birth in the cavernous womb of Washington. No one who knows the facts knows enough of them to understand why Congress should give its assent to such a situation. Superpower rightly used might eventually make a race of supermen. But they are endowed with a curious innocence who believe that it should be turned over to Mr. Ford so that he may transform himself into a superman.

Putting Muscle Shoals on the Map

By C. F. ADAMS

Sheffield, Alabama, March 8

MUSCLE SHOALS is on the map. Not one of those small black specks that inhabit our maps by the thousands, but a large black circle indicating a highly important center. License plates from all over the United States have become familiar to the local inhabitants. Big touring-cars go purring by any time, their licenses announcing Maine, Massachusetts, California, Florida, or Oregon, as the case may be, and nobody gets excited. It is an everyday sight. The Detroit tags are perhaps the most frequent, which tells a clear story. Yes, Muscle Shoals is on the map.

Wilson Dam, at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, two miles from Sheffield, and the two adjacent nitrate plants are war babies that have not found life a very rosy affair. Nobody seems to love them. Sired by the Wilson Administration during war-time stress and need when the usual ceremonies of finance were dispensed with, these war babies proved to be rather embarrassing youngsters when the war was over and questions began to be asked. They were an indignity the present Government did not altogether approve of and did not care to assume. Yet \$100,000,000 worth of concrete and smoke-stacks could not be boarded up and entirely forgotten. They had to be reckoned with somehow. So an official inspection of Muscle Shoals was instituted. And since then Muscle Shoals has been well inspected. During the past four years whole legions of delegations and special representatives and committees and subcommittees and engineers and assistant engineers and photographers and reporters and anyone else who wanted to have a trip in a private car, have passed over the grounds and returned to Washington with data in hand to expedite the reckoning. And while the official reckoning goes on in Washington we are doing some reckoning of our own in Alabama.

"Reckon Ford will get Muscle Shoals?" is the form in which the question is put down here. Everybody asks it of everybody else. "Reckon Ford will come?" they ask before they swap off the mule or pay the taxes or buy the girls a piano. The old salutation of "How do you do?" has given way to the more pointed "Reckon Ford will come?" for our state of being depends on how we reckon.

All this reckoning up there in Washington and down here on the street corners and in local drug-stores has proved to be a good thing in the way of advertising. People from the four corners of the earth, not waiting on the deliberations of Congress, have rushed down upon us, grabbed any kind of lodging they could find, and placed themselves in line to wait for Ford. And as the days go by

and the deliberating prolongs itself, so does the line. Every train brings reinforcements. So by this time there is a substantial immigration overflowing our tranquil little cities, filling the hotels, pouncing on the news-stands and buying all the papers before respectable citizens have had breakfast, renting all the taxis, hiring all the cooks, swooping through the drug-stores and drinking all the sorts of dope, jostling elbows unused to jostling, and moving on oblivious. But the esteemed citizen has his inning. He rents out his spare room, in the largeness of his heart, thereby conferring a favor upon the stranger at his door. And later he takes him out and sells him a few acres of the old home place that has been in the family forever. It is a privilege for the newcomer. But with the changing of the ancient title come other changes. The acre no longer remains an acre. It becomes acreage. There is a difference. Acres are planted in the spring and laid by in the fall. Acreage is subdivided and sold on the instalment plan. The landscape has changed. Gone is the "nigger" and the mule, gone is the cotton house and the old rail fence. In their place is a brisk young gentleman, a high-powered car, and a modern little office, where the typewriter clicks and the telephone rings and a general air of something-is-bound-to-happen-soon drapes itself over the scene. There is every essential of a big boom at Muscle Shoals except the boom.

The Muscle Shoals are in the upper part of Alabama, stretching themselves majestically across the Tennessee River as it makes its way through a spur of the Cumberland Mountains, forming the beautiful Tennessee Valley. The shoals, waiting through the ages for man to tame their roaring waters and harness their mighty power, have always been a formidable but picturesque obstruction to navigation. According to legend, the name for the shoals comes to us from the Indians. The red man, making his way up the river, found that it took what we call muscle to put his birch canoe over the rocky shoals, and with characteristic directness called them accordingly. The early white man, being of the same opinion but finding the Indian name difficult, gave us the present translation. However, the prosaic etymologists and geologists like to argue with the legend. They claim that the name was derived from an innocent little bivalve which played a leading role in the formation of the shoals, and that the correct spelling of the name was lost in the early days, probably due to the lack of proper educational advantages in that period.

Have it any way you like, but when you stand on the bank and hear the roar of the waters rushing over the rocks you'll think *muscle* shoals, yourself! The vast hydro-electric possibilities of Muscle Shoals have long been recognized. Engineers from time to time in the past have called attention to the power going to waste over the shoals, but it was not till the need for nitrate during the World War became urgent that any decisive action was taken. Then in 1916 Congress passed the National Defense Act appropriating millions of dollars for the construction of two nitrate plants and all appurtenances at Muscle Shoals. These giant plants were rushed to completion. But so was the war; and then the nitrate plants and Wilson Dam were, so to speak, mustered out. For four years now we have been piloting our tourists out to the abandoned project and explaining that the boards they see across doors and windows are not a part of the original plans.

Plant No. 2, as the largest of the plants at Muscle Shoals is called, was built at a cost of \$69,000,000 and has a

capacity for 110,000 tons per annum of ammonium nitrate, cyanamid process. This plant covers two thousand acres and during the war employed twenty thousand men. It was built and was producing nitrate within one year, and is the largest nitrate plant in the world. Plant No. 1, much smaller than No. 2, was largely given over to experiments, the Haber process being employed. Adjacent to Plant No. 2 is a large steam-power plant, one of the largest in America. This steam plant was built so that Nitrate Plant No. 2 could begin at once to produce nitrate without waiting for Wilson Dam to be finished. This tremendous project would have required several years of continuous work, but after the war work was discontinued and was not permanently resumed until July of 1922, when a new appropriation of \$7,500,000 a year was made. There are now 4,600 men at work on the dam with Colonel G. R. Spaulding as district engineer in charge. A large construction camp, including homes, churches, schools, and stores, has been built on the north bank of the river for the accommodation of the men and their families. Work is going forward on all main divisions of the dam. Thirty miles of standard-gauge railroad has been built for construction use and thirty locomotives are employed. Two hundred flat cars, box cars, dump cars, and gondolas switch up and down; twenty-five large boats and barges ply back and forth with sand and gravel; and with a hundred rock drills, three large concrete mixing-plants, and ten ten-ton electrical cranes working day and night the place looks busy. Wilson Dam, when completed, will be the largest single piece of monolithic concrete construction in the world, its volume of masonry being 1,260,000 cubic yards. This is three times as much masonry as is contained in the Roosevelt Dam in Arizona and 100,000 cubic yards larger than the Assuan Dam in Egypt. The total length of the dam will be five thousand feet, an almost pure white monolith 160 feet wide at the base and rising 130 feet above the river bed. The bottom of the river at Muscle Shoals is solid limestone rock. The dam rests upon this bottom, and is made one with it, "toed in" to resist the tremendous pressure of the water. The excavation necessary to solidify the structure with the bed of the river is a giant undertaking itself. More than 600,000 cubic feet of rock must be blasted out, and nearly as much earth removed. At the south end, where the power-house is being built, the excavations will go down thirty feet. This is to give swift escape to the water pouring through the turbines. Eighteen great turbines will be installed with a generating capacity of 600,000 horse-power. Wilson Dam is built to stay.

The river at Muscle Shoals has a total fall of 130 feet in the thirty miles of rapids. The dam will create a lake sixteen miles long; four miles above the dam this lake will be a mile wide and a hundred feet deep. Sixteen miles above Wilson Dam another dam is to be built, forming above itself a lake seventy miles long. These two great bodies of water will eliminate all danger from the shoals and the Tennessee River will then be open to the largest river craft, making the vast Tennessee basin accessible from the sea. Important as this is, it is only a by-product of Wilson Dam. The object of the dam is to develop the latent power of Muscle Shoals. The dam when completed will afford adequate power for a region covering a radius of 500 miles, besides supplying the world's largest nitrate plant with sufficient power for the manufacture of explosives in time of war and fertilizer in time of peace. The estimated cost of the project is fifty million dollars.

Mr. Ford Is So Good

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

MR. FORD has proved himself to be a more powerful man and a more persuasive man than Mr. Doheny or Mr. Sinclair. They were able to persuade one cabinet member to go rather far in disposing of public property on terms which both Mr. Doheny and Mr. Sinclair have declared to be advantageous to the Government but also enormously profitable to them and to their stockholders. Mr. Ford has gone much farther.

He has been able to persuade a whole great section of the American population to accept from him a bribe in the shape of a promised reduction of their bills for fertilizers and in return for that bribe they have ardently supported a bill which now has been passed by the House of Representatives and which conveys to Mr. Ford, partly in fee and partly in a one-hundred-year lease, an immensely valuable governmental property on terms which constitute it, in Senator Norris's words, "the greatest gift ever bestowed upon any mortal man since salvation was made free to the human race."

The site of this gift is the Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee River in northern Alabama. The debates on it in the House of Representatives clearly indicate, and in fact absolutely demonstrate, that the only argument, the only alleged argument, for making this gift to Mr. Ford is that in return he will manufacture fertilizers in an annual quantity involving or containing 40,000 tons of fixed nitrogen at a price yielding him a profit not exceeding 8 per cent on the cost of production.

One member of the House of Representatives, Mr. Wefald of Minnesota, was shocked by this 8 per cent. He reflected, and expressed the reflection, that Mr. Ford had been shocked by the idea of guaranteeing a profit of 6 per cent to the railroads. He moved that Mr. Ford's profit on fertilizers manufactured at Muscle Shoals should be limited to 5 per cent. He thought that if the Government was willing to build dams for Mr. Ford at Muscle Shoals at its own expense for the production of the electric power for the manufacturing of his fertilizers, and if on this expense (amounting in all probability to a great deal more than \$50,000,000) the Government was willing to charge Mr. Ford an annual interest payment of less than 4 per cent, why, Mr. Ford, being so notably a good man, should be willing to sell fertilizers to farmers at a profit of 5 per cent and no more.

His motion, which was in the form of an amendment to the bill as passed, was voted down. The great historic reason why it was voted down, and why all amendments in any way changing the bill to the disadvantage of Mr. Ford were voted down, was thoroughly revealed in a colloquy between Mr. Wefald and Mr. McKenzie of Illinois, who was in charge of the bill, and a further colloquy between Mr. Burton of Ohio, who was the bill's strongest opponent, and Mr. McKenzie. Mr. Burton said to Mr. McKenzie:

"On what basis is this 8 per cent to be computed? Is it the value of the permanent property? Is the right of the lessee to be counted in? Is the value of the water-power to be counted in? Or is this merely on the bare cost of manufacturing fertilizers?"

Mr. McKenzie replied:

"I will say to my distinguished friend from Ohio that I cannot answer that question categorically. I do not know."

Thus Mr. McKenzie absolved himself from any exact knowledge of any exact reason for selecting the figure 8 to be the numeral expressing Mr. Ford's proper profit out of fertilizers at Muscle Shoals. He immediately thereafter, however, showed a perfect understanding of the reason why he was in fact supporting the figure 8. He said:

"I do know this: this maximum of 8 per cent was agreed upon by the representatives of the farm organizations of the country."

Thus we perceive a most important political fact in democratic government. If the Sinclair company or the Doheny company should agree upon a rate of profit which they would charge on a government contract, the agreement would be a thing to be concealed and denied. If a farm organization agrees upon a rate of profit on public property to be charged and gained by a gentleman who offers to reduce the bills of its members for fertilizers on farms which they individually own and out of which they gain and pursue their wholly individual private personal fortunes, why, then the agreement is a thing which is a frank legitimate public argument for the passage of a bill to be paid for through the nose by taxpayers who are not farmers.

This fact was made still clearer in Mr. McKenzie's colloquy with Mr. Wefald. Mr. McKenzie, replying to Mr. Wefald's forlorn and hopeless desire to cut Mr. Ford's profit to 5 per cent, said severely:

"I want to say that the amendment offered by the gentleman from Minnesota simply cuts down the 8 per cent maximum profit that Mr. Ford can charge for the manufacture of fertilizers. I want to say further to my friends on this side of the House (the Republican side) that this particular section was agreed to by the representatives of the farm organizations of the country; and the committee accepted it as their judgment. It was written into the bill to satisfy them; and any man who pretends to come from a farming district must understand that in fighting this section he is fighting the representatives of the farm organizations of this country."

Thus the principle emerges which many times, and even monotonously, has been detailed in these letters from Washington. The rural revolt, which it was hoped would lead to an attack upon all special interests, has yielded only the arrival of one more special interest.

Irony, as usual, is contributed to the scene. Mr. Ford, in the Muscle Shoals bill, as actually written and as actually passed by the House of Representatives, makes no promise whatsoever about any reduction in the price of fertilizers. That promise is only in the hot air rising from the committee hearings on the bill. It is not in the bill. The bill contains not one word guaranteeing, or even surmising, any reduction in the price of fertilizers.

Mr. Ford undertakes simply to manufacture a certain amount of fertilizers and to sell this amount at a profit of

not more than 8 per cent on a totally unknown basis of estimating his cost of production.

In return for this undertaking he comes into possession of a water-power many times greater in amount than any amount which he proposes and undertakes to use for the manufacturing of fertilizers.

A minority of the water-power to be developed at Muscle Shoals is promised to fertilizers. A majority of it, an overwhelming majority of it, is left free to Mr. Ford to use as he pleases with no restrictions whatsoever.

Mr. Burton of Ohio moved an amendment to the effect that Mr. Ford's enterprise at Muscle Shoals should be subjected to the same restrictions and regulations which today are imposed upon all other water-power developments initiated and consummated by other American citizens. He proposed—that is—that Mr. Ford's Muscle Shoals enterprise should be saddled with the provisions of the standard existing Water Power Act which has been on the statute books since the year 1920 and which is supposed to extend its beneficent or malignant sway over all citizens equally.

Thus, according to Mr. Burton's motion, the temporal length of Mr. Ford's arrangement with the Government at Muscle Shoals would not be one hundred years as written in the bill. It would be only fifty years, which is all that any other American citizen, according to the provisions of the Water Power Act, could get.

Thus all of Mr. Ford's "excess profits," whether from the water-power which he will use for fertilizers or from the immensely greater water-power which he will use for himself, would be paid not to himself but to the United States Government, just exactly as in the case of any other citizen today getting a water-power permit from the federal Water Power Commission.

Thus also, if Mr. Burton's motion for an amendment had been adopted, Mr. Ford, like any other citizen in similar circumstances, would have no preference right for the renewal of his contract with the Government at the end of the period of his contract. Under the bill as passed Mr. Ford gains that exceptional right.

Under Mr. Burton's motion, further, Mr. Ford would be obligated, like any other citizen in similar circumstances, to pay for the whole maintenance of his dam or dams and to bear the whole cost of the maintenance of navigation for the public in the locks through the dams. In Mr. Ford's case these costs for Mr. Ford are restricted to certain named amounts. Numerous amendments for making Mr. Ford bear these costs in full were heavily defeated.

Under Mr. Burton's amendment, if Mr. Ford should start to sell any of his tremendous surplus power from Muscle Shoals, the price at which he could sell it would be regulated either by the local State government or else by the federal Water Power Commission.

All these ideas, and numerous others, by Mr. Burton for assimilating and harmonizing Mr. Ford to the ordinary status of the ordinary citizen of this republic were heavily and emphatically voted down.

The idea was that Mr. Ford, not in the bill but in the air—whether cold from his own reticence as to his intentions or hot from the propaganda of the farm organizations as to his intentions—was minded to reduce the cost of fertilizers for farmers and that therefore he should be exempted from all the rules and regulations in other circumstances imposed upon all other citizens of this republic.

Senator Norris expressed the bare truth when he said:

"Nothing else has ever happened so calculated to shake a man's faith in democratic government."

The proposed contract with Mr. Ford falls into two parts. The first part sells him a lot of property now owned by the United States Government. The second part leases him a gigantic property to be built or completed by the United States Government.

The part which has been sold to him is estimated by the Ordnance Department of the War Department to be worth at a forced sale the sum of sixteen million dollars. It is sold to Mr. Ford at a final cash payment of one million five hundred thousand dollars.

The part which is leased to Mr. Ford is leased to him for interest payments and for other so-called "amortization" payments which for the one hundred years of the contract are found to work out to a total of 2.85 per cent per year on the money expended by the Government.

Two reasons really are found for this extraordinarily exceptional treatment accorded to Mr. Ford.

The first is that Mr. Ford is a heap big medicine man and a different man from all other men and a friend of the people and a seller of cars at a low price and a payer of high wages and a developer of the American country-side and a man who is good. He is a good man. Therefore the Water Power Act should not apply to him. The constitution of Italy should not apply to Mussolini. The Water Power Act of the United States should not apply to Mr. Ford. Both Mussolini and Mr. Ford are supermen. It was supposed that Italy, having had experience with Marius and Sulla and Julius Caesar, should welcome supermen beyond the law. It was not known that this republic had advanced so far toward the condition of the Roman Republic in the first century before Christ.

The second reason for Mr. Ford's exemption from the common lot of common American applicants before the federal Water Power Commission is only an intensification of the first reason. It is that Mr. Ford is so good that he has gained the respect and support of our farm organizations irrespective of the consequences to all other elements of the population.

The essential combined ultimate reason is that Mr. Ford is so good. At last he cashes in on it. He gets the largest, the most expansive, the most indefinitely and miraculously valuable public property of the United States Government at a fraction of its value for that part of it which he buys and at 2.85 per cent interest payments on the part of it which he leases.

Naturally and with all of his native and charming and poignant and devastating wit the radical Senator from Nebraska, Mr. Norris, inquires:

"Has it come to this, that because a man is good and great, and because we have confidence in him, we should give him a special privilege and a particular inheritance that we would give to no one else? Has it come to this, that a citizen can come to Congress and, because he is honest and upright, claim that contracts made for ordinary men shall not apply to him? Should a municipality permit a Christian to charge a higher rate for lighting the homes of the city than it would permit an infidel to charge? Have we reached the point of saying that we are going to permit good men to capitalize their virtue and to be paid a premium for it out of the Treasury of the United States?"

It would be an impertinence to add anything to these remarks by Mr. Norris.

More Light on "Progressivism"

MR. GILSON GARDNER, of Washington, D. C., who was the star newspaper inside eye-witness of the eruption of "Progressivism" in 1912, writes in to *The Nation's* Washington office to say:

DEAR HARD:

Before this subject of What Is Progressivism? fades into the limbo of forgetfulness, why not glance at the historic origin of the term?

When the noble T. R. was felling wild animals in Africa the noble and red-headed Vic Murdock of Kansas was waging a bitter fight against Cannonism and the rules of the House of Representatives. It was a struggle to get a little more legislative freedom—and the struggle was in the interests of the common people. "Uncle Joe" Cannon, Speaker of the House and upholder of the rules, was the author of that slogan dropped from the poker table, "We stand pat." He had introduced "standpattism" into the political argument. It is clear what "standpattism" meant. If you have got the swag on the table and four aces in your hand you "stand pat." The red-headed Murdock, however, won, and the rules were slightly fractured—perhaps it would be better to say slightly bent. The crowd at Victor's back were known as "insurgents." They had insurged against House discipline. They were rebels.

Then returned the noble T. R. from his African hunt and to a couple of his newspaper friends conveyed this message:

"Tell Victor to drop that word 'Insurgents' and to use the term 'Progressives.' That term expresses itself. It is what the group really stands for. It is a general and continuing word. Insurgency is simply a passing phase. Remember to call them 'Progressives.'"

And that was the beginning of what later developed into the Progressive Party. Mr. Woodrow Wilson with his facility of language paraphrased them as "forward-looking" men.

And that's that!

G. G.

Thus Mr. Gardner reveals the historic politics of the matter. Meanwhile Mr. Donald Richberg of Chicago, who has gained much fame in courts of law in public-utilities cases and who now is attorney for the La Follette Railroad Valuation Conference, has been turning to the historical philosophy of it.

He attempts, in contending for Mr. Hard's prize, to base "progressivism" on a philosophy of history from the days of tribal chieftains down to these days of direct primaries. His remarks accordingly are rather extensive and yet of such interest that we herewith willingly surrender the rest of this page to certain central excerpts from them.

Mr. Richberg makes "progressivism" consist essentially in a personal harmony with the aspirations and processes through which, in his view, human society is continuously impelled toward giving a larger and larger expression to the human personality of every human being. He says:

DEAR HARD:

A belief that the world does not merely revolve but moves from lesser things to greater things rests upon faith. . . .

Evolution to the "progressive" means not merely change but purposeful change. . . .

The tendency of centuries of political evolution is toward a broadening of the base of political control.

The ruling group has grown steadily larger.

"Warrior control" lay in the power of a few. They seized and held the things they wanted.

To aid in retaining this control a larger group of hereditary nobility was developed.

This group in turn was succeeded by a still larger group of property owners.

The present power of the group of property owners is now in the process of transfer to a still larger group of labor controllers. These labor controllers include both business managers and labor organizers. . . .

The economic result of progress toward democracy has been a constant decrease in the power of a property right and a constant increase in the power of a service ability.

The billionaire today has a greater aggregate power than the feudal baron but he has far less power over each property unit and over each human being within his vast domain than the feudal baron exercised over his manor.

Though the total of privilege may be enormously increased, the amount of *irresponsible* privilege is diminishing.

The mere possession of things as a means of exercising power is becoming less valuable and the capacity to use things as a means of exercising power is becoming more valuable. . . .

The political ruler has become a "leader." The industrial master has become an "organizer." The laws of "ruler and subject," of "master and servant," gradually disappear. The obligations of "public servant and citizen," of "employer and employee," become the measure of power.

The organizer of force gives way to the organizer of cooperation.

This struggle between the principle of coercion and the principle of cooperation, between the principle of mastery and the principle of service, provides perhaps the most significant alignment between progressives and conservatives. Strive as he may to appear (and even to feel himself) a "liberal," the conservative puts his faith in mastery for the solution of all problems. He wants the "strong men" and the "best minds" to rule in political and industrial affairs, *deciding* what is "best for all" and *imposing* their decisions on the masses of the weak and ignorant. He is impatient with committees and conferences and town meetings and such efforts to develop and express the opinions of the "mob" on public questions which he is positive they cannot comprehend. The benevolent autocrats of industry promise that "justice" shall be done to "their" wage-earners but they oppose vigorously all efforts of these employees to define and to make sure that they obtain what they regard as "justice," by balancing their collective labor (or service) power against his property (or privilege) power. They regard themselves as master minds created to exercise mastery. This is true conservatism. The contrary progressive philosophy may be summed up in three propositions:

1. Less autocracy and more democracy.
2. Less privilege and more service.
3. Less coercion and more cooperation.

Then these three propositions may be expressed as one, in the language of the Carpenter who preached democracy, service, and cooperation against the autocracy, privilege, and coercion of the master men of Rome and the priests of Jerusalem: "And whosoever would be first among you shall be servant of all." DONALD RICHBERG

Large numbers of other communications on this topic have been received and will—from time to time—be printed in full or in excerpts. Readers who feel moved to write are requested to be as concise as the state of their feelings will permit.

From *The Nation's Poetry* Contest

The Wife—Civilian Shell-Shock

By ROBERT WYLIE WELDON

Ten years you've sat (within the room you wrought)
To guard me from the Fear,
Except for hurried trip (when I was out)
Downtown . . . and near, quite near.

Ten years you've sat, except for stolen walk
(With scribbled note on shelf),
By lakeside lane or neighbor's hollyhock,
Anxiously, by yourself.

Ten years together we have hugged our home
Because of this fierce Fear,
And made our prison-close a world to roam,
Counting so dear, so dear,

Our swims, our skatings, picnics, we together,
Our phases of the moon,
Getting our changes from the changing weather
From June around to June;

Viewing our lake (from hills behind our door)
With its blue miles of light,
While those far woodlands on the other shore
Turned green . . . then red . . . then white;

Calling a luncheon at a near café
A journey on the train,
Calling a neighboring concert, lecture, play
A voyage to Greece or Spain;

Reading by lamp of Rome and Gypsy Trail,
Where friends go two and two
(Whither I'd hoped with bride of mine to sail
While yet this Curse was new). . . .

Ten years . . . and you have still such youth and grace,
One born to see and do. . . .
While even in Town-and-Gown your woman's place
My Fear withholds from you.

You dream no more (though long the dream was dear)
Of any child at breast,
Playing the mother to a cureless Fear
(Cureless, for all my quest).

Ten years . . . and though I try to think my wife
In spirit still is free,
And in so cherishing my wretched life
Works her good works through me,

Yet gnaws me utterly one grief and shame:
You've paid, because you could,
For a foul wrong to me, before you came,
That broke my hardihood.

Explanation

By LIBBIAN BENEDICT

The gold that forged the path from moon to her
Was crawling nearer on the lolling lake. . . .
She watched it, listening to the wordless purr
Of voices on another bench . . . a break . . .
She knew its meaning well. That silence rushed
Into her ear drums like the blatant blare
Of trumpets, and she flung into the hushed
Discordance words she would have whispered there,
Words made to whisper as the night grows old.
But only blackness heard her—blackness lit
With pin-points trembling in the distant cold.
The rocking path had lengthened bit by bit,
Its lapping fangs were closer . . . now the gold
Touched shore. She rose and walked out into it.

The Servant of the Prince

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

For isolation in an apple tree
The servant of the prince was called insane.
They found him clinging to the topmost branch
And flippantly engrossed in breaking words
Into an understanding of the moon.
"The moon encounters nothing with a stare,"
He said, "and asks each man to scandalize
The blank with toys of meaning called conceits.
The moon has no respect for walls of bone:
The moon can sidle into sky-proof heads
And bring a dissolution to the forms
Of thought whose quilted stiffness hides with earth.
With curved, insidious impertinence
The moon attacks each gloating confidence
And murders it to journeys of despair
That find a crazy lure between the stars.
The moon is also cruel to the flesh
That moans of victories and rips apart
Impending ceremonies with a butcher's fright.
The moon slips in between the cries and grips
Each heart until it whimpers and denies
The false proportions of its bloated dream.
The moon is poison innocently thrown
To fat philosophies at night, when words
Of reason float away and lie impaled
Upon the mutinies of trees and rocks.
The moon gives plumes of light to youth, and so
Retrieves the cheaply crushed servility
Of legs and arms, and sends a charlatan's
Enchantment to the miseries of breasts.
The moon provides another skin for age
And bundles lies of glory in a soft,
Loose fabric better suited to the touch
Of one new connoisseur and wastrel—Death."
They asked the servant of the prince to tell
Why he had sought the apple tree's top branch
For company while meeting trivial words.
"It is the point where certain fruits of earth
Receive the sky," he said, and took their blows.

Pants vs. Plus Fours at Palm Beach

By STUART CHASE

What I want to say is, watch your stock of white linen knickers from now on. The nearer you are to large metropolitan cities the closer you should watch this stock. Even *hoi polloi* will drop them eventually.

THUS a prophet named "Merchaneer" in the *Daily News Record* of March 10, 1924. The *Record* is the trade journal of the clothing industry. Under its auspices a survey has been made of what men are wearing at Palm Beach this season. A corps of statisticians and research workers, with stop-watches and time cards complete, have been dispatched to the great winter resort, and the results of their labors fill eight pages of the *Record*. Three hundred of America's sartorial exquisites—including oil kings, master bootleggers, stock-brokers, and manufacturers of widgets—have been carefully analyzed from the skin out. "The data were gathered on the beach, at the exclusive clubs, on hotel verandas, and at Cocoanut Grove." The underlying statistical material is presented in no less than 21 charts—of which we reproduce a specimen couple—and the whole investigation is prefaced by Merchaneer's able summary.

Here statistical methodology comes at last into its own. Here we analyze more tangible data than the course of discount rates, wholesale prices, bank clearings, and the net yields of stocks and bonds. Here the socks, hats, jackets, knickers, neckties, and bathing suits worn by the most gorgeous ornaments of the republic are capable of exact observation and exact measurement, and the modes and the medians which flow from the raw data are nearer to the heart of a waiting world than all the bank-discount graphs and cost-of-living charts ever invented. Here science and the mores meet.

The one big thing worth your deepest consideration is the fact—18 per cent of the men on the golf links are wearing flannel trousers instead of knickers. When your time comes to sell flannel trousers in quantity play them hard! A man at a summer resort with just plain white flannel trousers is a hick. People will think he has just one pair that he washes and presses in his room at night. It's like a man who wears nothing but plain blue collar-attached shirts. Very few men *can afford* to let people think that he doesn't change his shirt every day. Your customers should all have plain white flannel trousers of course. But they should alternate with a pair of stripes—or several pair of various stripe effects. You should sell more flannel trousers than you have sold knickers if you promote the fact—in your advertising—why a man should have a set of flannel trousers. Be frank and tell the men of your town why they should have whites and grays, plain and with stripes.

Bar charts make it plain that in 1923, 59 per cent of

Palm Beach bloods wore regular pants off the golf links (the balance being knickers), while in 1924 the percentage leaped to 72! In 1923 a clean 100 per cent wore knickers on the golf links, while in 1924 the taboo had been sufficiently lifted to allow no less than 18 per cent of all golf players to cover their shins. Well may Merchaneer warn the trade to watch its stock of plus fours. An era of deflation has set in. And dear knows, there is more profit in white flannel pants at fifteen dollars, especially in sets of flannels, than in linen knickers at seven fifty.

Pants to be sure are the big outstanding feature of the survey, but pants are not the whole story:

Note the figures on colored shirts with collars to match and get busy! Note that 39 per cent of the collar-attached shirts are worn with the collars pinned down. Last year 91 per cent of the shirts worn on the golf links at Palm Beach were white. This year only 69 per cent were white. Note this, and once again revive hope in the shirt business!

Neckties. Last year 73 per cent of the men wore foulards. This year the ratio has shrunk to 40 per cent:

This summer you can play regimental stripes as the new and correct idea in men's wear. And a brand new scarf in fan-

tastic futuristic designs of unusually bold patterns is making its bid for national favor. Watch it carefully, for it is going to have a run.

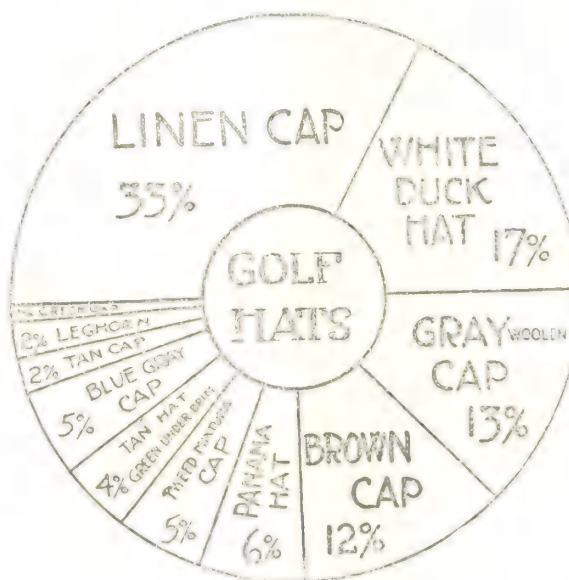
Jackets.

Notice the chart on jackets and the fact that belted coats have swung back to 22 per cent. Also note that while last year 72 per cent of the coats were ventless, only 44 per cent this year are without a vent. Do you recall that a year ago I said that the better-dressed man would reinsert a vent in his coat?

From jackets, Merchaneer works up to his peroration, which shows him to be no mean psychologist.

And the public, while they think they are sure what they want, they want to be told what they want. They would believe you if you tried to tell them. They will believe a chart showing in cold, hard figures in printed analysis form what the men they envy and imitate are wearing.

As in all sound statistical surveys, the tabulations and the charts follow the summary and conclusions. Here are page after page of charts filling the full newspaper-sized sheet—bar charts, pie charts, percentage charts, admirably drawn, charmingly shaded. Of the multitude of figures, we can only select an item here and there. Twenty-six per cent of all Palm Beach hats are Sennet straws, and 24 per cent are panamas. Supporting data show that 59 per cent of panamas are worn with brims turned down, 21 per cent



From the *Daily News Record*

Correspondence

Amnesty and the Civil Liberties Union

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to take issue with an article in *The Nation* for January 2, entitled *The Great Battle for Amnesty* by Albert DeSilver. As one of the I.W.W. prisoners recently unconditionally released from Leavenworth, I consider the article unfair and confusing.

1. The article stresses "the educational campaign conducted by the American Civil Liberties Union under the vigorous and dramatic leadership of Roger N. Baldwin." Until this Christmas there were no releases from Leavenworth of I.W.W. prisoners (who comprised nearly all of the political incarcerated there) unless application had been made for clemency or parole, or unless an offer of conditional commutation had been accepted. The last of the political prisoners, thirty in number, released December 22, 1923, signed nothing and promised nothing. All those previously released had signed repressive conditions imposed by the Department of Justice. This, of course, does not include the men who served their sentences.

2. I consider Mr. Roger Baldwin one of those who encouraged and condoned the waiving of civil rights by political prisoners, though his organization is supposed to champion these rights. Civil rights mean to me freedom of speech, freedom of press, free assemblage, and the right of the workers to organize. Yet about two years ago Mr. Baldwin, representing the Civil Liberties Union, visited the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth and insisted that we file applications for clemency. He stated that if we refused to make such application we would serve our full sentences. Our refusal made him very indignant. How can any person honestly claim that he is defending civil rights when he is encouraging prisoners to sign away those rights—the very thing for which we went to prison?

It was the firm position taken by those who refused conditional release that attracted the attention of the thoughtful public.

3. Conditional commutation of sentence had been offered to eight political prisoners on Christmas Day, 1922. Three rejected it. Then on June 25, 1923, twenty-six prisoners were offered strongly restrictive conditional releases and eleven rejected them. It was the devotion to principle of these men and the efforts of their real friends which opened the way to the final release of all remaining political prisoners in Leavenworth on December 22, 1923, without conditions of any kind. This letter represents the opinion of several of the men who were released at that time.

Let us remember that those who advocate the waiving of civil rights can not consistently champion such rights.

Philadelphia, January 23

HARRY LLOYD

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Lloyd's attack on the fairness of Albert DeSilver's article on amnesty is based upon a total misapprehension of the facts. His contention that Mr. Baldwin asked any man to waive his civil rights is wholly without foundation. Neither the Civil Liberties Union nor Mr. Baldwin ever advocated the waiving of civil rights by anyone.

Mr. Baldwin's visit to Leavenworth on behalf of the Civil Liberties Union was for the purpose of discussing with the prisoners who refused to make applications for release, means for stating their position more clearly. Among the suggestions discussed was a *joint application* by the whole group. No effort was ever made to destroy the group's solidarity, which was the chief point at issue.

Mr. Lloyd's attitude is based upon a difference of opinion which arose among the I.W.W. prisoners at Leavenworth as to whether the acceptance of conditional release involved a surrender of civil rights. In this controversy, as in the contro-

versy over applications for pardon, the American Civil Liberties Union and the Joint Amnesty Committee took the position consistently that they would help all bona fide political prisoners to secure their releases on whatever terms each man's conscience dictated. Therefore they worked equally for the men who came out and for the men who stayed in to the last.

In this position these organizations were throughout in cordial cooperation with the General Defense Committee of the I.W.W. Their position was sustained by the action of the recent convention of the I.W.W. which repudiated as disruptive the personal attacks on those who differed with them, by this group for whom Mr. Lloyd speaks. They were directed to cease agitating the issue in the organization.

It is not pleasant to have to make such a reply to Mr. Lloyd's strictures, but the unfortunate facts, which we had hoped could be confined to those directly concerned, speak for themselves.

New York, March 5

HARRY F. WARD,
Chairman, American Civil Liberties Union

Kansas Prohibition

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Any self-respecting man resents fulsome flattery, particularly when invidious comparison is intended. This may also be said of communities. The State of Kansas has been advertised by zealous advocates of prohibition as a virtuous example for other States to follow. This erroneous impression is subject to correction.

So-called prohibition went into effect in Kansas May 1, 1881, but open saloons continued for twenty-six years thereafter, or until May 1, 1907. During the year 1922 the Wichita police department reported 402 convictions for violation of the liquor laws while 334 cases were transferred on State warrants to the county and 17 cases to the federal Government. The department made 300 liquor raids and 11 stills and 122 gallons of liquor were captured and 50 barrels of mash were destroyed. As of course only a small fraction of law-breakers were apprehended, it will be seen that prohibition is far from being enforced in Kansas.

The *Wichita Eagle* in a recent editorial on bootlegging showed that it was nearly impossible to secure convictions under the prohibition law, concluding as follows: "These two concoctions (reclaimed alcohol and corn whiskey) are being sold almost openly in Wichita. Boys of high-school age may buy as readily as the old soak or the confirmed drunkard. The profits from the business are so enormous that it is no hardship on a bootlegger to fine him. Thirty days in jail does not deter him. As stated before, he cannot be convicted under the persistent violator clause. So there you are."

From the standpoint of national self-respect, is it not about time to cast off this cloak of dissemblance? Strenuous efforts are being made to clothe this law with a respect that does not and cannot exist. Law must be based on common sense and justice if it is to be respected. Those who place in the same category murder and wine-selling, thievery and beer-drinking, are themselves deficient in moral perception.

Aaron Burr defined law as "whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained." To glorify a bad law is to bring all law into disrespect. A desired end does not justify the medium of a bad law. No question is settled until it is settled right.

The Constitution has, in the interest of human rights, been changed before. It can be changed again. Any bad law should be repealed. In Buckle's "History of Civilization" it is set down:

Every great reform which has been effected has consisted not in doing something new, but in undoing something old. The most valuable additions made to legislation have been enactments destructive of previous legislation; and the best laws which have been passed have been those by which some former laws have been repealed.

Wichita, Kansas, February 1

HENRY WARE ALLEN

The Law and Chiropractic

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Edison would burn up New York, people said, when his carbon electric lamp was being first discussed. Columbus, Fulton, the Wright brothers, and other innovators were not taken seriously when they first sought recognition for their ideas. Chiropractic is such a new idea.

Just at present considerable publicity is being given Chiropractic, unfortunately not always of the desirable kind. The public has been interested in exposures of medical quacks and diploma mills. Unfortunately for Chiropractic it has been discussed in the same columns and made to associate with quackery of a brazen sort. If Chiropractic were legally recognized in this State, such discussion would not matter much. But the status is that of non-recognition. It is not illegal to practice Chiropractic in New York because it is not the practice of medicine. On more than one occasion decisions have been handed down in the courts of New York State declaring that Chiropractic cannot be considered the practice of medicine. And yet it is not officially recognized by the State.

Chiropractors must be patient. They ask the public to be patient also and to refrain from taking sides before investigating dispassionately the merits of their profession. The organized practitioners in the New York State Society are asking for State regulation and control with safeguards.

New York, January 15 FRANCESCO X. SAUCHELLI,
Chairman National Council, American Chiropractic Association

A Program for World Team-Work

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Under Our Own Peace Plan *The Nation* declared for slow but sure education under wise leadership. A possible form of the idea would be for six of the great Powers each to establish 2,000 or more three-year scholarships for developing potential statesmen, diplomats, journalists, and leaders in education, religion, and medicine. The 12,000 prospective representatives might be gathered, from five to twenty-five in every country, in existing universities equipped for introducing cosmopolitan departments, or in one or more specially founded world institutions at Washington or elsewhere.

Under the first plan, if the nations authorized, on the average, ten representative universities apiece, every one of the sixty institutions would internationalize an average of 200 potential statesmen. Of these, one hundred would be from the home country sanctioning the international university, and the other half from the five other Powers joining, twenty from each.

In forty-five years alumni above forty would come to 120,000 or more. With scholarships of \$1,500, the cost of 12,000 students would be \$3,000,000 a year to each country—nothing by contrast with the extravagance of billion-dollar armaments.

The World Conference on Education representing over forty nations resolved to investigate the possibility of founding a world university. Since then interest has developed so rapidly that the League of Nations may anticipate America in the plan, advocated in this country over six years ago. Should not far-sighted editors cooperate so that the first institution of cosmopolitan perfection may be launched under American ideals?

Providence, February 27

RALPH H. BEVAN

Presidential Art

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An expert in miniature has just succeeded in engraving a portrait of Warren G. Harding on the head of a pin. His next task will be that of reproducing the features of Calvin Coolidge on the point.

New York, March 15

D. S.

Books

Under the African Sun

Claw and Fang. Stories of Animal Adventure. By Ernest Glanville. With illustrations by Warwick Reynolds. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

THE craft of writing animal stories is a very difficult and very delicate one. It is no easy matter to manipulate the mind of a reader into following with sustained interest the imaginary thoughts and actions of wild beasts. For such an undertaking three things are generally necessary. First, a sound knowledge of natural history; second, an almost clairvoyant intuition as to the probable behavior of animals under any given set of circumstances; and, third, literary tact of a high order. Mr. Ernest Glanville in "Claw and Fang" has proved himself to be master of the first two requirements but, upon occasions, he is sadly lacking in the last.

He is evidently a man who has been a close observer of the wild life of South Africa and one whose imagination has been deeply stirred by what he has seen. Again and again in his admirable volume he manages to create the atmosphere of that enormous hinterland which to this hour retains its immunity from the vulgar intrusion of the white man. Turning over the pages of this book those of us not unacquainted with the wonderful stretches of unbroken country he describes are made to hear once more the familiar veldt mutterings, the distant grunting of lions, and whooping of hyenas, the yelping of jackals, and indeed all those mysterious sounds which, night after night, echo across the dark undisturbed levels of those remote plains. We see also in the clear light of the blazing African sun the dry dongas, the hot lizard-haunted rocks, the narrow game-paths, and the long outlines of wide rolling hills. At his best Mr. Glanville works this magic upon us with but a few words thrown hastily together. He may refer only to the sound of reeds splitting in the intense heat of the midday or to the characteristic attitudes of lions as they move across open country "with swaying gait and lowered heads," but he achieves his end.

There is poetry in many of his passages, as, for example, in the picture he gives of the meeting of the lion and crocodile on the river bank: "Ngonyama crouched, immovable, to wait on events, a thing of bronze watching a thing of stone and in the brooding silence of the drought-stricken forest no visible creature intruded on the scene." A single sentence of his will sometimes be strikingly suggestive as when he alludes to "the eye of an aevsogel set like a gem in a hideous bald pate."

The same closeness of observation distinguishes his account of the meeting of Ngonyama with the pack of wild hunting dogs. The lion is uncertain as to the mood of the animals that surround him, and then suddenly he turns his head from the dead zebra he is devouring to catch "a fleeting view of strained and fierce excitement in the aspect of the dogs." Nobody unfamiliar with the character of these peculiarly dangerous and treacherous carnivora could have possibly suggested in so convincing a manner just that look of alert hesitating malice that these animals display when they are preparing to rush in upon their victim. One also appreciates Mr. Glanville in his more reflective moods when he meditates, for instance, upon the long warfare that has been sustained between men and lions, a warfare that has been waged without armistice from the time of the Assyrians and Carthaginians right up to the arrival of the modern big game hunter. "Truly when these men hunt, the ways of the veldt-life are turned upside down. The lion eats dust and is put to shame."

Mr. Glanville is thoroughly conversant with the lore of the veldt and upon occasions can indicate its secrets almost too neatly, as when he says in referring to the expedients of frightened game: "When you run, run; and if there is danger in the way, get past it." How often have I not watched this theory of safety put into practice in the wild rush of stampeding zebra,

of stampeding impalla! When the lion cubs creep out on to the open plains and are detected by the grass-eaters they feel profound discomfiture. "They could not stand the mute accusation of all those attentive eyes." To be the object of such concentrated gaze is a sensation not easily to be forgotten by a susceptible human being, but whether or not young lions are impressed by it is another matter.

In comparison with most books written on Africa this is so interesting that I am reluctant to lay stress upon its failings. But the volume does contain unpardonable lapses in taste. The silly facetiousness of some of the animal dialogues amounts at times to sheer banality. How can Mr. Glanville expect us to preserve our sense of illusion when he can put such words as these into the mouth of a lion: "All right—keep your mane on," or can write sentences like the following:

"If their company was wanted, very well; if not, then it did not signify to them a single twitch of a whisker."

Even his fine chapter on the Black Eagle is marred by the same carelessness: "The dead branch rattled under the impetus of his kick off."

What possible justification can there be for this kind of thing between jackal and ant-bear? "Hullo, Snuffles—let your old cellar?—'So long, Nosey!'"

"Claw and Fang" will take its place among that ever-increasing assortment of good books that are not and never can be considered as literature in the more exacting sense of that ambiguous word.

LLEWELYN POWYS

An Ivory Tower

The Journal of Marie Lenéru. Translated from the French by William Aspenwall Bradley, with an Introduction by François de Curel. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

TIME was when general reticence made any personal revelation, committed to writing, seem remarkable; but since exhibitionism has become the moving force of novelists as well as diarists, we have developed a discriminating taste in confessions—forced to it by abundant mediocrity—and our standard of excellence is high. This standard is satisfied, I think, by Marie Lenéru's *Journal*, now put competently into English by Mr. Bradley.

Marie Lenéru was born at Brest, in 1875, and she died at Lorient, September, 1918. After a normal, happy childhood, she became deaf and nearly blind at the age of thirteen: her partial blindness continued for about ten years; she always remained totally deaf. (Maurice Barrès's statement, in the preface to "Saint-Just," that she was mute is incorrect: it was inability to hear her own voice that kept her silent in the presence of most persons.) Immured by her imperfect senses, Marie Lenéru lived an inner life of burning intensity, until she finally found escape in writing. Her first finished composition was a study of Saint-Just, which she submitted to Barrès in 1906. Two years later she sent her first play, "Les Affranchis," to Catulle Mendès. It was entered for *La Vie Heureuse* prize, which it won, was published by Hachette, and was successfully produced at the Odéon in 1911. Laudatory voices reached the isolated woman. Then she wrote other plays—listed in her *Journal*—some of which were produced and favorably received. Her last drama was "La Paix," posthumously published in 1922, the same year that saw the publication of "Saint-Just" in *Les Cahiers Verts* series. That was the extent of her public literary career.

Her formal compositions that I have read are surprisingly good, in view of the handicap under which they were produced; but they are insignificant when compared with the *Journal*. In "Les Affranchis" there is more cerebration than life; "Saint-Just" is a romantic, intense, but imperfect study; the characters of "La Paix" seem to exist for argument rather than for their own sakes; but in the *Journal* there lives a character who is truly memorable. Marie Lenéru is her own masterpiece.

One could do justice to the *Journal* only by extensive quota-

tion: it is crammed with wisdom set in the tight forms of La Rochefoucauld and Vauvenargues, subtle observations surprise one on every page, but it is chiefly remarkable for the intellectual and emotional history that it records. It is a poignantly tragic story, the story of a woman alive with feeling and intelligence, condemned to life-long confinement in an ivory tower. This woman desired life so avidly! "To have read all books, smelt all flowers, caressed all animals, lived in all climates, known all races, tasted all joys and all melancholies, known all admirations and all lucidities, and dying, to have at last cast aside only a rind squeezed and twisted by a master-hand. Amen!"

Denied this external life, Marie Lenéru lived fiercely within herself, seeking to recover in memory all the music, all the sounds she had ever heard, seeking to extend the sense of vision to its limits once it was recovered. She to whom conversation was denied found escape in an art form based on conversation. Shut off from the world, all the world's problems furnished exercises for her brain. In her *Journal* she notes that M. Curel was surprised that one of her limited experience should write such plays as hers, and she replied: "The truth is that the limits are in us, or rather the extent is in us. What reaches us from without, after a very brief time, can merely be repetition." But outward experience, repetitious or otherwise, is needed to feed the inward flame, and Marie found an inexhaustible fuel in books. Once her sight was recovered she read herself almost blind. That she survived, as she did, this intensive association with the minds of others is proof of her own vigorous originality.

Marie Lenéru's struggle against the limitations of sense becomes a drama that moves the reader deeply, a drama in which he would act a helpful part. One cannot read without emotion such passages as the following, which may lead some to the *Journal* itself:

The progress of my eyes reconstitutes my life. Just as our intellectual memory depends upon the quality of our attention and our means of assimilation, so our general memory—that is to say, the impression left by life, our consciousness of having already lived—is mathematically related to the play and power of our physical organs. I was isolated in the present moment, not connecting myself in the evening with what I was in the morning, and night interposed a death between one day and the next. Little by little my sensation of the present widens, combines better with the eve and the morrow. I am encompassed by time, and my memory is improved. And in space, as in time, the point where I live appears to me less broken up. I divine more clearly the street beneath my window, the city about me.

BEN RAY REDMAN

Greek Jurisprudence

The Jurisprudence of the Greek City. Outlines of Historical Jurisprudence. Vol. II. By Sir Paul Vinogradoff. Oxford University Press. \$7.

N this volume Sir Paul Vinogradoff deals with the jurisprudence of the Greek city-state of the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ. At the outset, therefore, we are warned that slight use can be made of the papyri and inscriptions of the Hellenistic period, and that the principal sources of information are the writings of Aristotle and his school. Abundant use is also made of the orators, with occasional references to such inscriptions from the classical period as are apposite to the theme in hand.

After demonstrating the existence of a "common law" of Greece as against the law of the barbarians, Sir Paul passes to a study both of the popular and of the philosophical notions of the concept of law as understood by the Greeks. The Greeks generally regarded law as a complex of rules having a more or less sacred character. But in the disturbed conditions at the

close of the fifth century the old beliefs were being questioned by the man in the agora. Popular skepticism had its counterpart in the Sophists represented by Protagoras and Gorgias, who, applying their theory of relativism and "suggestion," endeavored to examine how far laws are artificial and how far ingrained in the nature of things. Reaching the conclusion that man is the measure of all things, *homo omnium mensura*, they thereupon asserted the impossibility of positing immutable law. What then was to be taken as the foundation of each city's sovereignty? The Sophists answered with a word well-known today—force. "Then, methinks, did men establish laws as means of punishment, that Justice might be autocrat."

Many thinkers of this period, however, refused to follow the skeptics and took deeper soundings in their quest for a justification of law. Socrates, speaking through Plato, asserted that the law of the city was immeasurably above that of kin or ancestors, and that the right of the commonwealth took precedence over any private right. The citizen is bound by an implied contract with the state to submit to and obey its laws. To justify the idea of law Socrates invoked the natural unity of the human understanding. The keynote of his "idealistic intellectualism" is his doctrine of a power in the mind of man making for unity. Thus the idealistic philosophers found the solution in the universality of reason.

Professor Vinogradoff disagrees with Fustel de Coulanges, and consequently with Guiraud and Beauchet, that in primitive society the private ownership of land was directly traceable to the cult of ancestors. "It requires a more vivid imagination than is generally possessed by scholars nowadays," says Sir Paul, "to accept the view that men appropriated fields not for the sake of the harvest, but because they had buried their parents in some part of the compound." In regard to international arbitration among the Greeks, which is considered in the chapter on Relations Between Cities, profitable use might have been made of M. A. Raeder's "L'Arbitrage international chez les Hellènes," the most comprehensive work on the subject. Again, something might have been said of the innovation by the Greeks of pledges for the peaceful settlement of future disputes likely to lead to war. Such a pledge was included in the thirty years' truce entered upon by Sparta and Athens in 445, and again in the peace of Nicias in 421.

As a whole, the second volume of the series merits the utmost praise. Lawyers and laymen alike will look forward to the third volume dealing with the Middle Ages.

HENRY S. FRASER

Two Editors

The Garrulities of an Octogenarian. By Henry Holt. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

Remembered Yesterdays. By Robert Underwood Johnson. Little, Brown and Company. \$5.

ALL the traditions of heredity and early training made Mr. Holt a conservative; his temperament and intellect impelled him toward radicalism. His radicalism never carried him far, his character being already too firmly bound in the matrix of the former influences to permit the latter ever to be more than a pleasant heat thrown off by the cooling metal of his personality. Though it has pleased him to call his book the "Garrulities of an Octogenarian," its utterances have nothing of the sunset calm and acquiescent spirit that we are accustomed to expect of old age. They have the cock-sure, challenging ring of adolescence itself. His body may have grown old, but his intellect has kept the fire of youth. It is clear that Mr. Holt has loved wisdom, or, rather, that he has loved truth, and has diligently sought it; and it is a proof of his own acquired wisdom that he has often, as he frankly confesses, retraced his steps in defeat. Yet one fancies that he has not always been open-minded toward discipline. A certain temperamental impatience may easily have led him into antagonism with beliefs

or theories that did not run along with his own mind, and he lacked the New England rigidity that has gloried in self-suppression as a sort of discipline that is good for the soul. Even after the passage of two generations the memory of his college years leads him into the expression of the bitterest sentiment of his whole chronicle, where he speaks of the students of his day as despising and hating the dogmas about them, and being, in their search to find faith, "like babies sucking the breasts of dead mothers."

Perhaps it is also due to the same inherent impatience with intellectual restraints that Mr. Holt has elected to make his chronicle not so much a formal autobiography as a glorified scrap-heap of whatever came to his mind at the moment of writing. Yet in the incongruous mixture lies much of the alluring charm of his recollections. Old customs and glimpses of long-forgotten modes of travel, the latest advice of his physician and the earliest counsel of publishers, his scorn of certain modern books and his praise of the Victorians, his talks with famous men long dead and striking pen-pictures of others but recently gone, old beliefs and new faiths—all these are marshaled before one's eyes with the confident touch of youth. Loyalty to his friends is not his least striking characteristic. Indeed, a not insignificant part of his book has been given to appreciations of the men whom he calls his "four great teachers"—Francis A. Walker, E. L. Godkin, Herbert Spencer, and John Fiske. These formal sketches appear out of place in a work purely autobiographical, but to that fact Mr. Holt is wholly indifferent, apparently.

He has had many enthusiasms, the first, and likewise the most abiding, beginning in 1865, when a copy of Spencer's "First Principles" fell into his hands, and his eyes, as he declares, were "opened to a new heaven and a new earth." One cannot help wishing that Mr. Holt had made clearer the exact influence that Spencer's philosophy has had upon him. The great philosopher bobs up in the author's chronicle in much the same irrelevant manner in which "King Charles the First" was forever poking his head into the famous "Memorial" of Mr. Dick.

Though in the foreword of his "Remembered Yesterdays" Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson has disclaimed any intention of writing an autobiography, he has nevertheless set down his recollections in a reasonably near approach to a chronologically well-ordered recital. His many pauses by the way for the stories and character-sketches of the host of notable men and women he has known are not so much disconcerting breaks in the continuity of his narrative as they are illuminating torches to mark the various interests of successive periods in his life.

Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson's autobiography could hardly have been otherwise than more or less formal, for his sensitiveness to orderliness and a studied regulation of conduct has always been acute, and he has had a vast respect for accepted standards, qualities in him that have united to make him a conservative. That something like a touch of the *enfant terrible* in Mr. Holt, in his revolt against creeds and certain disciplinary restraints, has no parallel in Mr. Johnson's cherished memories of the past. All the stages of his growth from the half-rural small town of his boyhood in Indiana, through his four years of college life, through his brief months of training in Chicago for his future, though then unknown and unsuspected, work in the East, to his destined post on the editorial staff of the old *Scribner's Monthly* (later to be known as the *Century Magazine*), are given in his happy chronicle in lingering and uncritical detail.

Mr. Johnson came to the magazine in the first fresh vigor of its fortunate youth, in a period that also was fortunate—the twilight hour of the Victorian age, when all standards were forever settled, as we thought. And it being a period of fixed literary forms and standards, Mr. Johnson settled himself with boundless enthusiasm and energy into the congenial task of upholding them and advancing the fortunes of the ambitious young journal. Through the forty years that he served the

magazine, successively as assistant, associate, and editor, he kept his old ideals and steadily resisted the tide of innovations of a changing age. The story of his editorial life he narrates with great particularity, and with those intimate touches that give to literary history a certain unique charm even for unliterary readers.

But he was more than an editor, and his extra-editorial interests have been wide. In that portion of his book that he has named *Spiritual Lobbying*, he has told the story of his arduous labor for an international copyright law, for the conservation of the forests of the nation, and in other great movements. Mr. Johnson's capacity for extra-editorial work did not end with his retirement from the *Century*; nor was that the end of his happy good fortune of dropping into the one place where he would most like to be. All his life he has been a lover of Italy, and when, unsolicited, the ambassadorship to Rome came to him, he must have had the feeling that it was in a way the topmost bough of his pleasant tree of life.

L. FRANK TOOKER

How Is Russia 'Different'?

The First Time in History: Two Years of Russia's New Life.

By Anna Louise Strong. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

HOW would one know that Moscow is under Communist control? How is it "different"? These are the questions asked of anyone who has had a recent glimpse of Russia. And they are hard to answer, for on the outside the life of Moscow looks much like that of any other European city. Red flags on government buildings instead of over excavations in the streets; a new tram-car or two called the "Red October" or the "Lenin"; bearded peasants and workmen in blouses instead of society leaders enjoying the opening night at the opera—things like these are "different," but do not take one very far in interpreting the new regime.

A brief stay in Moscow does little but raise all sorts of questions in the mind of the observer. Here are men at work repairing pavements and streets and painting buildings; under what authority is that being done, and is it part of a plan, or as haphazard as it seems? New trams and new car-tracks: who owns them, how are they financed, and what is the status of the worn and shabby women conductors who handle the filthy paper rubles? New shops for clothing and toys and household wares opening up each day in the government arcade in the Red Square; other new shops, with no sign of government ownership, also opening up on the business streets: how is the competition between public and private enterprise carried on, how fair are the rules of the game, how are prices fixed? Excited throngs every morning on the square in front of the Industrial Bank, speculating in dollars—the illegal Black Exchange: why is it permitted, and what has it to do with the government plans for a gold reserve and a stable currency? On all sides confusing tales of the housing difficulties: how one may buy an apartment from someone for a hundred dollars and hold it indefinitely or lose it in a week, without hope of redress, on the whim of the landlord; or how one may secure a room at the price of repaving the sidewalk in front of the house; or how one cannot stay more than two or three nights with a friend, without dealing with a house committee. Is all this the result of municipally owned housing, or of utter planlessness? Jewish officials in the Foreign Office, now giving, now withholding favors concerning passports and admissions into the Kremlin: do the Jews govern Russia and control the Communist Party?

One day a Communist professor, patched and shabby but enthusiastic, tells of the progress made by the raw, untrained boys and girls, preparing in three years for the universities. And the next day, in a quiet sunny library, a professor of the old school, patched and shabby and resigned, dwells on the impossibility of maintaining university standards in the face of

the advance of these barbarians from the "plow and the stand." A scandalized newspaper correspondent reports the desecration of a church—transformed into a young people's club, with atheist mottoes and a picture of Saint Marx above the altar. Another newspaper man displays with glee an amazing collection of anti-religious cartoons, selected from a paper called the *Atheist*. And Saturday nights and Sundays the church bells ring, and beautiful services are conducted in the churches.

With all these confusing facts and impressions in mind, one listens to people who for years, in one role or another, have been watching Russia. A Russian-American who has been revisiting his native province after an absence of twenty years reports that education there is temporarily shot to pieces, but that, paradoxically, more thinking is going on than ever before. An American who saw the early days of the revolution bemoans the fact that Moscow is becoming too much like other cities, and finds the real gains of the revolution out in the villages—in a new spirit of local enterprise and self-help. And Miss Strong herself, back from the Crimea and a visit to a beautiful villa, now run by the Department of Health as a rest-cure for tired workers, tells about the oil industry in Baku on the Caspian and the mica mines and feldspar quarries in Karelia on the White Sea. One feels the desire to do nothing but ask question for days and days.

All these questions—about finance and industry and education and religion and municipal housekeeping and Communist control and Jewish influence—are discussed in Miss Strong's survey, the fruit of over two years of travel and observation and study. To give her answers is too much a matter of statistics for quotation in a review. To summarize such a fascinating story as that of the oil fields of Russia would lessen the excitement of reading it. A clarifying of much that is bewildering on the surface, and a renewed conviction of a purpose still intelligently and stubbornly at work, directed toward the organization of a society different from any we have yet seen—that, to one who has had a mere look-in on Russia, is the result of reading Miss Strong's book.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

A Worthy Collection

Modern Swedish Masterpieces. Short Stories Selected and Translated by Charles Wharton Stork. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

HERE is proof that it can be done! Now the skilled and well-paid workmen in the American *conte-fabrique* who demand set models from the critics of their work may well turn to this volume for guidance and inspiration. Not because it would be impossible to get an equally worthy collection from the work of four American writers but because no such collection exists. Mr. Stork has chosen his material as well as he has translated it—and that is high praise indeed. For while I am not prepared to follow him so far as to entitle more than five of these stories masterpieces, it is a long time since I have turned the pages of a more readable anthology.

It is because they are vital that these stories are truly interesting rather than merely titillating. In reading them we see immediately that the authors are aware of the world around them, that they recognize the conflicts within individuals and the problems of society, that they are conscious of certain duties and responsibilities and standards incumbent upon them as members of the universe. This does not mean that each story is a *pièce à thèse*. Certainly *A Masterless Dog* is not a tractate for the S.P.C.A. or *The Drizzle* a moral for the Almighty or *The Fortified House* an attempt to guide the footsteps of royalty.

There is no purpose to reform in these stories but there is a purpose beyond the income to be derived from their publication. The manner in which each responds to the creative urge is highly individual. Hjalmar Söderberg is intimately concerned in his stories. His participation in the ordinary inci-

dents he describes endows them with strange significance through the power of his whimsical, piquant, and none the less severe humor. Sigfrid Siwertz writes in a contemplative mood, rationalizing the experiences of life. "... marriage is a deep word, deeper even than the word love. Marriage is something big, hard; even rough, if you like. It is brimmed with sweetness and suffering and bitter necessity as inescapable as the fact that you as a delicate creature have lain crumpled up in your tortured mother's body. One may say in a certain manner that a fleeting, loose relation is purer and finer than marriage, but that is a desertion from reality, an unorganic arabesque, a petty splendor. Marriage is an heroic word. Yes, because man and woman must inflict heavy suffering upon each other."

Though *The Fortified House* is in my opinion one of the five masterpieces of the volume, the other historical tales by Verner von Heidenstam are done indifferently well. In comparing them with *The Falcon* by Per Hallström we may see the difference between exploiting historic material and recreating the spirit of a past age. Yet *The Falcon* is inferior to Herr Hallström's other story, *Out of the Dark*, the most modern, the most realistic, and the most imaginative tale in the book.

In his translation Mr. Stork has cut to the bone of each sentence, interpreting word for word wherever possible. Occasionally, as on page 151, the result is a very awkward construction, but in the main the vigor, the rhythm, and the characteristic qualities of the original are preserved.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Books in Brief

Consciousness, Life and the Fourth Dimension. By Richard Eriksen. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

This is not a book for the layman; its thin and cautious thinking is clothed in a concentrated modern philosophic lingo which is caviare to the general, and worse than that to the private. The book might illustrate the *mot* that language was invented to conceal thought. "The origin of matter, then, involves a quantification of qualities," he decides; we for one are not disposed to deny it. His statement of Einstein's theory subtly perverts it, before intelligently criticizing it. The weak spot in the chain of the great relativist (that the velocity of light is the highest velocity attainable) is discovered by Eriksen; but his corrective treatment is no closer to an acceptable hypothesis than that of the master. As a lumbering critique of historical hypotheses concerning the underside of phenomena the book has some value.

Love Courageous. By Concordia Merrel. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.

Being faithful to one's mother's memory at the expense of one's own convictions is the source of considerable sadness among heroines—especially heroines like Virginia Goring. Their misguided steadfastness is the stuff out of which heartaches are made, and if the reader is so constituted as to be able to extract profit from their vacillations, he will enjoy "Love Courageous." It requires, however, a generous measure of patience.

Sketch Book of a Cadet from Gascony. By James Warner Bellah. Alfred Knopf. \$1.50.

This collection of stories and sketches amply merits the distinction which it earned in being awarded Mr. Knopf's annual prize for work of literary merit by a Columbia University undergraduate. Mr. Bellah's writing has form and flair; his themes are tentative, but his manipulation of them gives evidence of a creative sense capable of high development.

Le Livre des Symphonies. By Anne-Armandy. Paris: Chibre. 5 francs.

It is not surprising that when in manuscript these poems were awarded honors by the jury of the Catulle-Mendès Prize this year. And it was not necessary for the poet Fernand

Greh to tell the author that her "grand Tagorean symphonies are of a beautiful and pure gravity"; for the venerable critic Edouard Schuré to pronounce these verses "a mixture of the Song of Songs and the Baghavat Gita," and for Mme Anne-Armandy herself to admit modestly in a dedication to Tagore that "these humble songs are timid echoes of your own," in order for us to perceive in this work a marked Indian influence. The delightful Paul Fort wrote of the volume: "I can recommend with fervor this beautiful collection, a work, in my opinion, of the first order"; but Mistral's line at the head of the opening poem is perhaps the key to the charm of this little book—"Lou souleü mi fa canta."

Euripides and His Influence. By F. L. Lucas. Marshall Jones Company. \$1.50.

Language and Philology. By Roland G. Kent. Marshall Jones Company. \$1.50.

Catullus and His Influence. By Karl Pomeroy Harrington. Marshall Jones Company. \$1.50.

These new volumes in the series called *Our Debt to Greece and Rome* are listed in what seems to be the order of their merit. Mr. Lucas is excellently sensible about Euripides, reading his plays primarily as works of art which inevitably express the intellectual temper of their author, not as pieces of propaganda for this or that modern idea. Mr. Kent gathers interesting if not original data concerning the influence of the Greek and Latin languages. Mr. Harrington writes cheaply about one of the best of all poets. He is more familiar than his subject happens to allow; he is something of a prude; and when it comes to tracing echoes of Catullus in English poetry he omits to mention the most brilliant example—Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress."

Anthony Dare. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.

It appears that Mr. Marshall has temporarily exhausted his vein, or that his vein has—again temporarily, one hopes—exhausted him. In any event, "Anthony Dare" lags behind its predecessors, both in richness and in narrative grace. It is a novel of competence and substance, but without the undercurrent of sparkle which distinguishes the author's best work.

Leviathan. By William Bolitho. Chapman and Dodd, Ltd. 5 shillings.

Mr. Bolitho writes journalism with a philosophic detachment; his papers are at once commentary and interpretation. He is more interested in the implications of current politics than in the policy of ephemeral office-holders; he is poking around behind the scenes while the public out front is applauding the speeches and watching the exits. When he writes that "changing guard at Buckingham Palace is the State Ballet of the English," he sums up British imperialism in a phrase; his paper on Curzon and Chicherin has the flavor of journalism in its best estate.

Drama Too True

AT a performance of "The Show-Off" the other day—I had missed the play on its first appearance—I heard behind me the rumbling of two heavy voices, voices that, somehow, sounded of too much rich food, thick black cigars, diamond rings, paunches, bald heads. This is what I heard.

"What d'yuh think o' the show?"

"Aw, I don't know." A yawn. "I don't care what you say; I like a music show."

"Hm-mh. Yah!"

"Maybe the comedy ain't so much. But I like the tunes and the girls. This here. Aw well"

"I like a good show myself. But I'll tell you what's the matter with this. It's too true to be entertainin'."

"You've said it."

Such were their words. During the next intermission I was able to inspect the two gentlemen. Their voices had reported them aright. Prosperous Babbitts. Perfect Babbitts. Ah, first and second nights do not tell the story of the theater. Every critic should be forced from time to time to mingle with an average audience and listen to the audience, not to the play.

In front of me sat a little party who enjoyed "The Show-Off" heartily. But they weren't Babbitts. They weren't even Nordics. . . . I withdraw to less dangerous ground.

"The Show-Off" at the Playhouse is, except for five preposterous minutes at the end, an exceedingly veracious, telling little play of American life, beautifully observed, admirably acted. But for those five minutes thrown fearfully and in haste at the two gentlemen behind me and all their kind, this might be a memorable play and its author, George Kelly, akin, at least, to the American Ibsen of the future. The family drives straight to ruin on the lies of the matchless Aubrey Piper. But the carefully yet so obviously planted god pops out of the machine and instead of myrrh and aloes there is a pool of syrup at the end.

If "The Show-Off" was too true for the gentlemen behind me and, until the very end, almost true enough to suit me, such is not the case of "We Moderns" by Israel Zangwill at the Gaiety. It is not true at all. It is violently false in method and substance. And this is all the more deplorable because, of course, Mr. Zangwill knows better. But epigrams are his undoing. The Wildean nineties are in his blood. Once his epigrams were ex-

pensive. Now they are cheap and immoral. It is, for instance, immoral to let a character say: "Psychoanalysis is indecency reduced to a science." Loud guffaws from the audience, which is, whatever the excesses and follies of amateur psychoanalysts may be, confirmed in all its pet prejudices, in all its unclean repessions, in all its stuffy and unclean intolrances. For a clever man like Mr. Zangwill to play thus into the hands of the Philistines—that is what I call immoral. It is an unforgivable breach of that solidarity among the thinking minority without which all is indeed lost. And Mr. Zangwill's whole play is patterned on that epigram. It is intellectually immoral to discredit good doctrine by having it practiced by a rotter. What doctrine in the whole history of human thought could not be discredited thus? I remind Mr. Zangwill of a saying of Nietzsche's with which he cannot possibly be unacquainted: "What master has not been betrayed by his disciples?" What, in brief, Mr. Zangwill does is to take certain speculations and certain attempts at the practice of a cleaner and more rational life and exemplify their practice not as they are embodied in clean and rational and mature people, but as they could conceivably be misused by a scamp. The ridiculous effect of this misuse, which is, of course, no argument at all, is to reduce everyone in the play to a level on which with unction and humility he quotes the Psalm of Life. The audience can hardly restrain its enthusiasm. Every time some particularly dangerous superstition is confirmed and some particularly civilized truth discredited, applause drowns the voices of the actors. An immoral play. It will have a long run. It is not too true to be entertaining.

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International Relations Section

Gorki Says Woman's Sphere Is Man

MAXIM GORKI'S belief that woman's primary role is not herself to create, but to inspire man to create, is set forth in the following authorized interview with Gorki by Louis P. Lochner, which appeared in the *Berliner Tageblatt* for February 19, 1924:

"If a woman tells a man to blow out the sun"—whereupon he puffed out his cheeks and blew lustily—"then he will blow, despite complete conviction that it is impossible. Or if a woman asks a man to pick flowers for her in the midst of a pouring rain"—whereupon he turned up his collar, buttoned his coat, and shook himself like a poodle coming in out of the rain—"don't you think he would go?"

It was Maxim Gorki speaking, smiling as he spoke. We were talking about the position of woman in art and literature, in material progress, and philosophical investigation.

It is a rare pleasure to chat with Gorki. He speaks only Russian—with which, to be sure, he mixes Italian words and turns of speech—so that the entire conversation is carried on through his gifted interpreter and companion, Marie Budberg. But the play of his features is so expressive, his deep, resonant voice so perfectly reflects his mind, that one understands much of what he says before the interpreter repeats it.

The heart of Maxim Gorki's conception of the position of woman is humorously expressed in the two remarks already quoted. He repeated them more precisely and earnestly later:

"The highest task of woman is to inspire man, to furnish him with incentive, with life and enthusiasm. She is not so much creative as the greatest driving force behind the creator."

He admitted a few exceptions. History records an impressive list of great women. But, according to Gorki, the root of their greatness lay chiefly in their ability to attract great men to themselves, and to inspire and stimulate them, and much less in their own creative activity. Justifying this conception he continued:

"The greatest feminine figures of history can be compared with the queen bee, who forces the drones to work. They were great through the men whom they inspired. There are women who have done wonderful things. Catherine of Russia did more for civilization and culture than Peter the Great had done in thirty years. Marva Boretzkaia opposed Ivan the Terrible more obstinately and resisted him more successfully than any other individual. One of the greatest periods of English history is inseparably connected with the name of Queen Elizabeth. Isabella of Spain was farsighted enough to make possible for Columbus what male rulers in other European empires had scornfully rejected.

"Think of the role that George Sand played. She herself was not particularly gifted but she had an extraordinary power of discovering interesting men and of making them more compelling. She influenced, encouraged, and inspired Chopin, Liszt, de Musset, Turgenev, and Dostoevski."

These ideas were new to me. I recalled Gorki's stirring appeal to the mothers of the world to make war impossible in the future, and recalled to him these phrases: "You mothers are the only eternal power, constantly recreating a world wasted by death—in the very moment when death mows down one human being a woman in some corner of the earth is giving birth to another, triumphing over the destructive forces. . . . Life comes and goes out of you. . . . You are the eternal enemies of death. You are the power which tirelessly struggles and which conquers. . . ."

Was that not in contradiction with the ideas Gorki had been developing? How can one deny creative power to woman,

the eternal creator of new life? I expressed these doubts.

"Do not forget," Gorki replied, "that life can be looked at from two sides. One is the material, the biological; the other, the intellectual, the speculative, the gnostic. Schiller was right: the world is ruled by hunger and love. Woman is the chief exponent of love and the enemy of hunger. Love grows out of her effort to preserve her child from hunger and to make it possible for all whom she loves—husband, child, parents, brothers and sisters, friends—to keep hunger from their doors. Or, in a larger sense, her greatest effort is to make life more comfortable, more worth living from a material point of view.

"Hence her activity is limited to the things which lie within range of her love. She strives to serve, first, her home and her family, then"—here Gorki drew a series of concentric circles in the air, each larger than the last, as if drawing the growing sphere of the material interests of the woman—"then her friends, her neighbors, her fellow-countrymen, and so on. If, however, you overstep the bounds of this limited material range, she will not follow, still less lead you. To solve the riddle of life, to seek to understand the basis of knowledge—those are things which do not concern her and to which she will not give herself.

"Come back to the material side of life. Through her efforts to protect those whom she loves, to strengthen them, and to preserve their position in the world, she has done much for our present-day civilization. It was her opposition to a nomad life which gave us settled homes, which built towns and cities. Woman felt that her child was not safe while the family wandered from place to place, and that a permanent home under a safe roof was better for him. It was woman who made the first medical discoveries, who first tamed wild animals, who learned and taught how to make clothing out of plants—all through the instinct to protect her property. She is the moving force behind scientific and technical discoveries, for it is she who incites man to trace out these things, in order to give her more material comfort.

"Woman knows exactly what she wants discovered and she will do anything to find it; but she will not pass beyond the boundaries of her own sphere. But man seeks to explore things which surpass his understanding, beyond the material sphere—hence his philosophical speculations."

When Maxim Gorki had thus set man upon a pedestal and given him a certain preference over woman I was not prepared for what followed.

"It must be admitted," Gorki added, "that man has attained nothing in the field of pure philosophy. Since Plato we have hardly moved one step forward, and Plato himself achieved nothing tangible. In the field of experimental, applied philosophy much of value has been done—and that leads us back to the material where woman is the inspiring and driving force." He pointed to the electric lights over our heads. "Experimental philosophy has given us electricity."

We turned to art. Gorki would not grant woman creative power in art. Here too her task was to inspire man.

"There is no great feminine figure in the plastic arts. One would expect that woman, who makes and develops the body of her offspring, would be particularly adroit and skilled in modeling and molding. But that is not at all the case. The greatest plastic artists have all been men.

"The same is true of music and painting," he added after a pause. "Name me a single great woman composer or painter. If there are such they are exceptions. As interpreters of music they may be extraordinary, but they do not create."

Since I knew that Gorki was an enthusiastic pacifist I asked how, in view of the hereditary task of woman to protect and preserve human life, he explained the fact that during the Great War so many women were war-mad and denounced the croakers and slackers. "In other words," I asked, "how does it happen that all women are not pacifists?"

"That is the fault of our erring civilization," he remarked. "Every normal woman is opposed to war. That is her natural instinct as the bearer and preserver of life. But 'civilization' has crippled that primal instinct. This 'civilization' calls itself nationalism, patriotism, class conflict, or what not. It is often strong enough completely to exclude the primal instinct to preserve life. Pacifism is the natural role of woman; the war spirit only artificially conceals it."

It was natural that in this discussion of the role of woman in civilization we should talk of women's rights and of the woman movement in general. "What do you think of it?" I asked Gorki. A roguish glint came into his eyes as he answered:

"There are definite limits to the fields within which women should be active. For instance, I do not think much of their participation in legislation, in the field of law. A constitution conceived and written by women would in all probability be thoroughly bad, for that is a field naturally foreign to woman."

"On the other hand, in material questions, such as hygiene, nutrition, housing, domestic science, woman's influence is not only equal but superior to man's and is surer to lead to good results. For that reason it is on the whole wise to elect women as well as men to parliamentary bodies. They may have a good influence on domestic policy."

Elections in Germany—and Women

LOCAL elections in February in three districts of Germany gave a hint of the results from the general elections which will probably take place in May. In Thuringia a Socialist-Communist majority in the Diet has been replaced by a majority for the so-called "Law-and-Order Bloc" (*Ordnungsbloc*). The Socialist-Communist majority of 1924 was attained with only 48 per cent of the total votes because the Right and Center Party forces were divided between six parties. This year these parties united and won a majority in the Diet, although a new extreme reactionary party also took the field. The result of the popular vote, in thousands, was as follows:

	1921	1924
Communists	73	149
Social Democrats	265	189
Ordnungsbloc parties	367	384
Extreme Right	77

In Mecklenburg on February 17 the same tendency for the extreme parties to gain was manifest. The vote, in thousands, was as follows:

	1921	1924
Communists	15	39
Socialists	73	33
Independents	21½	2
Democrats	14	10
Populists	57	22
Nationalists (Extreme Right)	37	61

In the Lübeck City Council the Social Democrats lost 9 seats, the Communists gained 4, and the Extreme Right gained.

An interesting comment on these results is that of the independent *Tagebuch* (Berlin) for February 23. The *Tagebuch* has a mild Social Democratic flavor but is very unorthodox:

The *Tagebuch* has never concealed the fact that the realization of woman suffrage has brought a shameful lowering of the general level of politics. German women, to whom the vote was presented in November, 1918, before a harsh struggle had made them ripe for it, have everywhere swallowed fairy tales and legends. Non-political as women are—not only or especially German women—they quickly

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become the prey of demagogues. Political arguments do not touch them but they yield uncritically to the cheapest pathos. Hence the Communist and Right orators have won easy victories among the women voters. For the moment the Right artists in pathos are rolling up more votes than the Communists. It is no wonder that the electoral figures in Thuringia show the following instructive results:

Meiningen:	Men	Women
Social Democrats	769	807
Ordnungsbloc	1,467	2,470
Extreme Right	883	1,084
Apolda:		
Social Democrats	1,431	1,592
Ordnungsbloc	3,146	3,975
Extreme Right	467	433
Schmöln:		
Social Democrats	1,319	1,611
Ordnungsbloc	1,107	1,467
Extreme Right	77	87
Meuselwitz:		
Social Democrats	778	754
Ordnungsbloc	912	1,064
Extreme Right	90	69

Feminine votes were overwhelmingly predominant in the Law-and-Order Bloc, which stood under the patronage of the reigning general. The Social Democratic gain in women votes was much smaller. If one adds the fact that the majority of the voters between 20 and 24 votes and has voted for the Extreme Right because it represents another group of immature minds, then one realizes that the ready liberality of universal suffrage has chiefly profited the nationalist demagogues. . . . It is tragic that the Left parties should now have to pay for their own lies. It is droll that their dogmatic exaggeration of the democratic principle should benefit the narrowest-minded opponents of women and of youth.

Russia's Foreign Trade in 1923

ACCORDING to data gathered by the custom management of the USSR and published in the Moscow *Economic Life* of February 20, the exports from the USSR during 1923 amounted to 228,503,000 poods of various goods valued at 205,818,000 gold rubles. In 1922 the Union exported 56,346,000 poods of goods to the value of 81,621,000 gold rubles. Thus the volume of the export trade increased four times and the value, more than 2½ times.

The main items of the export were the following: Food products to the amount of 117,000,000 gold rubles; raw materials and semi-finished articles, 87,300,000 rubles; manufactured goods, 1,600,000 rubles.

The values of the exports to the various countries are as follows:

To Germany, 61,319,000 gold rubles; Great Britain, 33,511,000; Latvia, 23,890,000; Esthonia, 11,267,000; Holland, 11,829,000; Turkey, 10,222,000; Finland, 7,989,000; France, 6,320,000; Italy, 6,364,000; Belgium, 4,061,000; Denmark, 3,585,000; Poland, 2,431,000; Persia, 491,000.

The following are the values of the imports into the USSR from the various countries:

From Germany, 53,779,000 gold rubles; United States, 44,258,000; Great Britain, 37,537,000; Poland, 7,982,000; Sweden, 6,540,000; Finland, 6,069,000; Esthonia, 5,780,000; Latvia, 4,000,000; Norway, 3,275,000; Persia, 2,304,000; Holland, 2,134,000.

The total value of imports during 1923 is placed at 179,143,000 gold rubles.

National Bureau of Information and Education 15 East Fortieth Street New York, N. Y.

TO READERS OF THE NATION:

As a result of joint conferences held in Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, Denver, and elsewhere, it was agreed to call a National Farmer-Labor-Progressive Convention in the Twin Cities on May 30th next, to nominate new party Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates.

This Convention is pledged to the Abolition of Special Privilege, and the conferees designated as their platform: (a) public ownership of railroads; (b) control of money and credit by the people, through government and cooperative banks; (c) public control of natural resources; (d) preservation of civil rights guaranteed by the Constitution; (e) prevention of judicial abuses.

Candidates must be nominated whose courage, honesty, and adherence to principle cannot be questioned; whose political sagacity and economic knowledge are of a high order, and who cannot be diverted from the task we have in hand.

We will appreciate your filling in your answers to the questions following and returning to the above headquarters as promptly as possible.

FRANK A. PATTISON, Chairman.

ELECTION QUESTIONNAIRE

- In view of the admitted corruption, lack of principle, subservience to special privilege, and practical identity of the Republican and Democratic Parties, as graphically illustrated in the recent Sugar, Oil, and Department of Justice scandals, do you favor a new political party?
- Are you in general agreement with the national platform which has been adopted as the unanimous expression of the organizations affiliated in the new party movement?
- Do you endorse the National Farmer-Labor-Progressive Convention called for May 30 in the Twin Cities?
- Will you attend this Convention and serve as a delegate if selected?
- Any local unit comprised of 25 people or more, who subscribe to this platform, is entitled to one delegate. Shall we send you a blank petition so that you can obtain the necessary signatures and qualify as a delegate?
- Whom do you favor for President on the new party ticket? Indicate your choices by marking an X in each column.

	First Choice	Second Choice	Third Choice	Fourth Choice
WILLIAM E. BORAH (IDAHO)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
SMITH W. BROOKHART (IOWA)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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E. F. LADD (N. D.)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE (WIS.)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
VICTOR MURDOCK (KAN.)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
GEORGE W. NORRIS (NEB.)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
F. A. PIKE (MINN.)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
AMOS R. E. PINCHOT (N. Y.)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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B. K. WHEELER (MONT.)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

NAME

ADDRESS

The Preliminary Convention expenses and the cost of this questionnaire will be considerable. If you are willing to accompany your reply with an appropriate contribution towards these expenses, it will be appreciated. I enclose \$.....

NOTE: Senator Magnus Johnson does not appear on the above list only because his foreign birth makes him ineligible for the Presidential office.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXVIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1924

No. 3065

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BY A GENEROUS majority in the House, a sum of \$10,000,000 has been appropriated for the relief of hungry German children. It is like a breath of clean air through a foul-smelling room to have an action of this sort emanate from Washington just now. Selfish motives may have played some part, as opponents of the measure freely charged; the German vote, the farmers' interests may have been considered. But neither of these could have helped to pass such a measure in the days when hate dominated every action or policy touching Germany. The material good such a sum of money can do is immense; its spiritual value is far greater. We are inclined to believe that Representative La Guardia was right when he declared that the bill would do "more good in five minutes than the League of Nations in five years."

LET US REALIZE what is happening in Honduras. None of the candidates in the last election received enough votes legally to become President, and so the forces then in power declared their intention to continue in office. The other candidates began a revolt and naturally at some times in some places some foreign residents have been inconvenienced and possibly endangered. The same has been true in Ireland and Germany in recent years, but we do not recall that the United States has landed troops in those countries nor set up a dictator as boss of the situation. Americans or other aliens going into foreign countries should go prepared to accept the hazards of life that exist

there. The only help they are entitled to ask of their government is insistence that they receive equal protection with natives and other foreigners. Least of all have Americans in Central America a right to ask special favors in time of revolution. Newspapers there charge that some American business group is behind each faction in the Honduras fighting, and events are not running true to form unless this is at least partially true. If there is especial hostility toward Americans, they have only themselves and their government—with its black record of interference and usurpation—to blame. In any event no American has been reported as killed or even hurt in the disturbances so far.

AND YET A COMPANY of 176 from the U. S. S. Milwaukee has been sent 100 miles inland to Tegucigalpa, the Honduras capital. The de facto government in the republic asked that this force be withdrawn. It received a point-blank refusal from Franklin Morales, whom the Washington dispatches refer to as the "American Minister." Who is this "Minister Morales"? He was our official representative in Honduras up to the middle of February, at which time the State Department, in a burst of high righteousness, severed diplomatic relations. Mr. Morales remained in Honduras, however, "in a wholly unofficial effort to bring the rival political leaders together." Mr. Morales is no longer the American Minister to Honduras; it is hard to see that he has any status other than that of a private citizen. The State Department ought to know this at least as well as anybody else, but finding itself in a hole in consequence of its hasty rupture of diplomatic relations, it has recreated "Minister Morales" (for newspaper consumption, that is) and has made him high pandrum of our army of occupation in Honduras. For that, no doubt—in keeping with our course in Nicaragua, Haiti, and Santo Domingo—is what the company of 176 is destined to become. Anyhow we wish the newspapers would stop referring to "Minister Morales." It would be nearer the truth to speak of Dictator Morales and Invader America.

ACCORDING TO THE MONTANA Board of Education a teacher is not a human being with the normal rights and interests that belong to his fellow citizens; he is merely a machine set up in a State university to grind out long sausage-strings of facts at very little per year. When Arthur Fisher was ejected from the Law School of the University of Montana it was known that the charges against him were based on his active interest in the Nonpartisan League and the Farmer-Labor Party and in their organ, the *New Northwest*. Although the dean of the university recommended that he be kept at an increased salary and the Service Committee reported against his dismissal, the State Board of Education voted to consider him "on leave of absence" until the termination of his contract, and he was prevented from meeting his classes. In a careful report recently published, the Association of University Professors has upheld Mr. Fisher on all counts, and has pointed out that "no teacher in a republic can be expected to un-

clothe himself of his interests and activities as a citizen of the state." If a college professor may not support a party or engage in public affairs why, we ask, should he be allowed to vote?

IT IS ODD that Will H. Hays should deny so vehemently that Harry F. Sinclair gave 75,000 shares of oil stock to help wipe out the deficit of the 1920 Republican campaign while serenely admitting that Mr. Sinclair contributed \$75,000 for the purpose. Doubtless the shares in question are worth more than \$75,000, but we fail to see that the amount involved matters much to anybody except perhaps to Mr. Sinclair. That gentleman testified some months ago that he contributed to both the Republican and the Democratic campaign funds. Such expenditure was intelligent but what stock-brokers would call speculative. On the other hand, for a business man seeking government favors to help a party that has won should be rated as a gilt-edged investment.

HOW OUR LANDLORDS LOVE to play Lady Bountiful when they can do it at a profit! Again they are urging legislation to help the deserving middle class live in remodeled apartments in Greenwich Village and other places without the inconvenience of conforming to the present housing laws for hallways, fire-escapes, and the like. Their press agent writes: "Those who seek the right to convert three-story dwellings into three-family houses are . . . white-collar tenants, whose incomes have not increased in proportion to the cost of living, and who by nature are averse to making homes in tenements or low-grade apartments." Poor little white-collar tenant! Bad, wicked cost of living! Good, kind real-estate boom! But about that other large part of the human race, who, it is implied, by nature prefer to make homes in tenements and low-grade apartments, the landlords display less concern.

WE HAVE SEEN no more impudent interview in years than that given in Nice by J. P. Morgan to the *Edcureur*. In the course of his statement Mr. Morgan is reported as praising France's intelligent and industrious population which "now is giving a magnificent example how to win peace. If the ruling classes only make a similar effort, France will soon be invincible in the economic domain. In any case we shall always be at her side and sustain her when necessary because we know we can count upon her as the champion of right." He added that "it was with admirable unanimity that the big bankers of the United States answered the appeal to help you vanquish the coalition formed against your franc." Mr. Morgan knows well that there was no need to form any coalition against the franc; that its collapse was due, first, to the failure of France to balance her budget; second, to the failure to raise the taxes decreed by law; third, to her deliberate support of the new militarism of Europe by her loans to Rumania, Poland, Jugoslavia, etc.; and fourth, to the widespread denunciation of her policy toward Germany.

NATURALLY, MR. MORGAN and his financial friends went to France's support. Some of them are reported to have many unsold and "undigested" French securities in their vaults; all those who floated the French loans have a personal interest in protecting the securities they sold.

While we rejoice for the French people that their currency has been strengthened, we do not envy them their additional obligations to Mr. Morgan, and from the point of view of the whole European settlement we consider the American loan to France a grave misfortune. Mr. Morgan, least of all, has the right to give the imperialist France of today carte blanche through his swashbuckling assurance that America "will always be at her side and sustain her if necessary." The Congress has refused to give France that assurance in the matter of military aid. Mr. Morgan, powerful as he is, can hardly bind the American people to perpetual aid to a people whose government has for the last five years opposed every ideal for which America fought.

THE PRISON GATES have finally closed upon Walter Kaufmann, Edward Rumely, and Norwin Lindheim because of their alleged participation in an illegal transaction in connection with the sale of the New York *Evening Mail*. We are convinced that this is a miscarriage of justice. These men were barely convicted in the midst of the war hysteria; some of the evidence they were entitled to bring out they were not permitted to produce. Their imprisonment makes life and reputation insecure everywhere and constitutes another indictment of our courts. We note with pleasure that the daily press is beginning to speak out about the case, and we sincerely trust that before these words reach our readers President Coolidge, who now seems indisposed personally to investigate the matter, will have granted a full and free pardon. We are entirely at one with Mr. S. S. McClure, who writes as follows:

In an editorial career of nearly forty years I have never known such a travesty of justice. I have never before had such a sense of insecurity. Dr. Rumely is a man of extraordinary courage and energy. He has suffered tremendous financial losses. He is now in prison. He is no longer on trial. The Government of the United States is on trial.

WE HOPE the House of Representatives will pass the Norris resolution, which has gone through the Senate, proposing a constitutional amendment to make the terms of the President and Vice-President begin on the third Monday of January and that of members of Congress on the first Monday of the same month. It is ridiculous that we should still be living under a system imposed by stage-coach days. There ought not to be four months between the election of a President and his inauguration, and still more there ought not to be thirteen months between the choosing of Congress and its first regular session. The short session of Congress—after the country has chosen another—is an absurdity that ought to be ended.

MR. GOMPERS in his war with the left wing of the labor movement has recently gone beyond his own record for heretic-hunting. He has compelled the New York Bookkeepers, Accountants, and Stenographers Union (which happens to be financially and morally dependent on the executive committee of the A. F. of L.) to suspend a member, without trial before the union, for the sole offense of being an active Communist. Such suspensions are not new in the prevailing factional warfare, but heretofore unions have always alleged some specific offense against union discipline or against some rule of the union. In this

case the victim of Mr. Gompers's wrath was suspended merely because he was active in the Workers Party, which party had directed its members to belong to the Trade Union Educational League; this League is, in Mr. Gompers's opinion, undermining the trade-union movement! By this act the president of the A. F. of L. writes himself down a spiritual brother of the judges who jail members of the I.W.W. in California for belonging to a radical society, of the legislators who expelled the Socialist Assemblymen in New York, of the Protestant fanatics who insist that a man cannot be both a good Catholic and a good American.

THE PASSAGE by the House of Representatives of the bonus bill by vote of 355 to 54 in forty minutes is pretty clear proof that a large majority of our legislators do not wish to go before the country without a record of having done something for the veterans. We have so often dwelt upon our reasons for opposing the bonus that we shall not repeat them now. We believe that the individual will benefit only slightly and that this raid upon the Treasury is but a precursor of many similar ones for fifty years to come—our children's children will still be paying for the war. There is undoubtedly a widespread feeling that more should be done for our ex-service men; there is resentment that the Government has not taken better care of the wounded and disabled and a feeling that all that can be got out of Congress for the veterans is therefore pure gain; and, finally, it is indubitably true that the opponents of the bill include numerous big-business interests which, having made money out of the war, now seek to pay as little of the necessary price as possible. It is a consolation that if the country has to pay \$2,000,000,000 or more for the bonus people may some day realize a little better how the costs of the war continue multiplying instead of ending with the struggle.

MAYOR CURLEY of Boston, from using Ku Klux methods against the Klan, has turned his extra-legal weapons in another direction and refused to license a lecture on The Need of Birth Control in America, scheduled to be given by Margaret Sanger under the auspices of the Boston School of Social Science. Margaret Sanger had spoken on this subject before the Women's City Club of Boston in 1923 and the year before at the Copley Plaza Hotel. That might have been considered precedent enough if precedent were needed. The lecture was not intended to give specific information concerning contraceptive measures, which is prohibited by Massachusetts law, but to discuss the problem of birth control, a problem that is definitely placed before the country by the pending Vaile and Cummins bills in the House and Senate. The officers of the Boston School of Social Science have pointed out to the more-zealous-than-law-abiding Mayor that his action severely restricts their civil liberties. They make this declaration:

We maintain that every citizen of our country has the inalienable right to discuss publicly laws which come under consideration of both houses of the national legislature. Therefore we appeal to you to revoke your decision not as a matter of policy, or of leniency, but because it is your duty as Mayor of Boston to see that there be no curtailing or infringement of the rights of citizens.

THE MOST CONVINCING REASON for the election of Calvin Coolidge next November comes to us from the Boston *Herald*, organ of Massachusetts Big Business. Declaring that the Massachusetts people do not realize how much they stand to lose if Coolidge is not elected it declares that

In this section we cannot afford to lose the Presidency. It is enormously important to our business security that the seat of power in the nation should remain where it is, rather than be transferred to the Southwest, with all the effects which such a decision would have on the tariff and taxes and expenditures and policy. . . . Our business welfare, our future on the sea, our other industrial opportunities all hinge upon the outcome of this year's Presidential election.

The *Herald* insists that if Ralston of Indiana or a man of that type is elected and "a radical Democratic coalition" takes charge of the House and Senate, a new Democratic tariff in the interest of the Southwest and inimical to New England will be the result. We confess we had not thought of such a dread possibility. The more we think it over the more correct appears the *Herald's* argument—certainly from its standpoint that the interests of New England and her manufacturers must and shall remain superior to those of any other section or group.

WE CANNOT let the death of James L. Slayden, for many years a Representative from Texas, go unnoticed. Here was a man to tie to at all times. He was deceived not at all by the buncombe about the war, and when he retired from the House he went on devoting his energies to the cause of peace. As a friend of *The Nation* writes, "he was sincere and would not truckle to the people or lie to them on any issue, but would rather be retired than not to tell them the truth. He understood free government; he had some knowledge of humanity, and when that infamous war started he knew the terrible scourge that would be visited on the world; he knew of the avarice, the lust, the hate, and the wounds that the world would always have. His was always the spirit of fairness and tolerance and self-sacrifice." What the country needs in times like these is more men in Washington like the late James L. Slayden.

NOT BECAUSE IT WAS A GREAT POEM or a profound song, but because thousands of persons have sung it with emotion and real sentiment, "Silver Threads Among the Gold" has become almost a classic. If this were not so the unhappy history of its composer and his family would be only another story of wrangling and bitter lives. As it is, one is moved to read that Hart P. Danks, who wrote the song, died twenty years ago friendless and alone, after a separation from his wife; and that she, who was the song's inspiration, has now died too, as lonely and as destitute. The son and daughter have spent the years since their father's death quarreling over royalties, which appear to have been considerable, to the point where the sister attempted to have the brother arrested for failure to pay what she thought was her due. In 1874 the youthful Danks and his wife, secure in their happiness, could sing of life fifty years later when they would be old, and could pledge themselves that the interval should not make any difference in their feeling for each other. And now this sordid story.

“La Follette, Dictator”

THAT is what the *New York World* calls him, saying that Mr. La Follette is “the most important political factor in the United States today.” With this statement we heartily agree—if only Mr. La Follette will realize his power, vision the proper use to be made of it, and act with courage and vigor. There is no question whatever that he can exercise today a veto-power over the acts of the Republican leaders. We believe him to be powerful enough in the Northwest to be able to defeat the nominee of the Republican Convention if that nominee should be Calvin Coolidge or a man of similar caliber. We believe that Mr. La Follette will fail in his duty to his countrymen if he permits any such nomination to take place without announcing that he will oppose it to the morning of election day. As the Senator has not been in the habit of being untrue to his countrymen, but has been serving their interests in season and out of season, through good and evil repute, we are of the opinion that he will exercise his great power when the time comes. We are glad to see dispatches in the daily press which portray him as finally realizing that there is nothing further to be hoped from the Republican Party. They also suggest that the Wisconsin delegation, after making the same plea for a liberal platform that it made in 1912, 1916, and 1920, will walk out of this year’s convention and refuse to lend itself to the quadrennial fraud which its party, in national convention assembled, has been perpetrating on the country for twelve years and longer.

Once more we appeal for a third party. We do so without the slightest thought as to whether such a ticket can or cannot win under the leadership of Mr. La Follette or anybody else. We are not concerned with the prospects of immediate victory, nor shall we be discouraged if we are told that there is no prospect of victory for many years to come. What we are looking for is the establishment on sound foundations of a new political order in America, and we realize that this cannot be done in a day or a night. We are quite aware that the British Labor Party, which is now governing England, was not a mushroom growth, but was the result of years and years of preparation, of ceaseless education of intellectuals and laborers alike. We should not even be discouraged if we were told that any third-party movement was doomed to perpetual failure so far as capturing the offices is concerned. Such a party might be defeated year after year and yet prove to be of the utmost service to the country through the spreading of its doctrines and the upholding of its standards. If it were true to itself and its principles, it could not fail to exercise a most powerful effect upon the political development of America if only by making people think. Mr. La Follette’s career illustrates exactly what we mean. In 1908 the Senator offered thirteen planks for incorporation in the platform of the Republican convention of that year. They were rejected with scorn and derision, and he was once more branded as a dangerous and foolish radical. But no less than twelve of these proposals are the law of this land today, nine of them by the votes of the very party which turned him down with such contumely, and the thirteenth is in part upon our statute books. That is education for you; that spells political success, even when one is denounced as a radical visionary from one end of the country to the other. We are bold enough to believe that a third party with ideals

and a program and the courage to stick to them through thick and thin could exercise its influence precisely as Robert La Follette has influenced and educated his party. How amazing is the vote in the North Dakota primary election! Although La Follette had officially withdrawn, more persons voted for him than for Johnson.

In many ways, it seems to us, Mr. La Follette is facing the severest test of his career. He is sixty-eight years of age, and he is not in good health—he has spent himself in the service of the country. He has never bolted his party, not even in 1912, when the temptation must have been superlatively great. He must naturally be longing to say that younger men should lead now, that he has earned the privilege of retiring to his farm and of lifting his voice merely from time to time. We do not believe that he can do anything of the kind. There is no man who so personifies the spirit of revolt in this country today. As the *World* says, “in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Iowa, Oregon, and Washington his voice is potent beyond that of any other man.” If he speaks the harsh truth, Mr. Coolidge will shrivel up wherever the Senator goes, because everywhere throughout those States men know that Robert La Follette is honest to the backbone, that despite all the abuse hurled at him in these last ten years no one has ever said one word which reflected upon his personal integrity or imputed to him a single unworthy ambition. The Senator has chosen to remain silent at present, probably until the Republican Convention has met and adjourned. If he fails to speak out then he will have missed a great chance in his career, and we shall be but little affected in that opinion if by some miracle the convention should nominate William E. Borah, or some excellent man not now connected with our political life. That game of presenting to the voters an honest and good man to cover up the misdeeds of the party has been played too often. We hope he will run either independently or as the spokesman of a formal third party.

It seems to us that there is but one excuse which will avail him should he fail to throw himself into the breach, and that is the legitimate one that his health may not permit him to do so. In that case, we must turn to someone else, to Senator Norris, to Senator Borah, if he will see his duty, or to some one of the newer men with a reputation to make. We are for a third party because we know now that the regular conventions will be permitted to formulate no policy of progress, no program for economic advancement and freedom, no platform which will pledge us to end our imperialism in the Caribbean and commit us to using our influence in Europe toward ending the suffering and despair of great peoples whom we helped to lead into their present morass. We are for a third party because we believe that our whole political thinking is decades behind the times, that it needs to be lifted to a higher plane without the loss of a moment if we are to redeem our reputation abroad and prove to the world that we are determined to wipe out the shame and disgrace we have been enduring in Washington. Merely to empower one of the old parties to go ahead along the old lines, even with new men, would be to confess our lack of genuine patriotism, the absence of any real devotion to the republic, and the moral bankruptcy of men of conscience everywhere.

Our Downtrodden Bankers

OUR deepest sympathies go out to the Wall Street bankers. Once more they are the victims of base official ingratitude; once more they find themselves tricked, betrayed, flaunted, undermined. The evil-doers are, of course, the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Have they not from the very beginning of their pernicious activities assumed the role of disturbers of traffic and despoilers of the makers of good business? Now they have struck a blow which is thus properly characterized in the news columns of our esteemed contemporary the *New York Tribune*:

A fresh endeavor to disrupt the domination of railroad finances by J. P. Morgan & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and their respective associates, launched without warning by the Interstate Commerce Commission, threw consternation yesterday into the hearts of bankers and railroad executives, as traditional relationships, built up over more than half a century, appeared in jeopardy. It is upon these relationships that the credit structure of the nation's transportation system has been reared and that funds to tide it over numerous crises have depended.

We confess that our indignation at the Commission knows no bounds. We do not, however, know which is worse, the attempt to shake the domination of these great bankers or the omission of that proper notice and warning to which the rulers of our financial world are surely entitled from any official body that contemplates poaching upon their preserves. But this reminds us that we have not yet taken our readers into our confidence as to the crime committed. Know then, in the words of the *Tribune*:

The purpose of the Commission was disclosed in an apparently innocent opinion handed down in connection with a recent application by the Chicago Union Station Company to sell two issues of bonds. The sale of the larger issue, amounting to \$7,000,000, to Kuhn, Loeb & Co. was approved. Then, in ruling upon the request for permission to sell \$850,000 first mortgage 4½ per cent bonds, Series A, which were not covered by any prior arrangement with the bankers, the Commission required that "they be sold to the highest bidder after public advertisement."

The bankers explain that they can get along without the railroads, but that the carriers would find it rough sledding if their banking affiliations should be thus "arbitrarily shattered." They point out, too, that the issue involved is not large enough to afford a real test of the experiment. They show that the Commission, in addition to the assumption of "apparent innocence," has also masked its deadly purpose by a seemingly guileless declaration that this method of selling railroad securities is "in the nature of an experiment." Now the bankers are not concerned, they tell us, by the loss of business. It is this confounded policy of interfering with one of our most firmly established private financial enterprises—we had almost said with one of our most respectable monopolies. The bankers say it is unfair to make them carry the weaker roads and then forbid them to help themselves, without competitive interference, to the rich plums offered by the more prosperous railroads. Worst of all, and here again we have the *Tribune's* authority for our statement, the railroads are equally unhappy about this divorce procedure, because they are entirely satisfied with their connubial *status quo*. Whom Mammon and the god of things as they

be have joined together, let no mere Commission put asunder!

Our sympathies go out the more to the bankers because this policy might drive our foremost institutions into banking instead of financing and underwriting. It might take from them the power to appoint our railroad presidents without troubling the stockholders or employees of the railroads with unnecessary consultation. The more we consider the matter the more suspicious we become that the Interstate Commerce Commission must have fallen under communistic influences, and we hereby call upon the Civic Federation and the *New York Commercial* to make an immediate inquiry into the family and business affiliations of each member of the Commission. We have no doubt whatever that these two worthy organizations will be able to prove, to their entire satisfaction, that Moscow suggested the whole thing.

The far-reaching character of this decision can hardly be exaggerated. If we once begin to separate the railroads from Wall Street where shall we stop? Not short of government ownership, we are convinced. Why, this very act of the Commission will be used to sustain the contentions of those who insist that this necessary and harmless alliance between bankers and railroads must be terminated forthwith. Long-haired cranks who want the Government to stick its nose into everybody's business are doubtless jumping for joy the country over. We simply cannot visualize so anarchistic a situation as this decision may easily bring to pass. To think that the railroads may be free to set forth their needs in any market the world over and to advertise for loose capital from San Francisco to Constantinople makes us shudder to the very depths of our moral nature. Could free love itself be any worse?

Mississippi—A Ray of Hope

NEGROES are still lynched and whipped in Mississippi, and held to the land by debts that cannot be paid. Schools for colored children are still few and poor and ill-equipped, and Negro men and women who have the means to do so are still emigrating. The state of civilization described by Beulah Amidon Ratliff in her article on Mississippi printed in *The Nation* of May 17, 1922, is evidently intact; but none the less there is hope for Mississippi.

Many things may be amiss in a community, but if its citizens are willing to admit or even to listen to a description of their faults, they are on the high road to reform. The Legislature of Mississippi has recently heard one of the most complete and searching and damning indictments of its civilization that could be leveled against any State, and its accusers were its own disfranchised and oppressed citizens—the Negroes. Led by Dr. S. D. Redmond, a delegation of colored men presented to the State Legislature a memorial discussing the status of the Negro in Mississippi and making a number of clear-cut demands. That the statements made in this memorial are true is the shame of Mississippi—and of the United States. That they were listened to with respect and honestly and fully reported in the press is a reason for encouragement. The memorial described the menace of mob violence and lynch law and the need of a guaranty of personal security and impartial law enforcement. It protested against the unequal and illegal distribution of funds for education be-

tween the races. Although over 50 per cent of the population of Mississippi is colored, educational facilities for Negro children are almost non-existent. And it "respectfully asked," if this discrimination in the application of public-school funds is to be continued, for "a division on racial lines of the taxes levied for school purposes, giving to the whites all taxes paid by individual whites, plus their per capita share of school taxes paid by corporations, and to the Negroes all taxes paid by them, plus their per capita share of the taxes paid by corporations."

The memorial also points out that as rural schools, agricultural high schools, and other such institutions may be established only by "a vote of the qualified electors of the respective school districts" and as the Negro is nowhere allowed to qualify or vote, "the white qualified elector votes a school for himself and quits, votes none for the Negro, but taxes the Negro to pay for the white man's school."

The memorial asked the State for a reformatory for delinquent colored children who are now thrown into prison with adult criminals; it described the helpless situation of the Negro tenant farmer; it pointed out the desperate need of facilities for caring for tubercular Negroes; it protested against the illegal and indecent accommodations in Jim Crow cars in the State. In a general appeal for lawful behavior it asked that merchants be forbidden to display firearms of all sorts to tempt "the youth and other irresponsibles to purchase and unnecessarily clothe themselves with deadly weapons," and it urged that the manufacture and sale of liquor be made a felony.

The final sections of the memorial are worth quoting:

In view of the further fact that Mississippi sent more Negro soldiers to the World War than whites and that the Negro has fulfilled every requirement as a patriotic citizen . . . he asks in return only that he be made a citizen in fact as well as in name, realizing that there is no such thing as citizenship under a democracy without a ballot.

The Negro fully realizes that the lack of the ballot in this State today serves as a bar sinister upon his brow wherever his interest may appear and thus causes him to be placed at 100 per cent discount to begin with wherever he is concerned. Such a condition can but serve to keep one in the very highest imaginable state of dissatisfaction at all times. . . . And while this is not, of course, intended by any means as a threat, yet we would most respectfully say that with the present immigration quota . . . but 360,000 annually and the industrial growth of other sections of the country demanding an increase of from a million to a million and a half population annually . . . we see nothing short of our beloved State giving up in time most of its population unless some marked relief is afforded along several lines. And since population is the greatest asset a State can possess, could we conceive of a greater loss?

The memorial finally expresses an abiding faith in the "lofty sense of justice" of the Mississippi Legislature and in its readiness to provide justice and relief. Without any such faith we feel, none the less, that something may be done to hurry the processes of civilization in Mississippi. A group of Negroes has been found articulate and courageous enough to voice its wrongs; a white legislature has listened to some unpleasant home truths; if Mississippi is not made a fit dwelling-place for colored men and women, they will leave, and the economic life of the State will collapse. These facts seem to offer some hope for Mississippi.

Electing Classics

THE *International Book Review* asked its readers to vote for the ten most notable books published in this century. One thousand seven hundred and fifty-three people answered—a tiny fragment, it is clear, of the reading public of the country. One cannot call these readers high-brow; one must grant the group as a whole a considerable catholicity of taste.

Of the ten books receiving the highest number of votes—Wells's "Outline of History" being in the lead—six are the perishable and noisy and brittle products of a voluble age: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "If Winter Comes," "The Americanization of Edward Bok," "The Life of Christ," "The Crisis," "The Virginian." These books are not without merit; they are not without interest; they are obviously not of the grain that even the humblest classics show. The answers of the *Review's* readers, analyzed by authors rather than by books voted for, give a better result. Two artists almost if not quite of the first order creep in: Joseph Conrad and John Galsworthy. But they lag at the end. Ibáñez and Hutchinson still lead the procession of the favorites.

The four authors ranking after the first ten are Jack London, Kipling, Maeterlinck, and Lytton Strachey. Here one comes upon the catholicity of these readers. Large votes were also given to Knut Hamsun and Romain Rolland; it is creditable that of Mrs. Wharton's 188 votes 120 were cast for "Ethan Frome"; it is astonishing that Shaw received only twelve votes more than were cast for Hardy's "The Dynasts."

Verses is no great favorite. Mr. Masters is the poet who ranks highest; the interest in Rupert Brooke was never, perhaps, strictly poetical in its character; the other poets on the list—Edna Millay, A. E. Housman, Carl Sandburg, Francis Thompson—are all admirable. But the votes they received are few, and even Mr. Masters, who received the highest number, cannot compete with William Locke or Jeffery Farnol or Margaret Deland.

Great books are not neglected. There is Ferrero's "Greatness and Decline of Rome"; immediately below it is Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage." Far above both, alas, are Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton-Porter and Mary Roberts Rinehart. The voting, from this point of view, created strange fellowships. The same number of votes was received by James Oliver Curwood and Lord Dunsany, by May Sinclair and Henry van Dyke, by Robert Chambers and Albert Einstein, by "Pollyanna" and "Smoke and Steel." The group of readers in question was evidently composed of people of the most varying tastes, the most distant levels of cultivation, and one can imagine that a verbal debate among any considerable number of them would have been an interesting if not a dangerous occasion.

Of all the books on this long list there is perhaps none that is surer of lasting fame than Gissing's "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" or A. E. Housman's "Last Poems." The former received twenty votes and the latter ten. Very well. But for a long time to come twenty out of every 1,753 intelligent readers will read Gissing's book and ten will read Housman's verses. And in the meantime other Papinis and Boks and Ibáñezs will arise and the present crop will be forgotten.

Third Party Facts

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

IN the fog of surmises about a third party there are a few facts precisely located and clearly visible. These facts are chiefly three.

One. On June 17 at Minneapolis or St. Paul there will be a third-party convention or conference dominated by Northwestern progressive or radical groups; and this convention or conference will without doubt tend to move firmly toward nominating an independent progressive candidate for the Presidency.

Two. On July 4 at Cleveland there will be a gathering dominated by official representatives of numerous trade unions; and this gathering may—or may not—nominate or indorse an independent progressive candidate for the Presidency.

Three. Robert Marion La Follette, senior United States Senator from Wisconsin, is minded at this moment to run as an independent progressive candidate for the Presidency.

Attention is invited to the careful phrasing of the three statements above made. It is not said, for instance, that Mr. La Follette is minded to run for the Presidency as the candidate of a third party. It is said that he is minded to run as a progressive and as an independent.

The prospect is in truth that if Mr. La Follette runs he seems to be likely to do it almost as independently of any third party as of the Republican or Democratic Party. Mr. La Follette, not indeed by his words, but transparently by his actions, shows every sign of being almost as afraid of third-party platform-makers as he is disdainful and distrustful of the platform-makers of the parties already established.

Mr. La Follette, if one may judge from the local writings here of those who are closest to him, intends to avoid becoming the candidate of any assemblage of persons who might tie him to a platform which he would find too heavy to carry. He seems to fear that he might be given an excessive load of fads, fancies, visions, vagaries, nostrums, and (as the phrase here now runs) "nutty notions."

In order to avoid these "nutty notions," and also for reasons of technical political strategy, hereinafter to be mentioned, Mr. La Follette's method of procedure, as now apparently contemplated by him, could be described without extravagance of imagery to be approximately as follows:

He will go out to a lonely spot on the prairie. There he will have with him only those whom he fully trusts. At a given moment (not yet known) he will start running thence at full speed toward the White House. He will wave a banner with words on it written essentially by himself. Such organizations as wish to run after him may do so. Numerous organizations will. They will catch up with him and paste labels on his back saying:

"We are for him. He is our candidate."

If Mr. La Follette in any given case does not like any given organization thus indorsing him, he can repudiate it. If he approves of the organization, and if he approves of the principles which it represents and proclaims, he can accept its indorsement. Or, in both sets of cases, he can just simply say nothing and just keep on running.

In other words, in States where there is an organization of which he is willing to be the candidate, he can have La Follette presidential electors put on the ballot by action of that organization and in its name. In States, on the other hand, where there is no organization of which he is willing to be the candidate, he can have La Follette presidential electors put on the ballot simply by petition from citizens at large. The situation thus created certainly cannot be strictly technically described as a "party."

That such is in substance the plan now under way is clearly shown in an article appearing in Washington in the weekly paper which is called *Labor* and which is owned by the standard railroad trade unions. This article is anonymous, but is known to have been written by a gentleman in the closest relations to Mr. La Follette. He says:

If La Follette should decide to be a candidate, presidential electors will probably be filed under his name on an *independent progressive* ticket, and it is doubtful if efforts will be made to put up candidates for the Senate, the House, and other offices.

Continuing, this gentleman points out the apparently sound political strategy of this plan at this time. He says:

The La Follette organization would then be free to indorse Republicans and Democrats running as candidates on the old-party tickets who have been supporters of the progressive program at Washington. A La Follette candidacy would not mean that progressives who must run on the old-party tickets in order to win in States like Iowa and Alabama would have to sever their old-party ties.

In other words, Mr. Brookhart could run for United States Senator in Iowa on the Republican ticket and Mr. Huddleston could run for Congressman in Alabama on the Democratic ticket; and at the same time the Brookhart followers and the Huddleston followers could vote for La Follette for President on a simple outright La Follette presidential ticket.

Becoming still more specific, the authoritative writer in *Labor* says:

It is certain that Senator La Follette will take no step which might weaken the progressives of both parties now in the Senate and the House. It is for this reason that his candidacy on an *independent* ticket is more probable than his leadership of a *third party*.

The distinction is plain, and it is crucially important. If Mr. La Follette chooses to run for the Presidency, there will be no other important candidacy for that office outside of the candidacies of the regular Republican and Democratic nominees; and if Mr. La Follette does run for the Presidency, there will be in fact, according to the present plan, no third party on a national scale at all but only a national independent progressive presidential candidacy plus a continuation of progressive movements within the two old parties in all States where the two old parties are dominant.

In other words, the truth is exactly contrary to the way in which it has been customarily phrased in the newspapers. The truth is that if Mr. La Follette runs, there will *not* be a third party unless Mr. La Follette's present plan is upset.

Third Party Chances

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

I. Backgrounds, 1918-1922*

UNTIL a few months ago the two old parties were training for their quadrennial marathon in accustomed fashion. The platforms were shaping themselves normally into mutual confutation from sheer resemblance. President Coolidge's political Calvinism was played up as Safety and his personal colorlessness as Sanity. The tory press discovered in his genuine gift for straight and simple English an unusual capacity for coming to grips with realities. A good half of the Democratic delegates were pledged to Mr. McAdoo, the lone "progressive" heir of Jeffersonian Democracy. And the party bookmakers were playing for the marginal voter between the hereditary Republicans and the Solid South.

Then rather suddenly—at least for the great public—came the oil scandal. The two old parties were quite used to the refined product as campaign lubricant, but in this crude oleaginous avalanche they were mired. This stimulated the perennial good-government evangelists as well as the sundry third-party hopes.

By this time it is clear that the Roosevelt reformers will gain nothing from the scandal. We have grown since 1912. Dimly a growing section of the electorate begins to appreciate that individual corruption is merely the expression of the social and spiritual bankruptcy of the two great parties.

Now then is the chance for the various third-party movements to gather into a united front, not indeed for the impossible task of capturing the White House in 1924, but to lay the foundations of a new party and to increase appreciably the "radical" bicameral bloc in Congress under its open label. It is true that the American scene is littered with the skeletons of rickety third-party movements. The Anti-Monopoly and Reform parties in the seventies; the Greenback and Labor parties in the eighties; then the Populists, the Grangers, the different socialisms, workers' parties in sporadic succession. But they indicate less the impotence than the extraordinary vitality of our political protestancy. They failed simply because in any highly complex culture

nothing short of an overwhelming social issue, such as the slavery question of the last mid-century, can nourish a third-party movement into success. Industrial democracy is such an issue now. And labor is its natural champion. Slowly, bitterly factious, suspiciously discerning its community of interest with the small and the tenant farmer, with the radical progressive, it is developing third-party sentiment.

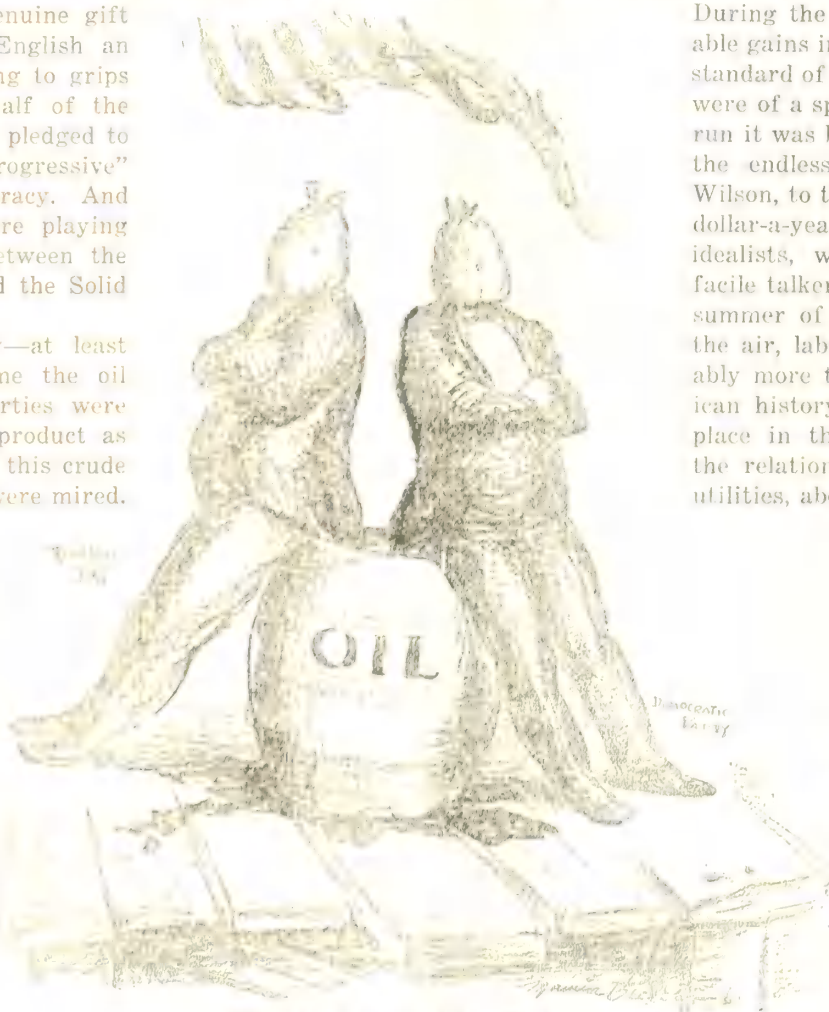
The war emphasized the self-feeling of American labor.

During the war labor made considerable gains in organization, some in the standard of living. But its main gains were of a spiritual nature: in the long run it was bound to react inversely to the endless beatitudes of Woodrow Wilson, to the delusions and deceits of dollar-a-year martyrs, four-minute idealists, welfare heroes, and other facile talkers and fakers. And in the summer of 1918, when peace was in the air, labor began to wonder, probably more than ever before in American history, about its own strategic place in the industrial order, about the relation of government to public utilities, about the inevitability of unemployment and depression cycles, about the sacredness of management. And though these doubts came to the average worker most inarticulately, still labor as a whole felt very definitely that its war-time gains must be consolidated.

While Woodrow Wilson was polishing his Fourteen Points labor was preparing for the struggle. The basic industries under the National War Labor Board

became restive. At Bridgeport, Connecticut, the machinists went on strike against an award by the board. And immediately they formed a Labor Party. This political movement spread quickly to Hartford, New Brunswick, Meriden, and Danbury. In itself the Connecticut movement was insignificant. But it was symptomatic of the political expression of industrial unrest. Throughout the summer of 1918 labor parties sprang up in different sections of the country, usually out of actual or threatened industrial disturbances, and so spontaneously that the leaders lacked the time and information to get in touch with each other.

But even prior to our entry into the war and during it, the Nonpartisan League had exercised by its mere existence and success a contagious educational political influence on



Why We Need a New Party

* This article will be followed by a second article dealing with the present situation: 1923—and After.

the industrial worker. By the summer of 1918 the League had almost 175,000 members in the Northwestern States, half of them in North Dakota, which was then—and to a large degree still is—in its political control. It was making inroads in the legislatures of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and it was developing active organizations in Texas, Iowa, Idaho, Wyoming, Kansas, and Oklahoma. The original League program was remarkable for its simplicity. It stood for tax exemption of farm improvements; for state-owned and operated elevators, mills, and packing plants; for fair grain grading and for rural credits. But, unfortunately, from this simple platform of 1915 the League had gone by 1918 into all kinds of banking and business enterprises under the leadership of Arthur C. Townley. Townley combines in a rare degree organizing ability, imagination, and idealism of a high order. But his character lacks those essential brakes which keep a movement from leaping beyond its strength. The over-ambitious business program of the League landed it in honest but none the less disastrous difficulties. And today the League is mainly a farm price-fixing exchange. But its influence on the political awakening of the farmer not merely in the Northwest but also in the Middle and Southwest can hardly be exaggerated. It helped to keep the La Follette fires burning during the war. Indirectly it provoked the agrarian counter-reformation of the Capper-Tincher bloc in Congress. And, most significantly, it created the political atmosphere for the current farmer-labor movement in Minnesota, which elected two United States senators and forebodes a stable populist reformation in the Northwest.

The Nonpartisan example had its influence on the Chicago labor group. Until recently John Fitzpatrick, the long-time president of the Chicago Federation of Labor, was always in the leftest wing of responsible trade unionism and a staunch believer in the political future of labor, a heterodoxy which cost him the chronic suspicion of the American Federation of Labor oligarchy. In November, 1918, Fitzpatrick asked the Chicago Federation of Labor to take steps toward forming a labor party. At this meeting the Chicago Federation presented a political platform which came to be known as "Labor's Fourteen Points" and which served as a model for most of the subsequent labor parties. This program demanded a universal eight-hour day and forty-four-hour week; government prevention of unemployment; the encouragement of producers' and consumers' cooperatives; legal insurance against accident and illness; public ownership of all public utilities; civil liberties; and the proportional representation of the workers in public office, education, industry, as well as in the "armies, navies," and "diplomatic" relations of the world.

This somewhat utopian platform was adopted by the Cook County (Chicago) Labor Party in January, 1919. In April Fitzpatrick ran for Mayor of Chicago and polled 56,000 votes. In the same month an Illinois Labor Party was formed. Soon after it elected in Collinsville and Batavia, Illinois, almost full municipal tickets; and through the State it elected sporadically a good many officials. In May, 1918, the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor organized a Labor Party. The trade-union movement began to organize on the political field in North Dakota and Minnesota, in autonomous alliance with the Nonpartisan League; in the industrial centers of Ohio, Michigan, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Montana, Idaho, and Oregon.

In January, 1919, the Joint Reconstruction Committee

of the central labor bodies of New York City called a meeting of all labor groups in its district to form a Labor Party. Eight hundred and eighty-four delegates representing 152 local and 41 international unions as well as the New York and Brooklyn central bodies, the Woman's Trade Union League, and the United Hebrew Trades responded. The convention organized the American Labor Party of Greater New York and adopted a platform based partly on the Chicago program and partly on the reconstruction program of the British Labor Party. Soon after, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Kansas City (Kansas), Omaha, Portland (Oregon), and scores of smaller cities organized labor parties. During 1919 the movement freckled the continent and one of the main topics of conversation in American labor was this new political awakening.

In November, 1919, these groups held a national convention in Chicago. About 1,000 delegates came from thirty-seven States and the District of Columbia. They came mostly from local unions, from the lesser international unions, from Socialist bodies. Again the Chicago program was adopted, only slightly modified and extended. The new platform came out especially against the use of the injunction in labor disputes. It indorsed the Plumb Plan. It came out for the abolition of child labor and of all private employment and detective agencies; for the limitation of income and inheritance. But in spite of its hopeful enthusiasm and wide representation the new party could not help but appreciate its uncertain future even in the world of labor, for the official presbytery of the A. F. of L. kept neutrally malevolent, while the United Mine Workers, all the railroad unions, and the other powerful craft unions had boycotted it.

In July, 1920, the new Labor Party met in nominating convention in Chicago. It was timed to meet simultaneously with the second national convention of the Committee of 48, which then seemed quite representative of liberal opinion, especially in the larger Eastern cities. The committee then, as now, was headed by J. A. H. Hopkins. Mr. Hopkins wanted another Roosevelt Progressive Party. The rank and file of the delegates to the "48" Convention were far redder, though they were too sporadically gathered to know their mind. In order to find out what they wanted they voted to accept the invitation of the Labor Party to meet in common.

The platform of the Labor Party should have warned Mr. Hopkins that it was more a "liberal" party. But Mr. Hopkins was determined to be broad. From the Morrison Hotel he headed the "48" Convention to Carmen's Hall with brass bands and banners. And within the next forty-eight hours he lost practically all of the "48" committees, including the convention chairman, Parley Parker Christensen, who became the presidential candidate of the newly formed Farmer-Labor Party.

Christensen was a dark horse. The new party wanted Senator La Follette. For a whole hot afternoon the delegates were in suspense while the leaders urged La Follette by long-distance wire to accept. La Follette suggested changes in the program, in the organization, in the platform, which was practically the same as the 1919 Labor Party platform. But finally he decided not to take the chance. It is needless to say that La Follette is not a Roosevelt progressive. A few weeks ago I was discussing him with Mr. Hillquit, the whip of the Socialist Party. "Of course," said Mr. Hillquit, "La Follette in thought and

action has been one of us all his life." La Follette decided not to head the Farmer-Labor Party in 1920 because he was then fashioning what amounts to a third party in Wisconsin which would give him the bicameral hold he now enjoys in Congress; because he was in touch with the agrarian situation in the Northwest; because he knew of the efforts of the railroad brotherhoods and other powerful trade unions to organize the Conference for Progressive Political Action which is now at his service for a third-party movement if the oil scandal has definitely eliminated McAdoo. So he chose to keep on playing the role of the Republican arch-saboteur.

In the presidential race of 1920 Christensen and his running mate, Max S. Hayes, an old Cleveland trade-union Socialist, received one vote out of every ninety. During the next year the Farmer-Labor Party established offices in Chicago and New York City. During 1920 and 1921 the party was active wherever it had an organization, and here and there it was successful in minor elections. But toward 1921 the studied neglect of the officialdom of the A. F. of L. and of the big unions was beginning to tell on its morale. The New York offices had to be given up. The officers of the party, mostly local trade-union officials, were kept busy in the economic field. The party subsided somewhat. But it kept a nucleus of organization.

The opposition of President Gompers of the A. F. of L. to independent political action is historic. It really was the main issue which brought him into power in 1881. Since then his hostility to third-party action has grown in intensity through his long and bitter struggle with the Socialist opposition in the Federation. Whatever Gompers believes, he believes with the tenacity of a bigoted intelligence, with superb tactical acumen, with shrewd vigilance, and the vehement sincerity of untiring character. The fair historian of American labor will undoubtedly admit that during its first long generation—during the Gompers era—American labor had to develop its organization almost exclusively in the economic field. The history of this development is the biography of Samuel Gompers. And now he cannot change his mode of living. When the Chicago program came out Mr. Gompers asked: "I have read the fourteen points of the proposed Labor Party. Is there one of them which is not contained in the curriculum, the work, and the principles of the bona fide labor movement?" He answered his rhetorical question with a dogmatic, No. And then, with the living erudition of personal reminiscence, he traced the tragic failures of American labor in politics as against the "nonpartisan successes" which have given labor "a commanding position in the legislative chambers of this government." What he said in December, 1918, he had been believing since the late seventies and believes today. Last August I called on him just as he was sending an enthusiastic telegram of congratulations to Magnus Johnson. "But Johnson was elected on a third-party ticket!" I ventured. "And with our heartiest nonpartisan indorsement," was the instant rejoinder.

But during 1921 and 1922 the rank and file of one big union after another came out in favor of independent political action. And the counter-reformation in the A. F. of L. and in the railroad brotherhoods began to stir. This counter-reformation was led by a former Salvation Army captain and present head of the International Association of Machinists, William H. Johnston, one of Gompers's friendly and most judicious enemies.

Johnston was elected to the presidency of the machinists on a radical platform in 1911. He is an old-time Socialist, who once ran as a Socialist candidate for governor of Ohio. But since 1911 the spirit of his radicalism has been greatly tempered by events and official tenure. There is something very fine and honest in Bill Johnston which unfortunately does not show at its best because it is imbedded in a man who is very smooth. "It's easy to go the whole length when you have no responsibilities," he once remarked to me with sad resentment at the continuous indictments of the radicals in the labor movement.

So Johnston decided to play the game in a worthy cause at the right time. And he called the First Conference for Progressive Political Action in Chicago in February, 1922. To such a respectable call they all came; the big railroad unions, in and out of the A. F. of L., the United Mine Workers, the International Typographical Union and a host of smaller unions, the Socialist Party, the professional liberals and third-party carriers, and also the Farmer-Labor Party. At this conference 2,750,000 organized workers were represented, about half of all the organized workers in the United States at the time. Such a responsible and imposing congregation could not violate the articles of faith too radically. Accordingly, it compromised between the Gompers and Fitzpatrick attitudes. It came out for nonpartisan action, but it decided to organize with zest in every State. "The representatives from different States" were delegated to arrange "for State conferences at as early a date as possible," so they might do intensive electioneering up to and during the congressional and gubernatorial campaigns the following November. The conference formulated no platform but a declaration of principles which dealt in generalities but none the less came out against the "long record of injury and usurpation" by the two old parties and their reactionary alliances in industry and finance which "have prostituted the highest offices of government" and "surrendered Americanism to Garyism, creating new privileges and immunities for capital, and trampling underfoot the rights of man." The conference came out against the use of the injunction and the military in times of strike; against the incarceration of political prisoners; against imperialism in Haiti and Santo Domingo. It arranged to meet again in December, 1922, in Cleveland.

There is little doubt that the conference had considerable influence in the "radical" elections of November, 1922. It flooded the State of Minnesota with propaganda for Hendrik Shipstead, who was running for United States Senator on the Farmer-Labor ticket. The Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party was practically independent of the National Farmer-Labor Party. Its success was made possible by the populist education of the Nonpartisan League and the co-operative movement which had been fostered by Magnus Johnson and others for many years. Shipstead ran on a simple platform: for nationalization of coal, water-power, and the railroads; for national farm marketing; for democratic operation of the Federal Reserve Act; for an excess-profits tax; for regulation of all big business; against the Esch-Cummins and Fordney-McCumber bills. But it was not so much Shipstead's platform as the fact that he was running as a "radical" against the Nelson-Kellogg-Preus machine which elected him. The Northwest was ready for a third party. And this readiness in Minnesota received the well-organized backing of the La Follette group and the Conference for Progressive Political Action.

The conference also put its energies into the successful campaigns of Brookhart, Wheeler, Dill, Frazier, and the whole Wisconsin congressional group. Elated by these victories, the conference met in Cleveland in December, 1922, to celebrate and to perfect its organization. But there it ran into the snag of radicalism. The left wing of American labor had undergone a profound development since 1919,

when the detonations of the Russian revolution had first reached it by splitting our Socialist Party. Revolutionary consciousness met the progressive forces of American labor full face in this Cleveland gathering. 1923 proved a fratricidal year in American labor. But it also served to clarify issues. In the next article I shall trace the political drifts in American labor since the Cleveland conference.

The Rise and Fall of Mr. Munsey

By ROWLAND THOMAS

THIRTY-FOUR years ago, in 1890, Mr. Munsey bought the old New York *Evening Star*. Since then he has at various times owned sixteen other newspapers in several cities. Into these enterprises he has put a sum commonly estimated at twenty millions of dollars.

These facts dispose of the assumption, persistently prevalent, that in the journalistic field he is like a freshman who might find himself alone in a chemical laboratory and mix unknown substances with possibly spectacular, possibly ludicrous, and possibly disastrous results. Whatever else Mr. Munsey may be as a newspaper man and newspaper publisher, he is no tyro. On the contrary, he has had a longer, more varied, and more costly experience than most of his competitors. By the magnitude of his activities he has fairly earned a place as one of the outstanding American journalists of this generation. How has he done it? What has he accomplished? And, as a newspaper man, what are his controlling characteristics?

Thanks to a habit of issuing printed statements whenever he does anything he considers important, it is possible to subject Mr. Munsey to a kind of impersonal and ex post facto psychoanalysis and discover what ambitions, ideals, and motives have ruled him at various stages of his past newspaper career, and where at present, journalistically speaking, he thinks he is going.

For a decade after his unfruitful experimentation with the *Star* he concentrated his energy on the publication of periodicals which eventually made him very wealthy. But in 1901 he bought another New York evening newspaper, the *Daily News*. The same year he bought the Washington (D. C.) *Times*, and in 1902 he acquired the venerable Boston *Journal*.

In 1903, while he was publishing these papers, Joseph Pulitzer celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his ownership of the *World*. Mr. Munsey seized the opportunity to write to him as follows:

There is no line of endeavor more difficult than that of daily journalism, when conducted on big broad lines. Few men have both the literary and the business instinct to become great generals in the newspaper world. In journalism a man must have a keen literary sense, a keen news sense, must know affairs, must be warmly in touch with human nature, must be ably equipped on public questions, and must, in addition, be a business man the equal of the financial giants in finance and other great enterprises. The ruling spirit, the Great White Czar, of a big newspaper, the man who dominates every department and everything, who stamps his personality on all branches, business and editorial alike, on every one from the biggest editor to the printer's devil—such an executive must be a God-created genius.

From this fine vision of the heights which await the

tread of the "personal journalist" who has the genius to scale them, Mr. Munsey was recalled by certain cold, hard facts which to the business man in him were very disturbing. The *Daily News* was losing money for him. Try as he would, he could not build up circulation or advertising for it. In 1904 he washed his hands of it almost overnight, with the curt announcement: "I have resorted to every expedient I knew without success. I will waste no more money."

He continued his Boston and Washington enterprises, however, and showed himself so far undiscouraged by his rough experience in New York that in 1908 he bought a long-established paper, the *News* in Baltimore, and in Philadelphia undertook the task of building a new paper from the ground up by starting the *Times*. Finally, in 1912, he bought back into the New York field again by acquiring the *Press*.

A new vision had replaced the one of which he had written so glowingly to Mr. Pulitzer. His horizon had expanded. To be the "Great White Czar," the guiding genius of a single institution, no longer allured him so strongly. The business man in him was competing with the journalist. He had a new and great ambition. He had already hinted at it when, in announcing his purchase of the Baltimore *News*, he wrote: "This is an age of organization and consolidation." The whole secret came out when, in 1912, he announced to the readers of the *Press* in a big box on the front page: "I have bought the *Press* because I want it. It completes my chain in the five big cities of the East—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington."

But once again rude awakening came to him. He had his chain of papers and a burning issue to support—the Progressive split from the Republican Party and his very active support of the Roosevelt candidacy. But in spite of all this and every circulation device he could adopt, his garden of journals wilted. In 1913 he sold the Boston *Journal*, which died soon thereafter. In 1914 he stopped the publication of the Philadelphia *Times*, writing off his investment as a total loss. In 1915 he sold the Baltimore *News*, announcing:

I bought the *News* with a view to making it one of a chain of papers. Theoretically the idea looked sound. Great savings seemed certain and increased efficiency and usefulness seemed equally certain. No idea in the wide world has greater appeal to the imagination than this newspaper-chain plan. No other business or occupation in the world gets a man quite so hard as the newspaper business. But the chain plan has one fatal defect. It implies salaried management instead of ownership management, and without ownership management a newspaper cannot be made to pay.

Economic determinism, of which he was later to become the journalistic apostle, eventually had its way with the rest of the chain which had afforded him such joy of anticipation. The *Washington Times* was disposed of in 1917, and after being compelled to take back temporarily his Baltimore interests for business reasons, he finally closed them out in a series of consolidations and sales which involved the extinction of the second oldest daily in the country, the *Baltimore American*, in which "The Star Spangled Banner," almost a century and a half before, had been published for the first time. Thus he became free to concentrate his attention wholly on his New York holdings.

There, in 1916, he had acquired that shining journalistic monument, the *Sun*, and its companion sheet, the *Evening Sun*. Almost immediately he merged his original property, the *Press*, with the *Sun*. This required him to dismiss some two hundred employees of the *Press*. He gave them all two weeks' salary, and announced: "My principal regret is that so many men will be thrown out of employment. But that is something that cannot be helped."

This statement is notable. Since the day it was made Mr. Munsey has made many consolidations and issued many explanations of his purposes and hopes. But never since has he referred to the human factor involved in these changes.

In 1920 he bought the newspaper properties of the Bennett estate, comprising the *New York Herald*, the *Evening Telegram*, and the Paris edition of the *Herald*. He consolidated the two morning papers as the *Herald*, and replaced the *Evening Sun* with the *Sun*. He was dealing now with papers which were national and international institutions. His shuffling of them created consternation alike in newspaperdom and among the general public. Recognizing this, he issued several statements:

The name of Mr. Bennett's chief paper shall never perish by any act of mine. The *New York Herald* stands out sharply as the biggest-timbered newspaper in the world save one, the *London Times*. The *Herald* was near perishing when I purchased it.

Of Dana's historic *Sun*, transmogrified into an evening paper, he announced:

The *Sun* is now one of the very best and most profitable newspaper properties in America, soundly intrenched in commercial methods and with a great advertising following. It should ultimately take its place at the head of all American newspapers as the greatest of them all.

His next startling move was the purchase in June, 1922, of the *Globe and Commercial Advertiser*, founded by Noah Webster in 1793. A wave of protest was evoked by his announcement that its identity would be merged into that of the *Sun*. He made this explanation:

Newspaper-making has come to call for so large an outlay that only big papers can keep up the pace and give the public what the public demands and has a right to expect. The same law of economics applies in the newspaper business as in all others. Small units are no longer competitive factors.

And the same point of view was even more clearly set forth by Mr. Munsey when, on January 28 last, he bought the *Evening Mail* and consolidated it with his *Evening Telegram*. Other publishers have sought lasting fame by establishing newspapers. But Mr. Munsey's mind follows other lines. He wrote:

The New York evening newspaper field is now in good shape. Three newspapers have been eliminated as individual entities from New York journalism by myself alone.

Nobody else had a hand in this clean-up. There is no greater menace to a community than newspapers that are struggling to keep alive in an overcrowded field and without strong financial stamina.

One step remained. The morning newspaper field was also "overcrowded," until last week, when Mr. Munsey, finding himself unable to purchase the historic *New York Tribune* from its owner, Mr. Reid, sold his historic *New York Herald* to be merged in the *Tribune*. The usual statement appeared:

My work of amalgamating newspapers in the evening field in New York has been as sound a piece of economics as the amalgamation of competing lines of railroads or banks or manufactures. This principle applies equally well to morning journalism. As I have two other papers, the sale meant less to me than the sale of the *Tribune* would have meant to Mr. Reid. Moreover, this will enable me to concentrate on the *Sun*. Whatever is in me to do in the way of public service will be done through the *Sun* precisely as it has until now been done through the *New York Herald*.

That announcement was printed on Tuesday morning. It found most of the men who had been making the *Herald* as workers in the editorial and mechanical departments wholly unprepared for the news. Economic determinism is always a savage and forbidding thing when it crunches human flesh. And in this case it crunched both tender sentiments and things more material. To many of these men the *Herald* was an institution. They had grown up with it. Its life had been their lives. The end of its life was for them a devastating experience. Their eyes were dazed. They wandered blindly through the corridors. There was the practical side too. Without warning their work had ended. Would other work be provided for them, or would they be left jobless in the city from which so many newspapers had been eliminated? Beyond the printed announcement, no communication was had with them by their employer. For hours they milled about the building, waiting to know their fate.

Finally, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the wheels began moving. Editorial and mechanical departments were put through the sieve of selection. Some were told to report for work at the *Tribune*. Some were sent to Mr. Munsey's other papers, the *Sun* and the *Evening Telegram*. About two hundred were summarily discharged.

Among the editorial employees thus cast adrift were men whose service dated back to the days of Commodore Bennett, while others were novices. To each of them was handed an order for two weeks' salary, payable from funds provided by Mr. Reid, who as purchaser had no direct concern with Mr. Munsey's employees. Whether he distributed his largesse out of sentiment or in lieu of a fortnight's notice was not stated.

Mr. Munsey was strictly the business man to the last moment of his connection with the *New York Herald*. Its dissolution occurred the day before the pay-roll week was up. When the discharged employees came in on Friday for their last pay, they found that this shortage in service rendered had been taken into account. Instead of a full week, their envelopes contained five-sixths of a week's salary. There was about his share in the whole final episode an icy remoteness sharply in contrast with that glowing vision of which he had written Mr. Pulitzer twenty years before—the "God-created genius" whose personality, "warmly in touch with human nature," should be stamped on all alike, "from biggest editor to printer's devil."

Old Parties, or New?

The Nation has obtained the following statements on the political situation from two men of differing views who are at the heart of the struggle against dishonesty and special privilege in the management of our national affairs. Unlike most of their colleagues, these two senators are free to speak: one, because he is already the representative of a third party; the other, because he is fearless and independent of party ties and has no political ambitions.

From Lincoln to La Follette

By HENRIK SHIPSTEAD

United States Senator from Minnesota

NEW parties are not formed because someone makes a wish or because someone passes a resolution. But history travels in cycles, and it is my opinion that we are getting into the course sailed by the country just before the formation of the Republican Party. The signs seem to be the same. Great problems were then, as they are now, clamoring for political solution. Whigs and Democrats were dodging the issue of the extension of slavery and the problem of the Supreme Court. Lincoln did not hesitate to charge that the Supreme Court had been packed with men chosen for their known views on issues coming up for settlement. But the Whigs and Democrats were afraid to meet the issues squarely. Members of Congress dodged because they were playing safe for reelection. Public men acted first of all as members of a political party, and the chains of their parties bound them. The force of the issues broke the old party lines, as dammed water accumulates force until it bursts its bonds.

Today neither of the old parties has any adequate program for the relief of agriculture, nor a real tax program—by a real tax program I mean one which compels those best able to pay taxes to pay them; nor a plan, or even desire, to preserve the natural resources of the country for the people. Both parties are on record as wishing to leave control of money and credit—the greatest force in the country, controlling all other resources—in the hands of private corporations through the Federal Reserve system.

What happened in Lincoln's day? There was chaos and disagreement then too. Lincoln had to argue with ultra-radical Abolitionists, ready to resort to force and violence, as well as with ultra-reactionaries. At the first Republican State Convention in Illinois in 1856, he said: "The Government is arrayed against us. . . . We should repel friends rather than gain them if we adopted anything savoring of revolutionary methods. We must appeal to the patriotism and the sober sense of the people. We shall make converts day by day. We shall grow strong by calmness and moderation. We shall grow strong by the violence and injustice of our adversaries, and unless truth be a mockery and justice a hollow lie we shall be in the majority after a while, and then the revolution which we shall accomplish will be none the less radical from being the result of pacific measures." That speech should be a beacon light for us today. Lincoln faced issues squarely in his day as La Follette has been facing them in our day, and about him as a rock gathered the storm-tossed lesser craft which finally formed the Republican Party—the new party of that generation.

We have been electing "good men." We have been conducting Y. M. C. A. campaigns and electing "honorable"

men—and it does not get us anywhere at all. Henceforth we must be for issues, not for men. We must get through with the idea that the other fellow is a crook and that our crowd is honest. An honest man may be elected on a bad platform, and be tied to a bad program by his party associates. To say that we must put the old parties out and a new party in simply because they are dishonest and we honest would be bunk. I do not underestimate the importance of strong, honest men who have the courage and force to carry through. But most men think they are honest and act according to their own convictions. We need men who have the right convictions; the issues must count. At least a new party is young and has the future before it; it represents life, not death; it has a chance. The war killed the Democratic Party; the reconstruction period is killing the Republican Party. Whether the people will revive their corpses or turn to a new party with a program is for the future to tell. One can only watch the signs in the political skies, and judge by history.

Put Not Your Faith in Parties

By GEORGE W. NORRIS

United States Senator from Nebraska

I HAVE small faith in a new party. There is too much belief in parties in this country. Under our electoral-college system it would cost millions of dollars to start a new party and before it was four years old it would have settled down and become as bad as the old parties. Unless its leaders were Christ-like men—in which case they would not be political leaders—its candidates would be dictated by a few bosses conferring in private, just as in the old parties.

No man should be proud of party regularity; it is nothing to boast of that a man has never voted anything but Republican or never voted anything but Democratic. What we need is not more parties, but less consciousness of party. A man who runs for office on a party ticket is bound by party associations; he is no longer free. We have no method at present by which a man can run as an independent. The cumbrous machinery of the electoral college makes it impossible for a man simply to announce himself as a candidate and await the popular response. If the people could have voted directly, Hiram Johnson or Senator Borah could have swept the country in 1920. They had no chance; the people were tied to party wheels. The people are independent enough if they have half a chance to express themselves—the result of the La Follette sticker campaign in North Dakota is evidence enough of that. But the emphasis should be laid rather upon increasing the opportunity for independent expression of opinion than upon increasing the number of party machines.

A party ought not to be an end in itself; it should be regarded as a means to an end.

Sedition in Ancient China

By DAVID OWEN

IN the kingdom of Sung during the declining days of the Chou dynasty some 450 years before Christ the philosopher Mo-ti lived and taught. But his doctrine did not flourish, and to posterity he was to become merely an obscure heretic. His formula of mutual good-will and human solidarity was thought subversive to the divinely ordained scheme of things in the Middle Kingdom, to the venerable virtue of filial piety, to the sanctity of the fivefold relationships, and the meticulous practice of personal morality. The obscurity which has been the lot of Mo may have been due to the almost undecipherable state of the Chinese texts, the result, perhaps, of "the burning of the books" in 213 B.C. under the great Tsin emperor. But the more active cause was the doctrinaire Mencius, who arose as the defender of the faith delivered once for all to the saints of China. "If the doctrines of Mo are not suppressed and those of Confucius set forth," said the old dogmatist, "then those perverse speakings will delude the people and stop up the path of benevolence and righteousness." That Mencius accomplished his task thoroughly not even his bitterest critics can deny. In the words of an ancient Confucian writer, "Mo was blocking up the way of truth, when Mencius refuted him and scattered his delusions without difficulty."

The key to the philosophy of Mo-ti is to be found in the single expression "universal good-will." To lack of that quality he attributed all of the evils of the time—a catalogue of evils devastatingly contemporary:

What are the conditions really harmful to a country?

There are many: aggressions of powerful states against small; oppression of the poor by the wealthy, of the weak by the strong, of minorities by majorities; contempt of the great for the humble; lack of good-will on the part of governments; and the corruption of ministers.

But if the way of love were actually practiced—

Princes bearing good-will toward their fellows would fight no more battles; heads of families, loving others, would not bear grudges against them; men would love their neighbors and would neither steal nor do harm to them; officials and ministers would be benevolent and loyal; fathers and sons with love between them would be governed by a filial spirit; brothers, loving each other, would find themselves in harmony and would be easily reconciled if there were a quarrel. Then, when there is good-will among men, the strong will not harm the weak; majorities will not oppress minorities; the rich will not be arrogant toward the poor; the noble-born will not be contemptuous toward the man of humble birth; and the charlatan will not dupe the simple-minded. . . . Misery, injustice, jealousies, and hatred may be kept from society by the practice of universal good-will.

When a man practices good-will toward others they respond by loving him; when a man helps others, they aid him; when a man does wrong to others, they do wrong to him; when a man hates others they reciprocate by hating him.

The citizen of the ideal society is described in words strikingly similar to another ancient picture of the man of good-will:

He who accepts the principle of universal love . . . when he sees his fellow-man hungry he will feed him; cold, he will clothe him; sick, he will nurse him; dead, he will bury him.

Nor must the spirit of mutual helpfulness be confined by class lines:

Chen-tu-ti said to Chou-Kong: "Why should we look down upon men of a lower class? Pearls come from muddy water, but every prince prizes them. Let us change our opinions."

The old philosopher delighted to hurl rather kindly dialectic at the respectable prejudices and pious fears of his contemporaries. It must have been distressing to the bureaucrats to hear him observe that a "king is only a name" or that "when the people speak, the truth will be known." Though by no means an absolutist in his attitude toward war, he was not easily convinced by official fictions of wars to carry out the decree of Heaven—the idealistic guise in which even then aggression was made to appear. His was the disturbing faculty naively but trenchantly of reducing war to its lowest terms:

If a man goes into his neighbor's garden and steals peaches and plums, public opinion condemns him and the magistrate punishes him. Why? Because he has done wrong to his neighbor. One who steals a dog, a pig, or chickens trespasses more seriously against justice. . . . His anti-social qualities are more evident and his crime more deserving of punishment. And likewise, the offense of him who steals a horse or a beef is more grave than that of him who steals a dog. . . . All of these thieves are condemned by public opinion.

But when one prince attacks another's kingdom, none blames him. He is praised and people call it human nature. When one man kills another, public opinion says, "It is a crime and the murderer deserves death." If this be true then one who kills ten men deserves death ten times over. So with one who kills ten thousand men. . . . But those who commit the greatest of crimes against justice by making war we praise, considering their acts honorable. We write maxims to commend their exploits to posterity.

Here are men who, seeing a little black call it black, but seeing a great deal of black call it white. I say that such men do not know how to distinguish black from white.

The king of Lou was making preparations to attack the kingdom of Chen. Mo-ti went immediately to the monarch to protest against the outrage. The following conversation is reported by the disciples of the philosopher:

The philosopher Mo said: "Let us suppose that in your kingdom the big cities attacked the small and that powerful families made war on weaker, what would you say?"

Lou-ang-ouen answered: "In the kingdom of Lou all are my subjects. If the strong oppress the weak, I shall punish them."

Mo-ti replied: "Heaven is master of the whole universe as you are master of your kingdom. If you attack the people of Chen, will not Heaven punish you?"

Lou-ang-ouen said: "Why do you want to dissuade me from this war? In invading the kingdom of Chen I am carrying out the decree of Heaven [*sic*] because for the last three generations the people have been guilty of un-

speakable crimes. . . . I am aiding Heaven by punishing them."

Mo-ti responded: "Imagine that a father having a bad boy punishes him and that every father in the neighborhood, providing himself with a stick, begins to beat the boy, saying, 'By punishing this boy I am carrying out the wishes of his father.'"

"That would be absurd."

"But that is just what you are preparing to do."

Mo-ti encountered the obstacles immemorably met by idealists. He was told that his way was not practical, that it was contrary to human nature.

Those who teach in the kingdom say: "It is true that if this universal good-will were to exist, it would be of great benefit, but it is the most difficult thing in the world to achieve."

Our master says: "It is because those who teach, the litterateurs and the eminent men, do not understand the great advantages of this principle that they speak thus. Take for example an assault on a city, a battle, or the sacrificing of one's own life for the sake of honor. Everybody has always regarded these acts as difficult. But if it please the commander to ask them, officers and men are capable of carrying them out. How much more easily should the people be able to follow the way of mutual good-will which is by nature so different."

Yes, but the rulers and prominent men say: "Ideally, the universal practice of good-will would be good, but it is an impossible dream. It is as if one should try to seize the mountain Tai and carry it across Ho or Chi."

Our master said: "That is a bad comparison. To pick up the mountain Tai and carry it across Ho or Chi might be called an extraordinary *tour de force*, and from antiquity to our day no one has ever done it. But how different is the law of universal good-will and mutual helpfulness! . . . Love of humanity is the great principle of the world; one must practice it even if he is the only one."

Notwithstanding Mo-ti's repeated assertions that his doctrine was not incompatible with the real human nature it never gained a secure foothold in the practical Chinese mind. China gave her allegiance to the tyranny of Confucian particularism with its high, though prudent, ethic, rather than to Mo's ideal of reciprocal good-will. Hecklers often twitted him over the meager progress made by his doctrine. One of his rejoinders suggests a penetrating insight into the perennial affairs of us simians: "It is not pleasing to the rulers and the powerful."

Contributors to This Issue

BENJAMIN STOLBERG, who has specialized in labor and industrial questions, wrote an article on the Chicago stock yards for *The Nation* of January 25, 1922.

ROWLAND THOMAS, recently of the staff of the late New York *Herald*, is a New York newspaper man of many years' experience.

HENRIK SHIPSTEAD is the first man sent to the United States Senate by the Farmer-Labor Party.

GEORGE W. NORRIS is a member of the insurgent group of independent Republicans.

DAVID OWEN is a student and writer in the field of Chinese philosophy.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter looks with compassion not unmixed with astonishment on the violent gestures being made by editors, Members of Parliament, and eminent Englishmen in the direction of King George V. "Look to your son," they say. "Have him on the carpet. Lay down the law as a parent should; tell him he must not approach a horse again or he must not ride in a steeplechase again or he must not agitate the nerves of his future subjects again—tell him anything you like, but insist that your orders be obeyed." How fine it must sound to the speakers, and how feeble to the King. The Drifter has never envied any king particularly, but he has only sympathy for the father of the Prince of Wales; for what twentieth-century father has the courage to make rules for a young man in his thirtieth year, and what young man in his thirtieth year cares a tuppenny bit what rules his twentieth-century father makes?

* * * * *

THE scene is almost too painful to contemplate even from a distance, but it must go something like this: Father and son dine together, talking casually about the weather and the state of the nation, or some such safe topic. The son has been summoned for a lecture and he knows it, and his father knows he knows it. But while the father is acutely uncomfortable, the son is calm and almost too polite; *he* is not about to deliver a homily or make rules for the behavior of someone else; he can afford to wait. Finally the unfortunate moment can no longer be put off; the father coughs apologetically, begins to speak, coughs again. "About that matter of steeplechasing," he says at last. "Sir?" says the son, all courteous attention. "Yes," replies his father even more feebly, "I fancy we shall have to do something about it." "What do you suggest, sir?" the young man is compliance itself. His parent suffers a violent fit of coughing: "Perhaps people are right in complaining," he stutters. "We really shouldn't want anything serious to happen to you. You have a certain responsibility, of course." "Of course," replies the young gentleman with a bright smile, as if addressing an invalid or a patient in the only partially insane ward, "of course. But don't you worry about me. I shall take care of myself and my responsibilities, too. Good-night, sir. I have a hard day tomorrow and I really must get to bed."

* * * * *

THERE are, to be sure, other methods, and the Drifter has no means of knowing which one the Prince's father uses. They are all equally ineffectual, from the one which begins: "My son, I have something very important to say to you; something which concerns not only your welfare but the well-being of those around you, etc.," to the more candid "Hang it all (or its Royal equivalent), I don't want to lecture you, but you know what everyone is saying." They all end in the same way in well-mannered households; the son rises and bows his farewells as handsomely as a Russian count, the father is left alone with a feeling of utter futility—and the ill-temper that is generated in less genteel environments is no more efficacious. No, the Drifter would not like to change places with the King of England; far better to give orders only to waitresses or taxi-drivers. There is no more chance of their being obeyed, but at least the fate of an empire does not hang upon them.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Traveling Fellowships for Candidates

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am afraid a third party will be a sad blow to the movie population, the daily papers, cartoonists, and columnists, but something should be done before the slump in interest comes. It is too early yet for another war.

The time is ripe for a third party if candidates can be found competent to pass an examination in elementary economics and European politics. I would suggest that third-party candidates sojourn in Europe for five years before the campaign begins here. Morgan might be induced to defray all expenses, as he seems to be flush at present. Vanderlip should be engaged to conduct the grand tour of candidates and explain to them the vagaries of exchange and other thimble-rigging games. Daugherty might go along and save the candidates from three-card sharpers, diplomatists, and other entertaining tricksters. Tex Rickard should be granted film rights.

Chicago, March 21

FRANCIS NEILSON

Lenin Breaks into the Dictionary

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having had occasion to consult the Standard Dictionary today, I accidentally came across the following on page 1416 of the 1923 edition:

Lenine . . . Nikolai (1870-). Russian Bolshevik leader (Nov. 7, 1917); real name, Vladimir Illich Ulanov or Utulyanov; arrested by order of Trotzky, Jan. 8, 1919.

Now, aside from the fact that Lenin was never arrested by Trotzky, was this the most significant thing that the editors of the Standard Dictionary knew about Lenin in 1923 or at any other time after his accession to power? Or can it be that the editors of the Standard Dictionary took their cue from the New York Times's method of handling Russian news prior to Walter Lippmann and Charles Merz's exposé of that method? If so, what becomes of the lexicographer's supposed impartiality and strict adherence to the truth?

New York, February 26

MAXIMILIAN HURWITZ

A Suggestion for Dartmouth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The president of Dartmouth College is reported as saying that he would bring in Lenin or Trotzky as instructors if they were available. There is the great "if" as usual. They are not available. Mr. Hopkins probably knows that.

Now if Mr. Hopkins means business, and if he really wants to bring about "open-mindedness and an ability to think" among his students, let him call in some or all of the following:

Eugene V. Debs, high-minded Socialist;

Upton Sinclair, author of "The Goose-Step";

Oswald Garrison Villard, Editor of *The Nation*;

James Harvey Robinson, author of "The Mind in the Making";

Alexander Meiklejohn, late of Amherst.

Or let him arrange a debate between Bishop Manning of New York and Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts. The debate could easily run through a year, or five or ten, and would stimulate thought without end.

I have other plans if these are not acceptable; the case is not hopeless. I sincerely hope Mr. Hopkins will not turn back and let his students say in future years:

Myself when young did eagerly frequent

Doctor and saint, and heard great argument

About it and about: but evermore

Came out by the same door as in I went.

Reading, Mass., February 26

ANSEL S. RICHARDS

How to Pay the Allied Debt

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Many years ago when I used to plant my intellectual cabbages in a little corner of the esteemed *Sunpaper* I urged the immediate foundation of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the American Language.

I now submit exhibit A as writ by one Edgar A. Guest and published for the public weal by one Munsey of New York in his news-sheets.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

Calvin Coolidge, President!

Was it written in the stars?

Did God whisper his intent

To the dreamy lad who leant

On the weathered pasture bars?

Did the little boy in school

Know that some day he should rule?

Did the gentle mother know

Something others never knew

In that happy long ago,

Him she loved and cherished so

Had a mighty work to do?

Did God ever let her see

Little Calvin's destiny?

Did God whisper: "Train him well.

Teach him to be strong and true.

For some day a tolling bell

To a sorrowing land shall tell

Why this son was sent to you?"

Did God tell her ere she went

She had borne a President?

Calvin Coolidge, President!

Once a lad behind a plow,

Whistling gaily as he went,

With his humble place content,

And a mighty ruler now.

Surely 'tis God's hand we see

In a great man's destiny.

EDGAR A. GUEST

The English Language plainly has a case against Mr. Guest for at least five billion dollars.

Our society (meanwhile to be incorporated) brings suit.

We win that suit, for how could we help it?

We use the money to pay the Allied debts.

But we leave Mr. Guest to the mercies of that Anglo-Saxon God who allows such rhymes as "let her see" and "destiny" to fall upon this earth and no doubt Brother Dante will dig a nice special little circle in the sub-basement of his traitor-parlor.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Westport, Connecticut, March 20

Esthonia and Soviet Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of March 5 Louis Fischer writes an article about the national minorities in Soviet Russia. Unfortunately Mr. Fischer did not confine himself to Russia but expressed some doubts about the future and the policy of the Baltic states.

These doubts have no foundation. The Baltic peoples are quite opposed to Russian political dominance, and there is no section but will oppose Russian rule.

Relating more especially to Esthonia, I should like to state that Esthonia was not detached from Russia by the Brest-Litovsk treaty of March 3, 1918, but that her independence was established by the will of the Esthonian nation expressed in its declaration of independence of February 24, 1918, and manifested in its war for liberty, after which the present Russian Government recognized Esthonian independence, ac-

cording to the peace treaty signed at Dorpat on February 2, 1920.

Mr. Fischer overlooked also the agrarian reform put through in Esthonia in 1919 and in Latvia in 1920, by which all the large estates were proclaimed state property and taken over after payment of compensation. These estates have already been parceled out to the peasants. Neither the peasants nor any one else in the Baltic states would be satisfied with the sort of political and cultural autonomy existing today in Russia for the non-Russian peoples.

There is no "jingoism of the ruling, estate-owning classes" because there is no estate-owning class which rules. The supreme power lies in the hands of the whole people represented in a State Assembly which is elected according to a most liberal electoral law, all citizens, men and women, of twenty years of age having a vote.

The relations between the majority and national minorities, including the Jews, are very friendly; cultural autonomy for racial minorities has been granted by the constitution and guaranteed by the League of Nations. In Esthonia the national minorities constitute only 5 per cent of the entire population.

A. PIIP

Esthonian Legation, Washington, D. C., March 6

Helping Europe's Students

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On December 15 last there sailed from New York a vessel which was hailed by students in Germany as the "friendship ship." It contained a large quantity of foodstuffs sent jointly by the Student Friendship Fund for European Student Relief and the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee as a Thanksgiving-Christmas gift from the students of America to their less fortunate fellow-students overseas. These stores have now been distributed by the European Student Relief among all the institutions of higher learning in Germany, and in every case through the local branch of the great German national self-help association.

But this gift is only one isolated action undertaken by the European Student Relief to combat the threatened extinction of European education and culture. Since 1920 more than \$1,500,000, nearly a half million articles of clothing, over 70,000 books, and large quantities of fuel have been distributed by the organization. Approximately 105,000 students in seventeen countries of Central Europe, Russia, and the Near East have been aided. In Russia alone last year 30,000 students were fed daily. And, interesting fact, by far the greatest portion of the funds has been contributed by students in thirty-six nations.

In every relief field constant emphasis has been placed upon the avoidance of anything resembling pauperizing charity. This has been accomplished by the use of "self-help" methods—the development of student cooperative kitchens, employment bureaus, shoe repair shops, tailor shops, etc.

This year schools and colleges throughout America are holding campaigns to support the Student Friendship Fund. Generous sums have already been received, but the students are unable to carry the burden alone. The cooperation of the larger public is urgently needed. May we hope that readers of *The Nation* will assist? Checks, or requests for further information, should be addressed to the Student Friendship Fund, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City.

New York, February 15

RAYMOND T. RICH

The charts printed in last week's issue of *The Nation* in the article by Stuart Chase on *Pants vs. Plus Fours* at Palm Beach should have been credited to *Men's Wear* and the *Chicago Apparel Gazette*. The *Daily News Record*, which received credit, had merely reprinted the charts with permission.

Books

Our Early American Drama

A History of the American Drama: From the Beginning to the Civil War. By Arthur Hobson Quinn. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

THERE was a time, not so very long ago, when college professors scouted the idea that there was such a thing as an American drama; they ignored it, even when they were examining into those very materials which constitute the early American drama's one great value—the materials of national consciousness, out of which came a feeling, in literature, for American character and locality. Professor Barrett Wendell, when he wrote his volume on American Literature, did not give even a passing mention to the field which, in the present volume, it requires four hundred and eight-six pages to bring as far as the Civil War.

In a short review it is impossible to give the Quinn volume the searching examination it deserves. There is much claimed for it: the publishers state that "this is a pioneer book in a branch of our native literature which, although of the greatest interest and importance, has remained, until now, uncharted." The very bulk of the work presupposes much original research, and such an extensive reference book should show evidences of thorough familiarity with source materials and a willingness to examine into unfrequented fields. Otherwise, "The American Drama to the Civil War" might easily be replaced by a handbook of reasonable proportions. For it must be admitted that early American drama in the reading is dull and lacking in those fine fires of art to be found in the drama history of other countries. Mr. Quinn has read these plays assiduously—not always with enlightenment and not always with a live dramatic sense—but he has failed to reach deep into his materials for the significances of time and place, the perception of which, for example, made Moses Coit Tyler's "Literary History of the American Revolution" such a notable contribution.

This is the first single volume to include a minute enumeration of the progressive steps in the development of American drama. But it is not a pioneer in an unworked field; it leans too heavily on the efforts of others for this statement to remain unchallenged. For in the last fifty years there have been numerous studies of various phases of the American drama and a great many excellent editions of early plays—too many to take account of here.

Consider this imposing looking volume from another angle: the originality of its investigation. There is no deep penetration into the social structure of colonial America in which the American theater established itself, no reasons for colonial taste such as were established by Oral Coad in his paper, *Stage and Players in Eighteenth Century America*. And Mr. Quinn avoids documentary study of Puritan prejudice, of which there is ample evidence in numberless localities, North and South. There is no fair statement concerning America's first play, "Androborus," centering around a condition confronting Trinity Parish at the time (1714); in fact, the bibliography of local historical events with which this play deals is altogether ignored. (See Coad, *Nation*, August 17, 1918, and the *Bulletin* of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, April 15, 1916.) Bibliographies at the end of the book show an unwillingness to enter into such disputed points as the identity of John Leacock, author of "The Fall of British Tyranny."

In other words, this compendious study avoids any very thorough investigation and does not even strive to take up the plow where it was left in the field by others. We look in vain for enlightenment on a number of points. What has the book to say of Creole Drama, a subject difficult to rehabilitate but none the less the expression of a colorful part of New Orleans life? Nothing. There are several references to Yates Snowden's estimable pamphlet on "South Carolina Plays and Play-

wrights" (1909), but there is no attempt to suggest that distinctively sectional theater hinted at in the essays of Harby and the writings of William Gilmore Simms. In the chapter *American History on the Stage* the compiler does not add much to what has already been written by Lancaster on "Historical American Plays" (1900), or by Hutton on "Indian Drama" and "Revolutionary and War Drama" (1891). Mr. Quinn has, with evident pains, noted those plays in which Washington figures as a character, but he does not seem to have been aware of the number of times Washington was used on the French stage.

Certain chapters we turn to because they show fullness of treatment. It was Mr. Quinn who suggested to his student, Foust, the original study of Bird from uncollated manuscripts: and to Foust he is indebted for the substance of a long essay of 49 pages. In his consideration of Boker, where he leans pronouncedly on others, he fails to make full note of his sources. His bibliography on Boucicault likewise indicates that he was using material published by others as early as 1906.

One could go further into the incompleteness and consequent lack of authority of this comprehensive volume: the absence of background in the discussion of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" due to insufficient research; the none too clear comment on the influence of the American actor on the American dramatist; the avoidance of examination into the critical attitude toward native plays by Poe, Peter Irving, John Wells, Cornelius Mathews, Oliver Bunce, and Crafts of South Carolina. Nor can one say that the long check list of American Plays at the end of the volume gives one as much hold upon a perspective progress of native dramatic writing as that contained in P. I. Reed's dry but significant thesis, "The Realistic Presentation of American Characters in Native American Plays Prior to Eighteen Seventy," published in 1918. The bibliographies, too, are lacking in many respects.

In other words, this book, useful as it is, leans heavily on the points of view and researches of others. One might almost call it a digest of what has been done. We cannot, therefore, claim for "A History of the American Drama" a preponderance of originality or profundity of research. But it is certainly at present a unique and useful compendium.

MONTROSE J. MOSES

Hoboes

Stiffs. By Melbourne Garahan. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.

THE American hobo is a bird of passage, and most of the thrills he experiences—the great thrills of his life—he derives from riding trains, eluding the crews that man them, and circumventing the railroad detectives who lie in wait for him at division points. The English hobo on his native heath has no adventures of this kind, for trains in England, and on the Continent as well, are not constructed with an eye to hobo convenience. If the English hobo yearns to "deck" a passenger train or "glom a rattler" he must come to America to do it. That is what William H. Davies did, and the most interesting part of his "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" records his peregrinations as a railroad vagrant. Mr. Garahan, unlike Mr. Davies, dispenses with America and the railroads. He remains in London and its purlieus, centering most of his experiences about a tramp lodging-house where he spent a year. But despite the fact that there is little change of locale, he manages to write a very fascinating book. His intention is not to point a moral or make suggestions to social agencies or committees on homeless men, but merely to recreate the experience for its own sake as a vivid and dramatic bit of London life.

"Stiffs" is the story of Danny Morgan, a sailor who because of weak eyes is disqualified from the calling he loves. Bitterly resentful of this handicap, but with spectacles astride his nose, he defiantly ships out as bos'un on a collier. The voyage ends disastrously. The mate takes a violent dislike to him, chiefly because of his spectacles, and hectors him unmercifully.

This persecution leads to a rough and tumble fight which results in Danny's dismissal and return to London. Here he proceeds to squander in riotous living a large sum of money presented to him by his grandmother for the purpose of furthering his education. His father, enraged by this, casts him off, and Danny repairs to Bruce House, a cheap refuge for outcasts, where he spends many months living by his wits, practicing the devious and cunning shifts whereby the stiff procures food and shelter.

The outstanding feature of the book is its gallery of portraits which are done with a sympathetic perception of the comic weakness of each. Bruce House is a Noah's Ark of stranded flotsam. There is Busking, the old actor, who tours the public houses singing for his bread; and Gardner, a gambler, whose sole aim in life is to collect enough for a bet; and queerest of all is old Ferguson, the poet, who orders pudding in blank verse and writes an epic poem called "Hell," which brings Dante's "Inferno" up to date, furnishing the Devil with all the resources of modern scientific discoveries and inventions.

But of all the personages who frequent Bruce House, Cherry stands out as the most vivid. There is none with whom to compare him in any other tramp book—except perhaps Brum in "The Super-Tramp." Cherry, however, is more resourceful than Brum, more eccentric, and, unlike Brum, he is gifted with a waggish tongue. One of Cherry's pet aversions is preachers. He was in San Francisco just after the quake of 1906 and ventilates his disgust for the frantic evangelism which was rife at the time:

There is nothing to beat this here religious madness. . . . There was a biler explosion on one of the Oakland ferries, and some of the newspapers reported all about it and said "fortunately there was no damage, only seventeen parsons blown sky high." A bloke stopped me once when I was loaded with bricks and joists and says:

"Are you for God or for the Devil?"

I dropped me load, and here was the astonishing sight of me tearing after that lunatic, him shouting "Mercy" and me shouting "Hell." But he was too fast for me. Did you ever observe how these religious coves can run? All of 'em in Frisco was sprinters and kept in training too.

To place "Stiffs" as a tramp document alongside Davies's "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" or Jack London's "The Road" is to reveal both its strength and its weakness. In full-length portraiture it is more effective than either of its fore-runners; but into its autobiographical substratum are rooted growths which suggest the exuberant florescence of fiction—an imaginative reconstruction that has overleaped itself. This highly entertaining fictional facility is most marked in the dialogue at times and in the concluding chapters which record the pursuit of Cherry. The pursuit is somewhat theatrical and savors of an artifice consciously employed to accelerate the reader's interest. Neither in Jack London nor in William H. Davies is there a single touch of this adventitious romance. Both "The Road" and "The Super-Tramp"—the one in its unflagging zest for experience, the other in sober philosophic acceptance of it—strike deep into the mystery and pathos that surround all human life. To assert that "Stiffs" lacks the fundamental authenticity of these classics of Trampdom is not to belittle it. Although it is not a notable addition to hobo literature, it is a delightful one.

GLEN MULLIN

Scientific Pessimism About Democracy

Political Action. By Seba Eldridge. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.

THIS book is a serious and in the main valuable attempt to apply what is known, or what is thought to be known, about social psychology to political theory in the hope of determining thereby what is possible in the peaceful and orderly progress of our democracy. The author himself more precisely defines his book as a "naturalistic interpretation of the labor movement

in relation to the state." He begins his study by considering the instincts—hunger, fear, repulsion, pugnacity, the sex instinct, the parental instinct, acquisitiveness, self-assertion, submissiveness, curiosity, constructiveness, gregarious impulses, play tendencies—the physical environment, cultural factors, the intellectual processes, hedonic factors, and habit.

An examination of this portentous list leaves him with an opinion of man and of human institutions which our ancestors would have considered a satisfactory justification of the doctrine of human depravity. And there is no divine grace in Mr. Eldridge's picture.

It follows that he has a pretty low opinion of what may be accomplished by political action. Change there probably will be, fundamental change, but not a change wrought by reason. The defects of political democracy are incurable. The underlying assumptions of political liberalism as to the efficacy of ideas, the value and possibility of free discussion and the like are false or at best inadequate. By these standards the editors of *The Nation* are, we gather, hopeless optimists—an opinion which we cheerfully pass on to some of their critics. Indeed there are not many books which fly in the face of more cherished American notions than this. But Mr. Eldridge is doubtless safe from the inquisitors by reason of his correctly academic and far from brilliant style.

It is obviously unfair to judge such a book by its style and absurd to measure it by its agreement with any comfortable, preconceived hopes about the wisdom of the people, actual or potential. In this hour of disillusionment a less careful analysis than Mr. Eldridge has produced would suffice to convince us how modest a place reason plays in the government of human affairs. If we cannot do all that the earlier believers in the "infinite perfectability of mankind" had hoped, there may be all the more reason to find out those restricted limits in which rational progress is possible. It is to this task that the close and cogent reasoning of Mr. Eldridge's 368 pages is directed. As a challenge to complacency and an invitation to others to press on along the difficult road that leads to a real science of social action the book is worth while.

Nevertheless three general questions may be raised even in a review where detailed analysis is impossible. The first concerns the danger of a too precise application of certain psychological theories—as, for instance, that of the instincts—over which a tremendous battle still rages. Mr. Eldridge makes some verbal and rather naive concessions to the behaviorists in the matter of instincts, but this does not alter his general dependence on Professor William McDougall. And he is a weak reed.

In the second place one must ask whether Mr. Eldridge is not too dogmatic in rejecting or severely limiting Dewey's faith in the possibility of reorganizing education around social objectives: his opinion, for example, that those habits which, rather than reason or instinct, rule mankind may be deliberately altered for the better. Perhaps that hope is false; it can only be proved so after effort and observation which as yet are lacking. Mr. Eldridge finds that the education of college professors has not emancipated them from "the institutions, traditions, and ideals under which they have been reared." But, as the editor of the series in which this book appears points out, these men have never had the kind of education Dewey preaches nor was the need for it generally recognized even among students until the last few years.

Finally I should question whether Mr. Eldridge's conclusions do not require checking up by a much more explicit examination of history and economics than he has given. He accepts the economic interpretation of history, with some well-grounded modifications, but he does not apply economics to such questions as the probable course of the class conflict. The probabilities of revolution and the nature of revolution may depend on various considerations of instinct and habit, but it is a sound historical generalization that as long as a given system functions vigorously on the economic side it will endure. The suicide of

old orders, to use Keynes's phrase, is likely to be brought about by such decay or such wars as are overtaking our capitalist civilization. This conclusion involves an examination of economics as well as of psychology. By the same token the author's pessimism as to a labor party needs to be tested by objective realities carefully observed before they are accepted as infallibly derived from social psychology.

In short, one can only hope, after reading this thought-provoking book, that some day our biologists and psychologists and historians and economists will get together, pool their knowledge, fight out their battles, and give us a synthetic approach to those problems of social action which Mr. Eldridge has so courageously tackled.

NORMAN THOMAS

Little Tragedies

My Fair Lady. By Louis Hémon. Translated by William Aspenwall Bradley. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

MR. HÉMON has the art of handling with a fine discrimination and feeling the small and sordid, the purposeless and unwritten tragedies of this world. But a gray veil must lie across the author's face. Gaiety and humor do not come to the assistance of the blind and limping figure of Life that haunts his path. And the reader must have relief; he must be permitted occasionally a faint glimpse of the dancing shape of Hope. May not a cross-section of actual experience be brushed by the wings of light irony as well as by those of disappointment and despair? Also, in the majority of these stories, time, not achievement, is marked. The author presents a picture in which the dramatic possibilities, never realized, lapse into interesting descriptions. This is especially true of *He-Who-Sees-the-Gods and Fear*.

But in *My Fair Lady*, *The Old Woman*, and *Lizzie Blakeston* the portrait in its finished state burns and glows before you. The first is a sketch of recollection—a delicate water-color, kept fresh and bright under the glass of romance through aging and dusty years. It has charm, if not power:

Liette, standing in the center of the ring, her little white face shaded by the great straw hat, her eyes softly shining, her young lips shaping the old words of the song like so many tender kisses . . . little by little they stopped making fun and sang, without ceasing to look at her.

"We shall go no more to the woods,
The laurels are cut,
My fair lady. . ."

The second is a sharp fragment of bitter reality, whose edges cut to the bone. A poor, battered centenarian of an old woman in the last agonies of life is forced to recite pseudo-recollections of the emperor in a charlatan's museum—she, who longs only for the repose and silence of death! It is admirably done:

The little that could be seen of her face indicated a touching age. There were deep hollows between the cheekbones and the jaws; her white eyes ran with continual tears which rolled and clung to the thousand folds of her skin; for her face was a mass of wrinkles, like deep cuts . . . a whole length of harsh and sordid life had come, year after year, to corrode and to gash that thing which had been a woman's face.

Lizzie Blakeston is the epic of a little Cockney girl's long-drawn-out misery of anticipation. For her, who worked in a rope-walk factory at eight shillings a week, the awaited miracle was confined to one Saturday night's trial exhibition at the theater and two sovereigns in a blue plush purse—with the prospect of the factory again next day. That was the end:

On the first floor of the house in Faith Street the family council was assembled. Mr. Blakeston looked at his brother-in-law's watch and said bitterly: "That's what happens when you leave these children their money. They pass their evenings out of doors and spend it like fools."

Uncle Jim interposed benevolently. "Bah," he said.

"At her age they say that, and the next day think no more of it. You must not complain, all told; everything has ended well."

Everything had indeed ended well, especially for Liz-zie, whom the ebbing tide urged gently to the ocean.

This is the book's finale. It shows the unmistakable signs of early work. It is green fruit which has not attained the delicate, symmetrical perfection of "Maria Chapdelaine." But it excels in its understanding of the human heart. Praise should be given Mr. Bradley, the translator, by whose skill the work loses nothing in the English rendering.

LAURA BENET

Books in Brief

The Dancers. By Hubert Parsons. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

The co-operative quill guided by Gerald du Maurier and Viola Tree, under the name Hubert Parsons, has traced a vivid story—undeniably theatrical, it is true, but with imaginative values above the ordinary. The narrative is admirable in pace, unfolded in a series of colorful incidents, and holds one's interest in a double-grip of plot and character development.

An Outland Piper. By Donald Davidson. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

The first volume of verse by one of a group of young and original poets who have been making their magazine, *The Fugitive*, of Nashville, Tennessee, famous among Americans who look sharply for good verse. The prevailing tone is satiric—a reader thinks of T. S. Eliot, Maxwell Bodenheim, and occasionally E. A. Robinson—but there is evidence of a lively lyric gift, and on every page there is proof of a nimble, fearless mind. Mr. Davidson's next volume may well be a little more unified and much less obscure.

The Complete Poetical Works of Austin Dobson. Oxford University Press. \$1.50.

An admirable edition in one volume of this nineteenth-century Prior. Much of him already seems a little faint and over-gentle; but he will remain in the company of the Augustans, and of Praed, Locker-Lampson, and Calverley. Alban Dobson, his son, is the excellent editor.

Luther Nichols. By Mary S. Watts. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

Mrs. Watts is not quite comfortable in this novel. She appears to have set out to write a story in the prevailing mode, with the customary large dose of sex preoccupation and modernism, and Mrs. Watts, temperamentally out of harmony with her theme, must have sighed more than once, in the words of the Bangor lumberman, "Lord, how I dread it!" At any rate, the resultant novel is by no means comparable with "Nathan Burke" or "The Rise of Jennie Cushing." Her chauffeur hero remains a little flat and unreal, despite her sincere efforts in his behalf.

The Community Playhouse. By C. J. De Gouveia. B. W. Huebsch. \$2.

A Book of Entertainments and Theatricals. By Helena Smith Dayton and Louise Bascom Barratt. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$3.50.

One Thousand and One Plays for the Little Theatre. Compiled by Frank Shay. Stewart Kidd. \$1.

The little-theater movement, after its first lusty experiments and by no means inconsiderable achievements, inevitably dropped to a feeble and desultory pace during the war. Its advocates perforce turned their activities in other directions; the acting groups were scattered, and public sentiment frowned upon all such ventures unless they were made an adjunct of encampments or in some other way related to the major business in hand.

Recently, however, there are indications of a renewal of vigor in this field. Spurred partly by the inferior brand of entertainment which road companies and second-rate stock aggregations provide, and partly by the amateur spirit which leavens all the arts, community activity in dramatics is once more well under way. A number of recent books dealing with the subject are indicative of the trend. "The Community Playhouse," by C. J. De Gouveia, is a particularly valuable work—practical, brief, and suggestive. After a short general survey of the possibilities latent in the community theater, he burrows into the actual problems to be solved, organizing his information with intelligence and presenting it in a manner which makes this volume an indispensable handbook. The attractive book written by Helena Smith Dayton and Louise Bascom Barratt is more general and more inclusive; it covers the pageant and the charity bazaar as well as strictly dramatic undertakings. It will be found of much value for the amateur, and is so well written that it will interest the lay reader who has no immediate intention of plunging into the actual management of such tasks. Mr. Shay's book is, as its title indicates, a bibliography. It covers the available sources thoroughly and puts the data concerning suitable plays in compact and accessible form. The type of drama is indicated in each instance and the number of roles which each play possesses.

Drama Pseudo-Marriage

FROM time to time Mr. Eugene O'Neill starts his career all over again. He gives the impression not so much of developing as of making a series of excursions into various provinces of the drama's domain and of returning from each of these excursions a little dissatisfied, a little disillusioned, a little hopeful that his next experiment will result in something not quite so fragmentary and unfinished from within. I repeat, from within. His works leave me with the sense of never having been permitted to ripen, of having been written when another mood, another method, another philosophy had already shadowed the field of the creative vision. One need but reflect upon a few of his plays in more or less chronological order to see quite clearly the wavering, tentative, unequal character of his productivity: "Beyond the Horizon," "The Emperor Jones," "Gold," "The First Man," "Anna Christie," "The Hairy Ape." "Welded," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater, is a new departure still. Mr. O'Neill enters the province of Strindberg, the Strindberg of "Comrades," "Creditors," "The Link." He wants to exhaust the problem of the intricate relations between two people. His difficulty is that he has not thought out the question of these relations to their last depth, to a last clarity. That is what Strindberg always did. In that fact lies the endless fascination of those earlier plays of his. They are complete. They are, like all things utterly complete, crystalline. Only what has not been thought out and thought through is murky. And "Welded," though I strained my powers of attention to the utmost, remains murky.

The fable is, as it should be, simple. He is a playwright; she an actress. He is jealous of her past; she is resentful of the fact that her successes have been chiefly in his plays, a fact that seems to make her wholly his creature. It is a fine touch—the finest in the play—that he, conscious of creative power, wanting to emphasize his possession of her, his superiority, hurls at her but one word: "Actress!" But the artistic rivalry in which, from the nature of things, she must always, in her character of a mere interpreter, be defeated is obscured by other motives far less clarified. She does not grow cold at ultimate moments through this fruitless assertion of her ego, but through some other inhibition which is never clearly defined. At the end of a scene which is supposed to be terrible but which leaves one rather cold, each tries to kill love by

throwing away body and soul. Each finds it impossible. They are reunited not in hope but in hopelessness, in acceptance of unhappiness by which they hope to be exalted.

So many things are untouched, so many gaps unbridged. Love, to begin with, is less esoteric than this; it is also more fragile. These two, furthermore, were never married. That has nothing to do with a ceremony or an official stamp. They had no tenderness for each other; one is quite sure that they had no compassion for each other's human needs, weaknesses, failures. Their union was, from the start, the contact of two voracious vanities. It was long ago described in "Comrades." It is not thoroughly grasped here at any point. Strindberg shows that his two people were not married. Mr. O'Neill wants us to believe that these two were and that their acceptance of their unhappiness constitutes union. We do not believe him. Union must have rapture; it must also have peace.

The dialogue is distressing. For once I could not blame the well-fed bourgeois all around who tittered and giggled. There is not a living word in the play, none that is torn from the depth of passionate experience. The speech is the speech that superior Greenwich Villagers would, some years ago, have imagined themselves as using on such occasions, in such a situation. The prostitute who appears in one scene is the only character who talks like a human being. Michael and Eleanor do not talk as people talk in either life or Strindberg or Portoriche or Schnitzler. They talk like people in a Greenwich Village novel by. . . Well, that is perhaps not Mr. O'Neill's fault. Perhaps we have no society in America of this particular kind homogeneous enough, cultivated enough, usual enough, to furnish him with an idiom. Whatever the causes, the fact remains.

The result is that both Mr. Ben-Ami and Miss Doris Keane seemed to be attitudinizing at every moment. It was at this that the audience laughed; it was this laughter that I could not but forgive. Mr. Stark Young, who directed "Failures"

so admirably, failed here. For even this gritty dialogue with its constant flights into false and untimely eloquence might have been softened and made human by the simplest delivery, by subduing its artificial emphasis. Nothing of the kind is done. In the scene with the prostitute Mr. Ben-Ami's lines are preposterous enough in form, however good in substance. Had he used a visionary simplicity of delivery one might have suspended disbelief. He preaches. The direction is rhetorical. Mr. Ben-Ami and Miss Keane act. They never do anything at any moment but act in the crass and obvious sense. The audience laughed. For on this one point the uninstructed are at one with sound critical doctrine: they want the illusion of reality. You may produce that illusion by any means you like, from stark naturalism to ultra-expressionism. The artistic and spiritual result must be ultimately and in effect the same—to show truth, to show life, to come a little closer to nature.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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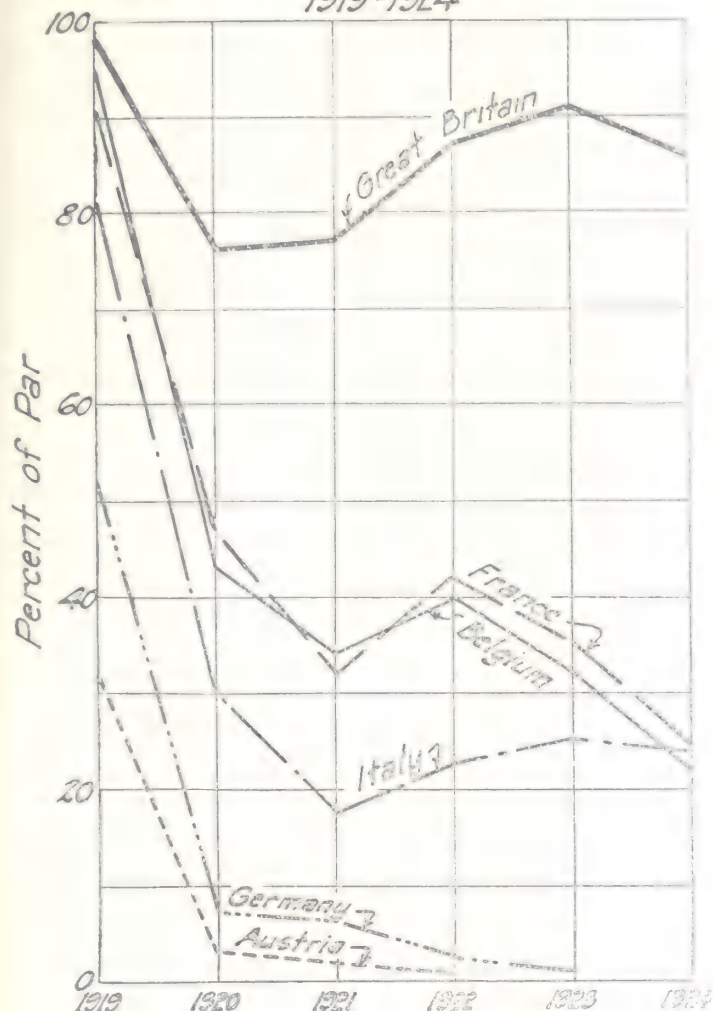
International Relations Section

Victors, Vanquished, and Neutrals

By SCOTT NEARING

ON February 14, 1919, Woodrow Wilson sailed for the United States with the peace treaty in outline form. The Allies had triumphed, had imposed their own terms on the enemy, and had thus laid the foundation for peace and world order: at least so ran the argument. But there were some people in February, 1919, who believed that Mr. Wilson and his colleagues had not found the key to peace and

EXCHANGE RATES OF BELLIGERENTS.
1919-1924

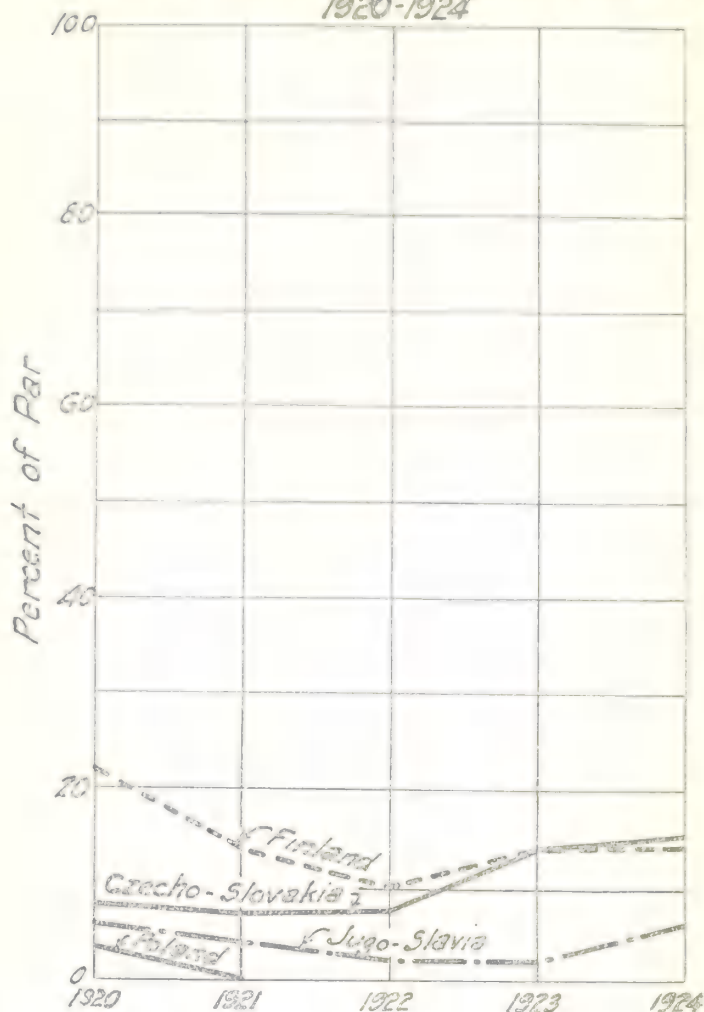


world order. Now, at a distance of five years, it is possible to form some judgment as to these two points of view.

Among the many angles from which this problem may be approached, none is more significant than that of the New York banking world. During each business day this world makes an estimate or "quotation" as to the value of securities, foreign money, and the like. The bankers' estimate of the value of money is called the "exchange rate."

An exchange rate is the market price of one currency expressed in terms of some other currency—as, so many francs per dollar or so many dollars per pound sterling. Fluctuations in the exchange rate occur: (1) With the shifting demand for money or commercial credit, and (2) with the varying confidence that the business men of one

EXCHANGE RATES OF "TREATY" STATES.
1920-1924



country have in the stability of economic conditions in other countries.

The chief countries of Europe have been roughly classed in three groups, for the purposes of this discussion: first, states that participated actively in the war; second, states that were created or greatly modified as a result of the treaty; and, third, neutral states. In each one of these groups the figures show the per cent of par value as quoted in New York on the third Tuesday of January in each year:

Exchange rates of certain European states as quoted on the New York market the third Tuesday of January from 1919 to 1924. Figures show per cent of par value in dollars.

I. Belligerent States

	Great Britain	France	Italy	Belgium	Germany	Austria
1919.....	98	95	81	91	53	32
1920.....	76	43	30	43	6	3
1921.....	77	32	18	34	6	1
1922.....	87	42	22	40	2	0+
1923.....	91	35	25	32	0+	0+
1924.....	87	23	23	21	0+	0+

II. New or "Treaty" States

	Finland	Poland	Czechoslovakia	Yugoslavia	Romania	Hungary
1920.....	21	4	8	6	12	..
1921.....	14	0+	6	4	7	1
1922.....	10	0+	8	2	4	1
1923.....	13	0+	14	2	3	0+
1924.....	13	0+	15	6	3	0+

III. Neutral States

	Holland	Sweden	Norway	Spain	Switzerland
1919.....	104	109	105	104	107
1920.....	93	76	70	97	94
1921.....	82	79	65	69	81
1922.....	93	92	54	77	100
1923.....	99	100	69	82	97
1924.....	93	98	53	66	89

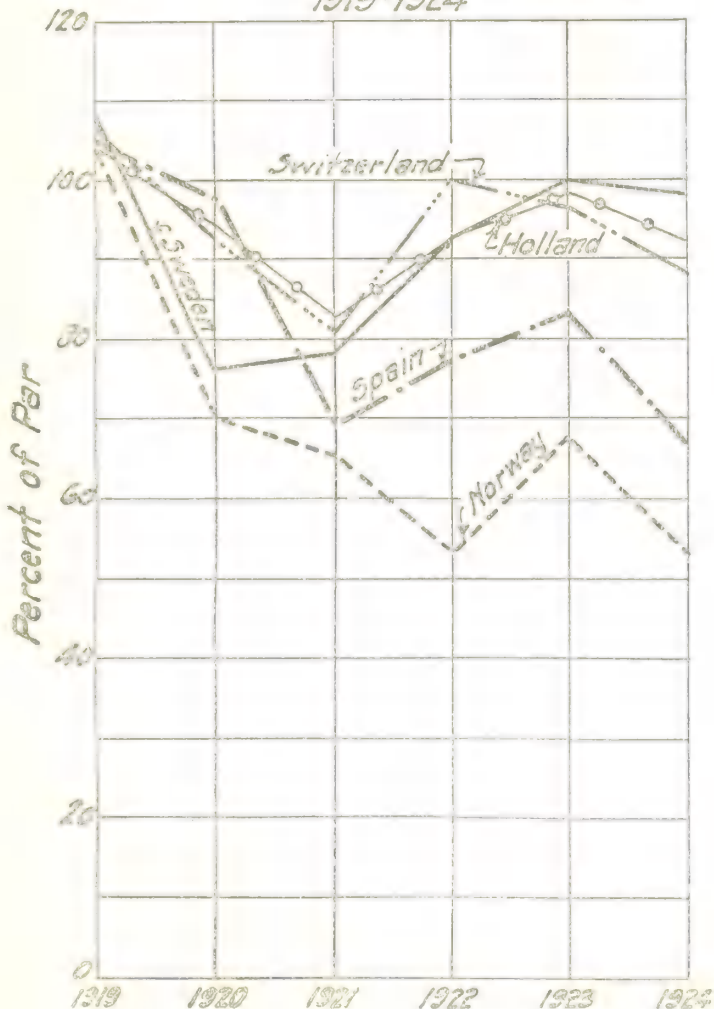
An examination of these figures shows that five years after the treaty was drafted none of the belligerent states is quoted at par; that, with the exception of Great Britain, all are quoted at less than a quarter of par, and that the two "enemy states" are quoted at less than 1 per cent of par. In every instance the rate for 1924 represents a heavy loss as compared with 1919.

Among the treaty states (quotations do not, of course, go back to 1919) only two are quoted at more than 10 per cent of par, and four of the six have lost heavily since 1920. Among the six, Czecho-Slovakia alone shows a gain.

The neutral states, as a group, have also lost, but their position, as a whole, is far better than that of either of the other two groups.

In the estimate of the New York banking fraternity the states that made the treaty and the states made by the treaty have all suffered severe economic reverses during the past five years. These economic disasters have communicated themselves to the neutrals as well, and the whole state of Europe, in the estimate of the New York bankers, has grown distinctly worse since the treaty was drafted.

EXCHANGE RATES OF NEUTRALS. 1919-1924



An Historical Impromptu

THE new Prague paper, *Priztomnost*, recently contained an article signed T. G. M. which was recognized by its spirit and form as well as by its initials as the work of Thomas G. Masaryk, the Czecho-Slovak President. We print herewith a translation of this article:

On January 21 I noted in my diary the newspaper report of the vote in the English House of Commons which determined the advent of the MacDonald Cabinet; on January 22 I noted the report of Lenin's death. I linked these two events in my mind, and as I meditated upon the remarkable coincidence I said to myself: "Too bad that they did not coincide more perfectly." Then came later reports; Lenin passed out, in fact, on the same day on which the new Government was voted into power in London. Lenin's departure actually preceded the London vote.

The greatest empire of the world now has a Socialist government; the greatest empire of Europe (in population) has for several years been Socialist—officially Communist. If these two facts mean anything they teach that the World War was the world revolution. It was not possible for millions of European and American men to murder each other for years without meditating upon it, and through meditation to come to the conclusion that the regime out of which the World War arose was untenable. And not only the soldiers meditated upon the war and its meaning, but also their families, who stayed at home and experienced the war and its horrors much more intensively than the men in the field, who had less leisure for philosophizing—and still have.

In England the Socialists have won without a bloody revolution; in Russia they triumphed through a bloody revolution. Lenin and his supporters announced that their methods were the only right methods and that they expressed the teachings of Karl Marx. The English example demonstrates that they were not the only right methods; and that bolshevism is not the only Marxianism must be clear to anyone familiar with Marx and Engels. In the revolutionary glow of 1848 Marx was for revolution, even for bloody revolution. But later he accepted parliamentarism, revolution by the ballot, as the chief and decisive method of socialism. Engels so stated shortly before his death with a clearness which bars doubt or discussion. Marx's method then has won in England, not only in Russia; in England the maturer, socialist, more Marxist Marx has won, and non-Marxists won the victory.

England's example will strengthen the conviction of people who think politically, that bloody revolution is an outworn method. Bloodless revolution (not only parliamentary, but also literary, etc.) is the modern method. Without a revolution in heads and hearts a political and social revolution is only skin-deep.

It is not necessary to say that there must never be a bloody revolution; but it should be emphasized that it is justified only after every other attempt at reform has failed. And it needs preparation: a revolution without preliminary reform movements is unjustified, a mere act of violence, like an unjustified war. Man has no higher rule to guide him, in his entire life as in politics, than the recognition that human life and personality must be held sacred by human beings. The Russian revolution has not achieved what Lenin expected, precisely because it was not sufficiently reformist. We shall wait to see what the English revolution achieves.

Russia and England are different economically, morally, and especially culturally. Hence the difference in their revolutions. That is true even of the beginnings of the English revolution in the seventeenth century. Compare the trial and public execution of Charles I with the murder of the Czar.

There are differences too in the personality of the leaders:

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the Russian leader, who grew up and received his education under the bloody Czarist system, early became a typical Russian revolutionary: a conspirator, accustomed to the secret commerce of the professional revolutionaries, of the revolutionary aristocrats who believed in the Russian and world revolution from above—Blanqui, Bakunin, Netshaiev. That is essentially the tactics of Czarism—both groups accept the principle that peoples are led and ruled by minorities, by great men. It is an essentially undemocratic principle. Lenin, of course, had the fate of his own brother to remember—hung on the gallows in his struggle against Czarism. The typical English revolutionary grew up in a constitutional country, was trained in trade unions. At the beginning of his life he was a teacher, a religious preacher, and as a teacher he understood the quiet course of the evolution of the human soul and of human society. Out of that grew his ideals of humanity and of human tactics. And he had native models, from Sir Thomas More to Robert Owen and present-day English Socialists.

But MacDonald came to power because of the action of the Liberals and Conservatives. There is no need of inquiring whether this was tactics or part of a program; in any case the change in England is a striking lesson for the continental bourgeoisie. So, for that matter, is the Russian revolution and the entire development of Europe in and after the war. Prussian and Austro-Hungarian Czarism as well as the Russian have fallen.

P.S. In any case one remark: *piu andante* as a musical term does not mean "slower" but "faster"; *andante* = moving, progressing in movement. He who moves steadily gets farther than he who runs and then stops.

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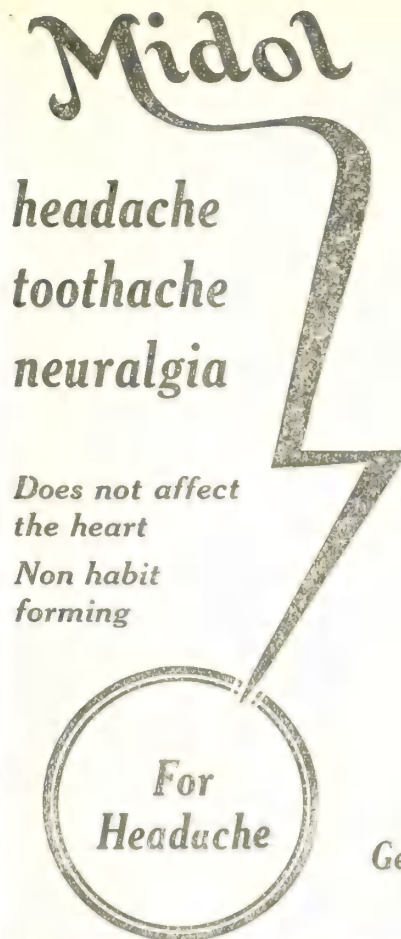
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MURDER IS NOT COMMONLY regarded as a form either of decency or (except in war) of patriotism. Lynching usually goes unpunished but seldom is defended, even in the South. It remained for some valiant champion of Harry Daugherty in the news bureau of the Republican National Committee to expound the higher morality. This gentleman composed an attack upon Senator Wheeler because throughout the war, in the face of mob hysteria and threats of every sort, he dared defend the civil rights even of I. W. W. and nonpartisan-league farmers against the Montana industrial barons. In the course of this attack upon "the nonpartisan-radical outfit in Montana" this Republican stated that "finally the decent patriotic Americans of Butte took the matter in hand, *hanged one of the leaders*, . . . ran the others out of Butte, and then called a meeting of the Montana State Council of Defense for the purpose of trying Wheeler." Frank Little, *hanged by a mob* in 1917, is still unavenged. Apparently someone who sympathized with his "decent and patriotic" murderers—perhaps one of the murderers—is in the Republican Party's official press bureau today. Who is he? What does he know of the murder? There is something else to be investigated.

OUR high estimation of John W. Davis as a man is enhanced by an excellent letter he has written to a friend who urged him to abandon forthwith his law prac-

tice—he is counsel to some of the biggest Wall Street interests—in which case his unnamed correspondent felt certain that Mr. Davis could procure the Democratic nomination. To this Mr. Davis replies with delightful candor that this would mean to throw over honorable clients and "desert a group of professional colleagues, who are able, upright, and loyal." He conceives it to be the duty of a lawyer,

as it is the duty of the priest or the surgeon, to serve those who call upon him . . . without the slightest thought of the effect such a service may have upon his own personal popularity or political fortunes. Any lawyer who shades his duty "by trimming his professional course to fit the gusts of popular opinion, in my judgment not only dishonors himself, but disparages the great profession to which he should be proud to belong."

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE is reported as making an encouraging fight against his attack of pneumonia, and we earnestly hope for his early and complete recovery. Probably never before has there been an opportunity for him to do a greater service for his country than that which now lies ahead. Senator Walsh of Montana is predicting that unless the Democrats nominate a progressive for President there will be an independent in the field who will carry at least six States in the Northwest and throw the election into the House of Representatives. *The Nation* finds it impossible to put faith in any progressive if he goes into office with the millstone of one of the two old parties about his neck; its hopes are centered upon an independent movement from without. Mr. La Follette is by all odds the best spokesman for such an opposition, whether it takes the form of a third party or merely of a bloc rallying about the Wisconsin Senator.

THE RECENT MEETING of the League of Nations Council produced some definite accomplishments for the encouragement of the world. The decision regarding Memel, made by the committee headed by Norman H. Davis, has been ratified by the Powers, and accepted by Lithuania with only slightly disguised eagerness. Poland is quite openly dissatisfied, but her protests were overruled. Memel is granted to Lithuania with certain minor reservations protecting Polish commerce on the Niemen. The Council of the League appropriated 50,000 Swiss francs for the starving population of northern and eastern Albania and issued an appeal to the world for help. The Little Entente and the Hungarian delegates reached an agreement which will permit the League to carry out a program of financial stabilization in Hungary such as has been applied to Austria. In addition Poland and Germany agreed to League arbitration in the dispute over the treatment of Germans in the Upper Silesian district. Such a record of constructive results should be added to the credit side of the League's accounting before the world. On the other side of the ledger is the decision on Corfu, which frankly, in the interests of harmony, dodges the whole issue of Italian guilt and merely lays down pious regulations for future conduct. Mr. Branting's protests in this matter did much to clear the air before he was suppressed by the

"diplomacy" of Señor Guani of Uruguay. Nothing much was done in the matter of disarmament or of ending the traffic in arms, and it is presumed that the suggestion of Mr. Jouhaux that all private manufacture of arms be ended will be rejected.

POINCARÉ, LIKE THE KING of France in the old fable, marched up the hill and then—marched down again. He resigned; he said that he would under no circumstances return to office; and then he returned. He has strengthened his Cabinet by dropping some of his more unpopular ministers, notably the Minister of Finance. But he has replaced M. de Lasteyrie by M. François-Marsal, who held the post in M. Millerand's Cabinet, and this suggests an entente with that gentleman, who is working for a fascist dictatorship in France. However, there can hardly be any real change in French policy until after the coming elections. They will reveal whether the same reactionary wind as is sweeping Germany is blowing across France too.

GOVERNMENT SPY SERVICES, even when legitimately employed, are generally unnecessary and undesirable in a democracy. And they are rarely—and by their nature scarcely can be—legitimately employed. A sidelight of the Daugherty investigation is the information it has given us on the extensive spy service of the Department of Justice and the way it has been used to protect scoundrels in office rather than the integrity of the government. Gaston B. Means told how, in an effort to head off the Daugherty inquiry, Senator La Follette's private office had been rifled and how a woman detective had been employed to "get something" on Senator Caraway. Note also this colloquy between Senator Brookhart and Mr. Means:

Q. When did this terrific spy system start in the United States, by what official authority, if you know?

A. I have been investigating since I was twenty-one. It had been going on prior to that time. I never saw a candidate that loomed up, any little candidate for town marshal, that they did not go out and make an inquiry about him. One crowd makes it confidentially, and the crowd—

Q. What kind of crowds is it that make this kind of inquiries—financial crowds, big fellows?

A. I don't work for the church crowd, because they haven't got any money. The financial crowd only finance and get investigations.

Q. You mean the financial interests investigate every one who is a candidate for office to get something on him, so they can control him—is that the idea?

A. Well, yes, that would be my interpretation. They would want to find out what he is up to.

Q. And that gang, then, that is behind those investigations of that nature, is the same gang that I have denominated as the non-partisan league in Wall Street? Is that the crowd?

A. I think that President Wilson gave them the best designation, "invisible government."

READ THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD. It is the most fascinating and untrammelled of daily newspapers. Advertising never dictates its policy, nor do cynical editors cut the copy brought in by its reporters. Senator Shipstead recently, in commenting upon the Morgan loan to the Bank of France and upon our invasion of Honduras, was led into some reflections upon dollar diplomacy and

American ideals which deserve an even wider audience than read the *Record*.

I do not like the idea that has been so often reiterated that the "American flag follows the dollar," because that implies that the dollar controls the flag, that the owner of the dollar will then control our foreign policy. I would rather have it said that the "American flag follows American principles and American ideals," and then see to it that these principles and ideals are of such a character that an American need not be ashamed to have his flag follow them. . . . [But] our foreign policy for some time, and the American flag has followed the dollar into Haiti, Santo Domingo, Honduras, Mexico, and France. There is an ever-increasing number of people in America, however, who are beginning to realize that the American dollar represents the crystallized sweat of American labor. Therefore they are very much concerned as to where these American dollars, wrung by toil out of the bodies of the American people, are going, and for what purpose they are being used.

THE CUMMINS-VAILE BILL to legalize the dissemination of scientific facts on birth control would have one result which should please Mr. Sumner himself: it would put an end to a great part of the quackery and the dangerous information on this subject now spread illegally from person to person. The well-to-do are able to avail themselves of all that science knows about the prevention of conception. The rest of the population must content itself with rumor and the most untrustworthy sort of lay advice; in no field of knowledge are old wives' tales so heavily laden with nonsense and magic. People are going to struggle—as long as they have any vigor or intelligence—for the power to order their own lives. If they cannot have the help of science in determining the number and time of birth of their children, they will take what help they can find. To shut off the flood of bad and dangerous and deceptive information, to put a stop to this particularly noxious form of bootlegging, we should support every measure designed to put science at the service of the people.

THE AMATEUR LUSK of the New York *Commercial* is writing a new series "to show the movement behind the so-called oil inquiry as nothing short of an attempt by radicals inspired by the communistic propaganda." "If there is any intelligent person in the land," he challenges in accents of righteous indignation, "who doubts the statement that these attacks on Denby and Daugherty—and do not forget that they are to be followed by similar attacks on Secretaries Weeks, Mellon, and Hughes, and then the head of the Secret Service, W. J. Burns—are inspired wholly by communistic influences, then he should consider the mass of documentary evidence already available." The quotations which follow show that William Z. Foster and other radicals dislike and distrust the present Government of the United States. The logic is magnificent. Communists consider the Government corrupt; the Government appears corrupt; obviously the Communists are responsible for it. If we wished Harry M. Daugherty much greater happiness than we do, we should hope he might never read a word of the "unfounded charges against him" anywhere but in the pages of this financiers' bible.

THIRTY-EIGHT STUDENTS at Northwestern University, as we recently noted, have declared their refusal to participate in another war. Now fifty students (another

report says one hundred) in the Garrett Biblical Institute affiliated with the same university have signed a similar pledge, while three times that number have passed "resolutions demanding the abolition of the army, navy, and Reserve Officers' Training Corps." This was enough to throw the university, the church that supports it, and the "cultured suburb" that is its site, into a frenzy of militant "patriotism." "Flags flapped in the blizzard, waved in the Methodist Church, and draped the walls of the Patten Gymnasium. . . . Soldiers in war make-up marched and bands played. . . . Standing under two flags, Dr. E. F. Tittle of the first Methodist Church admitted to a crowded house that a mistake was made when he allowed Allinson [a conscientious objector who had served a sentence in Leavenworth] to speak from the pulpit." The *Chicago Tribune* printed a front-page cartoon threatening pacifist college instructors, and editorially expressed its pity of the idealism of youth to whom "it is quite apparent that things can be changed by the effort of intelligent will." The natural result of this patriotic effervescence followed; a Russian-American veteran of the World War was kicked out of a classroom by a group of young patriots who were so prejudiced by his accent that they did not stop to discover that his views were as devoutly conventional as theirs. A little "intelligent will" might help.

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S visit to this country is not that of just "another English lecturer." Of such we have had rather a surfeit during the last few years, and the arrival of a newcomer would not call for comment here. But Bertrand Russell is not specifically English or a lecturer. He is not only one of the great philosophers of our generation; he is one of the keenest social thinkers and one of the most eminent internationalists living, and his internationalism rests upon the surest of all foundations: a steadfast record of pacifism during the World War. We are glad to have been able to present some of Bertrand Russell's writings through the columns of *The Nation*, and we hope that many of our readers will be able to hear him in person during his stay in the United States.

TO HONOR THE THIRTIETH anniversary of Harry C. Burleigh's connection with St. George's Episcopal Church in New York its edifice was crowded on Sunday, March 30, by hundreds who came to testify in person to their gratitude for Mr. Burleigh's services as the baritone soloist of the church. Hundreds were turned away and extra police summoned to handle the crowd. It was a well merited tribute, for Mr. Burleigh, a gentleman and a musician, and a notable composer and arranger of folk songs, has long been an inspiring and attractive figure in the music world of the metropolis. Hundreds of aspiring young men and women have looked up to him and sought to follow in his footsteps. Like many another he has conquered prejudice and hostile opinion by his modesty, his sincerity, his ability, and his worth. Others more brilliant are beginning to appear, Roland Hayes, for instance, but the fame of none of these can detract from Mr. Burleigh's pioneer work in New York. St. George's, too, is entitled to credit for living up to the doctrine that a man's a man for a' that. What makes Mr. Burleigh's case exceptional is the fact that his is a darker skin than is usually to be found in the pews of St. George's, for he is a colored man who has proved once more the extraordinary musical talent of his race.

THE NATION has been informed that the interview with Mr. Morgan in the *Eclair*, cabled from Nice on March 19, was false, and that we were misled by its misrepresentations into the indignant comment in our issue of April 2. This interview appeared on the first pages of at least two New York newspapers, who have not as yet retracted it. Neither has the Associated Press, which transmitted it. We hope that the information which reaches us as to its not being authentic is correct, for no more challenging interview by any financial magnate has appeared in recent years.

Roosevelt on Muscle Shoals

HENRY FORD'S attempt to annex to his already large and rich and feudal holdings the mighty resources of power sweeping over Muscle Shoals is not the first that has been made. In 1903, the year Mr. Ford organized his then little motor-car company in Detroit, a bill was passed by Congress giving Muscle Shoals to one N. F. Thompson, representing a group of Southern capitalists. The bill went to the President of the United States for his signature. The President vetoed the bill, and his message explaining the reasons for his veto should be pondered in these latter days by citizens and Senators and by the present President of the United States.

We take from the *Congressional Record*, Volume 36, page 3071, the following lines:

The Speaker laid before the House the following message from the President of the United States:

TO THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES:

I return without approval House bill 14051, entitled "An act granting the consent of Congress to N. F. Thompson and associations to erect a dam and construct a power station at Muscle Shoals, Alabama."

The recent development of the application of water-power to the production of electricity available for use at considerable distances has revealed an element of substantial value in streams which the government is or is liable to be called upon to improve for purposes of navigation, and this value, in my judgment, should be properly utilized to defray the cost of the improvement. Wherever the government constructs a dam and lock for the purpose of navigation there is a waterfall of great value. It does not seem right or just that this element of local value should be given away to private individuals of the vicinage and at the same time the people of the whole country should be taxed for the local improvement.

It seems clear that justice to the taxpayers of the country demands that when the government is or may be called upon to improve a stream the improvement should be made to pay for itself, so far as practicable. I am advised that at another point on the same river to which this bill refers there is an authorized project for improvement by the government at a cost of over \$800,000, and that an offer has been made by a responsible citizen to do the entire work without expense to the government provided he can be authorized to use the water-power. I think it is desirable that the entire subject of granting privileges of the kind referred to in this bill should be considered in a comprehensive way and that a general policy appropriate to new conditions caused by the advance in electrical science should be adopted under which these valuable rights will not be practically given away, but will be disposed of after full competition in such a way as shall best conserve the public interests.

White House, March 3, 1903 THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Mr. Coolidge Dismisses Mr. Daugherty

THE great and mighty figure in the White House who rules over the destiny of the nation has finally acted and purged his Cabinet of another man who should never have been in it. But in the very manner and method of his dismissal of his Attorney General Mr. Coolidge has once more given proof, almost ludicrously, of his inability to measure up to the need of the hour. We suppose there are still some millions of business men who persist in their belief that an all-wise Providence brought Mr. Coolidge to the helm of the country, just as it produced Washington and Lincoln in other crises. But for those who can still read and reason it must be plain that the President's letter to Mr. Daugherty was verbose, repetitious, and weak; that there was no argument in it which Mr. Coolidge could not have used as well weeks and months ago. Moreover, no unbiased person could read the Attorney General's reply to the President without being convinced that in this exchange of verbal broadsides Mr. Daugherty scored heavily. Mr. Daugherty is unanswerable when he makes the point that if, as the President contends, he cannot remain in the Cabinet to defend himself from the charges against him, then all that it will be necessary to do to force any member of the Cabinet out is to prefer charges against him. Mr. Daugherty is correct when he says that this principle would render unsafe any man in public office and that under it "the most honorable, upright, and efficient public servant could be swept from office and stable government destroyed by clamor."

The truth is, of course, that until the scandals became public Mr. Coolidge was entirely satisfied with his Attorney General. We hardly think that Mr. Coolidge will venture to deny Mr. Daugherty's assertion that he twice offered his resignation to the President and that the President asked him to remain because of his "entire satisfaction with the splendid accomplishments of the Department of Justice under my [Daugherty's] administration." But supposing this assertion to be false, Mr. Coolidge's ineptness in handling the situation is evidenced by the phrase in his letter demanding the Attorney General's resignation: "I am not questioning your fairness or integrity." Almost everybody else in this country is questioning one or the other. Yet in the midst of the inquiry Mr. Coolidge, in the effort to sugar-coat a bitter pill, makes use of a phrase which Mr. Daugherty is quick to quote to his own advantage. But, aside from all questions of the President's technique, we must point out that when Mr. Denby was assailed our great Massachusetts statesman declared that he did not propose to "sacrifice any innocent man for my own welfare" and would not therefore accept Mr. Denby's resignation. Later on, apparently with special reference to Daugherty, the President in that speech on Lincoln's Birthday, so pleasing to most of our stand-patters, asserted: "I want no hue and cry, no mingling of innocent and guilty in unthinking condemnation, no confusion of mere questions of law with questions of fraud and corruption." Mr. Daugherty has reason to declare that the President's change of mind will add to the "unthinking condemnation" and will increase the public confusion.

In all of this, as our readers are aware, we are holding no brief for Harry Daugherty. We merely wish to

point out how unworthy is the suggestion that we should deliberately hand over our government for four years more to one so obviously unequipped for the task as Calvin Coolidge—unequipped both mentally and morally. From the very beginning he has not voiced one word of burning indignation at the betrayal of the country and of the people. He has continued in office his besmirched private secretary; he has continued to have relations with McLean, self-convicted of an attempt to shield a criminal and to deceive the Congress of the United States. He continues in office a man like William J. Burns after more than enough unimpeachable evidence has been produced to make it plain that he ought not to remain a single day. He has not even stopped the shadowing of witnesses and investigators by the Secret Service nor the use of the machinery of the Department of Justice to shield that Department from a thoroughgoing probe. Senator Walsh has just declared that he does not know of anything the President has done to live up to his promise to use the power of his great office "to ferret out the facts and bring the corruptionists to justice." The Senator pointed out that two weeks after it had been proved by testimony that Collector Chase of El Paso, Texas, had endeavored to protect his father-in-law, Mr. Fall, by getting a friend to testify falsely, the President had done nothing about it. The President has been speechless as to the land frauds, the efforts to loot the government reserves in Alaska, and the shutting down of the government coal mines there.

Meanwhile the President is upheld by masses of business men who have swallowed the current propaganda against the investigation because he has favored lower surtaxes and opposed—at this time—the bonus. Apparently the attitude of the business East is that if the bonus could be defeated and the surtaxes reduced everything else would be forgotten—even the sins of Senator Fall and his corruptors overlooked and forgiven. If this attitude prevails, if, after the investigations have been brought to a close, the Government of the United States is to sink back into doing business as usual in the same old way, we shall have gained nothing at all from the exposure of Cabinet corruption. The President had an opportunity to rouse the whole country to great heights of moral indignation and then to take advantage of it to clean out the bipartisan rottenness and corruption. He has not even called upon his own party to drive out from its ranks, in sackcloth and ashes, the rascals that have disgraced it. His attitude has encouraged the propaganda of the commercialized press to the effect that the inquiries have been mere partisan fishing expeditions for the purpose of making political capital at the expense of the other side, whereas the truth is that the Oil Committee, at least, has heard less gossip and rumor and wandered afield less than most congressional investigations in the past, and Senator Wheeler deserves the country's gratitude for forcing the President finally to drop Daugherty. If there is a different public belief it is primarily because of the frantic efforts of the daily press to destroy the force of the revelations in order to "prevent unrest." It is a nauseating spectacle, but it is nothing compared to the prospect of four years more of so cheap a politician as Mr. Coolidge.

Poor Washington!

POOOR Ned McLean! The ruling passion in Washington for calling a spade a spade and a crook a crook—even if he happens to be a high government official—threatens to disrupt the social as well as the political life of the capital. For Washington is a small place, where social and political circles are much the same, and with all the investigations that are going on this spring, the capital promises to be a dreary place for some time. A cross-section of Washington's political-social life, and how the joy has been taken out of it, is nicely revealed by one of the capital's most experienced correspondents, Robert T. Small. In a dispatch which we quote from the Baltimore *Evening Sun* the situation is thus presented:

Washington's investigation mania probably has put an end for all time to a weekly social function which has attained the dignity of an institution during the last three years. This was the Sunday morning "breakfast" at Friendship, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ned McLean. The breakfast has included as many as forty or fifty personages high in the exclusive social circles of the capital. Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge, when the former was Vice-President, were nearly always present at the breakfasts. Nearly all of the Harding Cabinet was included and occasionally President and Mrs. Harding themselves "dropped in" on the festivities after church.

The breakfasts began anywhere from high noon on. They were what the English call "hunt breakfasts," when they have followed a ride to the hounds. But, as Mr. Small says:

The Washington affairs were more appropriately church breakfasts, for most of the official guests arrived after the morning Sabbath services. To have an invitation to one of these breakfasts was, indeed, the hall mark of social prestige in Washington. It denoted a place close to the throne, for President Harding, the head of the nation, always was regarded as present whether he actually appeared or not, and to break bread with the President and the First Lady of the Land always has been considered the highest social honor that Washington has to offer. When the Hardings were not present the social honors centered upon Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge, who appeared to enjoy these Sunday relaxations more than any of the other social attentions they received here. The Coolidges were known in their vice-presidential days as the most-sought-after couple and the greatest "diners-out" in Washington social history.

The investigations have put something of a blight upon all of the more elaborate forms of entertainment in the capital and, because of the unsolicited prominence he attained through an effort to befriend a member of the Harding Cabinet, Mr. McLean will not attempt an early resumption of the social program, which was in full swing at his home up to the time of President Harding's death. It was stated at that time that the McLeans' social leadership in Washington was not to suffer an eclipse, because the McLeans had been quite as intimate with the Coolidges as with the Hardings during the time since the inauguration in 1921.

The McLeans were the first persons the Coolidges dined with after Mr. Coolidge had been sworn in as President. The dinner naturally was an entirely private one, occurring, as it did, during the wait in Washington for the body of the dead President to arrive.

So much of sad recollection would attach to the "hunt breakfasts," if they were renewed, that Washington fully

expects them to be abandoned, at least until a new Administration begins and new faces have appeared in the higher inner circles. Secretary Fall, up to the time of his retirement from the Cabinet, and Attorney General Daugherty always were among the liveliest spirits at the Sabbath gatherings.

Alas, we learn from this correspondence, there are no indications that the McLeans will do any social entertaining in or around Washington this spring. Naturally, as Mr. Small predicts, "They will linger late in Palm Beach." And then:

The chances are that when the McLeans return from Palm Beach they will go to their Virginia stock farm, some forty miles out of Washington, at Leesburg. The farm is on an electric railroad owned by the McLeans and lies within one of the most exclusive sections of the Old Dominion.

By June it is expected the McLeans will open their newly purchased home in Cincinnati, where they will remain during the racing season at Latonia. Then comes Bar Harbor, and so Washington itself promises to be deserted by the McLeans until possibly after the election next November. By that time Washington's present state of ebullition probably will have quieted down.

Poor Washington! Poor Ned McLean!

Our Preparations for War

FIVE years after the war to end war we are still going strong in our preparations for the next war which, if it comes, will doubtless be "sold" to the American people with the same disgusting hypocrisy as the last. The annual army appropriation bill has just passed the House carrying no less than \$326,000,000 for the support of the military service in 1924-25. This is \$16,000,000 less than the last appropriation bill carried, and of the total \$37,250,000 is for river and harbor improvement. The army is kept for another year at the figure of 125,000 men and 12,000 officers, an effort to reduce the enlisted men to 100,000 failing by a vote of 189 to 33. Boys are hereafter to be permitted to enlist at the age of eighteen in the effort to keep this body of men recruited. No less than 68,071 of the 125,000 troops passed out of the army during the fiscal year 1922-23—a most expensive turnover; of these 12,168 showed their opinion of the kind of life they were leading by deserting at the risk of long prison sentences, while 6,864 more bought their way out of the army. Thus a total of 19,032 or 15 per cent failed utterly to appreciate the army in the terms of Secretary Weeks's description of it in his annual report: "Nowhere else can a young man be taught so well what it means to be a citizen as in the army under military instructors." The new bill supplies for a National Guard of 190,000 men (where 100,000 were deemed sufficient before the World War) and it provides training for a grand total of 500,000 men—regulars, reserves, National Guard, student and civilian attendants at training camps, etc. No less than \$2,646,000 must be spent for new airplanes and equipment, \$12,435,000 going to the air service for its routine expenses. As at present, we are to have a reserve of 80,000 officers any one of whom may be ordered to active duty—there were seventy-six such on duty last year out of the 76,923 carried on the rolls on June 30 last.

So far as the navy is concerned, some progress has been made in that the pending appropriation bill, which passed

the House on March 21, carries appropriations, direct and indirect, of \$294,442,867, or \$104,000,000 less than was recommended by the budget-makers and \$36,000,000 less than the sum voted last year. This represents the smallest appropriation for the navy since 1916, but it is none the less \$137,000,000 more than was voted in that year. It is an interesting fact that Representative French, chairman of the Subcommittee on Appropriations, declares that the Conference for Limitation of Armaments saved the American people approximately \$200,000,000, the cost of completing eleven battleships, and an annual expenditure in maintenance of from \$200,000,000 to \$250,000,000. The Navy Department is, however, urging the authorization of six 10,000-ton scout cruisers, four river gunboats, and an enlarged program for submarines. A bill to carry out the wishes of the Department has already been submitted to Congress, and if it is passed its cost must be added to the amount given above for the annual appropriation bill. The latter has been framed in accordance with the belief of the House Naval Committee that Congress wishes to maintain eighteen battleships in full commission, as well as 103 destroyers, and 84 submarines, together with many cruisers and auxiliary ships, all to be manned by an enlisted personnel of 86,000 men.

The best part of the bill is that, thanks to Representative Burns, a provision is attached requesting the President "to enter into negotiations with the governments of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan with a view to reaching an understanding or agreement relative to limiting construction of all types and sizes of subsurface and surface craft of 10,000 tons standard displacement or less, and of aircraft." That is the humane and sensible way of proceeding, but Mr. Coolidge has already let it be known that he disapproves any such proposal—he is on the side always of the big battalions. If appropriations are further to be cut public sentiment will have to bring it about, and it is high time that it expressed itself.

Still other measures looking toward the next war are pending before the House Committee on Military Affairs. These are proposals to grant to the President authority to "take the profit out of war." Mr. Bernard Baruch testifying on these measures expressed himself as favorable to anti-profiteering legislation. He would give the President power to mobilize money and industries as well as men whenever a "national emergency" arises. He believes that if the War Industries Board had been established at the outset of the war the rise in prices and the economic changes after the war would not have taken place. His proposal is essentially communistic. He would draft the entire population of both sexes, fix all prices for labor, regulate all distribution, and be absolutely despotic in his handling of the industries of the country; they would live or die or be abbreviated or expanded as the President willed. Of course, no such extraordinary power should ever be put into the hands of any man. The bills that should be passed now are entirely different ones. One should make impossible the declaring of war by the United States until a referendum of all the citizens of the country has expressed the people's mind on the issue. And the Congress should vote at once instructions to the President to move officially to bring about the outlawry of war the world over. These are matters upon which the mass of public sentiment is united; Congress would undoubtedly support the President in any such constructive steps.

Fellow-Caucasians!

WE rise in defense of the white race. It has been grossly insulted; its power and dominance have been called into question. A regrettable tendency to question Caucasian supremacy has long been manifest in this country, but it has now burst out with dangerous virulence in the once honorable State of Virginia.

The facts are these. The State of Virginia has long held it illegal for white persons and colored persons to marry. Recently this law has been enlarged and expanded. At the present moment, in the interests of something called "racial integrity," it is unlawful in that State for any white person

to marry any save a white person, or a person with no other admixture of blood than white and American Indian. For the purpose of this act, the term "white person" shall apply only to the person who has no trace whatsoever of any blood other than Caucasian; but persons who have one-sixteenth or less of the blood of the American Indian and have no other non-Caucasic blood shall be deemed to be white persons.

In order to carry out this law a State-wide system of registration has been established under the Virginia Bureau of Vital Statistics. Every man and woman and child is urged to fill out a blank giving his name and the "color" of his parents and the signature of a physician willing to witness to the truth of his statements. A misstatement is made a felony. A person need not register, but he may not obtain a marriage license unless all those facts are made known. "Japanese, Chinese, and other Mongolian and Malay races" are under the ban as well as Asiatic Indians and persons one-eighth or more American Indian.

Caucasian blood boils in our veins as we read these lines. What they mean is this: If John Aloysius Jones, free, white, and American, marries a person with the smallest imaginable fraction of any non-white racial strain—one-eighth or one-sixteenth or the square of any of these fractions all the way to infinity—his offspring will be Chinese or Negro or Hindu or Melanesian, and all the fractions of white blood put together cannot prevent it. Before the darker races the white blood surrenders. A single Chinese ancestor eight generations back in a family of Virginia merchants is more potent, more determining, than all his descendants and the persons they marry. His youngest great-great-great-great-great-great-grandchild will not be allowed to marry any Virginia grandchild of solid white ancestry.

Well, fellow-Caucasians, how about it? Are you willing to admit that all the blood of your race cannot absorb and dissolve and obliterate a single drop from another racial stock? Are you willing to believe on the contrary that that single drop will absorb, dissolve, and obliterate all the white blood that flows in your veins? Is Caucasian blood no thicker than water? Indignantly we turn to the legislators of the State of Virginia to inquire: Is one Negro or Chinese or Melanesian more potent than 16 or 32 or 64 or 4,096 white men? Is one pure white man not equal to the smallest imaginable fraction of any other kind of man?

We should be tempted, were we not law-abiding even under severe provocation, to organize a society for inter-racial marriage, to test the capacity of the white race to meet the hazards of existence on a planet like ours.

“Fixing Things Up” in Washington

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

SCANDALS abound in Washington. The worst thing about them is that they are real. There is a thoroughly discouraging abundance of thoroughly documented evidence of corruption and misuse of official influence to “fix things up” for politically influential crooks. It reaches into almost every department of the government, and it is not a matter of a few individuals—it is the atmosphere of an Administration. Daugherty, Fall, and Denby are out—but their subordinates remain, and their spirit marches on.

Take the neglected land frauds. Thousands of American farmers have been swindled out of their lifetime's savings by a group of fraudulent land companies which commanded sufficient political influence to call off investigators and stop trials. The story is coming out in a series of hearings under the chairmanship of Senator George H. Moses.

These companies elaborately advertised their desert lands in Hidalgo County, Texas, worth perhaps \$12 an acre, as an irrigated Eden in the “magic valley of the Lower Rio Grande,” yielding amazing crops of broom corn, strawberries, cantaloupes, and figs, accessible to markets, and served by regular ice, grocery, and meat deliveries. So rich, they reported, was this country that farmers might expect in a single year to harvest crops which would repay the entire purchase price of \$200 to \$800 per acre. Interested farmers were brought by salesmen to Kansas City, Missouri, loaded into personally conducted excursion trains, guarded from contact with cynical natives, and led to one or two show farms that were irrigated. There men claiming to be farmers unconnected with the land companies sang the praises of the marvelous valley; and the victims were induced to part with initial payments and to purchase land. Again and again gullible farmers sold all they had and moved their families to Texas, only to discover that they had been sold desert sand.

One of the group of Texas land companies was the Alamo Land and Sugar Company, a second was C. H. Swallow and Company, a third the Stewart Land Company. Of the first of these R. B. Creager, Republican National Committeeman for Texas, was president; in the second Creager was a partner; of the third he became receiver.

The swindled farmers naturally sought redress. In 1920 and 1921 complaints poured into the Post Office Department that the mails had been used to defraud. J. M. Donaldson, post-office inspector at Kansas City, Missouri, undertook an investigation. Thereupon, in April, 1921, Mr. Creager, together with several of his partners in the land companies, made a trip to Washington, and, in the language of the resolution which led to the present senatorial inquiry, “called on the Honorable William H. Hays, the then Postmaster General, and Honorable Harry M. Daugherty, Attorney General, for the purpose of preventing such investigations.”

Hays and Daugherty were apparently all that Committeeman Creager wished them to be; the defrauded farmers, however, were bitter and indignant. Hearing of Creager's success they drew up a petition reciting the fraudulent character of the land deals. This petition 656

farmers, each asserting himself a victim of the companies, signed. Many of these were men living in abject distress and poverty on the arid lands of the “magic valley.” Creager's influence, however, was not confined to cabinet members in Washington. The land companies induced Hood Boone, judge of the District Court of Hidalgo County, Texas, to issue an injunction restraining the farmers from mailing their petition to the Postmaster General. Fortunately the petition was already in the mails when the injunction was issued.

(How far local Texas judges go is shown by an amazing order issued by another Texas judge on January 14, 1924 [although the post-office files have for three years contained more than a thousand complaints against them, the land companies have continued merrily all this time], restraining the alleged victims of one company from making any statement, verbal, printed, or painted, charging the company with fraud or unlawful practices.)

The petition of the 656 farmers naturally alarmed Creager and his friends. Accordingly they made a second trip to Washington and apparently arranged with Daugherty and Hays to call off Donaldson and substitute the more complaisant Williamson as post-office investigator of the land cases. This arranged, Creager returned cheerfully to Lincoln, Nebraska. There was, however, some hitch. On October 24, 1921, Creager sent the following illuminating telegram to Rush D. Simmons, Will Hays's assistant in the Post Office Department:

Am informed inspector Kansas City continuing injurious activity. It was understood Williamson was to be there by this time. Inspector Williamson should go there immediately and that plan suggested should be followed, which was have entire records sent you for your personal examination and judgment meanwhile, or proceedings stopped.

Simmons was complaisant. He replied forthwith:

No investigation will be resumed at Kansas City or elsewhere before Williamson examines your Lincoln records to suit you.

Williamson was instructed to arrange to meet Creager, and after an exchange of telegrams met him, not in Kansas City, where the investigation had been conducted, but at a bank in Lincoln, Nebraska. Donaldson was recalled to Washington, but there was still difficulty at Kansas City. D. S. Shook, substituting for Simmons in the Post Office Department in Washington, sent the following clear if repetitive telegram to the chief post-office inspector at Kansas City on November 9:

Take no steps to present any evidence to the grand jury in the case of Alamo Land and Sugar Company or in any case in which R. B. Creager is interested or involving R. B. Creager in any way pending complete investigation by Inspector Williamson, who is covering all these companies including Creager, and we want no action taken at this time. So far as Stewart Land Company is concerned you are at liberty to act provided it does not involve Creager or Creager's companies and if it does do not act because no action in these matters must be taken until after Inspector Williamson completes his investigation and has submitted his report.

This might seem to have left Stewart out in the cold. He was indicted, but his friend Creager was, on January 7, 1922, appointed receiver for the Stewart companies in Texas. "Before his trial and conviction," again to quote the Senate resolution, "the major portion of his holdings, amounting to more than \$5,000,000, which he was convicted of obtaining through fraud and misrepresentation, was by him transferred without consideration to relatives and friends." The case dragged through 1922; early in 1923 trial seemed imminent. In January, 1923, Stewart, together with his attorney, David M. Proctor, a Kansas State Senator, and the district attorney who was supposed to prosecute him, came to Washington to see Attorney General Daugherty. Upon his return to Kansas City Stewart boasted so loudly that he had "fixed" things up that the Kansas City *Star* heard of the boasts and printed them. District Attorney Madison thereupon wrote to Daugherty, on January 11, reporting the *Star's* exposure and the difficulty of the situation. The judge, it seems, had, in view of the publicity, refused, in his own delectable language, to "be made the goat of," and unless the Department of Justice would give him explicit instructions he would not grant a continuance. Senator Proctor communicated with his friend Senator Bursum in Washington and Bursum apparently consulted Daugherty. At any rate Proctor wired Bursum, on January 16, 1923, as follows:

Wires received. Court advises us that district attorney's office has not called to his attention communications from Department of Justice that a continuance in this case by reason of my membership in the State Senate would be agreeable. Court intimated that communication on direct [sic] from the Department of Justice to the court indicating their attitude would be welcome. Please get in touch with Mr. Martin and suggest this action if possible. I am the sole counsel for one of the defendants. Trial of case before March 15 will embarrass me beyond measure and will be hurtful to the interest of my client.

Senator Bursum characteristically sent the telegram, with a request to "fix this matter up," to W. F. Martin, Special Assistant to the Attorney General, the only other person present in the Daugherty apartment the night that Jesse Smith shot himself there four months later. Martin replied in a long letter, the essential passages of which follow:

We received information from Kansas City that Mr. Stewart upon his return to Kansas City boastfully circulated the report that through influences he had succeeded in securing a continuance in this case, and wide publicity was given to the same. . . .

You can understand and appreciate that the Department could not interfere in the presentation and prosecution of cases when they are in the status as this case is. . . .

We would be very glad indeed to accommodate Mr. Proctor in this matter, but we are sure you will appreciate that we have done as much as is within our power.

The *Star* having thus made it impossible to "fix this matter up," Stewart was tried and convicted. Creager, however, went scot-free. He is still so free that, just before the introduction of the Senate resolution, it was expected that President Coolidge would appoint him Ambassador to Mexico. The thousands of fleeced farmers have no redress; the frauds continue.

Hays and Daugherty are out of office, but their subordinates remain. The system of "fixing things up" continues. We are still in normalcy.

Farmer-Labor's Rise: A New Phase

By M. H. HEDGES

FARMER-LABOR Party politics has entered a new phase. In a national conference bringing delegates from eight States to St. Paul on March 10 and 11, party tactics and not controversial conceptions and objectives occupied the fifty delegates. In the three important Minnesota State conventions held in Minneapolis and St. Cloud immediately following—one a constitutional convention—tactics and strategy again held the center of the stage. To liberals everywhere this fact is too significant for comment. What appears to be in prospect is a coalition labor party including the liberal and radical groups of the country.

Here is what the conventions did: Set June 17 instead of May 30 as the date of the Farmer-Labor national convention in St. Paul, this out of deference to Senator R. M. La Follette; started a boom for Senator La Follette for President; adopted a call without debate and a platform without debate that virtually embodies the doctrines of all liberals and radicals current since the war; voted by a small minority after an acrimonious attack on the Communists to include the Workers Party in the June 17 conference; adopted a constitution and by-laws for the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Federation that is counted a working model for the national party now in the process of formation.

The national platform provides for public ownership of railroads, governmental banking, government control of natural resources, restoration of all civil liberties, and abolition of the injunction in labor disputes. The shadow of the Teapot Dome scandals, the "injunction of the infamous Daugherty against the railroad shop workers," the bankruptcy of Western farmers, and the impending breakup of two old parties fell across every session.

Who remembers the first national conference of third-party liberals and radicals held in St. Louis at the Hotel Statler in 1919? Here were gathered every brand of "ism" incarnate. Emotions, indignations, enthusiasms, and ardors marked every session. Just fresh from an injunction suit brought by the American Legion to prevent the holding of the convention, the victorious members were more interested in principles than in strategy; utopianism prevailed. Two incidents reveal the temper of that gathering. A red velvet chair looking more like a throne than a piece of furniture stood in the corridor adjacent to the convention room. It bore an inscription: "The King of Belgium sat in this chair during a banquet held at the Hotel Statler" on such and such a date. It was not long before this inscription was superseded by another: "A Nonpartisan Leaguer from North Dakota sat in this chair at the national conference of the Committee of 48." During the course of the sessions it was discovered that no American flag was hung behind the chairman's desk. One was sent for, and a workman in blue overalls appeared with flag, hammer, and tacks, in the midst of a solemn debate. Some one shouted: "Let the convention salute the true upholder of the flag, the American workingman," and instantly pandemonium broke loose. No business was transacted for almost an hour.

At the St. Paul conference no person who had attended the 1919 conference at St. Louis was present. Instead of in a palatial hotel the delegates met in the bare assembly hall of

the St. Paul Trades and Labor assembly. Instead of philosophic liberals, hard-headed trade-union statesmen and business-like farmers participated, as they said, in order to protect their economic interest. William Mahoney, gray-haired, bespectacled, slight, and dominantly intellectual, St. Paul labor leader, survivor of thirty years of trade-union battles, presided. John Manly, structural ironworker, Celtic in spirit and strategy, but obdurately hard in debate and battle; R. F. Buck, Chicago trade unionist, gentle and subtle in controversy; Dad Walker, North Dakota, one of the emballoted farmers, and others like them. "We are here," Manly said, "not to unite on a basic philosophy but on our common economic grievances." His words were echoed throughout the session.

John F. Sinclair, returned from Washington, presented Senator La Follette's name to the convention. It was received with spirited but intelligent applause. There was no evangelical emotion, nor effort to stampede the delegates. Mr. Manly, representing the extreme left, then arose and acknowledged allegiance to Mr. La Follette. He said that the left recognized the value of La Follette's record in Congress, and the tremendous hold that he had upon the American masses, and that he considered him the best available candidate. When it came therefore to the question of the change of date of the proposed national conference from May 30 to a time just following the Republican convention and just before the Democratic, it was necessary for the members of the Workers Party, which Manly represented, to modify their stand. They had previously stood by the May 30 date on the ground that it was more essential to preserve party integrity than to follow after the old party meetings or to build the movement round any one candidate.

It should be set down that the most inflexible and extreme opinion represented at the convention was not by members of the Workers Party but by the farmers present. They opposed the change of date from May 30 to June 17 on the ground that the rank and file in the Western States would lose confidence in a party with a vacillating policy, and they held out for a policy placing party above candidate. They were won over by the younger and more flexible left.

The real battle of the conference raged round the question of representation at the coming national conference. Before the smoke cleared away it was evident that the issue was whether the Workers Party should be admitted to the conference as a party at all. W. E. Rodriguez, Chicago attorney, led the fight against the Communists. He read from the *Daily Worker*, organ of the Workers Party, excerpts seeking to show that the Communists held Senators La Follette, Shipstead, and Magnus Johnson in contempt as representatives of the small business man and the landed farmer; that the real aim of the Workers Party was to destroy democratic parliamentarism and to set up the soviet form of government; that the Workers Party espoused force rather than law and order; and that inclusion of this element in the convention would frighten away conservative votes.

Delegates J. L. Green, Nebraska farmer, Alice Lorraine Daly, South Dakota school-teacher, and William Bouck, Washington farmer, opposed this view. They declared that it was not fair play or good strategy to exclude any group of workers who would accept the party's platform and candidate. When the vote was taken two-thirds of the delegates cast their vote for inclusion rather than exclusion.

Adoption of this policy provided for sending the party call not only to the Workers Party but to the National Socialist Party, the Committee of 48, the Farmer-Labor Party of the United States, and the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. Mr. Rodriguez refused thereafter to sign the call, as did representatives of the Equity Committee of the District of Columbia and the Farmer-Labor Party of the United States.

Other than on this point, there was no strife in the convention. What concerned party leaders more was the welding of the various fighting units of the movement into an actual party. It must be remembered that the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota is in the anomalous position of being a legal entity before it is a fighting unity. By reason of its senatorial victories in the State it has been recognized in law as a party, but in fact it is only a coalition formed of various organizations of varying hues of political faith. Leaders have begun the task of making it a party in actuality.

When five hundred trade unionists met in Richmond Hall, Minneapolis, and indorsed the constitution creating the Farmer-Labor Federation; and later when the Non-partisan League in convention adopted the same plan with certain modifications, a new party was born. The plan of organization is designed to be a model for a national party. It makes economic groups the real basis for political organization. Trade unions, farmers' economic organizations and cooperative societies, associations of men and women, professional and otherwise, are to become the locals forming the political party. For it must be remembered that the workers have seen other third-party movements rise and be absorbed into thin air or into old parties and they do not propose, they say, to lose this one the same way. The fighting heart of the political movement is to be militant economic groups.

A Boy's Tent

By MALLEVILLE HALLER

Slowly and steadily, yellow, red, brown,
In the clear autumn sunlight, the leaves clicked down,
Circled and drifted, yellow, brown, red,
And clicked against the canvas that had sheltered his bed.

Day followed day and autumn drifted past.
In the early winter storms the tent held fast.
Snow swirled over and snow silted in
Across the board floor where his bare feet had been.

Bleached by the sun and rotted by the rain,
Fifty times frozen and thawed again.
Taut in the rain and slackened in the sun,
The guy ropes parted, one after one.

One wild winter night, with a great roaring rent,
The wind burst the roof. The whole thing went
Over in the snow. Would you know it for a tent,
This wreck of rope and canvas that the spring sun lifts
From the soiled shrinking snow of rotten March drifts?

Could you believe that this gray heap had
Given safe summer shelter to a little bronzed lad?

Set the Children Free

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE well-fed gentleman in the smoking compartment of the Chicago Pullman borrowed a match and lit his perfecto. And then, expanding with satisfaction at the thought of the excellent meal that he had just consumed in the diner, he grew friendly. Was I traveling on business? Had I been west of the Mississippi before? What was my line? Groceries? Hardware?

"Child labor?" he asked with a puzzled frown after I had explained my mission. "Why, there isn't any child labor in the United States any more. Not to speak of, anyway. Why, we've gone to the other extreme. It's a good thing for kids to know how to work. The trouble with the younger generation today is that they've never had to work at all. My boy ain't worth his salt. And my daughter? Why, all she thinks of is jazz and new clothes!"

My friend of the Pullman, as I later learned, was a fairly typical American citizen. Perhaps that is why Congress has been so slow in taking the first step which will bring about federal control of child labor. A resolution to amend the Constitution so that Congress may pass remedial legislation has just been reported to the House after lying locked in committee for months. No one of influence has cared seriously about the matter; no one, that is, except the industries in all parts of the country which benefit from the labor of boys and girls of almost every age.

For despite my well-fed friend there is a great deal of child labor in the United States. Statistics are dull affairs, but the census of 1920 set forth that 1,060,858 children between the ages of ten and fifteen were employed in "gainful occupations." Which means that they work to the exclusion of the schooling and the recreation supposed to be the birthright of the boys and girls of America.

The total number of child workers is not known. The census of 1920 took no account of those *under ten*. Thousands of eight- and nine-year-olds—not listed by the census—work in the beet fields of the West, in the canneries of the South, and in the tenements of New York and other large cities. The census was taken at a time when many forms of commercialized agriculture, now using children, were not functioning. It was taken, moreover, when the second federal child-labor law, later declared unconstitutional, was acting as a bar to the exploitation of children. But even the census figures show an appalling problem. A million children between ten and fifteen means that one child out of every twelve in this age group has become a wage-earning unit.

America often boasts of her idealism. But the United States today is far behind most of the other nations as far as child labor is concerned. Somewhat to the surprise of a group of social workers who had gone to Washington to attend a hearing of the Senate Judiciary Committee in January, 1923, this was brought out by Albert Thomas, director of the Bureau of International Labor, established at Geneva by the Treaty of Versailles. M. Thomas, polite and anxious to avoid offending his American friends, told of efforts to obtain ratification of a treaty which would bar night work for persons under eighteen and put into effect a minimum-labor age of fourteen. He said that many

nations had signed the agreement. Then he continued:

But we have another category of countries, those countries which now are hesitating before ratification. And many countries in such shape, I may confess, emulate the example of the United States and say: "The greatest country of the world, the greatest industrial nation, has not yet joined in the protection of children."

On two occasions the United States, as a nation, did join in the protection of her boys and girls. Two federal laws were passed, one in 1916 and the other three years later, which gave Congress power to enforce certain standards. But the Supreme Court found that both laws were unconstitutional. Now only eighteen out of forty-eight States have local measures which meet these standards. In the rest of the States the fight against child labor is a losing one. The boys and girls are more and more going back to work or are laboring for longer hours.

Even a superficial study of child labor in the United States today brings out very clearly just how widespread is the evil. Dull statistics? This army of more than 1,000,000 ten- to fifteen-year-olds and the countless thousands under ten, has a far-flung battle line. Children are at work, for instance, in the shadow of the snow-capped Rocky Mountains. They labor down where balmy breezes are supposed to blow in from the Gulf of Mexico. In the cotton mills of Dixie and in the cotton mills of the North. Thousands of them work in the tenements of the big cities and not a few in the coal breakers of Pennsylvania. And then, of course, there are offices and stores and factories of every description from coast to coast where many a thin pay envelope is handed to youngsters who must stand on their tip-toes to reach the window of the cashier.

Take the beet-sugar industry, for instance. The cultivation of sugar beets is peculiarly suited to the exploitation of children because the children of the beet fields work in the open air it is more than difficult for those who have investigated the matter to arouse much interest in the problem. It is one of the worst forms of industrialized agriculture, however. Boys and girls as young as six work for thirteen and fourteen hours a day lifting hundreds of pounds of beets. The work is closely supervised by "field bosses" employed by the sugar companies which buy the beets from the farmers and convert them into sugar. Scottsbluff, Nebraska, and its vicinity is an excellent place to observe children at work in these "factories without roofs."

Although Scottsbluff has been heard of but rarely in the East, it is a prosperous and booming town, none the less. Its prosperity is due to the cultivation of sugar beets and not a little to the work of the children who are employed in the industry. Two companies, the Great Western Sugar Company and the American Sugar Company, virtually control the fertile valley of the Platte River which runs east, through the State of Nebraska for a distance of 350 miles from the boundary of Wyoming. It is in this valley, through irrigation, that beets are grown.

A dozen different roads radiate from Scottsbluff. It is along these roads, in the early dawn and even while it is still quite dark, that the children of the beet fields go forth

for their day's work. I saw them in November when the frost lay thick on the prairies and when the harvest was at its height. But the work had been going on since April, steadily and monotonously.

The harvest is probably the most bitter time of all. It is then that the children must pull the heavy beets from the ground, stooping until their backs ache and pulling until their wrists are weary. After the beets have been pulled the tops are sliced off with a sharp knife. Then the beets are piled into carts and hauled to a nearby factory. Sugar beets are heavy. A child of eleven or twelve years often lifts a total of several tons a day!

Scottsbluff is merely typical of many other places. The northeastern part of Colorado has conditions which are virtually the same. Michigan grows vast quantities of beets in the fertile Thumb Valley in the northern part of the State. In each case it is an industry organized upon the theory that the hand labor is cheap labor. The head of the family must call upon his wife and his children in order to make a living wage. Schools and recreation are virtually unknown. Thousands of these boys and girls are physically defective. But Colorado and Nebraska and Michigan are but little concerned. Their lawmakers do nothing at all. Are not these people merely "beet hunkies"?

And then there is the South. Many of the Southern States, on the basis of present conditions, have been unjustly condemned. One has to search for exploitation as fearful as in the beet fields of the West. But it is bad enough. Mississippi, for instance, with 25.5 per cent of her children from ten to fifteen years old at work, has 9.3 per cent of the same age group unable to read or write. And Mississippi has but a single labor inspector with an appropriation of \$5,500 a year although she spends ten times that amount on her cattle. It is because of this that small children stand on boxes at Biloxi, Mississippi, in order to reach the tables where shrimp and oysters are being canned. Biloxi boasts of an excellent climate but it is not warm and mild in the open cannery sheds with the wind sweeping in from the gulf and the rain leaking through the chinks in the roofs. The State law forbids the work of children but the single factory inspector admits that his task is hopeless.

Children of eight and nine no longer work in the textile mills of the South. The manufacturers, for the most part, will assure you that they "think child labor wrong." Some of them will admit that infant labor did not pay. It was driven out, never to return, by the first federal law and even by State laws which were passed before the federal statute. And yet the South is bitterly opposed to the passage of an amendment to the Constitution controlling child labor. "State rights" is still effective as a war cry. But now and then one again finds a frank manufacturer who says that child labor is still very valuable in the South.

First of all the army of child laborers forms a club to be used against labor agitators. There is ever a surplus supply which can be called upon when needed. State laws, in the cases where the work of very young children is prohibited, can easily be amended in time of need. And probably of even greater importance is the necessity of training children in the work of the mills while they are still young and before they have had a chance to learn that other trades and other means of livelihood lie beyond the horizon.

"Get them in the mills while they're young or you don't get them at all. Sixteen is pretty old to begin training mill workers." So one mill owner told me. Preserve this labor

supply and the South has a great advantage. At the present time a father in the mills assumes that his daughter and his son will follow in his footsteps. The daughter will marry a millhand and will produce another generation of Anglo-Saxon workers who, in their turn, will watch the spindles which roar and hum throughout the night.

Georgia's law permits girls of fourteen to work all night. Mississippi sanctions work for boys of twelve. More than 15,000 boys and girls of fourteen to sixteen are working from ten to eleven hours a day except in Alabama where an eight-hour law is in effect. In North Carolina the labor of convicts in the State prisons are limited to nine. But boys and girls may and do work in the mills for ten and eleven hours.

At Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, a small boy was lounging near one of the many coal breakers that dot the hillsides of this anthracite district. His face was very dirty, with the grime of coal dust and he appeared to be about twelve years old. But when he was questioned as to his age he lit a cigarette with all the airs of complete maturity and insisted that he was sixteen.

"Sixteen hell!" remarked a coal miner who happened to be passing. "That kid's twelve. Don't let him kid you. These boys lie like the devil to get into the breakers because the company won't take 'em unless they've got proof that they're sixteen."

But "proof," in the State of Pennsylvania, is easy to get. Dr. Royal Meeker, secretary of the Department of Labor and Industry at Harrisburg, explained that with all of the duties that had been heaped upon his department it was virtually impossible to enforce the law effectively. Almost any old proof is enough as far as the boys of the breakers are concerned. A thousand different school officials may issue certificates. Baptismal records are accepted and even the affidavits of the parents of the boys. The sixteen-year-old breaker boys of the Pennsylvania mines are strangely dwarfed. But none of them worked when the federal law was in force!

Then there is tenement home work. New York City is by far the worst example with thousands of boys and girls, some of them as young as two and three years old, making artificial flowers, sewing on garments, making cheap toys, and doing a number of other tedious and menial jobs. The State, in a sense, sanctions this work because it licenses tenements for home employment and does not employ sufficient inspectors to see that the child-labor laws are obeyed.

Will the passage of the federal amendment cure these evils? Not entirely. Child labor must be controlled locally, to a certain extent. After work has been forbidden the community must furnish schools and recreation. Otherwise the argument that children are better off at work than running idle in the streets is a very valid one. But federal control will do one thing. It will remove the unfair advantage now held by the States whose child-labor standards are low. It will act, as it has done in the past, as a stimulus to awakened interest in the problems of the children.

The provisions of the two laws upset by the Supreme Court were simple. They provided a basic minimum age of fourteen in canneries and factories, sixteen in mines, and prohibited night work or a longer day than one of eight hours. In the event that the resolution back of the amendment is passed and sufficient States ratify the measure, it is probable that the first law will be almost identical with those of 1916 and 1919. Surely it is little enough to ask.

Progressivism and the Third Party

Bulletin from One of the Chief Progressive Headquarters of 1924

ON the 4th of July the Conference for Progressive Political Action will bring together at Cleveland, Ohio, a large and highly important gathering of "progressives" representing officially virtually all of the railroad trade unions and numerous other trade unions also. This gathering will further include a representation—again official—from the Socialist Party and from certain strong organizations of farmers. It will be the largest and strongest effort so far made in the United States to initiate a movement corresponding—in American circumstances and with American differences—to the British Labor Party.

The Conference for Progressive Political Action, as befits a national political organization, has a national committee. From certain members of this committee answers have been received to William Hard's prize-contest question: "What is 'Progressivism'?" These answers *The Nation* herewith presents to the consideration of its readers.

From the Farmers' Union of Oklahoma:

SIR: Progressivism requires that industry shall be run for service to the many rather than for profit to the few and that the natural resources of the country shall be held for the use and benefit of all of the people rather than for exploitation by individuals. A progressive is not a socialist, who believes that these ends shall be reached through governmental function entirely. He is a co-operator who would solve most of the ills of society through business cooperatives. He nevertheless would probably advocate government ownership and operation of some of the essential industries.

J. B. LAUGHLIN, Bokchito, Oklahoma

From the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor:

DEAR MR. HARD: In the business world men like Ford are progressive as business men while men like Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad are not. Ford's enterprises emerged from a rattling tin can, while on the other hand the Pennsylvania Railroad is degenerating into a tin can. To be a progressive in public life one must be free from entanglements. One must be a graduate from the school of experience. One must serve the interests of the great wealth-producing majority instead of those of the exploiting minority. One must have, above all, the courage of one's convictions. If a man fulfils all these requirements, he may be branded as a dangerous radical, but nevertheless he would be only a progressive.

JAMES H. MAURER, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

From the Nonpartisan League of South Dakota:

DEAR MR. HARD: Progressivism is that rare attitude of mind which compels the individual possessed of it to the service of truth. Progressivism ignores conventions; laughs at the ridiculous conformity of the unthinking; despises subsidized newspapers, schools, clubs, churches, and officials; hates shams of all kinds. The progressive individual, as a consequence of his revulsion toward existing conditions and accepted standards, makes life's journey alone, misunderstood by the masses and despised by those who reap the richest harvest from the established order. The blood from the wounds of the "progressive" has marked the trail on which mankind has climbed to what it is today.

ALICE LORRAINE DALY, Mitchell, South Dakota

From *Labor*, the official paper of the American Railroad Trade Unions:

MY DEAR HARD: A progressive is a man who approaches every industrial and political issue from the point of view of the public interest and with a sincere desire to ease the burdens of the men and women who toil. To my mind La Follette is the finest example of progressive statesmanship that we have been privileged to observe in our day. You and I know that in nine cases out of ten we can forecast the position of the great Wisconsin Senator on any issue without taking the trouble to consult him. That is because you and I know that he will seek the people's side of the issue and that his experience and intelligence will enable him to hit the bull's-eye in 90 per cent of the cases.

EDWARD KEATING,
Manager of *Labor*, Washington, D. C.

From the first Nonpartisan Leaguer elected to Congress:

DEAR MR. HARD: No better definition of progressivism could be found than that made by the new Premier of Great Britain, Ramsay MacDonald, in his victory speech in Albert Hall on January 8, 1924. He said: "One step at a time, but every step leading to the next."

JOHN M. BAER, Washington, D. C.

From the Farmers' National Council:

DEAR MR. HARD: Progressivism is the attitude of mind which leads people to consider all subjects with an open mind, proving all things and holding fast that which is good, whether it be in the economic, political, religious, or philosophical field. Progressivism is usually an acquired instead of an innate characteristic. It is useful as a balance wheel, but it is not a dynamo, for it is not usually based upon overwhelming conviction on any subject. It is merely an attitude of mind. When you ask me—if you ever do—to define what my idea is of what America must do to be saved, I will do it; but I believe the first essential is progressivism, which means the ability to put yourself into the other fellow's shoes.

BENJAMIN MARSH, Washington, D. C.

From the Nonpartisan League of Montana:

DEAR MR. HARD: A progressive is one who recognizes the fact that the past does not fit the present and that the present will not fit the future. He is one who advocates such changes in our social and economic structure as will best serve the interests of a majority of the people now and present the least resistance to ready adjustments to meet coming needs in the future. He is one who is always ready to take one constructive step forward, even if he cannot go the whole distance. He is one who stands on the past that he may reach farther into the future, but does not try to take the past with him.

D. C. DORMAN, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Hard forwards these letters to *The Nation* with the remark:

It seems fairly clear that the members of the Conference for Progressive Political Action, who will perhaps start a new independent political movement this summer, resemble the managers of our old parties in at least one respect. Confronted with political responsibility, they reserve to themselves in their preliminary communications and observations a complete liberty of choice as to the specific propositions which they will put into their platform. This is perhaps, from the standpoint of the practical success of their new movement, a happy omen.

America in Polynesia*

By PADRAIC COLUM

III. Polynesian Romance

IN the Hawaiian Islands conditions are lamentably like those in certain European countries where separate and interesting cultures are being pushed aside by a culture that is politically and commercially important. In Hawaii there is a great breach in the native tradition, although not nearly as great a breach as there is in present-day Ireland in the Gaelic tradition. I have been in houses where the grandfather or grandmother knew traditional Hawaiian poems (*mele*) and could chant them in the traditional way, while a son or daughter would be able to translate them, but not able to chant them, and a grandchild would be able neither to chant the poems nor translate them. Once in such a house I went over to see what a little girl, the granddaughter of a lady who had chanted *mele* to me for about an hour, was studying. This child had not allowed herself to be interrupted either by the chanting of her grandmother or by the translating that her father did for me; she was bent on mastering a lesson in a book that she kept before her—an American school geography. "Stockholm is the capital of Sweden, Vienna is the capital of Austria," was one of the items that kept her absorbed.

I heard many native stories told, some by men, some by women. One of the best story-tellers I came across was a young man whom I met on the island of Molokai. His father was Chinese and he had learned the stories from his grandmother. He told me several. One of them was a story that the Rev. Mr. Ellis notes as having heard on his tour of the islands just a hundred years ago—the story of the rescue of Hina by her son Kana. I discovered that of the stories I knew already from the excellent Fornander Collection of Hawaiian Antiquities and Folk-lore, few lived in the memory of the generation at present in the islands. On the island of Maui I met a distinguished lady who had been at the court of King Kalakaua and who, in her youth, had been a trained story-teller. She tried to give me some of the stories that belonged to her repertoire. But no sooner had she begun than she declared she was no longer familiar with the language in which the stories were told—the stories she had been trained to tell were in the idiom of the *Alii*, or the chiefs, an idiom that she had not used since her days at court.

What impressed me most in these recitals was the gesture of the story-teller. Every feature, every finger of the man or woman becomes alive, becomes dramatic, as the recital is begun. The gesture of the Hawaiian makes the telling of his story a dramatic entertainment. Scholars have written of the long and monotonous stories told in the old days in Hawaii. The stories were long, but the gesture of the story-teller must have saved them from monotony. I was made to recall again and again that description in Melville's "Typee" of how a genial Marquesan youth entertained the mariner merely by the pantomime he made of getting cocoanuts from a tree. It is a description that gives the spirit in which the unspoiled Polynesian drama-

tizes his moods and his reactions. Imagine such spontaneous gesture applied to the telling of a story, every incident of which gives rise to gesture. But the gesture in the story recital was not merely spontaneous; it was trained, as was the gesture of the *hula* or Polynesian ballet. This unconstrained, dramatic movement is now being lost. There is no longer a school for gesture in the *hula*. And the Hawaiian is checking his impulse toward gesture. It used to be said "Tie an Hawaiian's hands and he can't talk." The older men and women still have that wonderful command of their features and hands—a command that made them the greatest ballet-performers that the world, I believe, has ever had—but the younger generation feel that to use gesture is to be rustic—to be "Kanaka."

There is still among the Hawaiians who live in the old Polynesian way, in villages along the beaches, with the taro-patches near, a great treasury of poetry and native lore. But the newspaper and the victrola are taking up the time and the interest that used to be devoted to poetry, traditional games, riddles, and the like. I have been in cottages where the people still sit and lie on their mats on the floor, ignoring tables, chairs, and beds, and where they eat with their fingers, lifting the *poi* out of the common bowl. In such houses I have found real scholarship, a delight in poetry, and a possession of such a quantity of it as would shame a cultivated American, Englishman, or Frenchman. But even in such houses I was aware that the tradition was passing. Sitting on the floor around a petroleum lamp, also on the floor, I have spelled out news items in an Hawaiian newspaper that told of the French in the Ruhr and preparations for elections in Ireland.

The world surges in on the Hawaiian Islands. And the Hawaiian can no longer give himself solely to the tradition that bound him to the valleys and mountains, and that knit him to Wakea and Papa, who begat and brought forth the islands and the men and women upon them. That separate tradition which for thousands of years he lived by is being broken up as the surge breaks up the lava on his coast.

The Fornander Collection of Hawaiian Antiquities and Folk-lore forms volumes four, five, and six of the Memoirs of the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum of Honolulu. The scholar whose name the collection takes was Abraham Fornander, the author of "The Polynesian Race." He lived on the islands for over forty years. He edited a journal called the *Polynesian*, and he was superintendent of public instruction on the islands in 1863-1866. He had married an Hawaiian woman, and he was a strong partisan for the native race. At that time there was considerable native scholarship. S. N. Haleole, who made an attempt to found a native literature with his romance "Laielkawai," was writing and publishing. The Mission School in Lahaina-luna on the island of Maui had become a sort of Hawaiian university. Abraham Fornander had the good sense to appeal to native scholars, and he was able to get the best of them to interest themselves in his project for collecting all the native lore that could throw a light on the migrations

* This is the concluding article on the general subject of America in Polynesia. The first, *Where Sugar Is King*, was published in *The Nation* of February 6; the second, *Hawaiian Village Life*, in *The Nation* of March 5.

of the Polynesian people. The Hawaiian monarchy was then in undisputed existence; native institutions were still vigorous; everywhere there were men and women whose memories were stocked with the historical traditions and the romances of Hawaii.

With the help of a corps of native scholars a great deal of the surviving tradition of Hawaii was collected by Fornander. Some of it was published in the Hawaiian newspapers of the time, but no extensive publication was given to it. The manuscripts were kept together; then, on the death of Abraham Fornander in 1867, the collection was acquired by Charles R. Bishop, the husband of Bernice Pauahi, a member of the Hawaiian royalty, whose estate went to the foundation of the Museum of Polynesian Ethnology in Honolulu. Forty years after it had been got together the publication of the material was begun by the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum. Although the stories are described in the Museum publications as folk-lore I doubted from the time of my first reading of them that they were folk-lore in the strict sense of the word, that is, I doubted their coming out of an unlearned and popular tradition. The greater number of them seemed to me to be deliberate compositions intended for a rather select audience. And then I found a great master of Hawaiian tradition, Mr. William Hyde Rice, advancing exactly this opinion:

There were bards and story-tellers, either itinerant or attached to the courts of the chiefs, similar to the minstrels and tale-tellers of medieval Europe. These men formed a distinct class, and lived only at the courts of the high chiefs. Accordingly, their stories were heard by none except those people attached to the service of the chiefs.

This traditional literature is based on material common to the whole Polynesian area. "We find," says Miss Martha Warren Beckwith, in her valuable introduction to "The Romance of Lailikawai," "the same story told in New Zealand and Hawaii, scarcely changed, even in name."

The Polynesians, so like us physically, have in their romances none of the familiar veins that one can discover in, let us say, the folk-tales of the darker peoples in the lands around India. You will not find in their romance that widespread story of the young man who comes seeking a king's or an enchanter's daughter and who has to perform a certain number of tasks to win her. You will not find the story of the child who is hidden away and who comes back a triumphant hero to the land that his father had ruled over. In Polynesia we find no romance based on formulae familiar to us. Only occasionally does a helping creature appear. There are practically no animal stories, for the sufficient reason that the Polynesian did not have opportunities for forming a wide animal acquaintanceship; he brought the pig and the dog to the islands with him, and the shark and the turtle, the owl and the plover were the only creatures that he had even a curiosity about. Even the way of counting things is changed when we get into Polynesian romance: instead of three, seven, and nine, we have four, eight, and sixteen for the cabalistic numbers.

And yet, as all human desire is the same and as human mentality compels a certain likeness of incident, and since there seem to be patterns in incident that all human beings find it delightful to work out, the Polynesian stories have the elements and the combination of elements that make fine narrative. Often the Polynesian story-teller rediscovered a formula that we have used to make a memorable

tale. Thus one story in the Fornander Collection will recall the Cinderella story and another will recall the stories of men who have traveled far and have returned to their own land—Odysseus or Oisín or Rip Van Winkle. In the folk-romance and in the mythological stories of Europe there are places that may not be entered, and there are women whom a man must not approach. There is Blue Beard's chamber, there is Danaë, and there is the Eithlinn of Celtic mythology. Polynesian romance also has places that may not be entered and women who must not be approached by men. And it has them in almost every story. Indeed, without the guarded maiden and the forbidden place a Polynesian story-teller would find it difficult to carry on. And when he was dealing with one or the other we know he was dealing with the life that was around him: the place was tapu, the maiden was tapu. And the place or the maiden was tapu simply because a king or a chief with the privilege of declaring tapu had so declared it.*

When we read certain of the Polynesian stories we can easily see how, as the simplicity of tapu was forgotten, the maiden would be given a fantastic security like Danaë in her brazen tower or like Eithlinn in her inaccessible island, and we can see how a motive would be manufactured for keeping the maiden apart: Danaë's son and Eithlinn's son are destined to slay their grandfathers. Every race has had tapu. But the Polynesians held to it and made it their single discipline. In their stories we are at the very beginning of a romance that for Europeans has grown to be fraught with magic and mystery.

The bulk of Hawaiian romance consists of stories about the demi-gods—the *kupua*—beings descended from the gods or adopted or endowed by them. But these legendary tales reflect actual Polynesian conditions. Says Miss Beckwith:

Gods and men are, in fact, to the Polynesian mind, one family under different forms, the gods having superior control over certain phenomena, a control which they can impart to their offspring on earth. . . . The supernatural blends with the natural in exactly the same way as to the Polynesian mind gods relate themselves to men, facts about one being regarded as, even though removed to the heavens, quite as objective as those which belong to the other, and being employed to explain social customs and physical appearances in actual experience.

In Hawaiian romance there is a feeling that is rare in any body of popular European romance—a feeling for the beauty of nature, for flowers and trees, the aspect of the clouds, the look of the sea, the sight of mountains, a feeling for the beauty of the rainbow and the waterfall. And there are special words in Hawaiian—in the literary language—for aspects of nature that are hardly perceptible to us. To be true in any measure to the originals the retelling of Hawaiian stories should have in them the rainbow and the waterfall, the volcano, the forest, the surf as it foams over the reefs of coral. In the *hula* and in the poetry that is related to the *hula*, there is always an idyllic feeling. This feeling pervades Hawaiian romance also. The scene of many of the stories, when not laid in lands that are frankly mythical, is laid in an Hawaiian Arcadia. These lands of Hawaiian story are indeed memorable—*Kuai-he-lani*, the Country that Supports the Heavens, and *Paliuli*, the easeful land that the gods have since hidden.

* Written "kapu" in Hawaiian and "taboo" by the mariners who came first among the Polynesians. Tapu is the preferred form. Its meaning is not merely "forbidden"; the word means "sacred," "inviolable," "belonging to the gods."

Who would not roam through them with those who first told of them and those who first heard of them—the gracious and vivid children of Wakea and Papa?

The most famous of Hawaiian stories is the one that recounts the adventures of Aukele. Like most of the heroes of Polynesian romance Aukele is really a demi-god. His father rules over Ku-ai-he-lani, and he is the youngest of his family.

His brothers are jealous of Aukele and they plot against him. There is a lizard-grandmother who lives at the bottom of a cave; they throw Aukele down to her in the belief that she will destroy the stranger. But she recognizes him as her grandson and she gives him her magical possessions—a god (man makes his gods in Polynesia), a leaf that will allay hunger and thirst, an ax and a knife, her own tail, which has the strength of her body; her feather skirt, and a standard the shaking of which will reduce his enemies to ashes. With these possessions Aukele joins his brothers on one of those voyages which for the Hawaiian story-teller must be a reminiscence of the great voyages which led to the dispersal of the Polynesian people and the discovery of the far-flung islands. The food gives out, but Aukele keeps his brothers alive with the magical leaf. They come to a land that is ruled over by an enchantress-queen, and the recklessness of the brothers causes the destruction of themselves with their ship. Aukele, warned by his god, escapes; prompted by the god he is able to tell the queen's attendants and the queen's brothers their names, and this overwhelms them with fear and confusion. Ultimately he marries the queen, who has the moon for her grandfather and the thunder-and-lightning bolt for her uncle. She teaches Aukele all her magical science.

After that the hero starts on the quest that is distinctively Polynesian, the quest for the Water of Life Everlasting, the Water of Kane, for he wants to bring his brothers back to life. On his first journey he falls into space and he has to cling to the moon for support. He starts off again and this time he reaches the deep pit at the bottom of which is the Water of Life Everlasting. He secures some of it, but is pursued by the guardian of the water; for a year and six months he is pursued, but at last he wins back to his wife's country, and with the water he restores his brothers to life.

Then Aukele gives up to his brothers not only his possessions but his wife and he lives as a humble fisherman. He meets Pele and her sister and there is a love affair between the man and the two women. The queen discovers it and drives Aukele from her country. He is longing now to see his own country again and he goes back to Ku-ai-he-lani. There is no trace of his father there nor of the places he knew. He descends into the cave to speak with his lizard-grandmother. She is there, but she is partly overgrown with coral. Time has destroyed all and has left the returned hero alone. There is a solemnity in the end of this famous story that is rare in Polynesian romance. It makes one think of that chant that Melville heard the aged Tahitians give "in a low, sad tone":

A harree ta fow,
A toro ta farraro,
A now ta tararta.
The palm-tree shall grow,
The coral shall spread,
But man shall cease.

The One Immediate Reform

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE Senate is criticized for investigating too much and legislating too little. This criticism, if the present writer may express his view, is based on a superficial appreciation of the situation. In present circumstances the Senate, if it wishes to do its full duty as a part of the legislative branch of the government, must investigate exorbitantly. It must inform itself before it can legislate. In present circumstances its only method of informing itself regarding the operations of the executive branch is through formal and protracted inquiries submitted to the executive branch through resolutions or through investigating committees.

Both of these methods—the resolution asking for information and the investigating committee probing for information—are tedious. They consume an enormous amount of time. Also, they yield imperfect results. They nevertheless in present circumstances are the only established methods by which the legislative branch can and does gain from the executive branch the information which for its legislative purposes it needs from the executive branch.

The situation is that the national legislature, in order to do its legislative duty, must know the performances and the policies of the executive departments. The situation further is that the only established methods of gaining that knowledge are the method of inquiry by resolution and the method of inquiry by committee. The situation finally is that the method of inquiry by resolution yields results which are narrow and unenlightening and the method of inquiry by committee yields results which are deplorably time-consuming.

Moreover, these present methods of eliciting information from the executive departments put them at once on the defensive. They put them at once into a posture of hostility to the national legislature. The outcome is that the executive departments thereupon tend to give to the national legislature the minimum of information that can be corkscrewed or thumbscrewed out of them.

Finally, since every present inquiry by the legislature, whether through resolution or through committee, is regarded as an attack upon the executive, it follows that the department concerned is at once thrown into a panic and at once tends to give up its customary administrative work in order to devote itself to the work of self-defense and of personal and departmental exoneration.

Such are the detailed technical evils of the existing state of things. A profound general evil—governmentally devastating in its character—is yet to be mentioned.

The tenuous and difficult channels of communication between the executive and the legislative bring it about that the executive falls into errors which the legislative corrects only too tardily, while the legislative, on the other hand, often fails through ignorance to give support to the executive in measures which may be of the highest value to the republic.

During many months, for instance, the Interior Department under Mr. Fall continued to pursue policies which the legislative branch of the government suspected of being

erroneous, but which through imperfect information it could not know to be erroneous and could not and did not check.

Similarly, for months, and even for years, the legislative branch of the government has failed to give support to certain excellent ideas of Secretary of State Hughes regarding the settlement of Europe for the simple reason that the legislative branch does not know those ideas and, not knowing them, cannot give them the support and the victorious backing of the elected representatives of the American people.

With evils so numerous and so patent in the existing arrangement of affairs, it would seem that the Senate would devote itself to finding a continuous means of correcting them or at any rate of mitigating them. The true criticism of the Senate is not to be expressed by saying that it investigates too much and legislates too little. The true criticism of it is rather to be expressed by saying that while its passion for getting information is admirable it fails to adopt the one clear simple reform which would enable it to get that information while still attending steadily to its daily legislative duties.

This reform was in principle partially prognosticated when in the very first year of the history of the Republic the Congress provided that "the Secretary of the Treasury shall give information to either branch of the legislature in person or in writing as may be required."

The essential words were the words "in person."

The Secretary of the Treasury at that time was Alexander Hamilton. Fearing his power of argument, the Congress did not act upon its own law and refused to permit him to appear before it "in person." The fear of the formidable argumentative eloquence of Alexander Hamilton wrenched the purpose of Congress from its original intention and perverted the whole subsequent course of the relations between the legislative and the executive in the United States.

Since that time there have been two great historic outbreaks of effort to bring the legislative and the executive into closer relations in the United States through placing members of the Cabinet on the floor of Congress to answer interrogatories personally and immediately.

The first of these is associated with the name of a statesman then extremely famous and now almost forgotten—George H. Pendleton of Ohio, commonly called "Gentleman George," who in 1864 was a member of the House of Representatives and in 1879 was a member of the Senate.

In both years he introduced bills which provided that on certain named days of the week the heads of executive departments would have to appear in the House of Representatives and in the Senate "to give information in reply to questions." His bills led to reports, first by a committee of the House and then by a committee of the Senate, which were signed by some of the most distinguished political personages of those days and which favored Mr. Pendleton's proposition in arguments which have never been excelled and which have never been refuted.

The second outbreak of effort in this direction began under the administration of William Howard Taft and has continued to the present time with bills introduced into Congress by Representative Montague of Virginia, Representative Kelly of Pennsylvania, Representative Mooney of Ohio, Senator McLean of Connecticut, and (in this present session of Congress) Senator Couzens of Michigan.

All these bills provide in essence precisely what was

provided by the bills originally introduced by Mr. Pendleton. The history of the matter has been put into a luminous statement by Mr. James Brown Scott, secretary of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

The fight in this matter in this session of Congress will center around the bill by Senator Couzens. The saddening feature of the situation is that to call it a fight is to do it too much honor. People do not fight the idea which through Senator Couzens is now again brought forward. They do not fight it. They simply do nothing at all about it.

Year after year and decade after decade and generation after generation the members of the American Congress go into time-consuming and legislation-delaying investigations, which for the most part merely shut the barn-door after the horse is stolen, when by making the members of the Cabinet appear personally before them on stated days to inform them immediately and continuously regarding executive policies and performances they could ride the horse into instant, effective action.

This is the true basis for proper criticism of the Senate in its present passion for belated inquiry and in its present lack of passion for getting the inquiry done beforehand when it would genuinely do the most good.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has completed the one-hundred-and-eighty-seventh canto of his income-tax epic and finished his Inferno. He hated to separate himself from his hard-earned shekels. But it is a consolation to think that \$8.43 of honest money will go toward paying the salary and the "expense account" of the Honorable Burns, whose address is care of Department of Justice, Washington, D. C.

* * * * *

THE Drifter does not always approve of Poincaré's overtures to Germany and he can not invariably follow the French people in everything they do in the Ruhr and in the Palatinate, but he does have a profound admiration for the subtleties of the Gallic mind and sincerely admires the delicate propaganda of the Parisian authorities. Look at the decision of M. Poincaré to bestow a golden medal upon the charming and accomplished young actress who plays the part of Joan of Arc in a New York City theater. It must please the martyred saint. Undoubtedly it has caused great joy to the deserving recipient of so high an honor, which she shares with the Pope and with Marshal Foch. And it has strengthened the ties which bind our own republic to the glories of Gaul.

* * * * *

AND all this has been accomplished at an outlay of ten or twenty francs for colored ribbon and a bit of engraved metal. But why, the Drifter has asked himself, must it always be France ("elle, elle, toujours elle!") which happens to think of such polite but agreeable trivialities? What are the other countries doing? Take the case of Denmark. There, oh, my friends, was a chance for the Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburgers to do something for international amity and to show that the Dannebrog still flies from Helsingör's battlements. Is there a more fitting reward for a successful Hamlet than the Order of the Elephant? Why not divide it into four classes so that both the Hackett and the Ham may receive their just

rewards? What has Holland been doing all these years? Who ever heard of a successful Rip disporting the multi-colored ribbon of the very tame Dutch Lion? What Macbeth ever was made a Knight of the Thistle? Were the Hohenzollerns asleep when Weber and Fields were alive, and would not a Black and a Red Eagle have been a most suitable reward for these humble workers in Teutschum's neglected vineyard? Would not Turkey's Order of Chastity (even a second class) have made the Caliph some very fast friends among the actresses called upon to portray the soulful heroine of A. Dumas fils' great drama? Have we no Congressional Medal of Honor for the man who first dares to translate "Abie's Irish Rose" into French? It is a sad subject of neglected opportunities.

* * * * *

AND even now the Drifter feels that he has been rash. Suppose that this article should be read by the Minister of Bulgaria. He might advise his Government to bestow the Order of Saint Methodius upon that citizen of our great republic who has actually managed to work his way through an income-tax blank.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

America and World Reconstruction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have received the following letter from E. D. Morel, Labor M. P., editor of British *Foreign Affairs*, and founder and secretary of the Union of Democratic Control, in answer to my question What is the best way America can help in world reconstruction:

America can best help to save the world from further catastrophe by initiating, or cooperating with Great Britain in suggesting, a world conference for the purpose of:

1. Enabling the German people to resume a national life free from external interference, and to recover financially and economically.

2. Securing a wide measure of disarmament among all the nations in every branch of war organization.

3. Abolishing the private manufacture of armaments.

4. Establishing a scientific rationing of the world's raw materials in order to prevent imperialist economies, especially in particularly weak or uncivilized communities.

5. Creating, either through the existing League of Nations strengthened and reformed, or through some other medium, an international mechanism designed to be a substitution for the institution of war, and to examine with impartiality the economic, political, and racial problem of all states with a view to providing for their respective needs without their being driven to war in the attempt to secure them.

6. Recognizing Russia.

7. Insuring the neutralization, on some such plans as that laid down in "Africa and the Peace of Europe" and in "The Black Man's Burden," of the greater part of Africa, including also the tropical regions; and abolishing the militarization of Africa.

America can convince herself, if she chooses, that the British Government now in power is not an imperialist government; but is sincerely and deeply anxious to start a new chapter in the history of international relationships. Its capacity to do so depends in large measure upon American action, or inaction. The best in America and the best in Britain associated officially and unofficially in the unselfish task of preparing a new and better future for humanity can change the face of the world.

New York, March 14

JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD

A Plea for Skepticism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am one of a few thousand students graduating this month from high schools in this city. In my own school I find myself one of few who have any interests on earth other than their all-absorbing unidealistic lives. It is doubtless natural that at this age our own existence should be the center of our thoughts and plans. But the deplorable fact seems to be that most of us are as devoid of any vision or idea of wider social responsibility as are the majority of our parents.

Youth, it is said, is the time of illusions and optimism. I have frequently been led to discuss some event of international moment, some ethical code, with various of my fellow-students. For the most part I have been dismally rebuffed. Some just dismissed my thoughts with a word—radical or impractical. Others have listened. They agreed not only to the need of metaphysics in our lives, but to the need of original thought and action as well. They acknowledged that many of our hoary institutions need revising for modern life and its concepts. But, alas, no sooner had we discussed some specific ill and meditated on reform than my friends suddenly realized what it meant, and hoarsely whispered "But that's communism." And there their idealism ended.

I should like to know what the editors and others think about the matter. Are most young people as narrow as I have found? Can we work through the high schools themselves, trying to inculcate at least some skepticism? Later we seem no better off. Some are lost in the vortex of the business world with its single canon. College seems no better. And even if higher education attempted to stimulate thought, would it not even then be rather late?

To me the high school seems the proper place to begin, but with our hide-bound educational mold—how?

New York, February 28

JOHN ARMOTT

The Price of English Books

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On inquiring at Brentano's the other day for the 1924 edition of the English "Who's Who," I was told that its retail price here was \$15. In England it is being sold at 42 shillings, which, according to the rate of exchange at the time I made my inquiry, amounts to rather less than \$9. What is the explanation of the \$6 discrepancy? Is it tariff, or carriage, or what?

Washington, March 7

HERBERT W. HORWILL

A Hint from Moscow

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Brothers Hughes and Coolidge have every reason to feel no end of regret that the recent oil unpleasantness in America didn't come to light before their recent long-distance interchange of ideas with Mr. Chicherin. It would certainly have added many cubits to the height of the moral platform from which they like to admonish the Soviet sinners.

When the gifted Mr. Harry F. Sinclair came to Russia last summer he encountered a standard of official morality which must have impressed him by its painful contrast with that to which he was accustomed at home. His proposal for a concession for exploiting the oil resources of Baku and Grozny was met not with a whispered suggestion that he split up a million or two among influential Commissars but with a demand for a preliminary loan of \$250,000,000, to be expended for the benefit of the Russian people. Hereupon Mr. Sinclair seems to have unobtrusively faded from the picture. I suggest that this incident offers a good text for Brother Hughes's next sermon on comparative national morality.

Moscow, March 1

A. C. FREEMAN

Barataria Way

By BASIL THOMPSON

The lights along the bayou dart so and glitter,
And the ghosts about the bayou flitter, flitter;
There is little glamor to a great wide stream
But the glamor of a bayou sets a man to dream.

The ghosts about the bayou are the shades of buccaneers
Visiting their old haunts and musing on the years
When a pirate was a gentleman, a captain, and a king,
And not a mere pale ghost gone visiting.

Silent dark Cajan men along Barataria
Warn you of swamps and mosquitoes and malaria;
Cajan men tell you, if they chance to know,
That Lafitte kept an island-hold here long ago;

Cajan men tell you that a treasure-trove
Lies beneath a cypress near this cove—
You smile knowing treasures are not found
By digging, digging like gnomes underground.

For him with the eye or the temper, as you will,
There are treasure-troves here to his fancy's fill:
The weird lights' gold and the silver-heavy dew
And the stars' cold diamonds in the still bayou—

And the ghosts, and the ghosts of the buccaneers
Visiting their old haunts and dreaming of the years
When a pirate was a gentleman, a captain, and a king,
And not a skinny pale ghost gone haunting.

Books

American Imperialism

Hispanic-American Relations with the United States. By William Spence Robertson. Oxford University Press. \$4.

Economic Imperialism and International Relations During the Last Fifty Years. By Achille Viallate. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

Die Ausbreitungspolitik der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika. Von Emil Kimpen. Stuttgart-Berlin: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt.

A N American, a Frenchman, and a German put on their historical spectacles and look at American imperialism; what do they see?

Mr. Robertson's knowledge of his field is encyclopedic; his industriousness is overwhelming. He has pored over the contemporary files of newspapers of a score of South American cities and discovered how little interest the proclamation of the Monroe Doctrine excited in that continent; he knows that the United States showed singularly little sympathy with the South American struggle for freedom until it was completed, and that we were not the first to recognize the independence of the new republics; he has trailed an extraordinary variety of faint North American influences through the South American archives, and he writes intimately of recent developments in commercial intercourse and industrial exploitation. He is perfectly well aware of the Latin-American attitude toward our recent policy, but, as becomes a professor whose work is published by the Carnegie Endowment, he puts it with appropriate caution:

During the present century [he says] the United States has developed a special interest in Nicaragua, Panama, Cuba, and the republics upon the island of Santo Domingo, an interest which has induced careful students to declare that she exercises a protectorate over those nations. That relation has been viewed with increasing concern by some statesmen of Hispanic America.

And there the chapter on The Monroe Doctrine and Intervention ends. Discretion could hardly go further. From his invaluable material Mr. Robertson seems afraid to draw conclusions. He writes about imperialism but he avoids the word.

Achille Viallate, professor at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques in Paris, lectured at Williamstown in the summer of 1921, and his lectures are here tardily assembled. He has the historian's analytic imagination. He points out that the industrialization of Western Europe made the old slogan, trade follows the flag, an anachronism; today trade follows capital, and the flag is likely to follow trade. Commerce has yielded the king-role to finance. We in America are entering the same stage. Our recent commercial expansion in Latin America and the Far East is to him akin to the commercial development that divided Africa among the Great Powers and created the pre-war rivalries. He dwells upon the intimate relation between foreign financing and the foreign policy of European nations, and hints, as a courteous guest might, that the insistence of our Department of State that it be informed, "in view of the possible national interests involved," before foreign bonds are floated in American markets, is part and parcel of the old system. After a brilliant analysis of the pre-war period, M. Viallate sinks into a halting mixture of politics and history in his remarks on the war, and concludes pathetically that we must hope for economic internationalism, but—not too much.

Emil Kimpen's book is four hundred pages of documented evidence showing that the North Americans have ever been ruthlessly expansive, territory-grabbing people. His is throughout an economic interpretation. Mr. Hirshfield and other ancestor-worshippers would not like it, but this book ought to be translated and made required reading for all senators, congressmen, and secretaries of state. He calls the Louisiana Purchase a forced sale, and the annexation of Florida the work of filibusterers and freebooters, accompanied by atrocious Indian wars; the Monroe Doctrine, he points out, was in large part a product of fear of Russian expansion in northwest North America; Jefferson and John Quincy Adams planned the annexation of Cuba; the Indian wars were pure imperialism, the annexation of Texas barefaced robbery; only British opposition kept us from expanding in the Caribbean in the succeeding half-century; the Spanish-American War was a thinly veiled war of annexation, and dollar diplomacy has guided us ever since. The picture is often overdrawn, but it is bountifully equipped with detail and evidence. Its German author naturally comments on the fact that the Haitian treaty of 1915-16 was negotiated "at a time when Americans were denouncing Germany's seizure of Belgium." His is a picture of America as others are coming to see us.

We, with 6 per cent of the population and 7 per cent of the land of the world, produce 20 per cent of its gold, 25 per cent of its wheat, 40 per cent of its iron and steel, 52 per cent of its coal, 60 per cent of its copper and of its cotton, and 66 per cent of its oil; but we are not satisfied. We are buying up the undeveloped wealth of other countries—an old, old story. We, who before the war exported but a few score millions of dollars a year, are now investing in Latin America alone at the rate of a quarter of a billion dollars a year. It is very well for the Robertsons to preach friendly and respectful relations with Latin Americans; we might even ignore a Kimpen's sneer; but Professor Viallate's analysis indicates that this unnoticed quarter-billion a year is molding without our knowing it the destiny of the coming generation of Americans. While our eyes are fixed on Europe's fate, our own fate is being fixed for us.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

The Importance of Being Critical

An Introduction to Reflective Thinking. By Columbia Associates in Philosophy: Laurence Buermeyer, William Forbes Cooley, John J. Coss, Horace L. Friess, James Gutmann, Thomas Munro, Houston Peterson, John H. Randall, Jr., Herbert W. Schneider. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

THIS set of studies inaugurates a venture of significance and promise. It presents a course in logic by way of a free discussion of examples of reflective thinking. These are drawn from the history of the sciences—astronomy, mathematics, physics, biology—and followed by applications to modern problems in law and ethics, in Biblical criticism, in social and political policies. The project is further available for the reflective portion of the public as an enforcement of the importance of being critical—a lesson of peculiar timeliness in these reconstructive days.

The technique of thinking is of paramount human concern, the more so as it is exercised upon two orders of control upon which depend all the issues of civilization. The first is the solution of problems leading to invention and the control of physical forces; the second the far more difficult art of applying the same order of knowledge, the same animus of inquiry, to the social forces conditioning the values of human living. In the first reference a few epoch-making "intellectual events"—high-water records of reflective thinking—are surveyed and the benefits in control thus resulting convincingly demonstrated. Lesson one concerns diagnosis and sets forth not only how but why a patient presenting certain symptoms would be differently examined and differently treated in ancient Egypt and modern Massachusetts. Lesson two states lucidly as a matter of logic why Copernicus replaced Ptolemy, and though planetary orbits seem remote to the issues of modern life, the proper solution of both depends upon the same ability to choose wisely between rival hypotheses. Lesson three contrasts the strange and barren explanations of life as "spontaneous generation" with the severely critical and fruitful researches of Pasteur, again attaining the truth because his logical method focused rightly. Lesson four analyzes why the method of Pythagoras, proving his theorem, surpasses that of the "rope stretchers" (surveyors) of the Nile, who were able to lay out a right angle by means of a rope sectioned in the relations of three, four, and five. Lesson five distinguishes by various enforcements the difference between real and verbal, genuine and fictitious explanations. Lesson six contrasts "special creation" with "evolution" as a working hypothesis and shows why the one works better than the other, enriching the world of belief and control in increasing waves of insight.

The lessons continue; but the emphasis shifts with the transfer to the social field and the increasing play of the concept of value. The backwardness of the social sciences is inherent in the encounter of reflective thinking with such disturbing forces as tradition, prejudice, interest, and the more subtle intellectual resistances which make progress a line of uncertain direction, and the tracing "of any pattern in the warp and woof of man's social experience" a task of insight and conjecture. Yet for the central purpose of enforcing the importance of being critical, this vaguer and more controversial field is as richly illustrative of the quality of sound thinking as is the better triangulated domain of the physical sciences. Ethics, law, political and economic policy, social control in general, offer the preferred field of controversy; the case of individualism versus collectivism is well utilized to enforce the same lesson that clarification of the issues and an appreciation of the underlying data constitute the first step in every objective inquiry. Though decisions shade into opinions and measurements into estimates, the spirit of inquiry is the same; and qualities of thinking, though more closely affiliated to qualities of character, retain their rating in the critical and the value scale. There is quoted with approval the optimistic prediction of Mr. Wells

that "the new and higher quality of attitude and gesture, a veracity, a self-detachment, and self-abnegating vigor of criticism" characteristic of the best in science "must ultimately spread out to every other human affair."

The purpose of the book, which is "to add another dimension to our consciousness of science, namely, an understanding of its processes," is ably accomplished. The incidental opportunities provided by the byways rather than the highways of reflective thinking are by no means neglected, though they are not so well exploited as is desirable in a project with so practical an intent to teach the young idea how to shoot. How not to shoot is also a dramatic story. The history of error and fallacy is replete with pointed morals, no less apposite in days when schoolboys know vastly more than Aristotles of other times. Superstitions may be feeble in vitality, and pseudo-sciences flourish mainly in waste places, though easily found without a flashlight in every metropolis; but loose thinking and a hospitable inclination to beliefs that play havoc with rationality are the rule and not the exception. The lowest level is doubtless reached in the political arena where oratory and an emotional appeal conveniently mask the poverty of grasp and provincial limitations of insight. But politics is not unique in making strange thought-fellows. Ignorance is more readily relieved than folly, and folly is less destructive to intellectual values than the prejudiced and time-serving shrewdness that prevents a fair way of meeting the living issues from becoming a far fairer way. Standards of thinking require elevation even more urgently than standards of living.

JOSEPH JASTROW

Metaphors and Men

Poetic Imagery Illustrated from Elizabethan Literature. By Henry W. Wells. Columbia University Press. \$1.75.

THIS is one of the rare books about poetry which are worth reading by poets, for it tells them many things about their art which they did not suppose could be put into prose, and these things gain both in clarity and importance by the telling. Mr. Wells begins with the very modest, practical desire to explain what happens when a poet breaks into imagery. "A poem may be considered as a manuscript sprinkled with phrases rapidly written in shorthand. These phrases represent the metaphors, which are moments in which the poet's imagination is working with the utmost speed." The approach, in other words, is not rhetorical but imaginative. Mr. Wells nowhere assumes that figures of speech are tricks which the calculating artist plays upon his reader; they are the spontaneous result of his most active and happy mind. It is with the mind that Mr. Wells both starts and finishes.

This brings him at once into contact with the spirit of the age whose poetry he has for purposes of convenience settled upon for study. "Poetic imagery has been discussed as though it were a distinctly literary matter, like a point in dramatic technique, and not an element in the very air we breathe." For Mr. Wells metaphors are explicable only in the light of "religion, philosophy, idealism, and humor." "When it is difficult to form a judgment from a mass of evidence, a mannerism may give the desired clue. So narrow and precise a rule as metaphorical study affords may still be of assistance in measuring the minds and hearts of men." Mr. Wells has confined his researches to Elizabethan writers because they were by instinct highly figurative, frequently perpetrated bad images as well as good ones, dominated a large intellectual scene, and culminated in Shakespeare. And he fulfils his bold initial promise by analyzing the temperaments of eight men through an analysis of the figures which they preferred. But it is clear that his reading extends as far as poetry has been written, and indeed he rather furtively expresses a hope that poets in the twentieth century will learn something of effectiveness from his pages.

Mr. Wells's classification of images begins where that of the classical rhetoricians left off. He sweeps aside the whole system of Greek and Latin nomenclature which never meant anything anyway and proceeds to describe the imagery which he finds in terms of its imaginative value, digging back when possible to the springs in the mind whence it came, but at any rate taking pains to define its exact effect upon the reader. His terminology is simple, picturesque, and new, and there is no reason why it should not become standard—except, of course, that it is so subtle as to require a fine set of faculties for its application. Mr. Wells, to be brief, differentiates eight kinds of image. The Decorative Image, illustrated best by Sidney, is cool, ingenious, extravagant, pretty, and comparatively impotent. The Sunken Image of Daniel has metaphorical meaning but only hints at a picture; it "invigorates, elevates, and ennobles" without exciting the eye. The Violent Image, or the Figure of Fustian, found most clearly in Kyd, is "the melodrama of metaphor, where less is meant than meets the ear." The Radical Image of Donne—and incidentally of many a modern poet—stabs beauty into the commonplace, sending for a moment "the breath of poetry over charred wood and frozen loam." The Intensive Image of Spenser "is associated with ritual and the pictorial arts, and is characterized by dignity, conventionality, beauty, and clarity." The Expansive Image of Bacon "may be compared to the flying buttresses of a Gothic cathedral which are a support as well as an adornment"; it opens a wide range of suggestion and is superior to space or time. The Exuberant Image of Marlowe is energetic, impressionistic, intoxicating, and vague. The Image of Wit and Humor, represented by Nash, varies all the way from the "incisive, critical metaphor of wit" to the "image of Gothic humor, sensuous, grotesque, pregnant, and unlicked"—the latter sometimes hiding under its uncouth cloak a troupe of fanciful "fairies playing on a homely hearth." Shakespeare excels in all these eight, but he is supreme in the Sunken Image and the Expansive Image.

Enough has been quoted from Mr. Wells to prove that he has every right to be treading where he does; he writes like a poet himself. Condensed and careful as he invariably is, he often steals into metaphor because there is no other way to advance his thought. He is sensitive, witty, and sound—a friend to poets and a vindicator of university scholarship.

MARK VAN DOREN

Romance

Blindness of Heart. By Violet Colquhoun Bell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

Nor All Thy Tears. By C. Nina Boyle. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.

THESE two romantic novels, so unlike each other, so wholly without any discoverable common denominator, tempt one to a revaluation of the ambiguous term romance, or rather a recapitulation of the successive meanings that have attached themselves to it. For romantic is a chameleon adjective which may mean "something partaking of the heroic, marvelous, imaginative, chimerical, fanciful, extravagantly enthusiastic," although the imaginative is not necessarily the heroic or the chimerical, which may mean a dreamy habit of mind, or a disposition to ignore facts. Yet romantic writers have often been distinguished by their efforts to get back to real things. Imagination, the romantics seemed to say, is not necessarily an ignoring of what is real. It may instead lead to the rediscovery of the real under its deceptive coverings. And so a romantic novel may be a wonder tale for grown-up children, it may be a confection put together to make us forget for the moment life as it is, it may, like most of our popular novels, be a species of wish-fulfilment, or it may conceivably lead us out of the naturalistic Sahara in which we are now supposed to be sojourning to the perception of new verities.

Miss Bell evidently sees her book in the last role, though

she has loaded her airy craft with the oddest freight. With hate, for instance. Hatred of all the ideas that pass muster as new, of the new woman, and specifically of her two women villains who are far from new, and whom she hates so realistically that she has found it necessary to add a note to the first page stating that all names and characters in the book are purely imaginary. The style in which she conducts her romantic junket is a cross between the blarneying of a jaunty side-show barker and a sophistication so complete and superior as to leave one gasping, while the somewhat halting and disjointed journey proceeds to the accompaniment of reflections and asseverations that might almost be supposed to scare romance into the most remote of his native glens. The book has the requisite objects of hero-worship—a doll-like woman and Man in the abstract.

... one reflects that in general a man pursues a woman for the purpose of giving, but a woman almost invariably pursues a man for the purpose of taking. . . . The struggle between the sexes is curious and most interesting. I am convinced that it has this complexity, that although the influence of men on women is to make them worse, the influence of women upon men is to make them better.

Poor romance! And it fares even more hardly at Miss Boyle's hands, although her book has about it a refreshing genuineness of emotion, and not a little perception of the complexities and beauty of life. But the exigencies of her plot demanded that romance should be linked with intrigue and scandal, and one feels one ought to feel that the melancholy solitude to which the eminently sociable heroine condemns herself is a just retribution upon her for having been gay and light-hearted and kind to everyone in her youth, and for having been the daughter of a woman who never had a wedding certificate. Just which was her sin we are not sure, but we are sure that retribution is on the boards, and our flesh creeps as we look at Fate and Destiny and listen to the churning of the dark tides.

In fact, the book is almost as good fun as a movie, after a particularly heavy meal. But as to romance, the romance of Spenser and Novalis and Rousseau and Coleridge and Shelley—it is pedantic, of course, to mention it or to speculate as I have on the meaning of a conveniently catholic term.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Living Art for Americans

Living Art. Twenty Facsimile Reproductions After Paintings, Drawings, and Engravings and Ten Photographs After Sculpture by Contemporary Artists. The Dial Publishing Company. \$60.

MR. SCOFIELD THAYER has undertaken a responsibility that American museum directors, practically without exception, have shirked. He has endeavored to make available for people who are interested examples of vital contemporary work in painting, draftsmanship, and sculpture. The fruit of his endeavors and of two years of international collaboration is a large portfolio of handsome facsimiles, twenty in color and line, and ten photogravures from sculpture. Credit for this enterprise should be shared by Germany and America. Only in Germany and on German presses could such color work have been achieved; and it is the American work reproduced in the portfolio which is preeminent.

Had there been no other reproduction than that of John Marin's 1921 water color, "Lower Manhattan," the enterprise would have been fully justified. This late, characteristic, and powerful example, by a man increasingly spoken and written about, is now made available for the public, who have had no opportunity to see his work except for a few weeks each year during his exhibition; and museum directors are enabled to repair their neglect by acquiring an excellent reproduction.

It is too bad that Marin is represented by one example only, and that one a city water color, to the neglect of the poet

of nature, of trees and rocks, and the coast of Maine. Picasso is honored by having four of his pieces reproduced. Three of the Picassos are early, the latest dating from 1906, and one of them, in tempera, neither strengthens the portfolio nor adds to the impression of the artist. Only a line drawing represents the Picasso of the years since 1906. But why four Picassos, when the major American water colorist and Demuth are represented only once and when such a distinguished painter as Marsden Hartley is not included at all?

Though this portfolio is an American undertaking, and offers an opportunity similar to the Dial prize for distinguishing fine American work, yet the hardihood necessary to affirm the preeminence of Americans in the arts seems to have been lacking. Among the women there is an even greater disparity than among the men. The American, Georgia O'Keeffe, is not represented, although there is a reproduction from a colored drawing of Marie Laurencin, a Frenchwoman, of by no means the American's power and range, as evidenced by the work of both women shown in New York within the year.

These are omissions subject to a criticism which must disregard the personal preference of the editor of the portfolio. For he states his purpose to have been "... to bring together examples of the best and most characteristic work of the leading artists of our time: thus to facilitate comparison of their individual virtues and appraisal of the virtue of this contemporary movement as a whole ..." In the light of this admirable intention American painting hardly seems to have received opportunity for fair comparison.

On the merits of the work itself there could be no imperative necessity for reproducing an unimportant drawing of Wyndham Lewis and an unimportant water color of Duncan Grant, both Englishmen. Even the two Frenchmen, Bonnard and Matisse—for whom Mr. Thayer made an exception to his rule of not attempting to reproduce oil paintings—might have been omitted from the portfolio without damage. Bonnard does not belong in the portfolio in the sense of his representing the active spirit of today. The Matisse reproduced is not important. Bracque, Picasso's coworker, who is omitted, might well have been included in place of either or both of these.

In the sculpture section one is glad to see the two photographs, front and back view, of Gaston Lachaise's monumental recumbent woman, "La Montagne." But here again it is the American work which interests, more than the sensitive but static "St. Francis" of Alfeo Faggi, more than the two pieces of Maillol, who seems to be enjoying a brief vogue; more than the "Kneeling Girl" of Lehmbruck, whose attenuated grace seems to have caught Mr. Thayer's fancy. The Brancusi is interestingly presented, but it is hardly one of his most characteristic pieces.

Innumerable criticisms in detail might be made of this portfolio: such as that the wit and ironist, Pascin, is represented by work of less merit than that shown two years ago at Brummer's; that neither the Segonzac pen drawing nor the Boardman Robinson cartoon is related to the "contemporary movement" in the sense of affirming Today; that the Dérain water color scarcely represents that painter adequately; and that there is a vastly better print of the Picasso etching than the inferior one from which the facsimile was made. Also, to omit Kandinsky and include a woodcut by Edvard Munch seems, at the very least, strange.

But these and other objections are subordinate to the major demonstration that has been achieved. It is a demonstration that ought to encourage collectors of American work. It points toward a portfolio, perhaps a second in this series, which would represent adequately not only the two water colorists now included, but Hartley, Marcel Duchamp, Macdonald Wright, Oscar Bluemner, Pascin, Alfred H. Maurer, and Georgia O'Keeffe. Such a second portfolio might do what this one only hints at. We do not need to defer any longer to French painting. Furthermore, there is one field in which America has long been supreme. That is photography. Why

not include in such a portfolio photography in its own right rather than merely as a record of sculpture—especially since it was in the course of a critical examination of what photography is that modern art, European and American, was introduced to New York and to America?

As it is, Mr. Thayer and his associates have made a promising first step. It is a beginning rather than a complete demonstration, and there is enormous opportunity for continuing the impulse to recognize fine American achievement. For it is an impulse which, since publication of *Camera Work* was interrupted in 1917, has had no record in America.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

Revolutionary Germany

The German Revolution and After: Its Disasters and Its Hopes.

By Heinrich Ströbel. Translated by H. J. Stenning. Thomas Seltzer. \$4.

THIS book covers the four and a half years of German history from the military collapse in the autumn of 1918 to the beginning of 1923. It deals, therefore, with the German Revolution and the fortunes of the young German Republic. As this is a period in which event has followed event with bewildering rapidity, it is assuredly one which requires the illumination of a strong focusing light and a good perspective. The hopes and conjectures expressed by the author in the last chapter have indeed been rendered somewhat nugatory by the French occupation of the Ruhr; but the book as a whole offers just the sort of perspicuous survey which most of us need for our orderly information.

The author writes as an advanced radical—a Social Democrat of the left wing. His point of view is virtually that of Haase, Bernstein, and Kautsky. But there is not even an echo of the old controversy between Marxian dogma and "revisionism." The issues for him are concrete and practical: how Germany can be made a true democracy, and how she can regain her political and economic standing in the comity of nations.

Like most German liberals Ströbel is willing to acknowledge Germany's partial war-guilt. He is even willing to go further and, in view of what he calls "the terribly incriminating German and Austrian secret documents," put the final responsibility for the outbreak of the war at her door. It is here that he diverges sharply from the Majority Social Democrats of the right wing, who had combined enthusiasm for war and eagerness for victory with dreams of world reconstruction on a German basis. It is they, in his opinion, who are responsible for the legend of the defensive war, the assertion that Germany had been maliciously attacked by the Entente, and for the absurd fable that the German armies had not been beaten but were the victims of a "stab in the back." It is Ströbel's conviction that the peace which was forced both by army and country saved Ludendorff from the most colossal defeat in world history and Germany from a still more fearful catastrophe. It was owing to the reluctance of these same Majority Socialists to acknowledge guilt and to bring a realization of it to the widest circles of the people (as, for example, the ill-fated Kurt Eisner did in Bavaria) that more tolerable conditions of peace were not obtained.

If the German Revolution has been a partial failure it is because the proletariat and its leaders have shown themselves inadequate to the task. German political immaturity has proved fatal. Instead of opposing a solid front to the common enemy, militarism and capitalism, the various sections of German Socialism, full of mistrust and hatred, fell to attacking each other. The Right Socialists had neither the insight nor the courage to reduce militarism to impotence at once. Instead, they sought and obtained an alliance with the Center. This was a fundamental mistake and has proved a lasting misfortune for the revolution.

But Ströbel is not a Communist nor a partisan of Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, whom he blames for blind resentment and exaggerated radicalism. He admits freely that socialism can only be a gradual and systematically progressive process. He holds that the constitution of the German Republic, though not, as it has been vaunted, "the most free and democratic in the world," is by no means a hopeless document embodying, as the ultra-radicals have asserted, the old familiar juridical structure of the class-state. Whatever the defects of the constitution may be, the means of reshaping and improving it lie at the disposal of the proletariat.

It should not be inferred, however, that Ströbel's book is wholly argumentative and tendentious. The bulk of it is devoted to an objective narration of events. From the naval mutiny of October, 1918, to the murder of Rathenau, one may follow the vicissitudes of German public life clearly and with absorbing interest. On this score alone the book may be unhesitatingly recommended for the enlightenment of the American people, regardless of one's individual political sympathies. The sober translation does substantial justice to the original, even though a German idiom or sentence rhythm may occasionally appear.

W. K. STEWART

Books in Brief

The Pitiful Wife. By Storm Jameson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Marital infidelity is so familiar a theme in the workshop of the novelist that practically all the changes have been rung upon it. The outlines of the story are as old as the outlines of the hills; no mere repetition of it will arrest attention. And yet Storm Jameson has wrought a narrative of more than passing interest out of exactly this basic idea, and has succeeded in breathing fresh vitality into the relationships of her characters. She has done this, not by dwelling upon the externals, but by conceiving a plot in which the psychological value of her theme is brought into vivid focus. One's interest is not centered upon what happens, but rather upon the devastating readjustment which ensues between the two central characters. This phase of the theme is worked out with a swift and intuitive intelligence by the author, in a scene which for emotional depth and sustained beauty is rare in recent fiction. In calling her novel "The Pitiful Wife," the author has been unwise; the title suggests a plaintive note which is absent from the text.

The Poet Assassinated. By Guillaume Apollinaire. Translated from the French with a Biographical Notice and Notes by Matthew Josephson. The Broom Publishing Company. \$5.

This Rabelaisian extravaganza in prose by one of the most important of modern French poets begins better than it ends. The procreation, gestation, birth, and education of the hero Croniamantal are narrated with superb spirit, but his later quarrels with relatively insignificant Parisian poets do not make very exciting reading this many miles away from the Seine. On the whole, however, an amusing and reckless book by a diabolically gifted writer.

Japanese Poetry. An Historical Essay with Two Hundred and Thirty Translations. By Curtis Hidden Page. With Illustrations from Japanese Paintings and Color-Prints. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

An informing and agreeable essay, though somewhat diffuse, upon a great poetry with which the author has been long familiar. The translations unfortunately do not add very much, since their rhymes and inversions destroy any illusion they might otherwise have created that they were Japanese. It is too bad that Mr. Page did not avail himself of the extremely simple and honest technique in translation of Lafcadio Hearn and Arthur Waley.

Wanda Landowska

By PITTS SANBORN

WE Americans, when we have thought of the harpsichord at all, have usually thought of it as the chattering instrument of a pedantic preciousness. A musical fossil, often of incontestable beauty as to the wood, the inlays, the modeling, the finish of its case, it would be viewed with pleasure in a museum or a royal palace, as long as its twanging keys were rigorously dumb. But as an actual participant in performances of music today—well, it might be admissible as an accompaniment for the "dry" recitatives in operas by Mozart and earlier masters, or in archaeological reconstructions of conditions as they existed in the days of Bach and Handel. To take the harpsichord seriously, however, as a means of music-making in a normal concert, that were a gray horse of a gruesome grayness bordering funereally on black! Witness the attempts of a Mahler or a Mengelberg to perform an orchestral suite of Bach with the aid of a harpsichordized piano. The tone of that contrivance (generally it is an ordinary piano with paper spread in among the strings) has been likened aptly to the racket made by a mowing machine in full career.

Now there comes to us a supple and undulating lady out of Poland, by way of Berlin and of Paris, and lo! in a trice all our preconceived notions and prejudices vanish in thin air! The sorcery of her mind and spirit, the prestidigitation of her fluttering, skimming hands—but hands of steely strength and temper—in their infallible response, and what is the magical result? The quaint and pretty fossil for antiquarian collections lives again.

This is not the place in which to dwell on the enormous erudition of Mme Landowska, on her unique and eviscerating study of the music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, or even on the taste, the wit, the sharpness of perception, the buoyant and finely ironic spirit, the deep and reverent enthusiasm that melt and mingle and combine to make of the *femme savante* a fascinating and irresistible artist. She wears her mighty learning like a gay and gallant plume. There is something almost jaunty in the ease and blitheness of her profound, triumphant art. "La gaieté c'est la force" would be absolutely true of her were it not for the touch of Polish *morbidessa*, a caressing softness that bears no taint of morbidity as we Anglo-Saxons know it. So it happens that she herself is the most eloquent possible advocate for her adored, her royal harpsichord.

Mme Landowska has had her instrument rebuilt in strict accordance with the theories and beliefs that are the fruit of her unremitting research among the predecessors of the pianoforte. Of the peculiar genius of the harpsichord, of its special possibilities, let Mme Landowska herself speak:

It has, like the organ, two keyboards and a great number of registers, imitating the flute, the violin, the oboe, and the bag-pipe, which vivify the compositions with the glowing colors of old stained glass. Its deep registers make us feel the dark profoundness of certain preludes and fugues of Bach. The joyous brilliance of its two keyboards which, in their struggle one with the other, flash and sparkle into flame, impart to the sonatas of Scarlatti just the note of diabolical Neapolitan verve. The miracles of jocund grace and of melancholy tenderness of Couperin and Rameau find again their authentic poetry in that diaphanous and silvery sonority. They recall the fluid landscapes of Watteau, the noble portraits of Largillière, proud in their refined and aristocratic charm.

This is praise indeed! But listen to a Landowska program. Suppose that you know "The Harmonious Blacksmith" of Handel, the "Italian Concerto" of Bach, Daquin's "Le Coucou," Rameau's "La Poule," and that most relishingly named of all, "Les Fastes de la grande et ancienne Menestrandise" by François Couperin le Grand, only as they ordinarily sound beneath the

smiting hammers of a piano; then listen to them plucked from the quilled strings of the harpsichord by the expert fingers of Wanda Landowska. You will hear for yourself "the humming, the warbling, the fluting, the flashing, the sweep of arpeggios dripping gold, the resounding jubilation" which are the lordly boast of the puissant scholar of the rediscovered harpsichord.

From all this insistence on the special and revealing value of the harpsichord one would be wrong to infer that Mme Landowska is not also a pianist. She is, and one of the finest of pianists. To hear her play a Mozart concerto for the pianoforte is to hear a veritable evocation of the marvelous boy of Salzburg. The perfect continence of her playing, her extraordinary musicianship and finesse, the justness of her accents, her chiseled phrasing, the variety and delicacy of her shading, the soft and iridescent coloring of her tone unite in a magic that really transports the listener to a higher and purer region of sound.

Here, summoned by Wanda Landowska, is the essential and unsullied *bel canto* of Mozart, which in its bright chastity, in its airy evasion of clumsy mortal grasp, is something distinctly other than the *bel canto* of the nineteenth century, charged with that *maladie du siècle* of the early romantics, for which neither time nor many wars nor a wilful refuge-seeking in the treacherous port of irony could quite contrive the cure. The sensuousness in her playing of a *cantilena* by Mozart is a sensuousness of angels. It was Oscar Bie who said of her: "She plays Mozart as if Beethoven had never lived."

Drama Confession

YES, our theater has made strides. Oliver M. Sayler in his invaluable book, "Our American Theater," has proved it, has given chapter and verse. No one who knew the stage ten short years ago can doubt it. Nor has the American drama been unfruitful. If I cannot quite share the enthusiasm of the inner circle of Mr. Eugene O'Neill's admirers, I am not therefore blind to his talent, and I have even been accused of being too generous to the authors of "Ambush," "A Square Peg," "Roger Bloomer," "The Adding Machine," "Tarnish," "Beggar on Horseback." But I will not admit any such thing and I am also ready to repeat my praise of such folk-plays as "Sun Up" and "Hell-bent fer Heaven" in the popularity of which I rejoice. And yet—and yet—

The current season, too, has been full of more good things than I can chronicle at this moment. Unlike many reviewers I liked Jane Cowl's "Pelléas and Mélisande"; I liked that suggestive little play "Outward Bound" with its true and lovely and touching close; I liked "Failures" and "Fata Morgana" enormously for their truth and edge and civilized vision of mortal things; far back in the early season I was amused by both "The Camel's Back" and "Spring Cleaning"; I enjoyed the clever experimental productions of "The Spook Sonata" and "Fashion"; I saluted the gorgeousness and teatro-technical splendor of "The Miracle." And I had two great moments in the theater—the two occasions when, first at the Garrick, then at the Empire, I witnessed the last act of "Saint Joan." Just two great moments.

They say that the musical critics have a hard time. But if the symphony orchestras played nothing, nothing but Berlioz and Saint-Saëns and the contemporary experimentalists, the critics of music would have to get hold of an orchestra of their own to play them Bach and Beethoven and Brahms. And if the Metropolitan gave nothing but "Anima Allegra" and "Pagliacci" and the song recitalists sang nothing but Cadman and Sidney Homer—then the critics of music would have to resign or they would go mad.

"Mediocribus esse poetis. . . !" The very gods, Horace remarked, could not endure mediocre creative work. You wander from play to play. "Good; suggestive; agreeable; rather

charming." And so on and so on. It is most tolerable, as Dogberry remarked, and not to be endured. And no one seems to know it and no one seems to see it. The theater is under the domination of clever, alert, witty, refined, sagacious minds; many of the critics have abilities and gifts that I shall always be the first to salute. But do they live with Euripides, and Goethe, and the Molière who wrote "Tartufe" and "Le Misanthrope," and the dramatic essays of John Dryden, and Hebbel's "Mein Wort über das Drama," and Ibsen and Hauptmann and Shaw, not Shaw the ultra-clever man but Shaw the Euripides of an industrial age? Do they live with these men and works and thoughts? And do they live with them not as a matter of duty or self-approbation but because they cannot help it, because that region is the natural habitat of their minds?

Maybe they do. Then why do they not beg or nag or thunder for a few great things each season? Let no one answer me: "You get Shakespeare!" Shakespeare is a ritual, not an experience. And let no one answer: "How about 'Cyrano'?" Because to imagine that from "Cyrano" you can get the exaltation of great art—that is the ultimate proof of my apparently ill-natured contention.

In reality I am not ill-natured at all. I yield to no one in my admiration of many contemporary American and foreign plays. But no year and no decade produces enough great things to satisfy a rational mind. No year or decade ever has. If, to return to the best analogy, no public performances of the great musical classics were given, the whole of musical culture would collapse. And similarly, if the theater does not play a reasonable number of times each season the authentic classics, ancient and modern, the theater will often seem almost insupportable to an adult mind.

It was for this reason that I was so grateful to Frau Triesch and her associates for their afternoon performances of "A Doll's House" and "Rosmersholm" and "Hedda Gabler." I omit the consideration that Frau Triesch is an actress of the very first order—an intellect and a talent matchless on our native stage; I omit the fact that several of her associates gave admirable performances. I was grateful for Ibsen, for three successive Thursday afternoons with a great master, for three performances in which I came closer than ever before to his mind and method and was instructed and exalted and deepened my vision of both art and life. In brief, the dramatic critic becomes a mechanic if his job consists in telling good, plain people: "This is interesting; this is not so interesting; this is pretty; this is dull." The poor fellow must have something on which to feed his own mind if he is to go on functioning decently. If his own mind is left hungry he will soon have little nourishment to give others. And then of what use is he?

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

The Story of Haya de la Torre

WE print herewith an article written by a youth, now in exile from his country, who is becoming known as a leader of the liberal and labor forces of South America. Haya de la Torre is a young radical whose influence has spread far beyond his own country, Peru. He became president of the Students' Federation of Peru and after graduating from college devoted himself to the organization of workers' universities in five centers. He became rector of all of these and taught five nights every week. In addition he held a position as teacher in a boys' school at Lima run by the Scotch Presbyterian Mission and continued his own studies for his doctor's degree. These activities covered the years 1921, 1922, and part of 1923. The workers' universities accomplished miracles of regeneration in some of the towns where they were established and the influence and popularity of their founder spread widely. But Haya de la Torre dared to be unpopular. In spite of the enmity between Peru and Chile and the fact that no diplomatic relations existed between the two countries, he opposed the spirit of nationalism, traveled through Chile, visiting the students in Santiago, and arranged for the entertainment by the students at Lima of the famous Chilean poetess, Gabriella Mistral.

As the result of this activity and of his part in an anti-clerical demonstration in Lima in May, 1923, Haya de la Torre was exiled. An account of the events which preceded his banishment is given in the *Monthly Record* of the Free Church of Scotland from a correspondent in Lima. This article reads in part:

Last week was one of the most remarkable in the history of the Peruvian people, both for the dramatic events which marked the culmination of a campaign energetically directed against the Roman Catholic Church acting in concert with the Government, and for the bringing to light of an attitude and spirit which, if genuine and permanent, may have far-reaching effects on the future history of the country. The said campaign was . . . actually brought to head by the intention on the part of the Archbishop of Lima (and Peru) to consummate one of the most idolatrous acts of modern times. I cannot do better than quote the actual words of the Archbishop contained in his pastoral letter which has been translated from Spanish. It was said that he wished to be made a cardinal by currying favor with Rome.

We announce a great event which will be a source of much joy to all our people. The Republic of Peru, Catholic by conviction, by tradition, and by the constitution, will be officially consecrated to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus next month and the image of this most sacred heart will be enthroned in the principal plaza of the capital. Who knows but that for many people the Sacred Heart of Jesus is even the Unknown God. . . . Thus we shall say with Saint Paul, "That God whom you ignorantly worship Him declare we unto you."

In these words and more the Archbishop decreed that the time was ripe for this act, which would take place with due pomp and ceremony on May 31. The President was to unveil the effigy on that date, and it was promptly prepared. Being 2½ meters in height and made of bronze it weighed one ton and cost, I think, £3,000.

The consecration of the country to an image would have meant utter abandonment to the power and sway of the church which for three centuries has practically dictated to the state. Peru is one of the most backward countries in South America

because it has been so fettered by the power of clericalism and the church. . . . Sane, thinking men, especially the students of the University of Lima, have long since ceased to have anything to do with the church. . . .

The leading spirit in the whole campaign was Señor Haya de la Torre, a youth of about twenty-six years, who comes from the north of Peru, from the very town which is the native place of the Archbishop, who curiously enough was Haya's teacher in earlier days. Señor Haya is one of the best Peruvian teachers we have in our school. All his teaching is tinged with the Christian appeal to manhood, and being a profound and convincing speaker he has a great influence over the boys. He teaches subjects like history, psychology, education, and civics, etc. In the student life of the University of Lima he has played a leading part and was the first president of the Students' Federation, taking the lead in the university two or three years ago. When first coming to Lima a number of years ago he was in very straitened circumstances and felt the pinch of poverty, although too proud to solicit help from any of his friends. It was then that he resolved to devote his life to the uplifting of the poorer classes and to the bettering of social conditions among the workingmen. Later, as president of the Students' Federation, he founded the Universidad Popular, which aims at giving education to workingmen. Señor Haya has given a lot of his time to this work and has organized the workers in different centers up and down the country. There are very strong organizations in Trujillo, his native place; Arequipa in the south, Vitarte up the Oroya line and in Lima itself, places which he is continually visiting and where he gives lectures and addresses. His gifts of leadership, his captivating personality, his resolution and determination, his idealism have all combined to make him almost worshiped by the workmen, while his gifts of oratory and convincing speech have tended to mold public opinion in a way that was hitherto unheard of in Peru.

When the Archbishop sent out his decree there was very little comment in the press or among the people, as nobody ever thought of opposing anything proposed by the Pope's representative. Meanwhile Señor Haya was organizing his forces, getting leaflets printed (at some press whose existence is unknown to the Government) by the thousand, and holding meetings. The value of his work is shown by the very significant fact that for the first time in the history of the country the workmen and the students have combined in one common cause and formed a solid body of resolute public opinion. On May 21 he announced a great meeting to be held in the university on May 23 at 5 p. m., and the next morning some of the papers printed the call sent out to all the students and the workmen to attend in order to pass resolutions of protest to the Government in view of its intention to consecrate the nation to an image without its consent. Haya was informed that a warrant for his arrest had been signed and that the Government had the intention of deporting him, as it has done to all the opposition and all liberal-minded men. But this only gave him fresh enthusiasm in the campaign; at the same time elaborate precautions were taken for action in the event of his being taken. Lima was deluged with pamphlets, and feeling began to run high in the capital when the time drew near for the meeting.

Everybody going into the university was searched for arms, even the president of the university himself. Within the university wall were met together in the companionship of a great movement workmen of all types and students to listen to the words of their leaders. The Government had sent spies to upset the whole proceeding, but these were suppressed, and in spite of the difficulties of the situation Señor Haya uttered a moving speech and the resolutions of protest were passed as well as the decision to put into force a general strike on the night before the consecration ceremony. The meeting, apart

from the attempted disturbance, was very orderly, for of all people Haya is absolutely opposed to violence of any kind. The members were leaving the university and going up to the Plaza de Armas, the principal plaza of Lima, when suddenly from up above shots were fired. It has been thought that priests were in the church tower overlooking the street and commenced firing. At any rate mounted troops, of whom there was a large number in readiness, charged the crowd of students and workmen, some of them being driven into a passage without exit and the order to fire was given by the chief of police. In this most brutal attack on unarmed people a student, a workman, and a policeman were killed (the policeman was killed by the mounted troops as was proved afterwards by the kind of bullet) and about a dozen wounded. In the midst of all this, with the police after him, Señor Haya pushed on and reached the plaza, and spoke there as well as at several places in the main street of the town. He actually spoke from the steps of the cathedral.

This dastardly attempt on the part of the Government to put down a movement by force served to stir up the whole population, and during the few days that followed it was only the presence of Haya which held the people in from acts of violence and probably from burning churches and the palace and from breaking loose altogether. Haya's life was in danger and he was being sought for high and low, but in vain. He took all precautions possible, and the following day, to the surprise of people and Government, Haya appeared in different places and spoke to the crowd as well as in the university on May 24. During that day it was announced that the Government intended to bury the bodies of the workman and the student (by this time in the mortuary) secretly, to avoid any more public demonstration. The same night the students, led by Haya, went to the mortuary and demanded the bodies for burial next day. At first the troops there guarding refused, but seeing their determination and not wishing to repeat the bloody affair of the preceding day, let them have their wish. Inside, two spies who tried to prevent their entrance were put out of action, and the students seized the bodies, one in an open coffin and the other on the lid, and as the troops were going to make them go straight to the cemetery and bury them, went out through another door. The troops seeing this prepared to charge them, but the men formed a compact mass and the horses shying at the dead bodies, they succeeded in getting through to the university. The minister of Government sent word that the troops were to take the bodies by force at midnight, so the students set out to put the building in a state of defense. They had not eaten for several hours, and so a certain number left the building while the remainder, about one hundred and twenty, knew that once outside they would never get through the guard of soldiers. They were guarding the bodies all night and were without food until late next day. Word was sent in by the troops that the building would be stormed if the bodies were not delivered up. Messages were sent by Señor Haya on the telephone to the press offices and to the Minister of Government that if any attempt were made to enter the university they would set fire to the place and perish with it rather than see it violated. Haya then proceeded to identify all the people inside, every one having to show something to prove who he was. He explained how absolutely necessary this precaution was, and so it turned out to be, for he had to shut up twenty spies in a room on penalty of death if they attempted escape. Explosives and acids by the gallon were obtained from the chemical laboratory and men placed at strategic points round the building to use them if an attack were made by the troops. The latter evidently thought better of it and morning saw the situation the same.

I omitted to state that immediately after the shooting on the night of the 23d a general strike was proclaimed, first, as a protest against the action of the Government, and, secondly, to be prolonged until such time as the Government suspended the consecration ceremony. On Friday, the 25th, the burial of

the workman and the student was to take place. It happened to be a fiesta or public holiday. South American people, especially Peruvians, retain the Latin characteristic of being easily and passionately roused and becoming tremendously excited. There was public indignation at what had been done by the Government and the whole population was roused. Bodies of troops were guarding all the streets leading to the university plaza and patrolling the town. Crowds gathered at many corners, and orators from among the crowd . . . would hold forth on "liberty of thought" and utter burning denunciations of clericalism, the church, and the Government. The soldiers or rather mounted troops broke up the crowd, and all during the day there were local troubles and skirmishes through the town. Meanwhile the students and workmen, formed into an orderly procession, were unmolested by the troops, and a most extraordinary ceremony took place. Thousands of workmen and students (the papers said twenty thousand), all bareheaded, followed the two coffins in silence to the cemetery right through the town. From a big monument in the grounds Señor Haya gave a wonderful and impressive speech to this huge mass of men. . . . The workers and the students pledged their mutual allegiance, and it was felt that death in a mysterious way had united more closely than ever before these two great bodies of men. After the meeting Haya, who knew that the Government spies would be everywhere seeking to take him, left the crowd. He was immediately pursued by several men, but they were threatened at a gateway by a Negro and Haya succeeded in making his escape. With difficulty he swam across the river and entered Lima from the other side. For a few nights he was in the cellar of a friend's house, but owing to the tremendous physical strain of the previous days and getting wet and cold he took the grippe. . . .

Things move with extraordinary rapidity in this country, and within three days the object was achieved and victory was won. On the night of the 25th the Archbishop issued a decree to the effect that, as the intended consecration ceremony had stirred up trouble against the Government, and as the church had a mission of peace and fraternity, and that as the Government, although invited to consent to the solemnization act had not yet decided, the act would be suspended. From that night the strike was at an end. It was a glorious triumph for the ideals of liberty and justice, and marks the dawn of a new era in Peru.

This demonstration was in May; the final arrest of Haya de la Torre took place in October when he was taken to a prison on an island in the harbor and then transported bodily after a seven days' hunger strike to a steamer outbound. Every cent of money was taken from him and all the clothes except those he wore. His ticket was bought to Germany, but with the financial help of friends he went ashore at Colon. There he found a cablegram from the students of Cuba inviting him to come to Havana and one from Vasconcelas, Mexican Minister of Education, asking him to come to Mexico. He went to Cuba and was made honorary president of the Students' Federation of the University of Havana. During the ten days he was there he organized a peoples' university. He is now in Mexico, working with Vasconcelas, although the disorganization and financial stringency incidental to the recent revolution has seriously interfered with educational work. It is probable that Haya de la Torre will come to the United States within the next few months and that later he will go to London to continue his studies.

Haya de la Torre has opposed with equal vigor the oppression of the Government, the industrialists, and the church, as well as the whole spirit of nationalism. His views on the relations between the United States and the Latin American countries are expressed in an article, which we reprint on pages 408 and 410.

Is the United States Feared in South America?

IN the columns of several journals and reviews in North America—journals and reviews of a free spirit—it has already been said that it is not possible for the official or bourgeois newspapers of South America to discuss this subject except from a point of view which they consider judicious or diplomatic. I believe—since we know this to be true—that the voice of those who speak in the service of the governments should not be taken into consideration and that it will be of greater value if the question is raised to a plane where there is breadth of view and frankness.

If there is any desire to establish a disinterested and solid relation between the United States of the North and the countries of Latin America a method which is clandestine and deals in falsehoods should not be employed. It is more efficacious to know exactly the thought which has no shackles, and then to face the facts without fear.

To the question, Is the United States feared in South America? the governments, the diplomats, the merchants, the bankers, and the press (which serves all this union of political and economic interests) will reply in the negative, affirming that there exists full confidence and absolute cordiality in the relations between the two. But men of free spirit will answer without mincing words that the existence of this fear is absolutely certain and that there are many and persistent reasons why it should persist and be rooted in the consciousness of Hispanic America.

WHAT MOTIVES KEEP GOVERNMENTS, THE CAPITALISTS, AND THE PRESS FROM TELLING THE TRUTH?

It is not difficult to find the answer to this question. The South American governments, and very especially those which impose on the people systems of oppression and absolute autocracy, maintain very strong business connections and chains of interest with the most powerful capitalistic enterprises of North America. I can cite a few cases only: Venezuela, which is suffering under a cruel tyranny, holds almost all its sources of natural riches mortgaged to a company of United States exploiters. Peru, which is also governed by a dictatorship, has put its customs duties into the hands of a North American "technical commission," and also its public instruction and the sanitation of its cities—with very bad results for the country. Bolivia, without any authorization except that of President Saavedra personally, has just mortgaged a million hectares of its territory to powerful Yankee companies, accepting the control of its finances by three commissioners of the United States who will watch over the paying out of the \$24,000,000 which has been loaned to the Bolivian Government.

To these cases we could add many others (Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, and Brazil), where the peoples, through concessions of their governments, have been tied up by tremendous economic obligations to the trusts of North America.

Among the economic motives which keep the governments, the capitalists, and the press from telling the truth one might be called "reasons of international politics." Diplomacy in America, in imitation of that in Europe, lives by constant maneuvering and insincerity. Its eternal game consists in always hiding the truth in subservience to the apparent conservation of a conventional friendship. The State Department at Washington has also taken upon itself the solution of many questions fundamental to the relations between the Spanish American people: the Peruvian-Chilean dispute, for example. In some countries the United States maintains a definite internal control, as in Panama, Central America, and the Antilles. All of these circumstances impose on the Latin-American governments a forced reverence toward the Government of the United States. The press, which defends and sustains these interests and this political economy, is generally their voice.



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WHAT MOTIVE HAVE MEN OF FREE SPIRIT FOR TELLING THE TRUTH?

Those who are tied neither to the governments nor to the enterprises, who hold free their consciences that they may publish their opinions and maintain them with valor, constitute the immense majority of the Latin Americans. They are those who with just cause fear the United States and do not trust its politics; although much of the time most of them remain quiet, not counting it possible to make this sentiment really known. The reason for their lack of confidence in the United States is found principally in the progressive, although slow and clever, interpenetration of the United States into the life of the Latin-American nations. Cuba, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, Nicaragua, Honduras, and Panama constitute a living menace for all the people of the Latin continent. While there continues in those countries the political and military rule of North America, the lack of confidence will be continued and all friendship between North and South America will be limited to simple formulas of diplomacy, and there will exist at bottom an inquietude which is at the same time fear and hate.

Friendship is very difficult between a powerful man and a poor man when the powerful man is seen with arms in his hands with which to threaten and money with which to suborn. Although the lips smile the hearts are distrustful. And this is the case of the two Americas. With each day that goes by it is becoming clearer that interests are dominating and force is being imposed. The Monroe Doctrine, in spite of the hymns which the official press sing to it, is seen by the people of Spanish America to be the justification for all that is occurring in the Antilles and in Central America and of all that may happen later to Mexico and to the other countries of the Southern continent.

CAN ANYTHING BE DONE TO DESTROY THE DANGER OF RACIAL HATE?

In my opinion it is only by the union of the men who are free in spirit and who are disinterested in North and South America that anything can be done in this matter. I believe that it is very urgent that the generous spirits of the United States should aid us to face the menace of conquering imperialism. The example of belligerent nationalism which has brought Europe to the point of committing suicide ought to be regarded by the young men of America as a terrible historical lesson and a warning. Millions of lives were lost in the fields of battle in the name of liberty and democracy, but we all know, and each day with less uncertainty, that the true motives of the European war had their roots in the interests of great economic enterprises. By means of their competition they dragged the world to a massacre which the law of Moses designated as a crime. They can repeat the terrible tragedy in the New World also if in order to accumulate much gold they forget that hate is accumulating at the same time.

The men and women of the United States whose spirits have not become intoxicated with interested selfishness ought now, while there is time, to raise the word of union and faith, not under the diplomatic form of so-called Pan-Americanism, which is official and which puts a white glove over the claws, but by creating strong currents of frank and honorable communion.

South America distrusts—and with sufficient cause. The free and disinterested men and women of the United States of the North, in order to destroy this distrust, ought to unite themselves with their brothers of the South, because the South is weak and is struggling against those who for avarice or for ambition are sowing hatreds which some day will bring forth flowers of blood.

VICTOR RAUL HAYA DE LA TORRE.

President of the Students' Federation of Peru,
Honorary President of the Students' Federation of Cuba,
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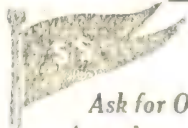
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The Government is being overthrown not by Bolsheviks but by crooked politicians and trusted officials who know what is going on and have not the courage to fight or expose the conditions. So far as the Department of Justice is concerned, it no longer functions except in the capacity of first aid to crooks.

THESE words, written two years ago in a report to Attorney General Daugherty by S. L. Scaife, then a special agent in the Bureau of Investigation, are an accurate and not too alarming description of the situation in Washington. And yet we find a supposedly reputable business man, head of a company whose directors would probably dislike the imputation that it was corrupt, writing to Frank A. Vanderlip to request his resignation from the directorate. The president of the Freeport Texas Company and other of its directors are "not in sympathy" with Mr. Vanderlip's "attitude in public matters." In sending his resignation, as requested, Mr. Vanderlip cuts right through the contemptible cowardice of these men who are "not in sympathy" with efforts to restore reasonable decency and

honesty to our federal Government. Mr. Vanderlip says:

If you were to look at the situation not from the plane of good citizenship but merely from the lower plane of what is good for business, you would still be mistaken in deploring my activities. . . . If there is not full exposure of the corruption that has honeycombed some of the departments and several of the bureaus of the federal Government, business, at the mercy of corrupt courts, corrupt prosecuting attorneys, and law-breaking officials, will ultimately suffer far more than it can through the exposure of these things.

When business men and the business-owned press attempt to belittle and hamper the investigations going on in Washington they are simply confessing that they want a government which, like the Department of Justice, is nothing but a "first aid to crooks."

SENATOR BORAH is not among those who believe that the searchlight in Washington should be switched off, nor does he accuse the Democrats of undue partisanship in exposing corruption even though a Republican administration is involved. Mr. Borah looks for a continuation of existing evils so long as parties are supported as at present:

These stupendous sums contributed to a political party do not simply measure the individual's patriotic interest in his party. Such large sums are asked for or given because of a desire to go beyond the ordinary interests of the individual in his party. You can buy influence with a political party quite as effectively as you can an individual. In the latter instance it is still denounced, in the former instance it has become an accepted practice. . . . Both parties accept the system and pursue the practice. So long as they do this, these specific instances of exposure may help to put one party in and the other party out, but the cause of clean government, of disinterested and wise legislation and uncontrolled administration will not be greatly served.

Senator Borah is right in his analysis of the source of corruption in the two old parties, but he fails to add that both Republican and Democratic organizations would die of anemia if they lost the support of favored special interests and would be murdered on a lonely road if they failed to deliver the swag as ordered. The remedy is through a new party or parties, based on the broad interests of productive labor in the cities and on the farms, instead of on the greatest good for the smallest number of the privileged.

HIS VICTORY in the Wisconsin Democratic primary is widely heralded by Governor Smith's friends as giving him fresh hope. It is a vain one. A Catholic can hardly be nominated for the Presidency in this year of Ku Klux Klan grace. Were this not the case Senator Walsh of Montana would surely be an even more formidable candidate. The Smith vote in Wisconsin, however, is undoubtedly a damper to the reviving McAdoo candidacy. On the other side of the fence the President's supporters are discouraged by his showing in Wisconsin, where he won less than half as many votes as Senator La Follette. This, following his defeat by Hiram Johnson in South Dakota, must be cold comfort. La Follette's easy victory in Wisconsin illustrates anew his hold on the Republican situation. If

his health is spared, Mr. La Follette may be able to save his countrymen from the misfortune of Calvin Coolidge. Meanwhile, the fright of the Republicans is amusingly illustrated by Senator Pepper's keynote speech, in which he shrieks that in exposing Republican rottenness the Democrats have "hit America" and have brought forward the possibility of an "irresponsible and highly dangerous third party"! If America is hit when corruption is exposed it certainly needs a third party.

OPEN COVENANTS OPENLY ARRIVED AT—this is hereafter to be not a mere phrase in England but a reality. Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, on behalf of the MacDonald Ministry, has announced that the present Government will hereafter submit to the House of Commons all agreements, commitments, and understandings which might bind the nation to any specific action. Every treaty with a foreign nation contemplated by the Government will lie on the table before Parliament, accessible to members, for a period of twenty-one days, at the end of which time the document may be ratified and published. In the case of important treaties, the Government pledges that it will bring them up for formal discussion in the House of Commons within the twenty-one-day period. This is one of the most significant reforms ever undertaken. In England it is nothing less than revolutionary. Had such a policy been in vogue in the years before the World War, the British public would not have been deceived and tricked into that war by the false statements made by Sir Edward Grey and his co-conspirators within the Cabinet, to the effect that there were no binding agreements as to Belgium, when there were such. This is one of the substantial triumphs of the MacDonald Government about which the American public reads little, whereas its defeats on minor measures are widely heralded as foreshadowing its demise. So far the Government has had luck and shown skill and ability. Already it has justified itself by two acts alone: its abandonment of the Singapore naval base and its decision to practice open diplomacy.

OSWALD MOSELY'S decision to join the Independent Labor Party brings to that organization one of the ablest and most promising young men in England, whom some are already describing as a future Prime Minister. The son-in-law of Marquis Curzon, Mr. Mosely has not hesitated to poke fun at the Government in which his father-in-law was so distinguished a figure, just as Stanley Baldwin's son opposed his father on the stump. To both of these young radicals—Mr. Mosely is only 27—the Conservative Government was somnolent and stuffy. Mr. Mosely correctly characterized one of Lord Curzon's notes as "pompous" and added that "all the ministers went to bed for a month, so arduous was the exertion of maintaining their dignity." Quite aside from personalities, however, the accession to Labor ranks of men of this type gives the greatest hope for that party's future. It helps to sound the knell of the Liberal Party; bolters from the Conservative ranks used to find their refuge in the party of Gladstone and Campbell-Bannerman.

HARLAN F. STONE, the new Attorney General, is a kind of conservative more frequently met with in England than in this country. He wants fair play for those with whom he disagrees. When Mitchell Palmer was stir-

ring the country with his brutal and illegal "Red Raids" Harlan Stone, then dean of the Columbia University Law School, challenged the justice of his course in a vigorous letter which was the more convincing because of Dean Stone's known lack of sympathy with those whose rights he defended. But more than one honest conservative is needed to restore the people's confidence in an Administration which has so long tolerated the corrupt crew which has been misgoverning the nation.

ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS for Attorney General Stone to do is to act in the case of a poor Lithuanian who suffers under the name of Joseph Baltrusaitis. Baltrusaitis has just been sent to jail for a technical offense committed in November, 1920, under a statute which has been suspended. A Department of Justice detective, dressed as a laborer, obtained from him copies of certain Communist pamphlets in English, which Baltrusaitis could neither read nor write (a Russian friend had left them with him), and the Lithuanian was thereupon tried and convicted on a charge of discouraging the recruiting and enlisting of soldiers—although no soldiers were then being recruited. He appealed, but the conviction was affirmed, and on March 12, five and a half years after the armistice, Baltrusaitis was sent to Leavenworth Prison to serve his two-year term. He should be pardoned, as should the twelve Cincinnati Socialists indicted in 1917 for opposing the draft act, whose case is now on appeal.

HAIL, COLUMBIA! A few Southern students at the New York university recently awakened to the fact that a Negro student was living in the same dormitory with them. These students very likely had been nursed by a colored mammy, shaved by colored barbers, waited upon by colored servants—but when they discovered that a colored man was living quietly in the same building with them they agreed that his proximity was unbearable. They protested, and a few days later a flaming cross, the ironic emblem of the Ku Klux Klan, burned outside the hall. But the university authorities stood firm, and the other students rallied to the cause of human decency. Dean Hawkes announced that the university would not discriminate in any way against a member of the colored race, and the majority of the white students of Furnald Hall signed a memorial to the authorities defending the colored student's right to exist and disassociating themselves from the protest of the few Southerners.

THE LEGISLATORS OF MISSISSIPPI recently listened to a statement from a group of Negro leaders which described the conditions of servitude and injustice existing in the State. The statement was fairly reported in the press and commented upon with respect. The Governor had previously declared for a "square deal" for the Negro and for the "fullest cooperation between the white man and the black." The exodus of colored labor from Mississippi had made the question of inter-racial relations more than a matter of sentiment; Mississippi must treat the Negroes like human beings or they will simply walk out. This combination of facts led *The Nation* to suggest in its issue of April 2 that there was a ray of hope for Mississippi. We were evidently premature and overoptimistic. The legislators listened to the memorial of the

Negroes and then adopted a resolution condemning it. If there is hope for Mississippi it will have to rest with a liberal Governor and a few Negro citizens of intelligence.

"MECHANICAL TROUBLE" in the broadcasting apparatus seems to be a disease with symptoms curiously similar to those of censorship. Three times recently radio speeches have been cut short. Each time the victim has thought that the trouble was censorship, and the radio company has explained that it was "mechanical trouble." Once Hudson Maxim was left talking to himself about prohibition, the radio fans being cut off as soon as Mr. Maxim began expressing his disapproval of the Volstead Act; once Olga Petrova was cut off when she launched into a defense of woman's right to her own name, her own children, and her own job—outside the home; and finally the circuit was broken when James K. Hackett attacked the New York critics who belittle Shakespeare and prefer Shaw. If the radio companies do not get over the habit of discovering "mechanical trouble" whenever a speaker makes remarks they do not like the radio fans will begin discussing government control in a manner which they will find still more objectionable.

THE REMOVAL OF THE INDEPENDENT to Boston, under the joint ownership of Richard E. Danielson and Christian A. Herter, 3d, brings forward the possibility that this historic journal, now in its seventy-fifth year, may be rescued for future usefulness. It was nearly extinguished, after its sale by Hamilton Holt, by the same management which founded and ended the *Weekly Review*. If, as its new owners announce, the *Independent* is really to be a nonpartisan liberal and constructive journal, no one will rejoice more than *The Nation*. If true to itself any really liberal journal will find it hard sledding today, as the fate of the brilliant *Freeman* proves. But we are more than hopeful that the many signs and portents of a liberal reawakening from the present intolerable political, economic, and social backwardness will inure to the benefit of all the weeklies which believe that America has another future than that of being politically the most static of countries. The growing failure of the daily press as an adequate interpreter of our times makes hourly more important the function of the weekly and monthly recorder of events. Another new publication which comes to our desk, *Humanity*, under the editorship of Dr. William J. Robinson, is fresh proof of the unquenchable desire to bring modern thought to the discussion of diverse problems, while the growth of *Public Affairs* and the *Forum* encourages the hope that thoughtful Americans are at last turning to a study of the political problems they have too long neglected.

"THE SALACIOUS 'SOPHIE'" and "the filthy 'Failures'": so the Mayor of Boston has stigmatized the last two dramatic productions of the Boston Stage Guild. The presence in Philip Moeller's "Sophie" of a worldly eighteenth-century French abbé seems first to have aroused the suspicions of the city censor, who subsequently demanded the elimination of all the "gods" and "damns." As usual this censorship served only to swell the audience at later performances. The president of the Harvard Dramatic Club, R. S. Aldrich, took up the cudgels: "The play was produced for cultured and sophisticated audiences—

not for men like Curley, Quinn, and Casey." These words drew the fire of the good mayor of Boston, who came back with a swinging shillelah, reminding the Harvard senior that "Messrs. Curley, Quinn, and Casey belong to a race—Celtic—that had a literature and art, a drama and poetry, and a clean virile civilization thousands of years before the ancestors of Aldrich, '24—Eldrich and Teutonic—emerged from the gloom and savagery of the Baltic jungles." Finally Mayor Curley let fire a magnificent broadside of alliteration against "those who mistake dirt for daring and decadence for drama," against those "breeders of bawdiness who have gone back to the beasts and the bones" and against the whole "sophistication of the social sewer." This new Catholic Puritanism of Boston in its thunderings against the theater is hardly more broad-minded, but at least it uses merrier verbiage than its Protestant prototype.

BERNARD SHAW has the rare quality of being irritated cheerfully. His latest irritation is at the French. They do not like his version of the story of "Saint Joan." So he comments: "The real woman in Joan is still as unpopular as she was when the Burgundians sold her to the English and the latter delivered her to the French church and to the Inquisition to be burned." An explanation of his "Arms and the Man" in a program of the Odéon in Paris annoyed him still more, and provoked him to this:

Appreciation of my plays has become a kind of test of civilization. . . . I have educated London, I have educated New York, Berlin, and Vienna. Moscow and Stockholm are at my feet. But I am too old to educate Paris. It lags too far behind, and I am too far ahead. I am afraid I shall never be on good terms with the Parisians. You see, I know France much better than they know her, and I like her so much better. . . . The Parisians don't appreciate her. They should all be expelled from France and replaced by Englishmen, the English who really appreciate her.

RISEN OVER NIGHT from a mere profession like law and medicine, the new religion of advertising has inspired a worshiper at the University of Oregon to a "Copy Writer's Prayer":

O God of the Printed Page!
Incline this day thine ear to me,
Who, perforce, must join in one
The poet and the peddler,
The singer and the salesman—
A minstrel of the market-place
Whose craft it is to find
The hidden heart of things for sale,
And make that spirit vocal,
So that multitudes may hear—and buy.

And when my flaccid fingers can no longer fumble
The keys of the typewriter,
And my copy is flat, stale, and unprofitable,
Then may I, O God of the Printed Page!
Be not unworthy of the epitaph:

"HERE LIES THE COPY WRITER—INTER-
PRETER OF TRADE—PROPHET OF
COMMERCE—REVELATOR OF BUSINESS!"

What vistas of aspiration this opens! What idealistic youth will ever be content to learn dentistry or mining or the saxophone now, when he may become the Prophet of Pebeco or the Revelator of the Rolls-Royce? When at the very least he may help spread the Gospel of Glostora?

General Dawes and the Politicians

IF the Dawes report had been made five years ago in peace-conference days, or four years ago in Spa-conference days, or three years ago in London-conference days, or even a year ago when the occupation of the Ruhr was new, it might have come as a fresh wind bringing relief to weary Europe. Today . . .

It begins right. The method of approach is right. The committee began, for the first time in history, to set the reparations question on its feet instead of on its head. Hitherto the Allies have begun with the question: How much do *we* need, or want? The answer was always more than the Germans could pay, and when the Germans said so the usual Allied answer was "Sign, and shut up." That pretty process occurred at Paris, at Spa, and at London, and every time economic facts gave the answer which the Germans had not been permitted to make. In the course of years it dawned upon the Allies that the right way was to begin with the question: How much can Germany pay? The Dawes committee set out with that right principle in mind. But it began in Paris, where the ultimatum has become a governmental habit, and bit by bit the experts have compromised with the politicians. The report, apparently, is not a summary of what the distinguished business men and economists who wrote it thought Germany could and should (for economic reasons) be made to pay, but a compromise between that and what Poincaré, with his eye on the elections in May, was willing to accept.

Elections! There is the poison that has crept into what was to have been an economic report. Politics—partisan campaigns, reviving the moods and mistakes of these miserable post-war years—have done their dirty work, and will do it increasingly in the coming four weeks. It is so pitifully easy to inflame a people with preelection jingoism! A worse time could hardly have been chosen for the publication of the experts' report. The German elections are due on May 4; the French elections on May 11. The failure of the Ruhr invasion will be forgotten. Hasty and ill-digested excerpts from the report, hotly nationalistic pleas for its acceptance or rejection will sway the campaigns both in France and in Germany, and the result is as little likely to represent the sober second judgment of the electors as did Lloyd George's khaki election in 1918 or the bloc-national election of 1919 in France.

Unfortunately the Dawes report, if the preliminary summaries which have "leaked" into the press are to be trusted, gives all too much scope to the wild men in both countries. Mr. Arno Dosch-Fleuret, one of the most reliable and experienced European correspondents, reports to the *New York World* that the plan is for a five-year partial moratorium, in which Germany must meet the treaty charges (including the cost of the occupation) and make certain deliveries in kind, gradually adding cash payments until in 1929 (which the experts expect to be a "normal year") she will be asked to pay 2½ billion gold marks as reparations; this to continue thereafter and to be added to if an "index of prosperity" indicates the possibility of increase. To enable bankrupt Germany to meet the immediate payments a foreign loan of \$200,000,000 is envisaged. A commissioner general, somewhat similar to the international dictator of Austria, is provided for, and associated with him

are four chief commissioners who will also be foreigners. Subject to their general supervision is the gold bank, which is to have a monopoly of the issue of currency; one-quarter of its capital will go to the Reichsbank and three-quarters be put on the market, and its directorate will be one-half German and one-half foreign. A Bank Transfer Committee, of six foreigners, will supervise the purchase of foreign currency and the reparations payments. The railroads are to be transferred from the Government to a private holding corporation with nine German and nine foreign directors and be bonded for 11 billion gold marks. A transport tax involving another three-billion gold-mark bond issue (equivalent to 7½ per cent of the gross earnings of the railroads) is to provide another share of the reparation payments, and an industrial bond issue of 5 billion gold marks, which is considered roughly equivalent to the profit made by the industrialists during the period of currency depreciation, is to yield another share of the burden.

This involves a total of 5 billion dollars' worth of bonds sooner or later to be floated on the international market, apart from the \$75,000,000 in capital stock of the gold bank and the immediate foreign loan of \$200,000,000. These are figures almost as fantastic and incredible to the banker as to the layman. The interminable delays in the preparation of the Dawes report plainly indicate that the experts have not been agreed upon them, and the British Government has already given hints that it does not regard them as feasible. Yet already the jingoes are crying "Germany must be made to pay." In the idiotic words of the *New York Herald-Tribune*: "The Allied governments . . . have the means to compel German submission. If they stand together loyally to enforce the settlement Germany will surrender, as she did in May, 1921." What good did that surrender do? What good can any *surrender* do? Europe's need is not for surrenders, ultimatums, defiances, but for agreement; and no settlement or report can bring relief until it comes as an agreed basis for payment in proportion to an agreed capacity to pay. Germany will never pay until there is within Germany a substantial body of public sentiment which believes it worth while trying to pay; and no loan at all, much less the enormous loans here contemplated, can be floated in the international market without assurance of such a guaranty in German public opinion.

Apparently the Dawes report has been revised in consultation with French politicians of the ruling clique. It may well give the nationalist bloc a new lease of life, for it gives them a new golden hope to replace the Ruhr policy, once so radiant with easy money, now so discredited. The report might better have been revised in consultation with the liberal groups in both countries. Unless the summaries of it are misleading it is less likely to promote in Germany a willingness to pay than to foster the reactionary current which recently gave so tragic a self-revelation in the verdict of the Ludendorff-Hitler trial in Munich. Ludendorff, avowed commander-in-chief of the army of rebellion, was acquitted; Hitler, chief rebel, sentenced to five years in prison. Less than six years ago Ludendorff, clad in mufti, fled from revolutionary Germany to Denmark. Today he is again a national hero. That is the result of five years of ultimatums. Will the politicians ever let us have peace?

Mr. Weeks Should Go

MR. DENBY is out of the Cabinet; so is Mr. Daugherty. Should John W. Weeks, Secretary of War, be the next to go? A year and a half ago *The Nation* said Mr. Weeks was falling down on his job. In an editorial on November 8, 1922, we noted that he was failing to uncover the vast frauds believed to exist in his department or to bring to justice the known offenders. We cited some facts also leading to the belief that he was purposely sitting on the lid: his failure to reinstate Major W. O. Watts and his shielding of Colonel L. E. Hanson.

Since that writing the policy of inaction and obstruction has gone on until at last some testimony in the Daugherty investigation has disclosed the administration of Mr. Weeks as another public scandal. Reliable witnesses have put Mr. Weeks in a most compromising position in regard to two of the notorious war frauds—the Bosch Magneto and the Standard Aircraft Corporation—while one of these witnesses, himself a lawyer, stated unequivocally that the Secretary of War could be and ought to be indicted for conspiracy to defraud the United States because of his course in the proceedings against the Wright-Martin Aircraft Corporation. In spite of soft pedaling by big business and the commercialized press, Congress ought next to investigate Mr. Weeks and the War Department, where there is all too much evidence already of the same web of thievery, jobbery, and espionage that has been found in the office of the Attorney General. In a panic-stricken effort to cover this up Thomas F. Lane, legal adviser to the Chief of the Army Air Service, was lately dismissed because of his effort to assist the Daugherty investigating committee, and in true Department-of-Justice style his brief-case was rifled and its contents put in the personal custody of Mr. Weeks. There has also been a mad scramble in the War Department to hurry over to the Department of Justice cases that have been slumbering quietly since Mr. Weeks took office three years ago. Captain William F. Volandt, Assistant Chief of the Finance Division of the Air Service, inadvertently let this cat out of the bag when he testified to the recent need of Mr. Lane's services in connection with the Standard Aircraft case. "We wanted to rush it over and get it into the Department of Justice," said Captain Volandt thoughtlessly. Then ensued the following dialogue between Senator Wheeler and the wriggling, squirming, but helpless witness:

Q. You wanted to rush it over to get it into the Department of Justice while this hearing was on? A. Absolutely not.

Q. You had had it four or five years and never made any rush before this. A. We have been rushing it all the time, and the records of the air service will indicate that.

Q. And you have been five years rushing it without getting it any place? A. No; not five years.

Q. How long? A. About three years.

Q. And you very conveniently rushed it over since this hearing started and since you knew we had started to have some testimony taken upon this particular case? A. No, sir.

Q. Has it gone over now? A. Yes, sir; it is in the Department of Justice.

Q. When did it go over there? A. As near as my recollection goes, four or five days ago.

But let us return to the specific charges against Mr. Weeks made in the Daugherty inquiry. Captain S. L. Scaife, formerly a special agent in the Department of Justice, testified that the law firm of Hornblower and Weeks had acted in 1918 in what later proved to be the illegal sale of the Bosch Magneto Company, receiving a donation of 7,000 shares, valued at \$420,000. Mr. Weeks was not then Secretary of War, but in 1922, after he had become such, the head of the Bosch Magneto Company suggested, in an effort to head off disagreeable proceedings, that all the interests "take John W. Weeks to Daugherty and put a quietus on this thing."

Mr. Lane told at the inquiry of favors to Mitsui and Company, backers of the Standard Aircraft Corporation, in the recent audit of the latter's affairs by the War Department. These favors, presumably known to if not obtained from Mr. Weeks, extended to the point of allowing a representative of Mitsui and Company to "sit in" at the audit and thus learn what cards were in the Government's hand.

But the most serious and specific charge against Mr. Weeks is that of Captain Scaife in connection with the Government's claim of an overpayment of more than \$5,000,000 to the Wright-Martin Aircraft Corporation. This claim, according to Captain Scaife, has been scandalously delayed both in the War Department and the Attorney General's office, and warrants criminal action against Mr. Weeks for conspiracy to defraud the United States. In 1921, in a letter addressed to "My Dear John," Charles Hayden of the Wright-Martin Aircraft Corporation wrote to Secretary Weeks complaining of the treatment the company was receiving at the hands of the Air Service and suggesting that "everything that can be done by cooperation between bankers and the Government to inspire confidence in a legitimate way should be done." Secretary Weeks thereupon assured "My Dear Hayden" that the decision of the Air Service was "not conclusive"; that there was appeal to a "higher officer" and, still further, "to myself." The case, however, was forwarded to the Department of Justice by the Assistant Secretary of War, J. M. Wainwright, and Robert M. Lovett, Assistant Attorney General, sent it on November 15, 1921, to William Hayward, United States Attorney, New York City, for trial. Then, on November 23, 1921, after the case had passed out of the jurisdiction of the War Department, Mr. Weeks wrote to Mr. Hayden, apparently in response to a new appeal for "cooperation":

I will see Mr. Hoyt [an officer of the Wright-Martin company] if he will call my secretary and make an appointment. In the meantime I have requested that no further immediate action be taken by the Department of Justice until I have had a talk with Mr. Hoyt.

The case was stopped. There was another "hearing" by the Department of Justice, and action has so far been prevented by taking the case from Mr. Hayward and giving it to a second and finally a third attorney.

The Nation concluded its editorial of November 8, 1922, by saying of Mr. Weeks: "An aroused public ought to compel him to get busy or walk the plank." We would amend that now to read: "An aroused public ought to compel him to get busy *and* walk the plank."

The Books That Bloom in the Spring

THE plaint of the preacher is one which, as we have said before, we cannot wholly indorse. It is a pity that there is no end of the making of bad books, but a world without new books would lack a stir, a vividness, a cultivation of the consciousness, a high and pleasurable and, in the last analysis, philosophical awareness of life which we cannot afford to lose. Thus each recurring publishing season is a season of interest, of pleasure, and of expectation. Such a season may not bring a masterpiece; if it did we might not recognize it for what it was. But each season is bound to bring an increase in vital and thoughtful communication among men, some freshness of vision, some new cadence of verse, some story not quite an old story, some tale of reality that enlarges the vision and enriches the life within.

Recent years have brought about enormous changes in the publishing scene and the life of the mind in America. Our history is more searching, our biography more critical, our fiction more veracious, and our verse more alive. Biographers and historians, men as utterly different in outlook and stature as Henry and James Truslow Adams, Thomas Beer, Gamaliel Bradford, Thomas Craven, have tried to illuminate their own as well as the national past. What has happened in consequence is something that has happened in other countries—a reappraisal and almost a re-creation of the national past for the uses of the present in terms of new vision and new values. Closely allied with this effort has been the extraordinary birth of criticism among us. This criticism is not always serene, not always notably well-balanced. But it has been remarkable and heartening by virtue of the fact that it is no longer narrowly literary and formal in the older sense but sweeps through the whole field of articulate civilization with a fresh and courageous stroke. In this season alone we have Carl Van Doren's "Many Minds," Percy H. Boynton's "Some Contemporary Americans," Floyd Dell's "Looking at Life," Paul Rosenfeld's "Port of New York," Gilbert Seldes's "The Seven Lively Arts."

These books, like the newer biographies and histories, are all books that deal with values in terms of facts, writings, men. They do not embroider upon a static condition nor, in the manner of the works of the schoolmen, illustrate the fixed and dead by an appeal to rules and statutes. They are out on an expedition of research. They are the books of truth-seekers, if not always of truth-finders. They are turning upon our civilization such a stream of fresh ideas as Matthew Arnold was always praying for. And the stir in the world of thought and perception originated by biographers, historians, critics, has been carried far and can occasionally be seen in the pages of popular fiction and popular magazines. In brief, thinking has become almost good form in our contemporary literature although a few years ago no one could honestly say that it was regarded as anything but a dangerous pastime.

Significant of the change that has come over the entire field of American letters and American thought is the relation toward foreign literatures that is being established. This relation is not new. It is established, as Gourmont pointed out long ago, in all periods in which a

given national literature attains freshness and fruitfulness and thus reaches out, as though by a natural instinct, for fertilizing pollen from other fields. We no longer import the trashy, the mild, the innocuous. Gone are the days when a Mrs. Whitney could translate volume after volume of Marlitt and flood the land with the false sugari-ness of that estimable lady. Anatole France and Jacob Wassermann have become powers among us, men who, exquisitely suave in the one case, somber and impassioned in the other, dig to the roots of life, stir the very foundations, call upon the hidden deeps. Knut Hamsun and Thomas Mann are making their way with American readers. These readers, although they do not know it (and perhaps it is just as well that they do not know it) are no longer mere seekers after entertainment in the hours when the true business of life is quieted, but have begun to seek in books that which shall help them to conduct the true business of both their outer and their inner lives. The number of such readers is relatively not very great. It is sufficient to have changed the aspect of American letters fundamentally, and it is this change that each succeeding publishing season accelerates and confirms.

Blessed Are the Peacemakers

"Not a 'Whatever, Whenever, Wherever' card has been signed; no religious editor has tabulated 'conversions,' but judged by Christ's own evidences of discipleship—reviling, persecution, and hatred—the greatest revival in the history of American colleges has broken out at Northwestern University."—Bulletin of the Methodist Federation for Social Service.

THIRTY-EIGHT students at Northwestern University, some of them ex-service men, are taking Christianity seriously. They dared, as *The Nation* has recorded, to stand up and dedicate their lives to peace. They said that they would never take part in war again. As a result Northwestern has been stirred to the depths; Evanston has seen soldiers marching once more through its streets, Chicago's newspapers have used headlines big enough and black enough for a first-class murder or divorce. The Christian pacifists have been reviled, persecuted, threatened with expulsion and bodily violence; one student, victim of mistaken identity, has been kicked out of a classroom; the cowardice of mob hysteria has blared forth as if it were war-time—and hundreds of thousands of people have been set to thinking about pacifism.

The most ludicrous product of the profession of faith of the thirty-eight was a community mass meeting held, with the cooperation of the American Legion, in Padden Gymnasium at the university. This was to reinstil "patriotism" in the student body and to reinstate the university with the moneyed militarists. Part of the Chicago *Tribune's* account of this expression of a free American city, at an institution of "learning," under the aegis of a church dedicated to the Prince of Peace, follows:

[It] was a rousing affair, reminiscent of the patriotic fervor of World War days. The "thirty-eight pale, anemic pinks," pledged never to fight for their country, were there, but silent and under enforced respectfulness. They heard themselves excoriated, ridiculed, and held up to public scorn, but only one had the temerity to ask permission to speak. He didn't get it. . . . Brigadier General Nathan William MacChesney . . . drew thunderous applause in

his characterization of the thirty-eight as "spineless, pusillanimous pacifists" and his classification of Brent Dow Allinson [a war-time conscientious objector] with Benedict Arnold and Judas Iscariot. . . . "Though we believe in keeping open the doors of the university to all classes of students" [he said] "we want no one guilty of treason to his country." . . . Another speaker discussed throwing the pacifists "into the sewer with the other refuse." . . . Col. O. C. Smith, State commander of the Spanish-American War Veterans of Illinois, however, said the Padden gym meeting was too much of a whitewash for the university and not enough was done to purge the school of taint by pruning rotten branches. David Wollins, a pacifist who was expelled from Northwestern last Friday, came to the platform and introduced himself to Brigadier General MacChesney, saying he disagreed with the speaker. . . .

The *Tribune* added to its streamer-head on the front page, to its story, cartoon, editorial, and back-page pictures, a revelation of "How Dead Hand of Lenin Guides Youth of U. S. A.; Astounding Propaganda in Churches, Schools," and a persecution directory of all the pacifists they could locate at the school.

President Walter Dill Scott hastened to issue a careful statement of his and Northwestern's attitude. He claimed for both himself and the university a proud record of military service. He deprecated, however, handling the problem of the conscientious objector with "impulsive" methods. He reminded his audience that "it is an old problem and one that has presented difficulties in every land in which there are large numbers of Christians" (*sic!*). He did not recommend slicing off the heads of all these Christians as Diocletian's officer beheaded Maximilianus, although he recalled the case; he urged "converting" them by persuasion, as Alvin York was "converted"—he who came to shoot "an unbelievable number of Germans, and at one time took 132 of them prisoners in the Argonne Forest," 132 Germans for each of his fingers.

Perhaps the thirty-eight Christians and their sympathizers might not have brought about such a rain of modern savagery had they not happened to launch their views in the midst of a great campaign to raise an endowment fund for the university. Its publicity was more difficult to ignore than the resolution unanimously adopted more than a year ago by the [Methodist] Puget Sound Conference.

Resolved, that we commend the attitude of the *Pacific Christian Advocate* in its adverse criticism of the action of the trustees of Northwestern University in signally honoring the head of the United States Steel Corporation, than which no great organization in American industry has shown greater disregard for the Christian ideals repeatedly expressed in the social pronouncements of all of our churches. While we fully appreciate the personal and local elements involved, we feel that such action by one of our great schools tends to neutralize the positive Christian ideals to which we adhere.

The sensitiveness of such groups in the Methodist church affects the trustees at Northwestern, Methodist though it be, but little. They have managed to remain superbly oblivious of the memorial unanimously adopted on March 24 by 300 ministers of the New York East Conference asking the Methodist Church "to declare for an unalterable opposition on the part of our church to the entire war system, economic exploitation, and militarism. . . ." Will the Methodist church finally accept the sixth commandment which has been in their creed these 2,000 years? The "thirty-eight" have set an example.

Spring Realism

WHAT is real? No philosopher has ever told us; none has been able to prove the actuality of a single thing outside of our consciousness. Things are real that are real to us; nothing else exists. The daily newspapers slip into our offices, flatten out before us, and attempt to lure us into a belief in the existence of themselves and of certain crimes and market conditions and national crises; and there are, it seems, politicians in a town called Washington whose behavior is a scandal. They steal our money and barter our land and break their own laws. The odor of their grimy linen, poked into official closets and corners, has spread like a vapor over the country. We, too, should smell it.

But we don't smell it. The odor that reaches our nostrils is of sun on tarred pavement, of damp earth from the churchyard below us, and, faintly, on the southeast breeze, of the sea. The newspaper and its stories are infinitely more remote, far less real, than the shimmering outline of some equatorial island. Following the wisdom of our noses we go out into the street and down to the docks and aboard a ferry-boat. We ride out into a harbor of lively, believable activity—of barges and lighters and tugs, and, in its slip, a vessel flying the "Blue Peter," with steam up for Panama and the islands of the South. Reality is aboard that vessel and half a dozen others, all leaving for somewhere with an air of practicality and a matter-of-fact assurance. And everything that is real in us reaches toward the ships and the islands out beyond that quiver under a hotter sun and breathe a richer air—real islands, you know, solid as a hard-boiled egg, real as oatmeal and bread-and-butter. The ships and the men aboard them have sense and proportion. They are a part of a world where it is not held fantastic or romantic to come to know the alluring features of the earth's face. Distant countries, islands, harbors, oceans, people—these are facts that can be felt and tested, that can be taken for granted and made a part of life by all but romantic fools who believe that economic theories and political struggles are real and that China is not.

It seems a pity that, apart from sailors and their ships and a few other sensible folk, the far parts of the earth are visited so largely by unbelievers, by people who do not seek reality but who want to get away from it. Nervous wrecks and bank robbers and disappointed lovers from time immemorial have left their jobs and their newspapers and their civic-improvement societies and all the things that they believe in, and have made off over the face of the earth. Their motto is to "get away from everything." They become cowboys or sailors or wanderers in strange lands because cowboys and sailors are people in a book and strange lands are unreal and romantic. Such life-dodgers should be kept at home. The world should lie open to its natural friends who can smell it and taste it and accept it without a struggle. Every man to the things that are real to him. . . .

The ferry grinds into its slip; rude throngs propel us ashore. Equally insistent and equally rude internal forces shove us up the street to an office and a desk and a waiting, hopeful morning newspaper. Still protesting, still disbelieving, we plunge headlong into the untrue, the unreal, the non-existent.

The Scandals of the Seventies

By ARTHUR WARNER

Who shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid
Is that the contractor did
Cheops out of several million?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To Controller of Supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
On King Pharaoh's swart Civilian?

SPEAKING in Congress toward the close of the Grant Administration of the frauds and scandals that had been coming to light one after another since the Civil War, George F. Hoar of Massachusetts said:

A great war; the time which follows a great war; great public debts; currency and values inflated; the exertion of new and extraordinary powers for the safety of the state; the sudden call of millions of slaves to a share in the government—any one of these things would be expected to create great disturbance, and give rise to great temptations and great corruptions. Our term of office has seen them all combined. And yet I do not scruple to affirm that not only has there been less dishonesty and maladministration in the sixteen years of Republican rule proportionally to the number and wealth of the people than in the first sixteen years after the inauguration of Washington, but there has been less absolutely of those things.

In the same way we may look back from the official debauchery in the wake of the World War and, comparing it with that directly after the Civil War, derive as much hope as did Mr. Hoar when he turned from the sorry spectacle of his day to the sins of the founding fathers. If it is any consolation to know that one's forebears were worse than oneself, there is balm for this generation in the almost continuous story of national degradation that was given to the public during the Presidency of General Grant, continuing in lesser degree into the terms of Hayes and Garfield.

The opening chapter was the uncovering of the Credit Mobilier with its trail of bribery and jobbery in the building of our first transcontinental railway. This great project, begun in 1863, languished for lack of capital until four years later, when the contract for construction was taken over by the Credit Mobilier of America, a Pennsylvania corporation with wide financial powers. The continent was finally spanned in 1869, the year when Grant became President, by connecting the Union Pacific with the Central Pacific, the one built westward from the Missouri River, the other laid eastward from the Pacific coast. Congress paid the builders a subsidy of \$16,000 a mile across the prairie country and from \$32,000 to \$48,000 through the mountains. Nor did it stop there. The American people were as prodigal and careless of land then as they are of water-power, oil, and timber now, and they threw in 25,000,000 acres of the public domain as well.

Oakes Ames, a Representative from Massachusetts, potent in the Credit Mobilier, undertook to spread its stock among public officials not so much with a view to getting further favors as with the hope of preventing hostile action when the public came to realize the value of the gifts already made. Apparently Ames did not give away any stock, but he sold it at \$100 par when its market value was twice

that, and he carried his customers along without pressing them if they didn't find it convenient to pay cash.

In the presidential campaign of 1872, when the Republicans were running Grant for a second term, the Democrats charged that the Vice-President (Schuyler Colfax), the Republican nominee for that office in the forthcoming election, the Speaker of the House, and a number of members of Congress had received stock in the Credit Mobilier in return for services. Both branches of Congress began investigations (even as you and I), and—what came of it? Why (in the most modern way imaginable) all the accusations and near-accusations and counter-accusations simmered down to a report from a House committee the next year that Ames and one other Representative had acted with "intent to influence the votes of members" and should be expelled. But they were not. The House compromised on a vote of censure, and the scandal passed into history.

No doubt the original charges—made as campaign ammunition—were exaggerated, but even with all allowances the outcome was farcical. In writing the story later Woodrow Wilson said:

But many a detail came to light which showed that members carried very easy-going consciences in such matters, accepted favors without looking too curiously into their motive or significance, thought more often of their personal interests than of the public honor, and felt very slightly the responsibility of their posts of trust. It was open to any one who chose to believe that less had been told than had been covered up; that, with but a little more probing, it might have been possible to unearth many an unsavory intrigue.

Soon after a series of appalling irregularities in the national finances came to the surface. It was discovered, for instance, that the acting Secretary of the Treasury, William A. Richardson, had made a contract with a certain John D. Sanborn to collect internal revenue taxes "share and share alike." Sanborn had pocketed some \$200,000 before there was an outcry and the scheme came to an end. Amazing as it seems, the men who inquired into this proceeding reported that it was legal and that nobody could be prosecuted. Perhaps; but as a historian of the period puts it, "Mr. Richardson's resignation was soon after reluctantly accepted by the President [General Grant], and his nomination to the Court of Claims confirmed with equal reluctance by the Senate."

But this was only a curtain-raiser for the frauds of the Whiskey Ring, a conspiracy embracing federal office-holders, distillers, and others, all so well intrenched and protected that in spite of the honest and determined efforts of B. H. Bristow, Secretary of the Treasury, it was long before legal evidence could be obtained, and only a few of the extensive gang of bandits were ever brought to justice. Mr. Bristow was unable to get anywhere through official investigators, but he finally succeeded through the efforts of a journalist of St. Louis (where the frauds were believed to center) in comparing whiskey shipments as disclosed by railway bills of lading with those upon which internal revenue had been paid. It was estimated that in 1871-1873 three times as much whiskey had been shipped from St. Louis as had paid

taxes, with a loss of nearly three million dollars to the Government. Part of the graft stuck to private fingers and part was destined for the campaign fund needed to elect Grant for a second term.

Grant's own relations to the fraud were most unfortunate. When evidence was finally obtained and indictments were returned against nearly a hundred government officials, General O. E. Babcock, Grant's private secretary, was among the number. Grant himself, when visiting St. Louis, had been offered—and had accepted—a pair of horses and a carriage from some of the men who were later implicated in the frauds. Babcock had received a gift of a \$2,400 shirt stud, but had complained because there was a flaw in the diamond! His loving friends thereupon substituted another (and let us hope satisfactory) jewel. When a letter of accusation against Babcock came before Grant, the President indorsed it with the since famous sentence: "Let no guilty man escape." Unfortunately, his acts belied his words. The prosecutors of Babcock complained of obstacles due to influence higher up, and although a number of prominent men were found guilty the President's private secretary was acquitted. The public was not so lenient, and criticism compelled Grant to dismiss his protegee soon after.

Simultaneously with the frauds of the Whiskey Ring there was a most malodorous bit of lobbying in behalf of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. In 1865 Congress had passed an act authorizing the Postmaster General to make contracts with the Pacific Mail for Asiatic postal services. In 1872 another bill was put through granting the company a subsidy of \$500,000 a year for "additional monthly mail service" under various conditions which were not fulfilled. The subsidy was paid just the same, and in an investigation a couple of years later it came out that a fund of \$750,000 had been sent to Washington to get the subsidy through. Some \$300,000 was intrusted to Representative John G. Schumaker of Brooklyn and lesser sums to at least two other men. The public never learned into whose hands it trickled from those sources. As *The Nation* of January 28, 1875, remarked, the controllers of the slush fund apparently gave it to the trio with "carte blanche to corrupt anybody they could, relying on their reputation as skilled workmen."

As if all this were not filth enough for one administration, Grant's Secretary of War, W. W. Belknap, went wading up to the ears in the financial mire about him. He turned his office into a brokerage bureau for job hunters, and made a small fortune selling positions in the government service. He sold jobs over the counter, cash and carry; he found work for needy applicants on a commission basis; he had all the outward suavity and internal granite of an employment agency. And speaking of granite, he made \$90,000 on the side through contracts for soldiers' monuments in national cemeteries. Eventually he overplayed his hand, the scandal got too loud, and one fine day the House of Representatives voted to impeach him. But Belknap beat Congress to it. A couple of hours before the vote was taken he submitted his resignation to Grant and it was immediately accepted by the complacent President. Just the same the Senate proceeded to an impeachment trial. The ex-Secretary's lawyer argued that with his client out of office the Senate had no further authority. The Senate, by a close vote, decided that it had, and then went on by an equally close majority to record its belief in the ex-Secretary's guilt. But as a two-thirds vote is necessary

to convict in an impeachment trial, the verdict had to be one of acquittal.

The Star Route frauds were not brought into the open until Grant had left the White House, but they undoubtedly owe their origin to the political ineptitude and moral anemia of his administration. The distribution of mail in the West depended then to a considerable extent upon stage lines of which, in 1878, nearly 10,000 had contracts with the Government at a cost of almost six million dollars. A syndicate was formed consisting of mail contractors and both Republican and Democratic politicians (even then the two historic parties were combining when self-interest demanded) for the purpose of increasing the amounts paid to certain stage lines. The usual method was to get up "petitions" asking for an increase in the number of trips a week or for quickening the time of the run. Then the politicians saw to it that the "estimates" were allowed, and the swag was divided between the gentlemen crooks in Washington and the flannel-shirt hold-up men in the provinces. By this method the payments to 135 routes were raised from \$143,169 to \$622,808, while the pay roll of twenty-six lines was boosted from \$65,216 to \$530,319. It is said that some of these stage services did not carry three letters a week.

As in the case of the Whiskey Ring, it was hard to obtain evidence of the conspirators in the Star Route swindles, and even when it was in hand the ramifications of the gang were so considerable—and their mutual insurance system so effective—that prosecution was impeded. The Second Assistant Postmaster General, Thomas W. Brady, was generally believed to be implicated, but he stood off prosecution by making it known that if he were proceeded against he would reveal some correspondence dragging President Garfield into the mess. Eventually he did make public a letter from the President to the chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, beginning "My dear Hubbell" and expressing the hope that Brady "would give them all the assistance possible." Brady declared that this meant that he was to get money from the Star Route contractors. The President replied that it was intended as a call upon Brady to contribute to the campaign fund out of his own pocket. The letter was at least indelicate and unwise, and another sentence in it, "Please tell me how the departments generally are doing," showed Garfield's knowledge of and connivance in an effort to shake down government employees for the party campaign fund.

Whether Brady could have made other—and worse—exposures cannot be told. Anyhow various excuses were found for postponing his trial, and it was finally dropped. For that matter the entire prosecution fizzled. According to the account of E. Benjamin Andrews, only one man was ever punished, "and in this case the Government was in error, as the man was innocent."

Perhaps the genius of the counsel for the defense had something to do with the failure to obtain convictions for the Star Route frauds. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll was one of the lawyers, and it is doubtful if the records of criminal defense contain a more brilliant coup than his plea for a client who had served in the Civil War, before a jury in which sat three Negroes, all probably former slaves. Turning upon these Negroes one after the other, "It is for you, and for you, and for you," he said, "to say whether a man who fought to take the chains off your body shall have chains put on his by your prejudice and ignorance."

The Cruise of the S. S. Henderson

By CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

WE have seen the American navy at work and at play, and now we have come back to our desks to tell the world what the navy needs. We have seen the marines operating backward republics, and we have come back to tell the world about the fine roads that the occupying forces have built.

There were eighty-eight of us, editors and publishers, who set out from Charleston, S. C., as members of what was then called "Secretary Denby's party," to see the maneuvers of the navy in the Caribbean Sea, and to view the work of the marines in the island dependencies. Secretary Denby had planned to accompany us in the capacity of host, but rather pressing matters kept him in Washington, and while we were in tropical waters we read in the wireless news that our host had resigned.

The project was frankly an educational one, or what might be called, in the language of other days, a propaganda enterprise. It was a systematic effort to get the newspaper men to see through navy eyes the navy's program and policy. It was an undisguised effort to justify the American occupation of Haiti and the Dominican Republic before a group of men that might be expected to influence American public opinion. On the whole, I should say that the enterprise was an immense success.

During the long, tropical evenings, when mild moons and soft lapping of the waves make for the abolition of secrets, one catches glimpses of the sweating and planning that made this educational tour possible. One hears that when stops at Haiti and Santo Domingo were proposed high officials responded: "What? Take them down there where there is so much agitation? No!" But other counsels prevailed. Over his sparkling glass in a tropical cafe a high officer of the marines confides: "We were warned to be careful what we said before you fellows. But I don't care. I'm going to say what I think."

And so, despite the continuous round of receptions and the program of activities which, if followed, leave no time for mere idle conversation with natives and the humbler officers, one hears something of both sides of each of the situations presented to us.

There is the question of the needs of the navy. All the way down to the Indies, aboard the transport Henderson, we listen to lectures, two and three of them each day. The lectures are on many subjects, but the lecturers constantly revert to this many-sided topic, the needs of the navy. There is unanimity in the declaration that the navy needs to have the guns on the battleships elevated, so that we can shoot as far as the British can shoot, else the British may outshoot us in the next war. There is much emphasis upon the British light cruiser program, and a general feeling that we ought not to permit the British to beat us in the matter of building light cruisers.

But, on the other hand, our most scholarly and impressive speaker is a rear admiral who weighs his words and speaks with authority. He tells us that what the navy needs is another disarmament conference. He sees only

folly in a light-cruiser building race between the United States and any other nation. Granted that the United States shall be ably represented, a conference to stop the building of light cruisers is the desirable thing, says this speaker. The pleaders for a big fleet of light cruisers are outranked by this genial and well-balanced speaker, so they fall silent.

All through the maneuvers, it is plain that the navy needs more money. Four of the battleships are unable to take part because their engines are out of order. More airplane carriers are needed, so that our fleet may spot the enemy's fleet and may keep account of the hits scored. This enemy is a very real thing to the navy men. Sometimes one glimpses the enemy as British, and sometimes as Japanese. But always it is as actually present as was the devil at whom Martin Luther threw the ink-well.

One becomes interested in outwitting this enemy of our republic. One feels that one is getting the navy point of view. And then one thinks of the expense and the energy involved in the playing of this great game. Here are thirty thousand men, in this fleet at anchor in Vieques Bay, and one stands upon the deck of a unit of this fleet, and this one ship cost thirty million dollars. Perhaps the rear admiral is right.

The American Chamber of Commerce has prepared to entertain us at Port au Prince, but the occupying marines, with characteristic efficiency, are closer to the ship with their cars, and they whisk us off. There is some ill feeling on the part of some of the Chamber of Commerce folk, and it seems that this ill-feeling is not altogether new. Some of the business men impart to us the information that the military occupation is not all benevolence. We are assured that altogether too many natives have been shot, and that the first grand sweep of the marines over the city was disastrous to native non-combatant life and likewise to American prestige, for the natives will not forget.

On the other hand, the marines demonstrate for us, to the entire satisfaction of everyone, that they can shoot. They can and do perform wonders with machine-guns.

We visit the Syrian merchants, and they assure us that the American occupation is the salvation of these backward islands. Revolutions are hard on business, they say, and the Americans put a stop to the revolutions. We repeat this testimony in a Port au Prince cafe, where we find an interesting gathering of native intellectuals and free-speaking marine officers.

"Yes, that's what the Syrians say," replies the senior officer. "That's because the occupying forces spent money with them, and they think of nothing but their income. But what I say is, let's get out of here. This military government is top-heavy. Too many political pets at the top, and too many big salaries. These late-comers among the political Americans draw the color line, and you can't do that in a country where everybody is black. The native constabulary is competent to keep order, and we could leave a legion guard. I believe in killing 'em while we're

at war with 'em, and killing 'em good and plenty, but there's no sense in the way we're doing to 'em now."

We catch our breath in astonishment, and a black man, who is also a writing man, says: "He's right. He knows our people. I was one who welcomed the occupation. Now I pray for the Americans to leave. Our roads are costing us far more than we can afford, and they are good only for the occupying forces. Our people bring their produce to market on donkeys, and they must pull their donkeys off the roads when they see the military automobiles coming. The roads cost fabulous amounts, and to maintain them is worse. We cannot afford such roads for the conquerors to ride upon."

It is clear that there is discontent here. Maybe the higher officials who objected to our stopping in the occupied islands were right, after all.

But the officers of the occupation, highly placed, assure us that the discontent is slight. True, there is one Haitian editor in prison, and he has been in prison for many months without trial. But it is alleged that he not only made accusations against the high commissioner, a good American, but also cast aspersions upon the family of the President of the republic himself. It is predicted that this editor will be in prison a long while yet. Meanwhile, we are assured, there is freedom of the press in Haiti.

In Santo Domingo the air is charged with nervous hostility, but the people are reserved in their speaking.

"We are preparing for the coming election," they say, "and we are relying upon the Americans to withdraw, as they have told us they would, when we have had our election and got our new government working."

Preparations for the election are seen on every hand. The event has been postponed many times, but now there are big signs strung across the streets, assuring the people that this time the election will positively be held. American officials assure us that it will be an honest election, with no stuffing of the ballot-boxes. Repeating is to be guarded against. Each voter is to have a patch of hair shaved off his forearm when he casts his ballot, and if he is hairless on his arm, then he is to have his forefinger dipped into a chemical solution that will discolor the finger for several days. We smile at the ingenuity of the election officials, and wonder why such an excellent system should not be imported into New York and Omaha.

Will the occupation be discontinued after the election? The Dominican people seem to think so.

Over in the Virgin Islands the people are enthusiastic about the coming of the American party of journalists.

"We are Americans now," a middle-aged merchant assures us. "America has come and taken away our rum, and so we cannot make any money on our sugar-cane, for in these islands, where crops are uncertain, the rum represented the profit in the raising of sugar-cane. They have taken away our free port, too, and so we have not much prosperity. Heavy duties on everything. The ships that used to call at our free port now pass us by. We are getting poorer. But, if we are to be Americans, we prefer to be ruled by the navy men, as we are now. Our governmental expenses are so much greater than our income. Self-government is a luxury that we cannot afford, under American rule. The navy pays the difference, and is good to us."

In Porto Rico Americanization has had more time in which to work. There is intensive cultivation. There is great wealth, highly organized, and of course there is also great poverty, highly disorganized. There is politics, and it is working at all hours, but it is the voluble kind of politics that we are accustomed to in the States. It bears no resemblance to the sacred, secret, bitter politics of the conquered peoples of the backward republics.

The Porto Ricans do not complain of oppression. They merely argue for the right of a greater measure of self-government, and they argue hopefully and boldly. They were shocked by the silly blundering of the notorious E. Mont Reilly, and they use that episode as an argument in favor of the appointment or election of a Porto Rican as governor of Porto Rico. Some favor appointment of a Porto Rican by the President of the United States, some favor election of a governor by the people of Porto Rico, and some want full statehood. One gets the impression that these people eventually will get what they want, because they know the political game, and can play it well.

We are back in America, the land of the free. We read that the marines are active down in Honduras now. And we recall the demonstration battle that the marines staged for us on Culebra island: the bombardment from the sea, the swooping of the seaplanes, the fleets of landing boats, the uncanny amphibious tank that swims out of the sea and climbs up the side of a mountain, spitting death, and the slowly advancing ranks of marines, who know how to use machine-guns.

Yes, we can make them behave. We have the things. And a goodly group of editors and publishers is now fully equipped to deliver lectures and write editorials urging that the naval arm, with its marine fist, be strengthened by larger appropriations. The voyage of the Henderson was a success.

Light Sleep

By HAZEL HALL

Women who sing themselves to sleep
Lie with their hands at rest,
Locked over them night-long as though to keep
Music against their breast.

They who have feared the night and lain
Mumbling themselves to peace
Sleep a light sleep lest they forget the strain
That brings them their release.

They dream, who hold beneath the hand
A crumpled shape of song,
Of trembling sound they do not understand,
Yet love the whole night long.

Women who sing themselves to sleep
Must lie in fear till day,
Clasping an amulet of words to keep
The leaning dark away.

Third Party Chances

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

II. 1923, Now—and After

IT is a fashionable liberal fallacy that the Russian Revolution has had no influence on American labor. This is like saying that the German Reformation has had no influence on the High Church of England because it still is more Catholic than Protestant. The Russian experience has profoundly affected the entire international labor movement, though probably least of all our own. For us its idealism is too utopian and its ideology too foreign. In the economic field it has, to my mind, done more harm than good by swallowing a hopeful development toward industrial unionism. But as we look back upon the year 1923 it is clear that it has served, at least to some degree, to frighten into greater activity the counter-reformation in organized labor toward political action.

It was at the Cleveland Conference for Progressive Political Action in December, 1922, that the pre-war radical and conventionally progressive forces in American labor first brushed up against this new left-wing movement in the political field. This wing split from the old Socialist Party in 1919. The historic but unsuccessful efforts of the Socialist Party have always been to force American labor into politics. And on this central issue it maintained itself as the official opposition in the parliamentary proceedings of American labor under one name or another for almost forty years. In 1919 the lightening of the Russian revolution, after it had deeply scorched European labor, finally reached our Socialist Party. The communist section ran away with most of the membership, reducing the old party to its organizational skeleton. But the Palmer raids soon after forced the communists into the catacombs of American labor, where during the next three years they led a necessarily miasmatic life.

But finally, in December, 1921, the impending Michigan anti-syndicalist trials smoked them out under the name of the Workers Party. Since then the Workers Party has been able to swallow most of the radical sects which have been freckling the left wing of labor since the war. Today it issues the *Daily Worker*, the weekly *Voice of Labor*, the monthly *Liberator*, and several allied publications. It has about 20,000 members, of whom between 5 to 10 per cent are English speaking. And, of course, it is affiliated with the Third International for exactly the same reasons that the American Rotarians are affiliated with the International Rotary.

The leaders of the Workers Party are on the whole quite commonplace, with the possible exception of William Z. Foster, who did not join the party openly until last July. Foster is one of the most projective and impatient propagandists in our labor movement and probably the ablest pamphleteer in its entire history. His knowledge of labor history and tactics is enormous and, sieved through his temper, gives to his mind an exaggeratedly Hegelian slant in which every bit of fact and fancy goes toward the molding of the labor New Atlantis. He has the rare gift of reducing complicated movements into simple and dramatic

logic, without too much loss, but with that curious touch of unreality which is the main characteristic of those who would apply strict logic to society.

The national secretary of the party is Charles E. Ruthenberg. Athletic, well groomed, a fine and sincere speaker in the socialist and revolutionary vernacular, he makes an impressive figure on the proletarian platform. But somehow after the first few minutes the Trotzky spell clears into an attractive average American who in 1919 was advertising the social revolution and today is advertising a third-party movement. James P. Cannon, the national chairman, is a kindly and honest man, radical by nature, not by sophistication. J. Louis Engdahl, one of the editors of the *Daily Worker*, is much the same. William F. Dunne, in whose lone person bolshevism was officially outlawed at the last A. F. of L. convention, is a typical American left-wing trade unionist, with the courage of a prize-fighter rather than a fanatic. He is co-editor with Mr. Engdahl of the *Daily Worker*. Robert Minor's really excellent drawings of the pettiest radical meeting as the first rumblings of the Great Spartacan Revolt make one regret the loss of a good cartoonist in an artless man. And finally there is John Pepper, whose experience has been in the European revolutionary movement, a rather bigoted and embittered journalist, with an enormous "analytical" output on American labor, in which he betrays a capacity for fantastic misinterpretation which takes away the breath even of his comrades.

But in spite of the rather mediocre leadership and imported ideology the Workers Party has had something to do with hastening our labor movement into political action. It has driven the progressives in American labor toward the conservatives, with the result that both of them are now shifting to the left to meet this radical attack with a counter-reformation. It is in this sense, and in this sense only, that the New Radicalism is significant.

Now, no radical group can break directly into the conservative front of any movement. Accordingly the Workers Party is organized as a narrow, sharp, and jesuitically disciplined organization which is trying to bore its way into the progressive forces of the labor movement. And its first attempt was to break into the Cleveland Conference.

This conference met soon after the progressive victories in the congressional and gubernatorial elections of November, 1922, whose character its forces had helped to determine to some degree, especially in the Middle West and the Northwest. It met in a spirit of elation, resolved to carry on its Chicago program of militant nonpartisanship. It is this spirit of militancy which distinguishes the Johnston from the Gompers policy. The dominating group in this conference were the railroad brotherhoods, flanked on the left by the Socialist and Farmer-Labor parties and on the right by the miners and the other international unions. The central motive of the railroad men was to prepare the ground far enough in advance for La Follette in 1924, with McAdoo as a second choice. (McAdoo developed into their first choice only in 1923.) They had no intention whatever of conceiving a third party. They were just getting established as a political household. And they

meant to use political birth control; some day, possibly, a third party might see the light of day—when they could afford it.

Needless to say, the Workers Party was an uninvited guest and was quickly railroaded out. Mr. Johnston, the chairman of the conference, is still too much imbued with his Salvation Army past to give anybody the bum's rush personally. So Edward Keating, former Congressman from Colorado and now editor of *Labor*, practically the official organ of the conference, acted as the strong man. His language somewhat irritated Morris Hillquit, a great stickler for etiquette, who tried to smooth over the unpleasant incident with an impassioned plea for political prisoners, for nationalization of public utilities, and against the abuse of the injunction.

Hillquit is the physician-in-charge of the invalided Socialist Party. From 1919 to 1922 the Socialist Party was really bed-ridden. And Mr. Hillquit's perfect bedside manner had a great deal to do with overcoming its nervous breakdown sufficiently to enable it to take part in the Chicago, Cleveland, and finally St. Louis conferences. Today the party is doing rather nicely. Probably it will never again regain its strength of 1912. Its enmity to the Workers Party is fully as bitter as the inter-socialist feuds in Europe. Still, of late, there are indications that the Socialist Party will try to assume the brokerage role between the various political factions in labor. This new attitude is largely due to Hillquit's tact and knowledge, to his almost uncanny suppleness of motive and subtlety of intention. He is so delicately agile that it is humanly impossible to trust him implicitly. But his whole career in the Socialist movement bespeaks a very fine honesty of purpose, in the long run, behind all his chess-like moves.

However, even Hillquit's parliamentary perfection could not remove the impression that the conference meant to do no more than "to punish and reward" on the old bipartisan basis. To the left wing of the conference it seemed obvious that the counter-reformation was still quite Roman and that it had no theses of rebellion against the College of Cardinals in the A. F. of L. The Socialist Party, of course, had to stay in the conference for the same reasons that the Franciscans had to stay in the church. But the Farmer-Labor Party soon withdrew. It was through with political continence. And early in 1923 John Fitzpatrick, the chairman of the party, issued a call for all good rebels to meet the following July in Chicago. The Workers Party was among those invited.

Whom the gods would partially destroy they first make foolhardy. Fitzpatrick should have known the first law of political pigmentation: in a red-tinted convention power gravitates to the crimsons and not the pinks. Fitzpatrick as a big office-holding trade unionist could not possibly head a red political movement. In July, 1920, Mr. Hopkins delivered the Committee of 48 to the then Labor Party under Fitzpatrick's leadership. Almost exactly three years later, in the very same hall, Fitzpatrick handed the Farmer-Labor Party over to the Workers Party.

The Workers Party wanted to enter the labor movement. It could not get into its orthodox wing. It could not even get into its modernist wing. So the next best thing was to organize the heterodox odds and ends. Heterodoxy is a shade better than heresy. And by last July the Workers Party was thoroughly converted to opportunism. The platform it suggested was, in fact, less radical than the pro-

gram of the Conference for Progressive Political Action. But somehow through all their orchestrations there ran the red laugh of the revolutionary saxophone, subtly teasing the proletarian emotions, intriguing or provoking through its sheer elusiveness. The press caught and magnified this strain to the tune of the red flag. Fitzpatrick, Brophy, Kutz—all the other responsible trade unionists—had to bolt, but they could no more than limp off. The Farmer-Labor parties of Washington, Ohio, and Kentucky went with the rest of the convention, which formed the Federated Farmer-Labor Party.

The enemies of the new party proclaimed it a paper organization, which was largely true. The Workers Party did not create a real political movement, it did gain an American complexion. It became incorporated as an American third party. And though papers of incorporation are mere fictions, they are useful. William Bouck, prominent for a quarter of a century as a "dirt farmer" in the State of Washington, became the new party's chairman. Bouck knows little about the winds of doctrine in the Third International and cares even less. But he is symptomatic of far Western unrest much in the same way that Magnus Johnson has been for over twenty years in Minnesota. Johnson was elected to join Shipstead in the United States Senate, thereby lifting the whole third-party movement into national politics. And while Johnston of the Conference for Progressive Political Action is not on speaking terms with Ruthenberg, Johnson of the United States Senate is on speaking terms with Bouck.

Probably no one exulted more in the victory of the Workers Party at Chicago than Samuel Gompers. His age-long theory received its most dramatic vindication. Miraculously, John Fitzpatrick, Nockels, Brophy turned into prodigal sons. I interviewed Mr. Gompers soon after the convention. Boys will be boys, seemed to be his attitude. He was almost in a chuckling mood, in so far as such a fiery personality ever chuckles. Besides, Gompers appreciated that in Chicago the Workers Party also swallowed Foster and his Trade Union Educational League, thus practically nullifying the "inner" drive toward industrial unionism. And he also appreciated that the Chicago fiasco was bound to push the Conference for Progressive Political Action somewhat to the right, thereby enabling him to meet it half way and to put himself into an attitude of a subtly more benevolent neutrality toward the political unrest of labor.

During the next half year the Conference for Progressive Political Action vigorously carried on its organization throughout the country. It started local and State conferences in New York, Massachusetts, West Virginia, Ohio, throughout the Mississippi Valley, in the Far West. Almost everywhere it encountered the active opposition of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party but without much hurt. The radicals can hurt the conference only when it loafs, not when it works, for it comprises about half of the organized labor movement. And so the conference threw itself into this educational organization work, ably aided by its Socialist wing in the industrial East, by the populist movement in the Northwest and Middle West and even in the Southwest, by the railroad brotherhoods, and—to a lesser degree—by the miners everywhere. The conference was laying its foundations rapidly and well. At the Portland convention of the A. F. of L. there was, of course, the traditional plank against independent political action. But though the

Conference for Progressive Political Action is rapidly developing into a third-party movement, the Gompers machine is by no means fighting it.

On November 15 and 16 last a conference of practically all the third-party groups outside the Conference for Progressive Political Action met in St. Paul under the auspices of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party. The Wisconsin, North Dakota, and California Nonpartisan Leagues, the Farmer-Labor parties of Washington, Montana, Idaho, and South Dakota, the Progressive parties of Pennsylvania and New York were present. The irrepressible Mr. Hopkins resurrected the Committee of 48 for the occasion. And, most significantly, John Fitzpatrick and Jay G. Brown of the National Farmer-Labor Party were there along with William Bouck and Joseph Manly of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party.

The St. Paul meeting adopted almost entirely the program of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party. The prestige of its two absent United States senators hovered over all proceedings. And when an enthusiastic radical delegate started to berate the Conference for Progressive Political Action she was immediately squelched, for Shipstead and Magnus Johnson are very grateful to the conference for its aid in their election. The assembled delegates then passed a resolution urging "the National Conference for Progressive Political Action to support . . . the efforts of established farmer-labor organizations whose economic aims are its aims in preference to giving support to either of the old-party organizations." And they decided to reconvene in one of the Twin Cities on June 17 next in a presidential nominating convention. The semi-official labor organs of the Conference for Progressive Political Action reported the St. Paul meeting very fairly, almost favorably. At the time it seemed as though there was a drift toward a united front of all the implicit and avowed third-party groupings in American labor and populism. But since then the oil scandal has given a somewhat different direction to this drift.

But before we go into the effect of this scandal on the political labor movement we must mention the third national convention of the Workers Party, which met in Chicago on the last day of 1923. A very interesting subdued struggle ensued there between Foster and Pepper. Foster, with the support of Ruthenberg, wishes the party to become an ever more indigenous part of the American labor movement, which would enable it to participate wholeheartedly in just such conferences as the St. Paul meeting. Pepper, whose experience in American labor is only a little over one year old and whose knowledge of it is practically nil, thinks much more in terms of the Communist International. The Third International is still, of course, the sacred cow of the Workers Party and its greetings were received with religious fervor. But not every day is Red Sunday, and American labor works during the week. The Foster tendency won out by electing William F. Dunne to the National Executive Committee, which now is almost as all-American as the average football team, though the bleachers are still crowded with foreign-speaking workers. But, then, it is well to remember that the percentage of foreign-speaking men and women is higher in the American labor movement than at the Harvard-Yale game.

Then came the oil scandal. The oil scandal has suddenly tremendously increased the immediate third-party chances of the Conference for Progressive Political Action and of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party and its contig-

uous influences. Senator La Follette is now very seriously considering running on a third-party ticket.

Senator La Follette would not and could not run on a reform ticket. He would have to run on a Farmer-Labor ticket of some sort. Under these circumstances his own Wisconsin organization, the Conference for Progressive Political Action, and the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party with its extensions in the Northwestern States will form the nuclei of this new party, with the general liberal, progressive, and protest vote as protoplasm. This raises the Conference for Progressive Political Action and the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party to heights of respectable responsibility whence they can easily ignore the motley left-wing groups whose support, to their mind, La Follette must eschew.

With these new hopes the Conference for Progressive Political Action held its third meeting in St. Louis on February 11 and 12. It reaffirmed its Chicago and Cleveland programs, only with far greater confidence and zest. The world has changed considerably since its Cleveland meeting. Russia has moved so far toward the right that the Workers Party is practically nothing but a corresponding member of the Third International, and it is trying hard to become Americanized. This does not mean that the big labor leaders do not thoroughly distrust the radicals; but, I believe, it is fair to say that—at least in the political field—they fear them now less than at any time within the last two years. What supplied the spiritual leaven to the St. Louis conference was the rise of British Labor into power; and a really nauseating disgust with the hopeless incompetence and corruption of the two old parties. Following a stirring preamble, the conference added to its Cleveland program a demand for the retention of surtaxes and the restoration of the excess-profits tax; for the taxation of stock dividends and undistributed profits; for the absolute public ownership of all water-power, railroads, coal mines, and natural resources; for the abolition of imprisonment for "contempt" of court without jury trial; for the Norris-Sinclair bill which would eliminate the middle man in farm marketing; and for a referendum on any proposed war.

So far the conference has been nonpartisan partly on account of the natural conservatism of the leaders, but even more so because during 1923 the railroad brotherhoods were marking time for McAdoo. With the apparent collapse of the McAdoo boom, the entire conference instinctively veered in the direction of a third party and toward the possible candidacy of La Follette. For a few hours the leaders of the big international unions wavered. But finally, under the brilliant and persuasive pressure of Morris Hillquit, the conference voted unanimously to hold a national convention July 4 next in Cleveland, "for the purpose of taking action on the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President." And so at last, after forty years of struggle, the most important international unions which control our labor movement have come out for independent political action, for we must not forget that the Conference for Progressive Political Action officially represents about half of all organized labor in this country, and its more strategic half at that.

There is no doubt that we stand today at the threshold of a political labor movement which is slowly gathering around itself all the progressive forces of American society—much as was the case in Great Britain at the beginning of the century.

Winds of the West

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

SO as I wandered in the West, in Illinois and in Wisconsin, a few straws hit me in the eye and I herewith offer them to the scrutiny of wiser meteorologists who may say what winds they indicate or portend.

"Milwaukee is radical." "It has a Socialist mayor." "He has just been reelected by a triumphant margin over a coalition combination candidate of the other two parties."

Is that a straw? No, it is only dust. The straw is as follows:

Daniel Webster Hoan, Socialist mayor of Milwaukee, was reelected by a triumphant margin consisting largely of church people and of home-loving, home-keeping women who wanted a clean town and who objected to the so-called conservative candidate, ex-Mayor David S. Rose, because his record was one of favoring an open, loose town.

Rose was for the American flag and the gay life. Hoan was for socialism and the home. Hoan won. Query: Was it a victory for municipalization or for matrimony?

Straw: There is much matrimony in Milwaukee under Mayor Hoan and little municipalization.

The voters of Milwaukee, while reelecting Mr. Hoan, gave him a non-Socialist majority in the city council and also a non-Socialist majority in his own administrative cabinet.

Simultaneously and somewhat similarly, while they eagerly voted large issues of bonds for such standard conventional projects as a playground system and a civic center, they were sharply and closely divided on the mildly novel and tamely socialistic project of a "municipal repair shop."

Many Catholic priests were for Hoan, the Socialist, because of being for morality, public and private. Hoan himself attributed his victory not to Karl Marx but to "the women."

Marriage banns announced in Milwaukee:

1. Karl Marx and the home.
2. Flag-waving and joy-riding.

Hoan was accused of being against the flag. Straw: Milwaukee went for decency with or without the flag.

Kipling has a phrase: "jelly-bellied flag-flapper." Query: Can it be that the jelly-bellied flag-flappers are losing their grip a bit—here and there—in American politics?

"Wisconsin is radical and unsafe for business, and business is leaving Wisconsin."

So they say, when they don't care what they say and are only talking through their hats as well as sniveling through their noses and crying into their port-wine sangarees at Havana while contemplating the ruin of a country which still can afford to give them these sunny trips to Havana.

Turning, though, from snivels to straws, behold:

The corporation taxes in Wisconsin, based on capitalization, were not raised in 1923 but they nevertheless in 1923 yielded 10 per cent more revenue than in 1922. Incorporated capital in Wisconsin is not going down. It is going up.

A large motor-car manufacturer transferred himself some years ago from Michigan to Wisconsin and has recently transferred the work of a certain motor-car plant from Indiana to Wisconsin. The State debt of Wisconsin is only eighty cents per capita.

Query: Will some voters turn away from La Folletteism when they clearly and bitterly perceive that La Folletteism in fact is *not* destructive to business?

The voters of Wisconsin voted last week overwhelmingly for La Follette delegates to the Republican National Convention; and as these words are being written it is doubtful if the Old Guard can carry for Coolidge even the one congressional district which four years ago it carried half and half for Lowden and for Wood.

A large straw: The State which likes La Folletteism most, and more and more, is the State which has known him longest and deepest.

The railroad workers in Wisconsin were all set to go into the Democratic primaries and help William Gibbs McAdoo presidentially against Al Smith. Then the La Follette people beckoned and whistled to them for help to give "Bob" a big vote; and thereupon in hordes they forgot McAdoo and went into the Republican primaries for "Bob's" sake.

With these railroad workers McAdoo is a hero but "Bob" is God.

Without "Bob" to distract the railroad workers in Wisconsin from the Democratic to the Republican primaries, McAdoo would have defeated Al Smith crushingly, although being "dry" is no passport to a victory in Wisconsin.

McAdoo's enemies in Wisconsin derided him as the "oil and water" candidate. It is the conviction of this writer that the water hurt him much more than the oil. It is further the conviction of this writer that the oil hurt McAdoo hardly at all. His enemies realized that fact. They did not lay much stress on his employment by Mr. Doheny. They concentrated on his being "dry," while much of eastern Wisconsin is "wet."

In Illinois an extremely high Democrat said to this writer: "I wish those investigations in Washington would stop. When we had proved a few leading Republicans guilty, we were sitting pretty. Now when we are proving everybody in the world guilty, the public is beginning to say: 'Oh, they're all alike. Bring on the good old straight ticket, either way, of our forefathers.'"

Three distinguished politicians of Chicago, who have made enormous sums of money out of politics, rollicked into a political club in Chicago the other night swaying arm in arm and gleefully singing a beautiful refrain entitled: "We are the three Must-Get-Theirs." They are not hated. They are liked.

Suggested generalization:

If political money-making hurts the voters in their homes and businesses, they will ultimately rally against it. If it does not hurt them in their homes and businesses but only in their theories and principles, they tend to view it in practice with indifference.

Supporting straws:

The famous Nat Goldstein of St. Louis, who was nationally and almost internationally charged with taking money for being a Lowden delegate in the last Republican national convention, was thereupon triumphantly returned to the St. Louis central Republican committee by his neighbors.

The famous Governor Small of Illinois, whom for years the *Chicago Daily News* and the *Chicago Tribune* have proved guilty of all sorts of minglings of politics and personal profits, has proved himself one of the most difficult

men to defeat in all Illinois political history. People rally to Small and say he is being persecuted.

Query: Will McAdoo be more hurt by oil, or will he be more helped by the "persecution" which in the name of oil he is receiving from "the predatory interests"?

Straws that passed in the night:

McAdoo's train comes into a junction point. There is a round-house. It is learned that McAdoo is on the train. There comes for him a salvo of welcoming locomotive whistles in shrieking deafening unison. And so at the next point. And so at the next one. And the next.

The New Irish Crisis

By EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL

(Following the events described by Mr. Jewell in this article, the Irish Free State Government dismissed the Army Council and President Cosgrave assumed the office of Minister of Defense vacated by the resignation of General Mulcahy. The day after the cabinet changes were announced the outrage at Queenstown took place, in which British soldiers were attacked by men dressed in the uniform of Irish army officers. The incident was instantly disavowed and deplored by the Government; no connection has been made between the attack and the previous mutiny, although someone in the attacking party is rumored to have called "Up Tobin" as it drove off.)

Dublin, March 20

FOR the first time in ten years St. Patrick's Day passes "without incident." The columns of the local press are full of cheering words. "Hope has attained realization." "When we compare today's conditions with those of two years ago, we can thank God and take courage." "Law and order will prevail once more throughout the land." The Free State, one apprehends, is at last on the highroad to stability and enduring peace—peace internal and with all the world. There is rejoicing in Ireland. But there is also gloom in Ireland. For St. Patrick's Day, however authentic the optimism, finds the nation plunged in one of the tensest crises of its existence.

Troubles in a national army are ugly issues at best; when they involve the legislative and executive organism of the state as well they assume proportions of real alarm. Such a situation exists today in Ireland. All is shrouded in mystery, which stimulates infinite speculation before domestic hearths. No one knows what is happening behind the scenes.

It began, ten days ago, with news of an army revolt, peddled more or less wildly in extras cried about the streets. Two officers high in the army—Major General Liam Tobin, formerly aide-de-camp to the Governor General, and Colonel Charles Dalton—had "absconded," dispatching, upon the flying heels of departure none knew whither, an "ultimatum" to the Government. In this document the Executive Council, of which Mr. Cosgrave is President, was denounced for failure to interpret the treaty with England in a manner acceptable to the people of Ireland. "The I. R. A. (Irish Republican Army) only accepted the treaty," these officers declared, "as a means of achieving its objects, namely, to secure and maintain a republican form of government in this country." It was their considered opinion that the present Government had not these objects in view.

"Our interpretation of the treaty was that expressed by the late commander-in-chief, General Michael Collins, when he stated: 'I have taken an oath of allegiance to the Irish Republic, and that oath I will keep, treaty or no treaty.'"

Nor, it speedily came to light, were General Tobin and Colonel Dalton alone in their gesture of defiance. Scores of officers and men in all parts of the Free State had simultaneously revolted. Considerable quantities of arms and ammunition disappeared. Bulletins poured in from Templemore, Baldonnell, Roscommon, Clonmel, from Waterford, Kerry, Gorey, and Cork all concerned with armed flights and resignations.

The Dail met. The Dail is the Free State House of Deputies, in which each minister, and the President, has a voice. It was the most rigid moment since the defeat of the Republican rebellion in 1922. The army—or rather, an element of ungauged strength within it—had risen, flinging a gauntlet. Critical if viewed as a serious political cleavage in the ranks, it was yet more critical if viewed as an attempt to "involve the army in a challenge to the authority of the Government." From President Cosgrave down, all admitted the issue acute. Proceedings in the Dail, however, while a breathless gallery watched and the benches of the press were packed, seemed curious indeed.

It became apparent that though orders for the arrest of the officers had been published and earnest efforts were being made to bring army conditions back to normal, action of the Executive Council was instinct with concealed moves. It was imbued with a caution which both puzzled and dismayed. The "ultimatum" was read aloud by President Cosgrave, who, looking up from the page when he had finished, remarked:

Deputies will agree that this constitutes a challenge which no government could ignore without violating the trust conferred on it. I do not propose to discuss any political point connected with the document. I consider that in the circumstances such a discussion would be indefensible, and I may say that this Government has never discussed questions of politics with army officers. The necessary administrative and disciplinary steps will be taken.

But with this terse smoothness many of the deputies revealed dissatisfaction. It had been announced that the matter would not be threshed out in open Dail debate, but would be investigated by a cabinet committee. A murmur of objection ran round the hall. It meant more "secret diplomacy"; let all the cards of the Executive Council be spread upon the table.

Then as answer came a startling new development. Deputy Joseph McGrath, Minister for Industry and Commerce, arose and tendered his resignation from the council. This course, he explained, was not based upon the challenge proceeding from General Tobin and Colonel Dalton, with which he professed to be not in sympathy; it was based on his conviction that there had been "bungling, mishandling, and incompetence on the part of a department of this state." No minister was directly named, but all eyes turned toward General Mulcahy, Minister for Defense. Doubt did not exist anywhere that it was General Mulcahy's department to which the resigning Minister referred. What had, an hour ago, been an army crisis became in a flash a cabinet crisis. Now one understood why an armed "conspiracy" had not been met by a solid flank in the Dail. The Dail itself was in confusion. One knew less than before what the dilemma boded.

Discussion upon the floor of the Dail was smothered. The matter went to committee over the protest of deputies like Mr. Darrell Figgis, who stood for immediate, uncompromising grapple with the facts. If there was dirty linen to wash, it ought to be washed on the front doorstep.

Meanwhile, a second epistle mysteriously arrived from the two leaders of the "conspiracy." In it they explained that their "ultimatum" was not intended to be construed as a challenge to "the Government and the representatives of the people"; it sought only to call attention to "what we consider a serious menace to the proper administration of the army." This, to some extent, put the revolt in a less alarming light. "Absconsion" (the word was coined by Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, Minister for Home Affairs) depended, everyone perceived, upon the recent reorganization of the army, involving wholesale demobilization. From a force numbering at its maximum about 55,000 men, the army of the Free State had been cut down to something like 18,000—for purposes of easing the budget. Nine hundred officers had been let out, while the rank of many who remained was reduced. This had the effect of adding a fresh battalion to the already formidable army of civilian unemployed. Discontent is rife—augmented by the fact that the present personnel of the army includes a good many ex-British army officers. So that—this at any rate is the prevailing Free State interpretation—there has been less surging to the banners of Republicanism, less out-and-out revolt against the Government's interpretation of the treaty, than protest against demobilization. At a stroke, however, the graveness of the cabinet crisis was increased, the "conspiracy" assuming an aspect of side-issue.

Yesterday, March 19, the Government approached a breaking-point. The night before there occurred a tragicomic raid on a house in Parnell Street, where the I. R. A. Council was thought to be sitting. General Mulcahy, hoping to effect the capture of General Tobin and Colonel Dalton, lay siege to the premises. Troops arrived on the scene early in the evening. The place was surrounded; pedestrians were kept out of the fighting zone; tram cars were allowed to go through the block, but might not stop; a few shots were fired. It was a taste of the old days—days which Dublin does not long to see revived. There were amusing incidents, one so characteristic of the war-weary apathy existing here that it bears repeating:

The ground floor of the encircled building was occupied by a public house. At one stage of the proceedings a man dashed toward the door and was halted by a soldier.

"What do you want?" he was asked.

"A drink," was the laconic reply.

"Don't you know you're liable to be shot if you go in there?"

"I'll risk it," the man said. "I want a drink."

Meantime Mr. Joseph McGrath, resigned Minister for Industries and Commerce, had learned about the swoop and rushed to Parnell Street. He considered the raid fresh evidence of "bungling and mishandling"; he questioned General Mulcahy's authority. It cannot but strike an outsider as odd that a resigned Minister for Industry and Commerce should dash up in the middle of the night to take part in a military action; but Mr. McGrath was satisfied, he said, that "the sole object of the raid was to create trouble"; and, anyhow, such is official life in Dublin.

When the house was finally entered it was found to be empty. An open window at the top testified to the probable escape over the roofs of General Tobin and Colonel Dalton. Nine or ten arrests were subsequently made, and in the small hours of the morning the street was allowed to slumber.

Today—the 20th—in the Dail, discord reaches a focus. The air is electric with political cross-purposes. Again the gallery is thronged with citizens seeking some tangible knowledge of what is happening to Ireland. All the deputies are in their places; one seat alone is vacant: that of President Cosgrave, who has taken to his home under urgent doctor's orders. Kevin O'Higgins, Minister for Home Affairs, states that General O'Duffy, recently appointed O. C. of the army, has been given the additional title of Inspector General, which means that he is now in complete command of the military. The resignation of three officers functioning under General Mulcahy has been requested. General Mulcahy is himself taking leave of the Council—the second cabinet resignation within a week.

Mulcahy is next on his feet, vouching for the absolute loyalty of the army as a whole, but stating that he finds his position intolerable. "I cannot condone mutiny."

Implications are the order of the day. Ministers are repeatedly hinting: "If I chose to tell all I know . . ." Mr. McGrath arises and delivers a fiery address, referring to a raid staged last week on his own house in the interests of learning whether the two "absconding" officers were hidden there. By this time spectators are prepared for almost anything. Nerves are on edge. The crisis promises, moment by moment, to escape bounds, bringing the Free State crashing down. When, like a ray of beneficent sunshine, the soft voice of the Dail's peace-maker, Major Bryan Cooper, is heard. Steady, steady, this voice urges. The state is in peril. Let nothing be done in hatred or in haste. "Let us wait until tomorrow."

So until tomorrow it is. And the Dail adjourns. And armed lorries are seen in the streets, as they have been seen since the beginning of the trouble. Sentries guard the government buildings and the Bank of Ireland. And by every hearthside the debate goes on, perplexity weaving back and forth, in and out, anxiety mixed with that heart-touching stoicism born of long years during which each tomorrow has been, in one way or another, problematical.

An article on Russia, The Trial of a Communist Bank President, by William Henry Chamberlin, will appear in a forthcoming issue of The Nation.

Carol: New Style

*Dedicated to Certain Worthy Theological
Controversialists*

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

*If Jesus Christ should come again
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
To study the hearts of righteous men,
On Christmas Day in the morning?*

The first one said, as he passed by,
As he passed by, as he passed by:
"I see three thieves a-hanging high,
On Christmas Day in the morning."

The second one said: "What sinful men!
What sinful men, what sinful men!
Hanging is too good for them,
On Christmas Day in the morning!"

The third one said: "Oh stay your word,
Stay your word, oh stay your word.
Do you not see that one's the Lord,
This Christmas Day in the morning?"

"I know Him by His weary head,
His weary head, His weary head."
Whereat they all fell sore adread,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

"How sad this is we all avow,
Yes, indeed, we all avow!
But what shall we do about it now,
This Christmas Day in the morning?"

Primus:

"I'll run away as fast as I may,
As fast as I may, as fast as I may,
And pretend I haven't been out all day,
On Christmas Day in the morning."

Secundus:

"I'll buy Him a shroud that's spick and span,
Spick and span, spick and span,
For I was always a generous man,
On Christmas Day in the morning."

Tertius:

"But what if we should cut Him down,
Cut Him down, cut Him down?"

Primus et Secundus:

"You fool, do you want to arouse the town,
On Christmas Day in the morning?"

"My speech was rash," the third one said,
The third one said, the third one said.
"We're surer of God when we know He's dead
On any day in the morning."

They knelt in the snow and prayed and bowed,
Prayed and bowed, prayed and bowed.
And the two dead thieves laughed out aloud
On Christmas Day in the morning.

*As Jesus Christ was hanging high,
Hanging high, hanging high,
He saw three Christians passing by,
On Christmas Day in the morning.*

In the Driftway

MANY years ago the Drifter, with certain of his companions, used to while away some of his leisure hours at playing "school"—possibly on the theory that voluntary pain is almost pleasure. As he remembers these ventures into education, they were rigidly conventional and dour; the teacher issued orders to the pupils in a stern voice and if he was not instantly obeyed he beat them with a stick, provided they remained within beating distance; suggestions from bright pupils as to what they should do next were not received in good part by their mentor. In other words, the Drifter and his associates believed in education in the old-fashioned way—which is only another way of saying that they had never heard of a certain school in Mexico City.

THE Drifter is indebted to Mr. Frank Tannenbaum and the *Century Magazine* for the account of what they, and he, call the Miracle School. The school was started by one courageous man in the middle of one of the worst quarters in the city, a haven for cutthroats and bandits; no one had ever thought of establishing a school there, or of collecting taxes there, or of carting away refuse, or performing any other civic functions. The citizens were supposed to be beyond redemption or the wish for it; let them go their own evil ways, and rear their children in them, said the civic authorities—until the school was started. Mr. Tannenbaum tells a naive and captivating story of the school's beginnings in an old beer garden destroyed by a revolution:

... the walls and the ceilings were on the floor. The teacher called the children together and said, "Let us make a school." They did. The first thing to do was to clean the place up and reconstruct it. The teacher showed them how to do it. He picked up a stone and began to carry it out. The children did the same. There was no organization. There was no telling this child to do this and this child to do that. The children knew the place had to be reconstructed and every child did what he could or would. ... They sat down when they were tired and worked when they felt like it. ... All the children in the neighborhood heard of the great enterprise, and many came to share in it, because it was a happy one. ...

This sort of haphazard work, so decried by the exponents of formal education, actually brought results. The building was cleaned out, and the walls and ceiling put back into their proper place. But the children had tasted blood—nothing but another world to conquer would suit them:

When all the dirt had been taken out of the inside of the school, they began to clean up the outside of the school, and gradually followed the dirt into the streets of the neighborhood. Those streets had never seen a broom from the days of creation, and the first appearance of little chil-

dren sweeping them startled the neighborhood. Occasionally, one might now see an older man sweeping the streets with the children, attempting to discover the secret that made the children so playful and happy at their task. . . .

It was all so easy; one tower after another fell before the conquering arrows of the young; the streets being swept, it became necessary for the sweepings to disappear—a parade of the children brought the Street Cleaning Department to their doors. When clean ground appeared under the piles of rubbish in the schoolyard it seemed a pity to let it lie idle, so the children planted vegetable gardens and worked them; the strips of soil in front of the school building were filled with flowers and shrubs.

* * * * *

THE children, while not neglecting the more aesthetic aspects of their surroundings, did not forget either that one should improve one's own appearance as well. Washing, unknown among their elders, became furiously popular; morning inspection, with a young and severe inspector, precedes breakfast; breakfast itself, prepared by young cooks, is followed by a grand cleaning-up. The school-day is a long one, but the children make it so themselves. There is so much to do—and, incidentally, so much to learn. It is at this point that the Drifter begins to hear the chorus of tried and true educators such as he exemplified so well in his youth. "This is all very well," they shout belligerently, "but what really do they learn besides sweeping and face-washing? Have they a spare hour—" this with heavy sarcasm—"for the three R's or any similar subjects hitherto considered essential to an elementary education?" The children would answer scornfully, he knows, but the Drifter, grown patient with age, is willing to explain. The young gardeners sell the produce they raise; how shall they know a fair price or a reasonable profit if they have not mastered arithmetic? Before they are given their land, which they own outright, they must be able to read the deed, and even before that they must send in a written request for their patch. Writing and reading become part of their curriculum because they have need for them. It becomes necessary to keep their savings safe, and the creation of a bank and a young banker lays the foundations for the study of economics. And so it goes: they learn because they must, and they must not because someone tells them they must.

* * * * *

WELL, the Drifter does not mind saying that he would like to attend this Mexican school. Failing that, he might almost decide to become a teacher there, not in order to teach the children but to learn from them. And since it seems hardly possible that he could desire to remain in one place long enough to find out all that the children can evidently teach, he wishes for moderate riches with which to make a gift that will enable other teachers to go there. For the nine hundred children have long overtaxed their first teacher; their needs are growing daily; there are a thousand things they must find out at once. They must learn about baking and printing and carpentry and sewing, and just now they have no one to teach them these things. But the Drifter is not greatly worried. Energy like theirs can hardly fail to achieve its desires, partly through its own fierce efforts and partly through the enthusiasm it kindles in others, even in hardened old educators like

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Muscle Shoals—Sold

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. William Hard tells us about Henry Ford and Muscle Shoals; he quotes Senator Norris on the subject, and closes with the remark that it would be an impertinence to add anything. But I think there is something to be added both to what Mr. Hard and Senator Norris have said; I think the story is not complete until it is explained:

1. Henry Ford said to the bosses of the bipartisan capitalist political machine: If you don't give me Muscle Shoals on my terms, I will run for President and sweep the country and kick you all out.

2. The bosses said: For heaven's sake, don't!

3. Henry Ford spent an hour with Cal Coolidge, and immediately afterwards announced that he was not a candidate for President, and that the American people were fortunate to have so great a President as Coolidge.

4. The bipartisan capitalist political machine is now engaged in delivering Muscle Shoals on Henry Ford's terms, and nothing that you or I or Senator Norris or William Hard can say is going to make any difference.

5. America is moving with the speed of a hurricane straight to that social revolution in which it is not going to make the smallest particle of difference what price Henry Ford agreed to pay for Muscle Shoals or what price he didn't agree not to charge for fertilizer.

Pasadena, California, March 25

UPTON SINCLAIR

The Paris Correspondents

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I comment on Lewis Gannett's reference to the Paris correspondents in his interesting article on the Secret Corruption of the French Press, in your issue of February 6? The venality of the French press is hardly news. It was no more a subject for cablegrams to American newspapers than *l'Humanité's* weather forecasts. Mr. Gannett's inferences in his last paragraph therefore seem to me wholly unwarranted. He wonders whether "the achievement or hope of that bit of red ribbon (the Legion of Honor) has anything to do with the strange fact that these men who send daily cables to their American papers have not noticed the amazing news printed by *l'Humanité*." Even by inference it is a serious matter to attack the honesty and sincerity of one's fellow-craftsmen. I happen to be one of the American journalists who wear the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. The others who wear it are well known in the craft. Nothing that any one of them has ever written or refrained from writing justifies Mr. Gannett's slur.

As fearless and impartial writers, constantly confronted with delicate conditions and working in a superheated atmosphere, the American correspondents in France are a credit to any country and to any craft. Since 1914 they have had a hard row to hoe. But they have hoed it persistently and successfully. The American public does not realize how much it owes to Paris correspondents. They ask for no credit, and they don't care to be praised. But it is only their due that those who have no facts upon which to base their inferences refrain from doing themselves the very thing they rail so bitterly about in the press, i.e., publishing *suggestio falsi*.

Princeton, New Jersey, March 12

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

[The Paris correspondents must be judged by their work. They failed to report revelations which created a sensation in Paris.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Friends and Foes of Jezebel

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Scudder Middleton's Jezebel seems to me to be so good, so poised, so sure that one almost hesitates to applaud.
San Francisco, February 28 JAMES RORTY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Thank you very much for Oswald Garrison Villard's magnificent summing-up of Woodrow Wilson's success and failure. I am from Missouri and he has shown me. I wish some one had performed a like service for the prize poem. Of course it is the very crest and spume of the poetry flood, but if an ignorant old woman from the high-grass country like myself had somehow been slipped into the committee of awards, she might have done as did Jehu, the son of Jehoshaphat, the son of Nimshi, with the original Jezebel, and ordered it flung out of the window. Ain't culture the grandest thing?

I wish, now, I had burned some midnight oil instead of thinking that I must

... with the sun
 My daily course of duty run.

St. Joseph, Missouri, February 25 MARY ALICIA OWEN

Complexes and Clams

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If I had been judge of the contest, Wilbert Snow's Advice to a Clam-Digger would not have received *third* place. The Jezebel and Parable of Paradise play to *The Nation* complex: there is too much nature and reality and health in Mr. Snow's Georgic for you jaded intellectuals. Long life to his poem—to that *type* of poem—and to Wilbert Snow!

Middletown, Conn., February 25 DOUGLAS HORTON

Dreams in Arkansas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Read this denunciation by the *Arkansas Methodist* and bite the dust!

GHOULISH TASTE

The prize offered each year by *The Nation* is this time awarded to Scudder Middleton for a poem called Jezebel. The versification is fair. In that respect it is superior to the former prize poems. It is less vulgar, is not so brazenly repulsive as the poem of last year; but it is really a glorification of sinful dreams, and is intended to suggest that we are guilty in sleep of that which awake we do not think. It slanders God and good men. It says "God is hard," and makes men hypocrites, saying, "We have torn off the lying masks we wear, and sown without the fear that we must reap." Either the poems are all so rank that only a rotten one can be selected or the judges have the taste of ghouls. Faugh!

New York, March 26

M. T.

From Clam-Digging Country

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read the Advice to a Clam-Digger for about the fifth time and am moved to write a short note of appreciation. Not being a poet nor even pretending to be a judge of poetry it would be, of course, foolish of me to pass a judgment on it, even if in this case the verdict would be one of the highest praise. But perhaps you would like to know that to some readers, to be exact, everybody that I have spoken to here in the Puget Sound country that reads *The Nation*, it appears that had there been an actual clam-digger on the staff

of judges the honors would have been apportioned differently. But that may be due to the fact that this is a clam-digging country, and we respond to things that are already in some way a part of our Apperceptive Mass (to borrow a term from Wundt—or is it Herbart?). This, in spite of the fact that, here at least, forks and hoes are both equally useless on the clam bed.
Seattle, Washington, March 25 GEO. B. VITTER

Poet's Praise

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I like Miss Taggard's poem. It is a good corollary to her Ice Age poem. Her picture of red lava running over the globe like snakes is uncommonly good; her idea that the world is to be saved from within itself is also sound philosophy; and her diction is altogether brilliant.

Middletown, Conn., March 1

WILBERT SNOW

Whose Library Is It?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The strictly public character of the New York Public Library is legally established beyond doubt, both by virtue of its consolidation agreement and of that with the city of New York, which built for it the central building at an approximate cost, exclusive of the ground owned by the city, of \$9,000,000. According to "Does New York Know New York? Its Library, for Instance," published by the New York Public Library in 1919 and written by E. J. O'Brien, the public catalogue of the library's reference collection "contains a complete record by author and title of every book in the library." And yet what happens? The intelligent and educated citizen, following the library's own suggestion "to go to the information desk on the third floor as the best way to find out about getting the reference department books" ("Facts for the Public," p. 13), and failing to find a book in the public catalogue inquires at the information desk about its existence in the library and receives a negative answer, departs in the belief that the library cannot serve him. It was such an incident that led to my discovery that the library maintains a secret catalogue of perhaps over a thousand book-titles, known as the three-star catalogue, entirely excluded from the public catalogue, containing many important books, known to an extremely small number of readers.

In my capacity as a serious research student I requested, and this repeatedly, that I be permitted access to this catalogue of titles (no access to these book stacks being allowed). My request was curtly refused. The officials said, however, that upon inquiry the existence of the book I wanted would be reported to me and the book read at the delivery desk.

The following inscription, quoted from Thomas Jefferson, exists in the trustees' room: "I look to the diffusion of light and education as the resource most to be relied on for ameliorating the condition, promoting the virtue, and advancing the happiness of man." But the present directors do not appear to be of Jefferson's mind.

New York, March 5

A. S. ZAVITSIANOS

Europe 1919-1924

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is a great age for the feeble-minded. Propaganda and stereotypes are the old enemies of rational opinion. The public is not aware of the danger in which the world finds itself today.

We still hear talk of the disastrous consequences that a conquering Germany would have brought about. This may be true, but let us examine the peaceful world we are living in. France has lost her powerful friends, the English, who are

grinding their teeth at French continental supremacy. Italy is using polite phrases in her notes. Germany is similar to a cow—a dead cow, which is expected to give large quantities of milk. Sixty million people are waiting patiently for an inevitable revenge. France is a poor country, but finds sufficient means to provide other countries with a supply of ammunition, so as to prepare them against any "attack." She is doing exactly what she expected Germany would do to her. Europe is now safe for at least two future wars.

New York, March 14

S. S. FITZ-RANDOLPH

For Unamuno

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a pleasing fancy of our modern civilization that the affairs of our neighbors are not our affairs and that official murder or persecution (while no doubt regrettable) are of minor importance as long as they are being committed across the boundary line.

Upon some few occasions, when atrocities have been a trifle more outrageous than usual, we outraged citizens have shaken an angry finger and have said, "Naughty, naughty!" But our admonitions were invariably followed by a communiqué on the part of the accused Embassy stating that "His Excellency is not aware of the facts mentioned in the letter to your paper. There may of course have been an outbreak against the laws of His Excellency's country, in which case, as all reasonable citizens will understand, it became the duty of the authorities to maintain peace and order."

As the record of the last five hundred years holds out no hope for a different answer from the present Spanish Ambassador, I suggest that we go ahead without further reference to the "regular channels" and take some more direct and practical action of our own which may, to a certain extent, relieve the financial needs of Miguel de Unamuno.

What happened to Unamuno is well known. Although rector of the University of Salamanca and recognized as one of the most brilliant leaders of modern Spanish thought, Unamuno has been exiled to the Canary Islands on account of a letter which he wrote to a colleague in Michigan. This letter was inadvertently copied in an Argentine paper and then appeared in one of Barcelona's gazettes. In this letter Unamuno criticized the personal government of Spain's synthetic dictator, General Primo de Rivera.

This criticism was not unreasonable. It was not even seditious. It was the sort of thing one intelligent man might write to another about some particular donkey, just then in power.

Professor Unamuno was a poor man and as the Government refused to pay the price of his ticket to the Canaries, he is now in a very precarious position. The French authors have already sent a protest to the Spanish Government, which in so far as we can learn has been relegated to the Andalusian ashean. D'Annunzio (who would hardly be suspected of revolutionary leanings) has started a movement of protest in Italy.

The Spanish Government, remembering what happened after the murder of Ferrer, will hardly dare to shoot Unamuno. He is probably quite safe, but also quite broke.

I would suggest that *The Nation* undertake to administer such funds as we may be able to collect for Unamuno. A few dollars go a long way when translated into pesetas. No doubt the University of Salamanca will be glad to forward such funds to the Canary Islands, which if I am correctly informed produce no oil and are therefore without political significance.

If you will do this, I shall be glad to sell a few of the ducats which my grandpapa stole a couple of centuries ago from one of His Catholic Majesty's obdurate subjects, and shall devote the proceeds of this transaction to the good cause.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Westport, Connecticut, April 6

National Bureau of Information and Education 15 East Fortieth Street New York, N. Y.

TO READERS OF THE NATION:

As a result of joint conferences held in Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, Denver, and elsewhere, it was agreed to call a National Farmer-Labor-Progressive Convention in the Twin Cities on May 30th next, to nominate new party Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates.

This Convention is pledged to the Abolition of Special Privilege, and the conferees designated as their platform: (a) public ownership of railroads; (b) control of money and credit by the people, through government and cooperative banks; (c) public control of natural resources; (d) preservation of civil rights guaranteed by the Constitution; (e) prevention of judicial abuses.

We will appreciate your filling in your answers to the questions following and returning to the above headquarters as promptly as possible.

Returns received from *Nation* readers to date are as follows: La Follette 80, Borah 60, Norris 55, Amos R. E. Pinchot 27, Brookhart 25, Wheeler 23, Murdock and Shipstead 15, Frazier 10, Ladd and Walsh 3, Underwood 1, "a Socialist" 1.

FRANK A. PATTISON, Chairman.

ELECTION QUESTIONNAIRE

- In view of the admitted corruption, lack of principle, subservience to special privilege, and practical identity of the Republican and Democratic Parties, as graphically illustrated in the recent Sugar, Oil, and Department of Justice scandals, do you favor a new political party?
- Are you in general agreement with the national platform which has been adopted as the unanimous expression of the organizations affiliated in the new party movement?
- Do you endorse the National Farmer-Labor-Progressive Convention called for June 17 in the Twin Cities?
- Will you attend this Convention and serve as a delegate if selected?
- Any local unit comprised of 25 people or more, who subscribe to this platform, is entitled to one delegate. Shall we send you a blank petition so that you can obtain the necessary signatures and qualify as a delegate?
- Whom do you favor for President on the new party ticket? Indicate your choices by marking an X in each column.

	First Choice	Second Choice	Third Choice	Fourth Choice
WILLIAM E. BORAH (IDAHO).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
SMITH W. BROOKHART (IOWA)....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
LYNN J. FRAZIER (N. D.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
J. A. H. HOPKINS (N. J.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
E. F. LADD (N. D.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE (WIS.)..	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
VICTOR MURDOCK (KAN.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
GEORGE W. NORRIS (NEB.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
F. A. PIKE (MINN.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
AMOS R. E. PINCHOT (N. Y.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
HENDRIK SHIPSTEAD (MINN.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
B. K. WHEELER (MONT.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

NAME

ADDRESS

The Preliminary Convention expenses and the cost of this questionnaire will be considerable. If you are willing to accompany your reply with an appropriate contribution towards these expenses, it will be appreciated.

I enclose \$.....

NOTE: Senator Magnus Johnson does not appear on the above list only because his foreign birth makes him ineligible for the Presidential office.

International Relations Section

The Economic Conquest of Canada

By SCOTT NEARING

THE speedy shifting of economic control which has been one of the outstanding features of public affairs during the past fifty years is nowhere better exemplified than in the checkered career of Canada: a British dominion, at the outset of minor importance, pushed suddenly into the limelight as the largest market for British overseas investments, and then, even more quickly, deprived of this source of capital and forced to turn to the United States for needed economic surplus.

A MECCA FOR BRITISH INVESTORS

Until about 1900 the amount of British capital invested in Canada was small, the British bankers seeming to prefer Australia, the Argentine, and the United States. With the opening of the Canadian West, however, and the building of spurs to the transcontinental railways, mining, manufacturing, lumbering, and farming developed very quickly, with a corresponding demand for new capital. Said O. D. Skelton, writing on Canadian Capital Requirements in the *Annals* for November, 1916:

At the end of 1910, according to the London Stock Exchange totals, compiled by the *Economist*, Canada had outranked all other parts of the Empire. . . . In 1913 these borrowings reached their maximum. In that year, according to the *Statist's* compilation, Canadian flotations in London amounted to £47,000,000 out of a total of £245,000,000 capital subscriptions made in the United Kingdom, or nearly one-fifth of the whole. This movement continued to the very eve of the war: in the first six months of 1914 over £37,000,000 British capital found the same outlet.

C. K. Hobson in the same publication estimates that in 1913 British investors placed £44,119,000 in Canada, as compared with £18,000,000 in Australia, £18,000,000 in the United States, £15,000,000 in Brazil, £11,000,000 in the Argentine, and lesser amounts in other countries. The total holdings of British investors (1913) he places at 515 millions sterling in Canada, 378 millions in India and Ceylon, 370 millions in South Africa, 319 millions in the Argentine, and 754 millions in the United States. Thus Canada was the principal recipient of new investment funds from Britain, and, with the exception of the United States, was the largest single British investment field.

UNITED STATES INVESTORS ENTER THE FIELD

Investors from the United States were late in entering the Canadian field. The "Monetary Times Annual" for 1914 estimates United States investments in Canada as follows:

1909.....	\$279,000,000
1911.....	417,000,000
1913.....	636,000,000

At the outbreak of the war, therefore, United States investments in Canada were a little more than one-fifth of the British investments.

Even at this period the dependence of Canada upon the United States was very great. While the bulk of her exports went to the British Isles, the bulk of her imports

came from the United States. Thus, in 1913, Canadian exports (of Canadian produce) totaled 413 million dollars, of which more than half (215 millions) went to the United Kingdom and 163 millions to the United States. In the same year Canada imported goods to the value of 618 millions, of which nearly two-thirds (395 millions) came from the United States, while only 132 millions came from the United Kingdom. Thus Canada was borrowing in Britain, and used the money to pay for the goods that she was buying in the United States.

THE WAR HASTENS MATTERS

The war greatly increased the demand for Canada's goods. Her total exports jumped from 455 millions in 1913 to 1,179 millions in 1917. The amount of capital invested in her manufacturing industries increased from 1,994 millions in 1915 to 3,230 millions in 1917. A similar expansion took place in her mining, power development, and other public utilities.

Such expansion requires large amounts of new capital. Since this was not available within Canada, it had to come from outside—and from the only possible outside source—the United States.

With the war, the export of British capital practically ceased. The first three war years gave the American business world exceptionally large profits. Before 1914 United States investors had discovered the Canadian investment field. The war provided an added impetus in this direction. Ingalls in "Wealth and Income of the American People" places the total of United States investments in Canada at \$1,800,000,000 in 1920, or three times the amount for 1914. He estimates that \$220,000,000 of United States capital went into Canada in 1919 and \$325,000,000 in 1920.

NATIONALITY OF CANADIAN CAPITAL—1919

The nationality of Canadian industrial capital in 1919 is suggested by a report of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in which detailed analyses are given for some of the leading industries:

	Capital (millions)	Per cent Canada	Per cent U. S.	Per cent British
Lumber	\$126	61	27	11
Pulp and paper.....	135	68	24	4
Agricultural implements.	39	58	31	10
Cotton textile	36	89	5	6
Building	21	57	41	0.2
Foundries	48	70	21	8

DEFLATION HELPS THE UNITED STATES

Many of these Canadian industries were started during the war on a "shoe-string" that snapped when the war demand dropped off. Such enterprises fell quite naturally into the hands of American investors, who were the only ones capable of making large foreign investments in the dark days that followed 1920.

There are no authentic figures regarding American investments in Canada subsequent to 1920, but on both sides of the line investment bankers have made numerous estimates covering the past three years. Thus the *American Economist* for March 2, 1923, says:

There are six or seven hundred openly known branches of American industries in Canada, such as International Harvester, Canadian General Electric, and General Motors,

but there are hundreds of companies with Canadian names, Canadian directorates, and supposedly Canadian management, that in reality are finally controlled in New York, Chicago, Boston, and other centers.

In support of this contention the editor quotes a salesman for a leading office supply concern who reported that more than 80 per cent of his important business contracts with Canadian houses were finally accepted or rejected on the United States side of the border.

The *American Economist* estimates that in 1918 United States capital held 34 per cent of all stocks, bonds of other Canadian manufacturing companies.

The proportion rose to 50 per cent by the end of 1920, when the deflation period set in. Since then a fresh series of absorptions has brought the ratio up to 60 per cent.

There is a wide difference of opinion as to the actual proportions of British and United States investments in Canada in 1923. Thus the Royal Bank of Canada, in its *Bulletin* for January, 1924, estimates:

The amount of foreign capital invested in Canadian enterprises has increased from \$450,000,000 in 1900 to something in excess of ten times that figure. . . . In regard to the total quantity of capital invested, Great Britain still holds the premier position.

By way of contrast with this statement, the *Manchester Guardian Commercial* of January 10, 1924, notes that

Mr. R. W. Dalton, senior British trade commissioner in Canada, draws attention to the influence of American investments in Canadian industry, which are over three times as great as those of Great Britain.

The real question of the relative importance of American investments in Canada resolves itself into a guess as to the amount of American control that has been established since the depression of 1922. The latest official figures run no further than 1920.

A Canadian investment banker who has large dealings with American bankers estimated that in December, 1923, the total of United States investments in Canada was about 2½ billions as compared with 2 billions of British investments. If this estimate is correct British investments stand today at about the same level which they occupied in 1913, while United States investments have increased approximately fourfold.

BRITISH IMPERIALISM HELPS

The present economic policy of Great Britain is compelling American capitalists to take a larger and larger share of their production business into Canada. The General Motors, for example, from its plant in Ontario exported 18,000 cars in 1922. For at least one month within the past year British imports of motor cars from Canada exceeded in number and value imports from the United States. The reason is apparent. The British Government collects a duty 1/6 less on Empire manufactures than on foreign manufactures. This extends in the case of automobiles to those which are 60 per cent built in Canada. The American manufacturer by locating a plant in Canada can thus supply the Canadian market free of duty and undersell his United States competitor in the markets of Great Britain.

Should the British Empire raise a higher tariff barrier with the aid of imperial preferences, United States capital will be compelled to locate a still larger proportion of its plants in Canada. Thus British imperialism is laying the

foundations for American control of the strategic economic advantages of Canada.

The situation is thus summed up by the *American Economist*:

American capital is year by year obtaining a more complete grip on Canadian manufacturing and commercial business. Branches of large United States corporations are being established in Canada, or Canadian companies are being taken over, at a rate that indicates economic conquest.

THE INEVITABLE COLLISION

The economic control of Canada has passed out of the hands of British bankers and into the hands of United States bankers. The political control of Canada remains with the British Government. Such an anonymous relation between economic and political authority creates a condition of unstable equilibrium which can be remedied only when the same group holds both economic and political control.

There is no likelihood that the economic hold of United States investors upon Canada will be loosened. On the contrary, there is every indication that it will grow stronger during the next decade.

Britain will hesitate long before surrendering the political control of this greatest among British dominions. The Canadian business men themselves are intensely patriotic, with strong imperial leanings; they sing "God Save the King" with fervor; they are committed politically to a "pro-Empire" policy. There are two possible solutions to this social complex. One is to have an American army and navy take possession of Canada in the good old-fashioned way. The other is to have American bankers buy Canadian newspapers, subsidize Canadian colleges, make large gifts to Canadian churches, and through a generation of careful manipulation institute a pro-United States campaign for Canadian public opinion which will justify peaceful annexation.

There is, of course, a third possibility, namely, that the producers on both sides of the Canadian boundary might throw off their imperial masters, join hands, and organize an American producers federation.

More About the "Other France"

By SYLVIA KOPALD

THE uneasy days that have come to France on the crest of the reactionary wave have given new strength to the protests of the "other France." If Poincaré's policies had won success, it is highly probable that a good portion even of this other France would have rejoiced with the chauvinists over *la victoire de la patrie*. As it is, the failure of the Ruhr occupation, the financial demoralization, the economic crisis, and the isolation of France have reacted most strongly upon the workers, the peasants, and the small business men. Hard times are swelling the volume of protest.

The situation in France is still so unformed that it is difficult to trace the significant tendencies in it. Several factors, however, do stand out clearly: The rapid depreciation of the franc has brought a sharp rise in the cost of living. The unions are concentrating a good part of their attack against the Government upon this issue. For several months now the rank-and-file response to rising living

costs has been a "partial-strike epidemic." On the other hand, the very fall in the value of the franc which is bringing such hardships to the workers is enabling the employers to strengthen their positions all along the line. As in Germany, private industry is acquiring for its own, long-standing state monopolies. The May elections may constitute the first widespread clash of the "two Frances."

The cost of living indices presented in the *Bulletin of General French Statistics* issued by the Minister of Labor reveal a steady and rapid rise since the third quarter of 1922. By September, 1923, average living costs throughout France had risen by 239 per cent over those of 1914. During the last quarter of 1923 the rise has been precipitate. To obtain the real story one goes to the reports of the regional commissions instituted by the decree of February 19, 1920, and functioning in fifty-seven departments. The lowest index of living costs revealed by these reports for a worker's family of four showed an increase of 299 per cent over 1914 (Lyons, September, 1923). The highest showed an increase of 445 per cent (Lille, October). The budget cost indices for all the departments during the last quarter of the year (1914 = 100) tended to mass between 360 and 390.

The rising tide of protest, the huge "bread demonstrations," and the strike epidemic indicate clearly that wages have not kept pace with this advance in prices. The *Bulletin of General French Statistics* presents regular figures on the daily wage rates of coal miners which bear out this conclusion. In 1914 coal miners earned on the average 5.96 francs per day; at present they earn 21.31. The wage-rate index (1914 = 100), therefore, is 357. Against this figure, it must be remembered that unemployment has been widespread and that actual wages—a product of wage rates and the opportunity for work—probably show even a greater discrepancy with the cost of living.

The increasing unrest of the workers is an inevitable product of these facts. In the expression of their protests many of the unions have transmuted the bread-and-butter unrest into a direct attack against the policies of the present Government. At a great mass meeting of civil-service employees held on February 8 attacks upon the Government were typically emphatic and frequent. (In its new policy of "economies" the Government has drastically decreased its budgetary allowances for pensions and social insurance. The civil-service employees have been particularly hit by this.) M. Lartigue of the Civil Service Employees said:

The index of the cost of living is at least 400; one must have, therefore, at least 20 francs every day in order to live. . . . Yet the same Government which is refusing to indemnify us against the high cost of living is voting 1,500,000,000 francs to the Little Entente. The working class must no longer tolerate this scandal.

M. Laurent, secretary of the Federation, spoke against the increase of transportation rates and other indirect taxes. M. Rigail, of the police, pledged the support of the policemen in "the union of all the exploited against all the exploiters . . . , in the struggle against the reactionary Government. . . ."

These workers have formed a Committee of Action of Civil Service Employees.

The Economic Council of the Confédération Générale du Travail (General Confederation of Labor) has issued a lengthy report upon the problem of the high cost of living.

The increased costs are ascribed to the burdens left by the war, to the errors of the peace, and to the financial policies of the Government, among them the occupation of the Ruhr. Nevertheless, the report also maintains that

The failure of America and England to sign the treaty of alliance promised to France has increased the general insecurity and lack of confidence. . . . While we have been unable to settle the reparations problem England, hiding her ambition and her greed under internationalist professions, has grown rich without limit. After the German colonies and fleet it was the mandates over Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Persia; Britain's Empire covers half the globe. She is the great beneficiary of the war, and the Greco-Turkish War has merely served to assure the English domination of Constantinople.

On the other hand, a public manifesto issued by the Administrative Council of the C. G. T. during January says:

The French workers can no longer doubt the Government's responsibility for the constant rise in the cost of living. . . . No improvement in the position of the franc can be attained without a complete transformation in the internal and external policies of France.

While the unions talk, the rank and file have resorted to significant action. The past months have seen a crop of unauthorized, local, spontaneous strikes. *L'Information Sociale* describes these strikes in its issue of February 28, as follows:

Strikes have sprouted like mushrooms recently. In all the industrial regions of France, and particularly in the vicinity of Paris, thousands upon thousands have stopped work to obtain once again an adjustment of wages to the cost of living. But these strikes have not set in motion the working mass within each given industry. Not a word of common command has marked their origins. . . . One can compare these uprisings to torches which kindle, are seen, inflame the whole horizon, then go out, only to kindle again farther away, and go out again. There are innumerable torches of this kind. . . .

These strikes have become so important that the radical wing of French labor, the Confédération Générale du Travail Unitaire (United Confederation of Labor), is attempting to transform them into a mass movement. Its organ *La Vie Ouvrière* (The Worker's Life) broadcasts appeals like these:

No More Partial Strikes!
Let Us Prepare for a Real Fight!
General, Planned, Methodical Strikes!

To back these demands with definite issues, the C. G. T. U. has formulated the following program (February 1):

Six francs a day increase for all workers; 1,800 francs a year increase for civil-service, railway, and public-service workers. . . . Down with 25-sous bread. Down with the 7 milliards new taxes.

The C. G. T. U. is now engaging in a national campaign to transform the "partial strikes" into a general movement by means of these definite issues. In this campaign it is using its interesting comités de l'usine (works committees), built and functioning on a plan similar to the "cells" of the Communist Party in Russia. By the end of February many of the strikers had taken up the program of the C. G. T. U. But settlements made with the employers thus far have seldom granted an increase as high as the 6 francs per day demanded.

The employers are fighting this movement. They have



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attacked the cost-of-living indices issued by the departmental commissions. For instance, the Textile Association of North France has made a now famous attack upon the commission's "over 400" index of last autumn, claiming that the index should have been appreciably lower. They have met the new campaign of the C. G. T. U. with challenges such as the following in *Industry* on February 16:

The great industrial associations, such as that of the iron mines, the builders, the industries of Lyon, have just taken a clear-cut and firm position on this question of wages: they will accept in no case a general increase in wage rates. . . . The industrialists must fight a combined battle. . . . In this regard it should be added that our industrialists have perhaps neglected the possibilities of obtaining foreign manual labor. . . .

But the employers have done more than fight the workers. Through the same situation which has brought increased living costs, unemployment, cut pensions, cut social insurance, and lengthened working days to the workers, private industry has obtained established state monopolies for its own. During the last week of February the Chamber decided by a vote of 365 to 188 to deliver the state monopoly of matches to private industry. The Government forced the vote by putting the question of a "vote of confidence." The central committee of the Union of Match Workers and Léon Jouhaux, secretary of the C. G. T., have accused the Government of deliberate bad faith in this.

Because of these new conditions, the May elections may bring a new alignment, although of course the rise of the franc consequent upon the Morgan loan makes matters easier for the Government. In its recent congress (January 30 to February 3) the French Socialist Party determined to continue its collaboration with the Liberal (left) Bloc against the National Bloc, and refused to cooperate with the Communist Party. The latter at its congress (January 20-23) determined to demand a workers' and peasants' coalition against "all bourgeois parties." The C. G. T. U. and the Communists are now agitating for this *Bloc Ouvrier et Paysan*.

Contributors to This Issue

CHARLES B. DRISCOLL is a newspaper man, until recently connected with the *Wichita Eagle*.

EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL will contribute articles to *The Nation* from Ireland and from Spain and Italy.

BERTRAND RUSSELL, British scientist, philosopher, author, is now lecturing in the United States.

FLOYD DELL, author of several novels, has just published a new book, "Looking at Life."

LLEWELYN JONES is editor of the *Chicago Evening Post Friday Literary Review*.

W. E. WOODWARD is the author of "Bunk."


THOMAS REED POWELL is professor of constitutional law at Columbia University.

LLEWELYN POWYS is a critic, fiction-writer, and essayist.

THOMAS CRAVEN is an art critic and author of a novel, "Paint."

T. G. ALLEN is secretary of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET, widely known as a poet, won *The Nation* poetry prize a year ago.



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Spring Book Section

Llewellyn Jones¹

By LLEWELLYN JONES

LLEWELLYN JONES was born in Castletown, Isle of Man, shortly after the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species." The actual year was 1884, but, *vide* Einstein, that is unimportant, for the Isle of Man has its own time, which, in intellectual matters, is quite a few years behind European time. Hence, until at a comparatively late period of childhood he learned to read, he was brought up in a pre-Darwinian universe. This universe was first unsettled for him by his reading a bound volume of a magazine edited by Annie Besant. There was a serial story in it by George Bernard Shaw—"Love Among the Artists" or something like that—which made no impression on him because his love-life up to that time had been confined to a "crush" on a dressmaker. There was also an article entitled "A Letter from an Infidel to a Christian Friend." The letter made a great impression, demolishing, once and for all, the theory of plenary inspiration in which he had been brought up. Jones proceeded to learn the elements of Darwinism through reading in a file of a religious periodical the answers made to Darwin by the evangelicals. All these volumes, of course, were some years old, at the time, but that had nothing to do with the case—the boy was participating in the battle, blissfully unaware that he was a few years late.

Thus Jones may be said to have become an intellectual radical early in his career. However, he lived in a town which by American standards was old. The castle which gave it its name and its historic importance was built in the tenth century—at least its nucleus was. The grammar school which he was to attend dated from the seventeenth century, and the "public school"—King William's College—which he attended during a comparatively short term of family prosperity was indeed founded by King William IV. The town was surrounded by an even older country which the youth loved, in later years, to disturb with a geological hammer: tracing volcanic eruptions through the limestone beds of the south, climbing the conglomerate of Langness, finding encrinites at Poolvash, and tracing glacier scratches on the boulders of Barrule and Snaefell. The result of that sort of thing was, of course, a sense of the secular that kept his radicalism where it belonged—confined it perhaps to the real meaning of the term, and made him, in his emotional reactions, a conservative. It also gave him immunity from the American doctrine of success and the estimation of life by its productivity in money.

Before coming to America Llewellyn Jones had stopped a course of education which was designed to make him a science teacher in the English board schools—he found mathematics too much for him—and had gone to work on a newspaper. Writing was so much easier in words than in mathematical symbols. After some years of wandering he settled in Chicago, and while working in a publishing house he began to write reviews for the *Chicago*

Evening Post Friday Literary Review, then edited by Francis Hackett. Up to that time his personal interests had been scientific and philosophical, and he had read little fiction and only such poets as had been called to his attention by people whose own interest in them was mainly philosophic. His awakening to the specifically human and purely literary elements in literature he owes to Floyd Dell, who succeeded Francis Hackett as literary editor of the *Chicago Evening Post*. Through reading Dell's critical work—and Jones still thinks that Floyd Dell is a natural-born critic in the creative sense of the word—through Dell's assaults on his own work, and through his observations of Dell's life in the realm of art and letters: in other words, through his observance of this "moment" (in the technical sense of the word) in process, Jones was delivered from a partial and merely intellectualistic view of the life of the spirit.

Delivered, however, that he might proceed on a way perhaps wholly his own: a way essentially set for him by his early life, where runic crosses, ruined castles and cathedrals, and mountains which lay heavily and a little sadly athwart the scene even when sweet with heather or bathed in the stimulating scent of flowering gorse—where these were always in the background reminding progress that it was not the whole of life.

Perhaps, indeed, not any of life, for one of the earliest influences on Llewellyn Jones's mind was this same attitude toward mountains and heaths and the passage of time, as it is reflected in the writings of Thomas Hardy. "Jude the Obscure" was one of the first serious novels Jones ever read, and its disillusionment fitted into something—perhaps clarity of sight, perhaps some organic defect or infantile fixation—in his own nature. Of course the boy disliked pain when he had to bear it in his own person, but he also disliked the idea of it. And his first interest in philosophy was because he knew that philosophers discussed, among other things, "the problem of evil," and he naively thought that some day one philosopher might, by good luck, actually solve it. Even now, perhaps, were a greater philosopher than Bergson or Croce to be announced, the literary editor of the *Chicago Evening Post Friday Review* might be seen, sitting at a cluttered desk, thumbing the index (if there were one) for the words, "Evil, Problem of—" But it would not be done in a spirit of expectation any more.

The controversial side of Mr. Jones's work as a critic has been for the most part in defense of the idea, common to Croce and to English aesthetic thought, if not to aesthetic thought everywhere outside of America, that the artist gives us, if indeed he be an artist and not a mere artificer, a vision of experience as it comes to him at its face value. Those who use art to "inspire"—inspire who knows what cheap and cowardly people to what commonplace ends—are consciously or unconsciously prostitutes. Or if their product be honest they are at least misbranding it. Their customers claim that the world is so sad that they do not wish sadness in their fiction or poetry. And in the same breath they explain that there are so many pleasant things in the world that the author has no excuse to write only of the sad things. These comfortable people know that there is suffering in the world, but they do not

¹This is the fifth in a series of articles by American critics on themselves. Heywood Broun, Ludwig Lewisohn, H. L. Mencken, and Carl Van Doren have appeared; Harry Hansen, E. W. Howe, John Macy, and others are to follow.

wish to be reminded of it because then they might feel obliged to take some action in the matter.

This does not mean that Mr. Jones leans toward the other side of purposive art: the side on which the sufferings of the downtrodden are exhibited to win the pity of others. Indeed, he has far more sympathy for the cruelly worked horse of city streets than he has for the mass of the downtrodden human beings who have not sense enough to rebel against their position. This is partly temperamental and partly the result of a reasoned individualism. Although he has few philosophical beliefs and is certainly not a disciple of, and could not defend or even explain, any system of objective or subjective idealism, Mr. Jones has never been able to get away from the prior situation—so to speak—of idealism and over to the behaviorists: that is to say, he has never been able to explain away the fact of consciousness and that all we know of the outer world is in terms, however limited, of our particular human level of consciousness. There is one philosophical work which has done more perhaps than any other to shape Jones's later mental development: "Individualism," by Warner Fite, a book which for the first time to Jones's knowledge systematically studied the social relations of man and the nature of human progress in terms of the consciousness and self-consciousness of the individual. In summary, Mr. Fite's theory is that consciousness is a meeting of the many in the one which can, as it develops, make subtler and subtler adjustments of what to a simple consciousness would be alien or hostile elements. Conflict therefore is always a sign of the inadequacy of consciousness: two billiard balls going in opposite directions along the same straight line must collide; two conscious beings pursuing such a course need not collide. The fully conscious man (not yet born of course) may legitimately expect to attain all his ends, without any self-sacrifice, but he can do this only by adjusting them to the ends of every other fully conscious man. But these ends can only be announced by each conscious man for himself: for instance, we cannot say the rights of labor are such and such and we will help labor to fight the capitalist. Labor itself must clearly think out its rights: if it cannot think its rights, it *ipso facto* has no rights; but when it has thought out its rights it can use the capitalist as the means for attaining its ends, even as the capitalist uses the laborer for the attainment of his ends, each being an end for himself as well as a means for the other. In brief, Mr. Fite would restore, as he himself says, but, of course, with new meanings, the exploded doctrines of rational egoism, natural rights, and the social contract.

"But," the reader may remark, "you have told us that this Mr. Jones, about whom you appear to know so much, is a pessimist and a disciple of Hardy, who is certainly a monist of some Haeckel-like variety, that he deserted his intellectualist views of life and art under the influence of that youth—whom I always considered something of a reprobate—Floyd Dell, and now you make him out the disciple of a philosopher who is certainly an idealist as against a mechanist, who is certainly a rationalist as against an emotionalist, and who is by no means a sentimentalist—while Jones certainly skirts sentimentalism closely with his mountains and overworked horses and things."

But I, dear reader, am not to blame for that. If Jones happens to be inconsistent, or if he has not yet won through to a unified view of life, I, as his apologist, cannot

help it. And I think that as long as Jones is only setting up as a critic of literature, all that the world can ask of him is that he hold a consistent aesthetic: especially as he has, in late years, confined his public interests to aesthetic criticism.

And Jones does have a consistent aesthetic. He has not been swept off his feet by recent attempts, for instance, to interpret art in terms of psychoanalysis. Although he does not feel competent to accept or to reject the neo-idealism of Croce, he belongs to the school of critics who have learned, if not what art is, at least what it is not, from the writings of Croce. And, put in non-technical language, his view of art is that it is experience, of the outer world or of the inner, symbolized by the artist in certain techniques that enable the reader to repeat in his own consciousness approximately the experience which the artist wished to record; that the whole significance of art lies in expressing for the artist and recreating for his public those experiences in their original unity, before they have been broken up by the conceptual judgment for our practical action on them or by the moral judgment for our moral approval of them; that, in a world which we have to subject to practical exigencies all the time, it is only through the life of art that we can live completely and not as a superior sort of animal; that psychologically the critic's function is not to sit in judgment but to re-experience what the artist has experienced; and that, practically, his function is to help other people so to re-experience the artist's vision, or, if he find that there is no vision to reexperience, to show wherein other than aesthetic motives have entered into the artist's work and how they have vitiated them. And if the reader wishes to know how Jones arrived at this point of view, I refer him to Croce's "Aesthetic," to J. E. Spingarn's "The New Criticism," and to Lascelles Abercrombie's "Toward a Theory of Art" and "The Theory of Poetry." For in those books Jones found what he would call his theoretical aesthetic salvation.

The only critical bad habit of which Jones is accused is his guerrilla warfare on people who have views about verse structure which differ from his. He is supposed to have read every book on English metrics published in twenty years, and his own writings on the subject have stirred up the disciples of Lanier and also the free-verse propagandists to voluble disagreement. The theory of English verse he holds may be put in a sentence: all good English verse is free verse, but unless it is written in a fixed pattern we do not get the full benefit of the free cadences.

And that is Jones—part of him. But when he reads this article he, having to acknowledge it as approximately true, will wish, as long as it is so, that it were so for more of the time; wish, indeed, that, being as he is described above, he were that more of the time, and a citizen, a taxpayer, a pedestrian unit in the census figures less of the time. Indeed, he may even be reminded, *mutatis mutandis*, of a poem by W. H. Davies entitled "Confession":

One hour in every hundred hours
I sing of childhood, birds, and flowers;
Who reads my character in song
Will not see much in me that's wrong.

But in my ninety hours and nine
I would not tell what thoughts are mine:
They're not so pure as find their words
In songs of childhood, flowers, and birds.

Two American Poets: A Study in Possibilities

By FLOYD DELL

THE last quarter of the nineteenth century is to me a peculiarly interesting period. It was the period in which my own generation was born and brought up; it was, moreover, a period in which the whole world was being vastly and rapidly changed. In that period the writers and artists of all sorts who are now coming to occupy the attention of the public spent their youth; from that period they received the influences which have, with some mysterious assistance from temperament, made them what they are. It has occurred to me to compare and contrast two American lives conditioned by those influences, in order to see what different effects the same quarter-century could have on two different minds.

As one of the subjects of such a comparison I have taken the poet Vachel Lindsay. The other is a poet unknown to any except an occasional collector of rare and curious books. His name, Park Barnitz.

Park Barnitz was born in Kansas in the year 1877. He went to the State university in Colorado, and later to Harvard, where, so my information goes, "he was a favorite pupil of Barrett Wendell and William James." He is said to have had "a remarkable knowledge of art and musical history, of the world's literature, of languages, and of philosophy." He seems also to have been aware, in his fashion, of the crude and boisterous American civilization of his time, and he did not like it; he preferred his beautiful dreams, and he took to drugs to cultivate these dreams and make himself indifferent to the ugliness of the contemporary scene.

In the first year of the twentieth century he summed up, in a little book of poems, his impressions of the quarter-century through which he had lived; and in the following year he died, at the age of twenty-five, of drugs.

His impressions of that quarter-century may be gleaned from the titles of his poems: Ennui, Litany, Helas! Changelessness, Monotony, Scorn, The Grotesques, Sepulchral Life, etc. But to taste the specific flavor of this young Kansan's response to the noisy and enterprising American life of his time, it is necessary to read at least a stanza entire:

I am a little weary of the Persian
Girl that I lov'd; I am quite tir'd of love;
And I am weary of
The smoking censers, and the sweet diversion
Of stroking Leila's jasmine-scented hair,
I thought so fair.

One recognizes, of course, the Persian girl, the jasmine-scented hair, the smoking censers as characteristic and familiar features of a young poet's life in Kansas, Colorado, and Cambridge, Massachusetts. At any rate, these were what Park Barnitz, with the helpful assistance of drugs, saw in America during the nineties.

His slim volume ("The Book of Jade," Doxey's, San Francisco, 1901) is dedicated "to the memory of Charles Baudelaire"; the contents are echoes, thin and vain, of Baudelaire, Wilde, Swinburne, Gautier, Dowson. These were among the chief literary influences of the time, and it is not strange that a young American who was interested in literature should have had a mind open to such influ-

ences. What really is strange is that these influences should have so utterly squeezed out from his mind every memory of Kansas and Colorado and Cambridge. But so it was; and since a man is what he makes of his memories of life, it may be said that these influences squeezed out all that was Park Barnitz.

Let us turn to Vachel Lindsay.

Vachel Lindsay was born two years later than Park Barnitz, and only a few hundred miles away—in 1879, in Springfield, Illinois. In his early youth he decided to be a pictorial artist. His youthful drawings may be seen in his privately printed "Village Magazine." And they are, with all their differences of temperament, oddly reminiscent of Park Barnitz's poems. Young Barnitz's poems were Baudelaire-and-water; young Lindsay's pictures were Beardsley-and-milk—the milk of infantile innocence. Such visual perceptions as young Lindsay had of the outside world were not sufficiently dear to him to cherish; he, too, preferred his dreams, which smack of the Yellow Book, of Flaxman, of Japanese prints, of Blake—of anything but Springfield, Illinois. Springfield was to him merely "the city of my discontent." If he liked to look at the obelisk-decked tomb of Lincoln it was because he could fancy himself looking at something in Egypt, where he would much rather have been. The fact is, he had turned his back upon the outside world—because it was ugly. And—as a pictorial artist—he lacked the imaginative and intellectual sympathy which could have found a meaning in that ugliness. If he had found meaning in it he would have found beauty in it, and he would have drawn pictures of *it* rather than of soap bubbles.

It is not so different, after all, it would seem, from the story of Park Barnitz.

But young Lindsay also intended to be a poet. This, you say, was his real forte. Yet, as a poet, he began to play the same trick of turning his back upon actual life—with the same results. He shut his eyes to Springfield, and dreamed—of India, of China, of the moon, of the nursery paradise of Mother Goose. There are many exotic themes in his collected poems, as well as many pages of mere effervescent nursery nonsense.

But his dreams began to take on a Utopian tinge; and one must look, not away from, but through and beyond the actual world, to see Utopia. He wasn't quite content to dream of beauty; he wanted to see it come true. Ancient Greece had been beautiful; why couldn't Springfield be beautiful, too?

We should build parks that students from afar
Would choose to starve in, rather than go home,
Fair little squares with Phidian ornament,
Food for the spirit, milk and honeycomb.

Say, is my prophecy too fair and far?
I only know, unless her faith be high,
The soul of this our Nineveh is doomed,
Our little Babylon will surely die.

It was in the light of this Utopian faith that Springfield became interesting to the young poet. It occurred to him that "no picture-palace in a fairy-book" housed such poignant emotions as these familiar roofs. He was not alien from these people; they, too, desired beauty. True, they desired it in an American, middle-western, religious, reformistic manner. But the wish to create a new and splendid world was at the heart of these tiresome old

"causes." And so we find him, in his poems, talking to "the sister with the little pinched face, the busy little sister with the funny little tract"; we find him telling "Why I Voted the Socialist Ticket," explaining why "Factory Windows Are Always Broken," and celebrating "torchlights down the street to the end of the world."

Of course, the sympathetic understanding of these passionate causes does not make a poet; with that alone, Vachel Lindsay would have been a temperance lecturer, a political reformer, a radical "spellbinder" at the utmost—or, not impossibly, a banker, and a member of the local Rotary Club, with a penchant for delivering graduation day addresses with a touch of inspirational eloquence in them. It was a streak of laziness in young Vachel which saved him from that, made him critical of the largely meaningless bustle of American business; that, together with the genuinely religious streak in his nature. Laziness and religion make the mystic, and sometimes the poet. Vachel Lindsay was happily compelled by this whimsical part of his disposition to cherish useless things, such as leisure and beauty, and defend them passionately against the encroachments of the machine age. He must admire gallantry, and will speak up even for the Devil when the Devil has fought bravely. This keeps him out of the narrow rut of strictly ethical preoccupations; it makes him a citizen of a large, lovely world, full of lost causes and desperate hopes.

His failure as a pictorial artist and his success as a poet have here been considered consecutively, but as a matter of fact—so complex is human nature—they were contemporaneous. While he was shutting his artist's eyes to the world about him, he was opening his poet's eyes to that world. But he was still singing in tunes learned from books, and they did not fit his themes. The America which he was celebrating was an America of the uplifted voice—an America of camp-meetings, Fourth of July orations, political rallies, Salvation Army meetings, temperance lectures, funeral sermons. Vachel Lindsay had been cradled in this eloquence and song, and yet he had written his verses according to the text-books.

It was perhaps a mere happy accident when he wrote of "the death of the leader of the Salvation Army, and the poem sang itself to a kind of Salvation Army tune. "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven"—and he enters to the tunes he knew so well. "The banjoes rattled, and the tambourines"—and everyone could hear them, in the poem. It caught the ear of every man who had ever stopped on a street-corner to listen to the "big voiced lasses," "tranced, fanatical," that "shrieked and sang," gathering in their "unwashed legions with the ways of death."

That was the beginning. Since then Vachel Lindsay has taught us to chant his poems to a thousand tunes that are as much a part of our American life as the subject-matter of his poems. "Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room . . ." "I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope . . ." "Listen to the fast-horn, kill-horn, blast-horn!" "Listen to the music of the Fireman's Ball!" The America of the uplifted voice, not yet destroyed by the machine-process, finds its place in poetry and in the hearts of the lovers of beauty.

That is the end of my comparison. I do not want to draw any rash conclusions from it. Is it too rash a conclusion to think that, however poor the world one lives in, it is a great deal better than none at all, even for so sensitive and particular a person as a poet?

Books

British Policy in the Near East

The Struggle for Power in Moslem Asia. By E. Alexander Powell. The Century Company. \$2.50.

THE struggle for power between Europe and Asia, which is the theme of Herodotus, has been the most important issue in world politics ever since his time and is so still. Most modern Europeans, owing to inadequate knowledge of history, regard the supremacy of Europe as a law of nature, but in fact there has been a slow oscillation which is now beginning to swing in favor of Asia. Xerxes represented a culmination of Asiatic power; from Alexander to the fall of Rome Europe had the ascendancy; then came a millennium of Asiatic supremacy, represented by Attila, Mohammed, Genghis Khan, and the Turkish conquest of Southeastern Europe. The subsequent conquests by European nations are due to the fact that the West invented science, which it applied to industrialism and war. It should, however, have been evident that sooner or later Asiatics would learn what we had to teach. The Japanese learned first, and achieved equality with white nations; now the Turks, profiting by German instruction before and during the war, have inaugurated the liberation of Western Asia. It should be regarded as nearly certain that all Asia will achieve independence during the next fifty years. Those European Powers which offer least opposition to this movement will suffer least from it. Probably the British Empire will offer the most opposition, and will, therefore, suffer most.

At the end of the war it seemed to our imperialists that we had the whole former Turkish Empire at our mercy. The elimination of Russia, to whom Constantinople had been promised, appeared as an extraordinary stroke of good fortune. It became possible to hope that we might link up Egypt with India, via Palestine, Mesopotamia, and Persia; that we might acquire control of most of the oil in the Near East; and that we might dominate the straits.

During the war we had made use of Arab hostility to the Turks, and had promised independence to those who had sided with us. Hussein, who utilized his power over the Holy Places to make extortions from pilgrims, was supposed by us to be on this account beloved throughout the Moslem world. We made him King of the Hedjaz; a son of his proclaimed himself King of Syria, but was ousted by the French; another son was foisted by us on Irak against the wishes of the inhabitants. We tried to get Hussein recognized as Caliph, but failed ignominiously. Gradually all our schemes went awry. The failure of the Greeks, who were acting on our behalf, is sufficiently well known. But even fairly well-informed people know little of our intrigues in relation to the Arabs. Mr. Powell, who writes as a disinterested American, tells the story vividly; I hope it may come to be appreciated by political opponents of Lord Curzon, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Winston Churchill.

One of the things which a Labor Government could do instantly, in spite of not having a parliamentary majority, is to evacuate Mesopotamia, or Irak, as it has been called since Mesopotamia ceased to be a "blessed word." Let us take our policy in regard to that country as a sample of British Near-Eastern imperialism.

In 1916 the British and French governments concluded what is known as the Sykes-Picot Agreement, partitioning among themselves the greater part of the Turkish Empire. This agreement assigned Mesopotamia to England, except Mosul, which was to be French. In 1918 the French abandoned their claim to Mosul in return for British support in Syria. (It is worth while observing that the Syrians, being asked what destiny they desired, said that they preferred independence; failing that, they wished to be under America; failing that, they preferred Britain; above all, they did not wish to be assigned to France. The League of Nations therefore

gave a mandate to France, in accordance with the Sykes-Picot Agreement.) The French maintained that this agreement of 1918 left them a share of the Mosul oil, which the British denied; however, Lord Curzon has repeatedly told us that oil is no part of his reason for desiring Mosul.

In November, 1918, after the armistice, an Anglo-French declaration promised "The complete and definitive liberation of the peoples so long oppressed by the Turks and the establishment of national governments and administrations drawing their authority from the initiative and free choice of indigenous populations." In 1920, after some experience of liberation under a British garrison, the people of Mesopotamia rebelled and nearly captured Bagdad. After this Sir Percy Cox, the new High Commissioner, repeated the promise of self-determination. Certain prominent Mesopotamians, who had assisted us in quelling the revolt, were invited to join a provisional government, among them Seyyid Talib. "It should be added," says Mr. Powell, "that the British were under the greatest obligations to Talib, who during the rebellion of 1920 had answered their appeals for help by coming to the aid of the beleaguered garrison of Bagdad, thereby saving British arms and prestige from serious disaster."

At this juncture Mr. Winston Churchill, as Colonial Secretary, ordered, against Sir Percy Cox's advice, that Feisal (son of Hussein) should be made King of Irak, although it was known that almost all the inhabitants loathed him. Talib got wind of the plan, and, at dinner in his own house, expressed strong disapproval of it. This failure to understand the meaning of "self-determination" was quickly rectified. Seyyid Talib was invited by Lady Cox to tea at the Residency. On his departure he found the road blocked by an army truck, he was arrested, taken in a special train to Basra, and conveyed, a prisoner, to Ceylon in a destroyer.

Will Mr. Thomas order the instant restoration of Talib to his native country? And will he take steps to redeem the British Government's promises to allow self-government to Irak?

The failure of our imperialist ambitions in the Near East is attributable to three causes operating successively and one operating throughout the venture. The cause operating throughout was British popular indifference, which made Lloyd George fail in his attempt to get up a crusade. Of the other three the first was the policy of the Soviet Government, springing partly from sincere convictions, partly from the need of retaliation against our support of rebellion in Russia. The Bolsheviks succeeded in persuading Asia that they did not wish to interfere with the independence of the nations on their frontiers. Being shut out from Europe by the blockade, they became the champions of the liberties of Asia, and were so regarded from the Bosphorus to the Yellow Sea. Their assistance was no doubt of great importance in the early stages of Turkish resistance to the unratified Treaty of Sèvres. The growth of Nationalist Turkey, which they assisted, was the second cause of our failure; the third was French opposition to our schemes of conquest. This last, from the point of view of French imperialism, was probably shortsighted, since the ultimate result is likely to be the liberation of Asia from all Western dominion. The two Powers which have gained in the scramble are Russia and America, because they have displayed least imperialism and are believed by Asiatics (rightly or wrongly) to have no sinister designs.

Oil has been the chief prize sought everywhere, and the history of North Persian oil illustrates America's wisdom. In 1916 the oil in the northern provinces was granted by the Shah's Government to a Russian named Khoshtaria, but this concession was never ratified by the Majliss and therefore (under the Persian constitution) was not legal. In 1920 a British company bought it, Khoshtaria being in need of cash on account of the Russian revolution. It was thought that the irregularity of title would not matter, owing to the Anglo-Persian Convention and the presence of British troops in Persia. The Majliss, however, refused to ratify the convention, and the Persians showed

themselves so bitterly anti-British that an expensive war would have been necessary to keep them down. Perhaps we should have engaged in this war but for a masterstroke of policy on the part of the Persians. They gave a concession for the oil in the northern provinces to the Standard Oil Company, a concession duly ratified by the Majliss. Consequently we could no longer inflict "self-determination" upon them without coming into conflict with America. The Persian Government proceeded to invite the assistance of a number of American financial and technical advisers, who are setting the country on its feet. We have come back to the state of affairs which would have existed if Morgan Shuster had been allowed to do his work. It is to be hoped that the independence of Asia will be securely established by the time the Americans wish to annex Persia.

The dealings of modern Europe with Asia show that there is absolutely no effective good-will toward Asia in any European country. There are times when the taxpayer objects to paying for the enrichment of concession-hunters and when young men object to dying for the same great cause. These exceptional times, when parsimony and laziness overcome imperial pride, are the periods of a liberal policy. But there can be no security for any part of Asia except in its own strength. Any failure of British or French or Italian or Greek schemes is to be welcomed—all alike are nefarious. I hope the present British Government may be led, by motives of economy, to abandon the less lucrative of Lord Curzon's ventures. I see in the *Daily Herald* of January 31 that the Air Ministry is now opposed in principle to the late Government's policy of dropping bombs from airplanes on Mesopotamian villages which are in arrears with their taxes, but I am troubled by an announcement next day denying that this has ever been our practice—a denial which it is very difficult to accept. I hope the Labor Government will not be too prone to accept the assurances of officials who have no sympathy with its policies.

The most important parts of Asia fall into three groups: Moslem, Hindu, and Chinese. If all achieve complete independence, as seems likely, it will be well for mankind. There is no such thing as benevolent government of one country by another, and such books as Mr. Powell's are useful in reminding us that we are not exceptions to this rule.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Incurable Intelligence

Crazy Man. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

"**CRAZY MAN,**" by Maxwell Bodenheim, is a novel of breadth and distinction that makes the reviewer pause before he begins to wave aloft the usual adjectives that serve as traffic signals on the literary highroad. It is the author's seventh book, and with its publication he seems to rise like one of the peaks that dominate the plain in the American scene. It is, broadly speaking, realistic—at least the reviewer may be pardoned for designating it so, after beholding a flying wedge of bouncers in a cheap New York dance hall converge upon a lame duck and throw him downstairs. But the lame duck disseminates a doctrine of non-resistance in the most romantic manner, and now and then the author contributes such unrealistic bits as "the kiss was belief, seeking to be full born against his skin," something that reads like an entry out of a diary that might have been kept by Richard Feverel in his trysting days.

The story of "Crazy Man" has to do with the petty world viewed by Selma Thallinger, who worked during the day as a milliner and at night sold her services as a dancing partner in Ravanni's "Academy" in lower New York. Twice every week Selma gave herself to the same pair of men, the owners of the dance hall, but the custom had long ago become meaningless and tiresome. Mr. Bodenheim has read her mind with marked insight; in fact, she is the most clearly visualized char-

acter in the book and absolutely convincing. Her revolt against the blandishments of Ravanni had already begun when John Carley appeared at the dance hall. His pleading manner and his clothes—tieless and patched—were breaks from normality and a challenge to Ravanni and his cohorts; so he was thrown out. But because he followed a philosophy of non-resistance he returned again and again, to be beaten to a pulp, but to conquer in the end through his gameness. It was natural that Selma, surfeited with her meaningless life, should turn to Carley and seek to understand the strange philosophy that had been born in him by much reading. "Every book I read tells me something different, but all the people I meet, they say the same things all the time," says Carley. He has become convinced that men must emancipate themselves from the claims of the flesh and give more thought to their intellects.

He believes that only too often men are the "duped, evanescent trustees of property," the slaves of its bulk. To free men from its tyranny he robs the rich to give to the poor—that is, he specializes in stealing furs out of large stores, and then distributes the money gained by their sale to indigent strangers. His view of religions is that

they ask you to take care of your feelings and treat men like you'd want them to treat you, but they don't pay any attention to your mind, to what's going on inside of your head.

And as for human beings:

They've got to teach their minds and their feelings to have more respect for each other, and when they do they don't take each other's bodies so often because that's not the only thing that they're interested in. It's all right for them to take each other if they're taking something else besides their flesh, if they're really trying to get into each other's minds and hearts and look for the secrets that are hidden there.

It is natural that most of the men Carley talks to cannot comprehend, and Selma, too, is confused because his principal occupation is talk when her body is longing for his embraces. Society, too, has its doubts, and eventually pronounces Carley the victim of an exalted paranoia and sends him to the state insane asylum. Carley breaks out, but he is convinced that permanent incarceration is not far off. "I will be arrested again," he says, "and when that happens they will undoubtedly keep me in an asylum for the rest of my life, as an incurable case of intelligence."

Mr. Bodenheim has a clearness in portraiture due in part to the fact that he expresses himself with much precision and economy of language; he makes words carry the burden of his ideas with a keen perception of their powers and capacities. This imparts a feeling of surety and accelerates movement; it commends his work to judgment in company with that of the few stylists in America. But Mr. Bodenheim's clarity in expression is set off by an individual and sometimes irritating mannerism. He turns easily to simile and metaphor; one never knows when he is going to breathe life into inanimate objects and consult their feelings in such conspicuously original terms as the "chin advised her face," or the "wound communing with hostility," or the "sawdust waiting to be teased by feet." A man careful of his diction does not fling these figures about nonchalantly; one may conjecture that Mr. Bodenheim does so with intent and after much deliberation; have we not proof elsewhere in his ironical poem *Hatred of Metaphor and Simile*? Here he depicts an audience crying: "Give us earth and logic!" "Down with metaphor and simile!" and then evicting two forlorn poets who show their contempt by "flicking the ashes carefully into the rage of faces around them." Bodenheim, striving for clarity in his novel, eliminated all extraneous matter from his plot and wove a story of a few simple characters and a single theme; the book is nearly one-third under way before the first incident is disposed of. But Bodenheim, the poet, kept looking in the casement and dictating a disturbing line here and there, and thus produced this

strange conglomeration of styles which reminds us of a description Witter Bynner once wrote of Bodenheim's lines: "It is a drunken thief's hand, still deft in the poetic treasury." We find such circumlocutions as these: "His face . . . was firmly framed by the outward adventure of a jaw," "Emotionally, a Negro revival meeting was hurling its cries from the curves of his heart"; "invading their nearness by the tragical mirage of distance"; "the sunshine of a warm spring day waltzed with this curiosity in ever-narrowing circles."

But these are the inequalities that stand out from the body of this author's prose like gargoyles on a cathedral and lead one to the belief that the poet is fighting for survival against a young novelist who is gaining in strength. The rest of the prose has many conspicuous qualities, not the least of which is its honesty and clarity. Mr. Bodenheim conveys the vernacular of Selma, Ravanni, and others of a coarser social stratum without ever becoming the literal reporter, and he is coherent throughout, thereby breaking with the younger experimenters, who cannot hope to be understood outside a narrow circle without a glossary.

HARRY HANSEN

Thomas Mann

Buddenbrooks. Translated from the German of Thomas Mann by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Alfred A. Knopf. 2 vols. \$5.

THOMAS MANN is a great writer with but a single theme. In having but one theme he is not very unlike writers as different from himself, as different from each other, as Carlyle, Ibsen, Nietzsche, Shaw. Amid a thousand variations one central and controlling thought, one characteristic attitude to the totality of things, will emerge from a close study of the works of each of these. Mann differs from them by virtue of the mood out of which he attacks the substance of his vision. It is not, as in the case of all the others, an impassioned, triumphant, prophetic mood. It is shy, difficult, reserved, estranged from itself. It is the mood of a lyrical nature constantly transcending itself by sheer force of intellect and artistic self-discipline. It is a nature that yearns for music. But another strain in that nature fears music as weakness, as mere emotionalism, as self-abandonment. Mann would not yield to the musician in him nor to the lyrical poet in him. With an austere deliberation he chose prose, the most stringent and responsible of the arts, and early made himself a master of that art not only in the common matters of felicitous phrasing and expressive rhythm but in the severer beauty that belongs to a structure at once intricate and lucid, at once orchestral and logical.

He was born in Lübeck of a family of patrician merchants such as he has shown in "*Buddenbrooks*." But his father, who, one may without impertinence assume, is at least symbolized by Thomas Buddenbrook, made an even more unusual and romantic marriage than Mann's character. The mother of Thomas Mann and of his brother Heinrich was a Portuguese lady. Thus in Mann there blends the sober, exact, realistic strain of the North German and the passion and elegance of the Latin. Or, rather, these two strains did not blend. With the highest consciousness of his early maturity there came to him and within him a struggle between these two elements and, more especially, between the North German severity that regards the passion and elegance of the Latins as always a little vulgar and tawdry and the Latin warmth which regards Northern sobriety and self-restraint as always a little stupid and anemic. And in Thomas Mann's innermost self there has always been a deep if not always a willing respect for his paternal inheritance, for those Lübeck burghers who lived with so much sanity, dignity, manliness, balanced power. He knows that these qualities easily degenerate on a lower plane into flat, fatuous, unsucculent Philistinism, but he also knows—and this knowledge is set down in "*Buddenbrooks*" in Permaneder and Permaneder's Munich—that the ease and grace and charm of the Latin or semi-Latin

temperament degenerates with equal ease into moral sloth and spiritual slackness. Had he ever been confronted with the dilemma of being either a Lübeck Philistine or a Munich Bohemian, he would have chosen the former alternative at once.

In Thomas Mann's creative work this conflict within him appears as the antithesis between two worlds: the world of art, thought, music, the world of the children of light who have, alas, no power over practical affairs and so often live without restraint, dignity, or that measured beauty of rational action which is perhaps the highest beauty, and that other world of sane action, natural joy, well-balanced acceptance of man and society which alone can, when all is said and done, make the common lot of man tolerable and fruitful. It follows that nearly all of Thomas Mann's protagonists—Thomas Buddenbrook, Tonio Kröger, the heroes of a dozen of the impeccable shorter narratives—are all artists, thinkers, children of the light who are sick with a gross or subtle sense of their own insufficiency, their feebleness in battling with the world of practical action, their remote but apparently inevitable relationship to the clowns, vagabonds, strolling players of an earlier age. They go down to disaster through their inability to unite in the practice of their lives the ideals of strength and light, balanced power and creative passion, distinction of gesture and action and freedom and variety in the choice of action. This conflict is Thomas Mann's recurrent theme. It is symbolized with the highest concentration in the very few pages of a sketch called "Die Hungernden"* which is, I think, the key passage to a correct insight into all his work.

His theme is, in reality, a discord brought about by two conflicting themes, and the problem which Mann has sought to solve in both his life and his art is the problem of the resolving of this discord into harmony. The artist, then, the child of light, who can never conquer the practical world, never share the common joys or practice the common virtues of mankind, must introduce virtue—*virtus*—into his own domain and thus achieve personal power, distinction, dignity of soul. He can do this, like Gustav Aschenbach in "Der Tod in Venedig," like Mann himself, by exercising the highest self-discipline, striving after the utmost solidity, lucidity, comeliness of form, yet never letting form become the master, never letting it be empty or virtuoso-like. It must be perfect through its perfect molding of substance, perfect by the test not only of beauty, but of an ultimate intellectual scrupulousness. An artist of this temper can not only conquer a perfection that is natural to him; he can transcend himself. If he has not what the French call "the long breath" he can attain it by a series of tireless creative acts. He can turn from music, from the lyric, to prose, to epic narration and can, by triumphing in this originally not quite native field, achieve a human dignity, a moral power that saves him from the old taint of the market-place, the manycolored rags, the gaping crowd. . . .

I have tried to give the reader of English this general insight into the personality and work of Thomas Mann in order that "Buddenbrooks," now at last available in our language, may meet with a more understanding appreciation. It is plainly enough, even as a mere novel, an isolated story, a very great book, a narrative of human beings and of human fates of an incomparable depth, insight, creative fulness, structural perfection. There is no turbidness in it, no faltering, no laxness. Mr. H. T. Lowe-Porter's version contains an occasional blunder, as when he mistakes *Kräutersuppe*—*potage aux fines herbes*—for "cabbage-soup." But, upon the whole, it is adequate and at times elegant. The translator would be the first to admit that the full beauty of Mann's prose is lost in any medium but his own. But the translation cannot obscure the magnificent architectonics of this work. Each of the eleven parts, each chapter of each part, each paragraph of each chapter, has individual charm and functional rightness in the organism of the whole structure. "Buddenbrooks" is a first-rate work

of art; it is, in that special sense of Thomas Mann which I have tried to explain, an artistic deed of the highest virtue. And I am anxious that both aspects of it should be understood. For only an understanding of these two aspects can form a proper approach to the total work of one of the noblest artists and personalities of our age.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

World's End

Galapagos: World's End. By William Beebe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$9.

"Galapagos" is a glorious book. It is high romance, exact science, fascinating history, wild adventure. Those lava islands six hundred miles west of the coast of Ecuador have stirred the dreams of boys and boy-hearted men for nearly four centuries; and they remain one of the few spots of undisturbed mystery on the earth's surface. Every small boy who has ever been to a zoo and seen the man-size tortoises that gave the islands their name has been tortured by the ambition to sail to the islands and capture one of those giant relics of an age when reptiles ruled. And here is William Beebe's story of the fulfilment of that high ambition—and Beebe still leaves mystery.

Indefatigable Island is only twenty-five miles wide, yet no man has ever penetrated across its hot, cactus-covered "hills, slopes, and gullies, all fashioned of great sheets and disks of clinker, like thousands of misshapen manholes balanced on edge or thrown together as the last upheaval or earthquake left them" to its crater-center. Rumor has it that there is a lake in that crater, and doubtless the last of the great tortoises—Beebe's expedition found but one of them—still dozes in the delicious mud about that tarn. One yearns to depart, with copper shoes that the lava cannot penetrate, for that legendary crater. If the very shores of Galapagos yield four-foot-long marine lizards and birds so tame that one can touch them, what mysteries may not remain for the explorer of that crater?

Galapagos was first a favorite resort of pirates and buccaneers and then of whalers; and in more modern days one of the islands has been used as a particularly cruel penal colony. In the old days the giant tortoises abounded and were a god-send to the weary mariners. William Dampier, who later rescued Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe, from Juan Fernandez Island, described them as "extraordinarily large and fat, and so sweet that no pullet eats more pleasantly." So abundant were they (this was in 1684) that "five or six hundred men might subsist on them for several months without any other sort of provision." As late as 1813 Captain Porter of the American navy could write that

Vessels on whaling voyages among these islands generally take on board from two to three hundred of these animals and stow them in the hold, where, strange as it may seem, they have been known to live a year, without food or water, and when killed at the expiration of that time found greatly improved in fatness and flavor.

Not only their food value but their oil content hastened the fate of these tortoises; today some of the landing-places are strewn with their shells, but the tortoises are almost extinct. There may be more of them left on islands unvisited by the Beebe expedition, but their rarity only doubles one's thirst to explore Indefatigable's crater.

Charles Darwin visited the islands on the Beagle in 1835, and his observations of the curious variations in life on these isolated islets played a large part in determining his thought upon evolution. William Beebe constantly pays warm tribute to Darwin's account of his observations, but Darwin is pale reading compared to Beebe. No naturalist, I think, has written more fascinatingly and yet less sentimentally. I must pass over the dramatic account of his first encounter with a giant lizard and quote merely his reflection upon a dead lobster:

One of the most beautiful things in death is the giant thorny lobster of the tropics. . . . When death comes to

* Published in *The Nation* of September 26, 1923.

this crustacean and the fishes and the scavenger mollusks and worms have made away with all his muscles and flesh then the empty shell, as wonderful in carving as the Taj Mahal, is washed up and pounded to pieces upon the lava, and all the fragments scattered through the sand—a myriad mosaics of the most exquisite sculpture and with pigments faded into unnamably delicate tones and hues. As I casually unearthed some jewel of a leg-joint, well worthy of a setting in platinum, a slender rod splashed with mauve and crimson, with a galaxy of blue stars wound in a spiral around it, I realized more than ever what a casual thing is man upon the earth. For untold ages since thorny lobsters first crawled about in the waters of the upper chalk, perhaps sixty million years ago, beautiful detritus such as this has littered the tropical sands.

A major part of the task of the Beebe expedition of 1923 was to collect data upon the origins of the curious life upon these volcanic peaks in mid-Pacific. There is no native land mammal life, although wild donkeys, goats, and sheep, brought ashore by early Robinson Crusoes, have become so abundant upon some of the islands as to threaten other forms of life with extinction. The penguins and the southern sea-lions have reached the Galapagos on the Humboldt Current from the Antarctic; some of the birds betray by their wildness the fact that they are migrants, accustomed to more dangerous man-infested regions; but many of the species are peculiar to the Galapagos. Each of these tiny islands has some species all its own, of plants, of birds, and of insects—although insects are singularly scarce and their absence adds to the mysterious silence of the islands. The birds tend to be longer-legged, larger-beaked, smaller-bodied, and darker than their relatives of the mainland—effects of the long process of natural selection in a barren region. Mr. Beebe's tentative conclusion, based in part upon the relationship of species and fortified by the Prince of Monaco's soundings of the ocean floor, is that the Galapagos Islands were once connected by land with Central America (not with the nearer mainland of South America) and that in long isolation— isolation since a pre-mammalian age—they have developed their peculiar characteristics.

It is a fascinating book. One wishes that the expedition had lasted more than its two and a half months and that the scarcity of water had not forced the Noma back to Panama and shortened the actual time on the islands. Beebe's tale of the hunt for water, and of its final discovery where it could not possibly be piped to the ship, is one of the high dramatic spots of the book. The tale of the shipwrecked taxi-driver is a classic for all time. But why attempt to retell it? It must be read. Putnam's must publish this sumptuous book in a cheaper edition so that it can have the wide reading it deserves.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Priests of Modernism

Faith and Health. By Charles Reynolds Brown. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$2.

The Social Origins of Christianity. By Shirley Jackson Case. University of Chicago Press. \$2.50.

Imperialistic Religion and the Religion of Democracy. By William Adams Brown. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.25.

The Religion of the Social Passion. By Charles Henry Dickinson. Christian Century Press. \$1.75.

CHANCE more than anything else brought these four books on religion together on the reviewer's desk. All four of them are written from the point of view of liberal Protestantism, and while they are not primarily controversial and do not pretend to cover the whole of Protestant philosophy, we may fairly consider them as to some degree an answer to the inquirer who seeks to know something of the message of modernism to our times.

Judging by the first of these books that message is emi-

nently sane, on excellent terms with the physical sciences including medicine, and, on the whole, cheerful and "constructive." "Faith and Health" is a revision of an earlier book by the same author. It includes Coué as well as Christian Science and the Emmanuel Movement. On all of them Mr. Brown talks good common sense. Religion of the right sort makes for health, but we need physicians and the practice of modern hygiene. Simply on the score of physical health we gather that Mr. Brown would place science above faith, but he thinks (on a priori grounds rather than on any extensive examination of the evidence) that the Christian faith is likely to be more potent in its suggestion of health than Dr. Coué. The Virgin of Lourdes, we take it, may persist when the doctor of Nancy is forgotten. There is no discussion as to whether the Christian religion is superior to other religions in its power of health and if so, why.

"The Social Origins of Christianity" shows the admirable objectivity of modernism and its scientific interest in the origins and growth of Christianity. Mr. Case does well what Mr. Lake in his "Landmarks of Early Christianity" did brilliantly. He examines the social situations in which Christianity had its rise and growth and explains its success in terms of its ability to adapt itself to the needs of its time. Such a story naturally suggests the right and duty of the modernist to do likewise without too rigid a devotion to the notion of a faith once for all delivered to the saints. Mr. Case delicately points that moral.

The forward look of modernism and the irenic spirit of some modernists is shown in William Adams Brown's interesting attempt to classify religions in general and the various forms of Christianity in particular as imperialistic, individualistic, and democratic. The first is the religion of submission to authority, the second of individual salvation not so much in submission to authority as in the traffic of the soul with its God, while "democratic religion begins when it first dawns on a man that God may have something to say to him through the *different* thing He is saying to his neighbor." These types rarely exist in any form of religion pure and unmixed. All of them have values which Mr. Brown is careful to bring out. Roman Catholicism tends to be essentially an imperial religion, Protestantism heretofore has been a confused "half-way house between imperialism and democracy" with at least a negative type of individualism strongly developed. The religion of the future, Mr. Brown hopes, will be the religion of democracy. Its unifying principle will be its creative power. Christianity is not yet such a religion, "but of all existing religions it has the best chance to become so."

"The Religion of the Social Passion" attempts more directly than any of these others to deal with that central problem of religion: the nature of God in relation to men. The author's special appeal is to "reverent and devout souls who doubt God because they love men." His argument is commended to us on the jacket of the book by a battalion of authorities headed by the indefatigable Edward Alsworth Ross, who writes: "If Dr. Dickinson's wonderful presentation of social religion does not heal the soul of the reader, nothing will." This reader—alas that I should have to confess it—is evidently beyond hope. I found in the book some admirable sentiments and some eloquence. But mostly words.

Mr. Dickinson's social passion at its most definite best is the kind of thing that sent young people to settlement houses fifteen years ago, but it was never so unromantic as to make them realistic labor unionists or socialists. Later, under the influence of the war propaganda, it sent them to the trenches to fight the "false prophets" who apparently were almost all German. (Mr. Dickinson can still write a sentence like this: "The sin propagated by the Hohenzollern was sin against humanity in the deepest sense: it was sin against the continuity of humanity's growing life.") "Social passion," in Mr. Dickinson's words, "urgent, patient, imperturbable of soul, inspiring the fulfilment of the equal and supreme opportunity," etc., etc.,

is nevertheless a thing so wordily romantic that it would have inspired as much scorn in Tolstoi as in Nietzsche. Social passion, we are told, is God!

The social passion is not one impulse among others, but is the whole of real human life. Unto this converges every constituent of our being and is fulfilled in this forevermore. This is the true God and eternal life.

If that explanation does not resolve all your doubts, it may help you to understand why Roman Catholicism and Protestant fundamentalism still hold the allegiance of multitudes who find it hard to begin their prayers: "O, Social Passion, urgent, patient, impartive of soul."

NORMAN THOMAS

Gaily the Philosopher

At a Venture. By Charles A. Bennett. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

ONE of the queerest things about human nature is the way people distinguish between pleasures and duties. As soon as you get paid for pleasure it becomes work, and the unconscious—or something—puts on its armor.

I have worn armor for the past three weeks in respect to Mr. Bennett's book. The Editor of *The Nation* sent it to me to read and review. Right then it turned itself into a job. For nearly a month it has lain on my desk shouting *Read me!* every time I came into the room. Finally, I had to read it to get the incriminating evidence out of the way.

Before I had read the first one of the thirty-four essays that make up the volume I forgot all about the job and thought how delightful it was to run across a new writer—new to me, at any rate—of such subtle penetration combined with a light and lazy humor.

Mr. Bennett has a fine sense of satire, of character, of life—and he is a master of the luminous phrase. Moreover, he carries himself with that air of detached superiority which is essential to successful satire. In one of his essays he tells of a man who started to write a book on "Social Psychology" which emerged with the title "The Wonders of Insect Life." I rather fancy that Mr. Bennett had himself in mind. In a measure, I mean; you know.

He discusses live subjects—and his papers cover all sorts of topics from advertising to zebra raising. But there is not a word about Horace, Chaucer, the *precieuse* poets, medieval history, or the cursed Greeks. This is a great relief. He is as modern as a gasoline engine. But he is not too modern to write with ease, elegance, and grace.

The book is illustrated, and the pictures are priceless. They are the work of Clarence Day, Jr. All movement—irony—and grin.

I like his characterizations of people. There is Mr. Armitage, for example. Mr. Armitage never thinks of people or of things; his mental processes take in only "world movements"—such as the "rising tide of social unrest," and other tides, forces, pendulum swings, and reactions.

A rise in the price of butter makes Mr. Armitage think of the world-wide fluctuations in price levels. People blowing in their money on the movies cause him to reflect on the inflation of the currency. He talks of the "whole drift of modern ideas," and you get the image of humanity blown along by some invisible force, like clouds blown across a full moon.

I don't know whom Mr. Bennett had in mind when he described Armitage, but I am willing to make an even bet that it was Clarence W. Barron, proprietor and editor of the *Wall Street Journal*. Last year, on his return from Europe, Mr. Barron said that Coolidge and Mussolini are the "two greatest economic minds in the world." This dictum has gone down to posterity as one of the remarkable sayings in 1923.

Mr. Bennett is a professor of philosophy at one of the Eastern universities. Just think of that!

W. E. WOODWARD

A Symphony of Sin

The Man Who Died Twice. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

ONE is tempted, after a first reading of any new poem by Mr. Robinson, to remind him of the advice which Poe gave to Hawthorne in a review of "Mosses from an Old Manse": "Get a bottle of visible ink!" Yet Poe was wrong, and after a second or third reading of the present work Mr. Robinson will seem profoundly right. No one else would compose like this; but surely no one could. For a reader who tempers himself to his task somewhat as Mr. Robinson tempered himself to his, there are no obscurities in "The Man Who Died Twice." Rather, all is luminous with an other-worldly light; not the sun, but some energy of ghostlier brilliance and less warmth glitters along these lines and makes them clear. For such a reader also there is no prose within the volume. Open it at random and in ignorance, and many a passage will yield no music; temper the ear, however, to the whole and the whole will sing where Mr. Robinson intended that it should sing, in the depths of the brain. Mr. Robinson has never written better than here. Few American poems are more beautiful.

The details of the story are not to be taken too literally, for the theme is abstract and the application is universal. It is a tale of the unpardonable sin; a man in full consciousness that his soul is one of the rarest gifts of the gods violates that soul and descends to a slow ruin. Superficially the story is this: Fernando Nash, a musician of genius whose promise from the gods is that some time he shall hear music

Blown down by choral horns out of a star
To quench those drums of death with singing fire
Unfelt by man before.

refuses to wait until this music pierces his effective mind and takes a form there which can make it communicable to other men. Fiercely scornful of lesser men and madly reckless in the certainty of his eventual inspiration, he listens too long to the drums of death that are to be a minor note of his great symphony; he lets the devilish note

That was to be a part be everything;

he flings himself for twenty years into debauchery and idleness—whether of the body or of the mind does not matter—and emerges a man who can hear nothing with sheer, triumphant divinity in it. He hears it, indeed, just before the first death that he dies; but it is too late then. Awakening from his final orgy, reduced and starved and empty, he witnesses a marvelous march and countermarch of good and evil music which ends upon his ears with

that choral golden overflow
Of sound and fire, which he had always heard—
And had not heard before.

Blinded with tears of joy and exhaustion he gropes into the hall outside his room

Crying aloud for God, or man, or devil,
For paper—not for food. It may have been
The devil who heard him first and made of him,
For sport, the large and sprawling obstacle
They found there at the bottom of the stairs.

Such is his first end. His soul is saved but his art is gone, and now he pathetically beats the drums of life with the Salvation Army until his second death, when his friend who tells the story takes his ashes out and sinks them in the sea.

It is seldom or never that a good poem can legitimately be considered to need music for its fuller expression. "The Man Who Died Twice" is especially complete within itself; it is a symphony of most gorgeous content, and yet it is authentically a poem; the music is unheard. At the same time, one rather wishes that a competent composer would attempt something with these lines and these ideas for its basis. Particularly one would give a good deal to hear an approximate rendering of that dreadful mood which expressed itself for Nash by

the coming through a keyhole
 Of a slow rat, equipped with evening dress,
 Gold eye-glasses, and a conductor's wand,
 Soon followed by a brisk and long procession
 Of other rats, till more than seventy of them,
 All dressed in black and white, and each of them
 Accoutred with his chosen instrument,
 Were ranged in order on the footworn carpet
 That lay between Fernando and the door,
 Having no chairs, they stood erect and ready,
 And having made obeisance to the master
 Upon the wall, who signified his pleasure,
 And likewise to the man upon the bed,
 They played with unforeseen solemnity
 The first chords of the first rat symphony
 That human ears had heard. Baffled and scared,
 Fernando looked at Bach, who nodded slowly,
 And, as he fancied, somewhat ominously;
 And still the music sounded, weird but firm,
 And the more fearful as it forged along
 To a dark and surging climax, which at length
 Broke horribly into hoarse and unclean laughter
 That rose above a groaning of the damned;
 And through it all there were those drums of death,
 Which always had been haunting him from childhood.

MARK VAN DOREN

Anybody's St. Francis

St. Francis of Assisi. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

ALLOWING for Mr. Chesterton's little ways, with which we are all agreeably familiar, we are ready to grant at once that he has written an entertaining and even an edifying book on the most diverting as well as the most attacking of the saints. He has written it for those who have no acquaintance with the Franciscan idyl and who require some little persuasion to approach it sympathetically. This accounts for a certain apologetic tone when he is speaking of those phases of the story at which the modern skeptic might be expected to stumble, though no one who knows Mr. Chesterton is likely to bring against him a charge of "minimism." "It was necessary," he writes, "that my outline should be a merely human one, since I was only presenting his claim on all humanity, including skepticism, humanity."

Though all readers of the Franciscan story will find their account in this book, many of them will enjoy it with certain reservations. Mr. Chesterton's incessant crackle of fireworks seems to us quite inappropriate. To portray these touchingly simple episodes against a flickering background of paradox and word-play is a little like descanting on the beauties of a landscape to the sputter of a motor-cycle. But there is another and more serious obstacle to our pleasure in the book. Mr. Chesterton has been much too free and easy with his facts. It is not true, for example, that St. Francis sang the Canticle of the Creatures "wandering in the meadows in the sunnier season of his career." He composed it in a hut erected for him by St. Clare in the garden of San Damiano hardly a year before his death. He was then half blind. It is not the fact that "he is said to have made a journey" to intercede with the Emperor "for the lives of certain little birds"; but he is reported to have said that if he ever had speech of the Emperor he would beg him to see to it that the larks were protected and especially that they and all other birds should be fed on Christmas Day. It is not "tradition" that St. Francis and St. Dominic met for the first and last time at the famous "Chapter of the Mats," held at the Portiuncula in 1219. They seem to have met at Rome in 1215 and at least twice afterwards. It was not a Franciscan who said, "a monk should own nothing but his harp." It was Joachim of Flora, who died two years before St. Francis's conversion. There is no evidence that Dante was a member of the

Third Order, though many writers, like Mr. Chesterton, have assumed that he was, on the basis of a well-known passage in the sixteenth canto of the *Inferno*. The Portiuncula, where St. Clare feasted with the Brethren and where St. Francis died, is not, as Mr. Chesterton twice implies, set upon a hill, but lies low in the Spoletan valley, surrounded by what Carducci calls a "cloister of lovely mountains." These, of course, are trifles, but there are many such trifles in this book. After all, an army of scholars has put the details of the Franciscan story within the reach of any inquirer, and there is no excuse, at this time of day, for writing a life of St. Francis without consulting the authorities.

Mr. Chesterton's book, therefore, is not nearly so good as it ought to be, but, then, no book on St. Francis is. The perfect life is still to write. But when all is said, the humility of Mr. Chesterton's concluding words is sufficient to disarm criticism. He claims "to have nothing to set up under the overhanging, overwhelming arches of such a temple of time and eternity but this brief candle burnt out so quickly before his shrine."

CHARLES H. A. WAGER

Cleveland and Olney

Grover Cleveland. The Man and the Statesman. By Robert McElroy. Harper and Brothers. 2 vols. \$10.

Richard Olney and His Public Service. By Henry James. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

THE joint names of Cleveland and Olney at once call to mind Debs and Venezuela and the two actions for which Cleveland receives least lasting tribute. Mr. James unqualifiedly condemns the Chicago strike and does not consider the unwisdom of the ensuing injunction or the use of federal troops. Mr. McElroy gives a more balanced account of the disturbance and touches upon the debit side of settling strikes by blanket injunctions. On the other hand, Mr. James gives the more adequate record and appraisal of the Venezuela affair. One hesitates to bracket Cleveland and Olney with Mr. Daugherty, for the time and the situation afforded less justification for the latter's injunction than for that of his predecessor, yet Mr. McElroy points out that even in 1894 the wisdom of such unrestrained use of judicial power was "questioned by far-sighted men, some of whom had themselves handled this two-edged sword to their regret." Self-interest will divide men on this issue as it no longer divides them on twisting the Lion's tail. The folly of the latter is now denied by few but Fenians. At the time, it brought to Cleveland more widespread popularity than any of his other acts. In condemnation as in praise contemporary opinion was shortsighted. When Cleveland was most maligned, he was exemplifying homely virtues which posterity has gratefully acknowledged.

The Venezuela policy was doubtless dictated by the same moral imperative that animated Cleveland's other actions. He saw a powerful nation trusting to procrastination and inertia to gain an advantage over a weaker one. His fault lay in his appraisal of the facts and in his resort to the language of the indictment rather than the politer palaver of diplomacy. Neither he nor Olney was a jingo by temperament. This is clear from their attitude toward Hawaii and toward Spain and their negotiation of the general arbitration treaty with Great Britain. Olney, as a member of the Cabinet, though not then Secretary of State, participated in the conferences over Hawaii and supported Cleveland in withdrawing from the Senate the annexation treaty of Harrison. Thus we declined a title with grievous moral flaws. The deed which we accepted later was more legibly witnessed by Manifest Destiny. The restraint with respect to Cuba was commendable, though it did not find the way of peaceful adjustment. The arbitration treaty slept in the Senate. The record has less of achievement than of high purpose and good-will. These must be remembered as offsets

to the Venezuela bluster. When Attorney General Olney argued the Income Tax cases and lost he was in essence an old-fashioned fighting lawyer, though less hidebound than some. He mellowed somewhat in his later years and wore well the distinction which position had given him. Mr. James pictures him with objectivity and fairness. He confines himself almost wholly to Olney's public life, which is all that makes him a subject for biography.

As a personal and a public figure Grover Cleveland is far more inspiring than Olney. Mr. McElroy's fascinating story keeps Cleveland the moralist always in the foreground. Most issues he saw as moral issues. His puritanism took the form of a conviction of righteousness. This is expressed again and again in his letters and state papers. Few men in politics have given less heed to expediency. Mr. Roosevelt was not silent about ethics, but he professed himself a practical man. Sturdy and doughty he can be called, but not rugged like Cleveland. Popular disgust with corruption brought Cleveland to his high place and dogged enmity to corruption stands forth as his chief characteristic. His familiar conception of trusteeship made him essentially the conservator rather than the innovator, the guardian rather than the leader. He fought spoliation of the Indians, debasement of the currency, tariff barons, pension raiders and party spoilsmen. He was wiser in what he sought to restrain government from doing than in what he sought to do through government. The strength and charm of Mr. McElroy's biography are in its depiction of Cleveland the man. As an historian the author is allusive rather than explicit. A more adequate background might have been given without serious impediment to the smooth flow of the personal story. The hostility which Cleveland engendered is duly, perhaps unduly, reported, while relatively slight emphasis is accorded to the less vocal support which placed him twice in the Presidency and gave him a large popular majority when the electoral vote went against him. The shameless partisanship of the period is a sad commentary on the temper of the time. It is not certain even yet that Republicans can gracefully accept and fairly evaluate a Democratic President.

An economic interpreter of history would class Cleveland with dominant commercial interests. Judged by the lights of today his social vision was limited; but yesterday was not today. Cleveland once said that he chose the Democratic Party because it seemed to him to represent greater solidarity and conservatism, yet the choice between Cleveland and Blaine or Cleveland and Harrison was not on any clear basis of economic cleavage. The extent to which Cleveland opposed high tariffs because the Republicans favored them cannot be determined. His sound-money convictions were untinged by party affiliations, as his rejection of Bryanism demonstrates. To an unusual degree Grover Cleveland was his own man, who went his own way. He respected the formal theory of the separation of powers and did not attempt executive coercion of the legislature except the negative coercion through the use of the legislative veto power. His administrations illustrate how admirably our system of checks and balances may fulfil the object of preventing united governmental action. Cleveland would not be the tool of party leaders or dicker with them through the use of his appointing power. He seemed unable to convert Congress or to start in the constituencies a backfire to budge its balky heels. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson were different. They ran on platforms which promised legislative achievement and they felt themselves responsible legislative leaders whom Congress should respect. In reaction from this conception, the last election showed favor toward the idea of executive subordination in everything but distinctly executive functions. Whether we shall some day return to Mr. Cleveland's conception of the presidential office seems doubtful. The temper and turmoil of his two administrations are not conducive to constructive achievement. When some slack mood for normalcy or tranquillity inclines us toward what Mr. Lloyd George calls not a policy but a yawn we are likely to seek for a complacency in

the White House which will look beyond the Mall for guidance. When the yawn has duly stretched itself and legislative lassitude in turn becomes irksome we may turn again to some dominating personality who will coerce Congress to carry out the policies proclaimed in the campaign. Cleveland's intermediate attitude belongs to an older time which is not likely to come again.

THOMAS REED POWELL

The Ecstasy That Refrains

Strait Is the Gate. By André Gide. Authorized translation by Dorothy Bussy. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

ANDRÉ GIDE is one of the most important figures in French letters. By many he is even regarded as the greatest contemporary *proseur*, and "Strait Is the Gate" is an extremely beautiful book. It is high time that he should be given to American readers, and his publishers deserve gratitude for having presented him in an accomplished translation. But one wonders if in performing an introduction it was necessary so completely to misrepresent him. "'Strait Is the Gate,' in its study of French puritanism, will be a revelation to those who imagine that this malady of the soul is peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon world," says the jacket and the effect is immediately and no doubt intentionally to connect him and his book with the satiric studies of narrow-mindedness so popular with us today. Nothing could give a more false idea. In the first place, the author achieves a complete imaginative identification of himself with his characters, and, in the second place, the "puritanism" concerned is about as much like what ordinarily goes by that name here as Blaise Pascal is like John Roach Straton. Doubtless the publishers, with the sale of the book in mind, hardly dared say, "This is a passionately mystical book about a young woman who died an old maid, rejecting her lover because she was afraid that their love would come between her and her love of God, and because she preferred the ecstasy of renunciation to the ecstasy of fulfilment." Yet this would be the simplest and truest description. The girl's attitude is not one which is congenial to our time, but it is not, and Mr. Gide well knows that it is not, either hard, barren, or ridiculous. Some of the greatest men of all time have assumed it, and if the result of the passionate battle which we Americans are waging against spiritual narrowness is that we cannot accept a beautiful and profound presentation of a very important attitude except as a sort of foreign supplement to our anti-puritan fulminations, then we have become very provincial indeed in our efforts to escape provinciality.

It is true enough that a temperament like Gide's is to us unfamiliar and completely exotic. The peculiar character of his emotional susceptibility is strange. In America there is never, for example, any doubt as to whether or not a man is religious. We are really familiar with only three types: the Sunday school superintendent, the Babbitt who considers Jesus an effective business partner, and the rationalist or materialist; we do not know the type which is, indistinguishably, either a diabolist or a saint—a state of spiritual intoxication not very different from, and connected with, the intoxication of the senses. We cannot conceive, for example, of Mr. Mencken's suddenly turning Catholic, whereas that is exactly the sort of thing which is constantly happening among the Latins; Huysmans and Papini slip into the fold of the church and change the *modus operandi* of their spiritual life without greatly changing its emotional character. To understand Gide it is necessary to understand this temperament, for there is something of it in him. He is in search of the completest possible emotional realization of life but he is not sure how to attain it. He speaks in one of his books of an ideal of life in the annihilation of all which is not "sensation and fervor"; he speaks even of "sensual ecstasy," but he is perplexed by the question whether that is not best obtained through renunciation rather than through indulgence. In "La Tentative Amoureuse" he says of a

character "Luc desired love but feared carnal possession as a bruised thing," and yet again, in more general terms, he dreams of "a science of the perfect utilization of the self by means of an intelligent restraint." This may be puritanism or anti-puritanism, but it is something entirely different from what is commonly meant by either term in America. It is rather a sort of political economy of the soul, an attempt to answer the question, not yet definitively answered for all people, whether things are not most completely realized when they are transferred entirely to the imagination.

"Strait Is the Gate" tells the story of two children brought up in a Protestant household and steeped in the romantic piety of Pascal and Racine. They fall passionately in love, but conceive early a horror of sensuality, so that excess of scruple keeps them apart, gradually postponing their engagement until the girl comes to the point where she cannot bear to change the ecstasy born of renunciation for the commonplace affection of marriage or to have human love come between her and her absorption in the divine. The story is told in the first person through the narrative of the man and the diary of the woman, and Gide's identification with his characters is so complete that the book is to be regarded not so much as a study of a certain mental state as a participation in it, as an experience rather than a criticism. In his search for the most effective way of life, Gide has lived through with complete emotional realization the lives of the two characters who have chosen the way of renunciation, and if he decides for himself that this is not the best way it is not without a full appreciation of its possibility. No one can read his gravely and passionately beautiful pages without sharing his understanding and without realizing that the girl who exclaims near the end of her diary "Oh, jealous God, who has despoiled me, take Thou possession of my heart" has in her own way lived as intensely as she would have done if her passion had subsided into the tranquillity of married life.

I am no mystical ascetic, no preacher of the philosophy of negation, but I believe that it is the business of the great artist to perceive and of the critic to interpret whatever passionate experiences are possible to humanity.

J. W. KRUTCH

Post-War Illusions

Bibliographical Survey of Contemporary Sources for the Economic and Social History of the War. By M. E. Bulkley. Humphrey Milford.

Trade Unionism and Munitions. By G. D. H. Cole. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

THE Carnegie Endowment found that it could not insure international peace either by its pre-war plan of studying the causes of war or by its war plan of helping the Allies win the war. So in these post-war days it has turned to writing the history of the war, just as disarmament conferences automatically turn to making rules for war, to be broken in the next war. The disproportionate activity of British scholars in this history has already been noted. We now have the promise of numerous studies for other European countries, but Germany still remains almost wholly in outer darkness, along with the United States and the British Dominions. In the British series we note M. E. Bulkley's "Bibliographical Survey of Contemporary Sources for the Economic and Social History of the War" and G. D. H. Cole's "Trade Unionism and Munitions." The former is a well-classified and briefly annotated list of publications, nearly all British, but embracing a few American and foreign titles. Complete only as to government publications, it includes also useful references to books, pamphlets, articles, and reports. Mr. Cole's volume is a serviceable assemblage of material for the history of dilution, especially in the engineering trades. As adviser to the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, Mr. Cole had unusual opportunities to see things from the labor point of view, and he has brought together a large

number of valuable official and other documents. His most interesting conclusion is that British industry has gone back with unexpected rapidity and completeness to pre-war methods and customs, because there is no expansion of her post-war markets sufficient to warrant continuance of that mass-production so rapidly introduced during the war. Meanwhile a million and a half of her work-people are unemployed.

HENRY MUSSEY

Midwife to Culture

Port of New York. By Paul Rosenfeld. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

PAUL ROSENFELD'S new book so admirably named "Port of New York" sets out to persuade the reader that here and now in America there has appeared a deep, indigenous culture capable of holding its own against any that is present in the older countries of Europe. The thing has been largely achieved, so it seems to Mr. Rosenfeld, by the work of some fourteen of his own contemporaries—writers, painters, and musicians.

There is something about Mr. Rosenfeld's work that is extremely reassuring. One may be irritated by his partiality, by a certain self-indulgence in his style, but one cannot fail to recognize this critical writing as a very rare and valuable influence upon the life of America today. Few men of letters who concern themselves with the aesthetic life of this country can show as much spiritual sympathy, as much sensitiveness, and as much inspiration as this refined, distinguished, and generous-hearted gentleman who has had the daring to take Beauty, wayward and wanton though she be, for a mistress.

In the task of adaptation to life on the material plane America has long since excelled. Mr. Rosenfeld is anxious to believe, does believe in fact, that at last the hour has come when her intellect has begun to develop also. In the pages of this book his most persuasive pen encourages the reader to share in a vivid consciousness of this awakening. Through his eyes, through his love-inspired vision we are made to contemplate the American scene with new understanding. We see the vast continent stretched out before us from New York to San Francisco, like a fecund drab, sprawling in a perpetual childbirth with Mr. Paul Rosenfeld at the bedside, an anxious, dedicated midwife, slapping to life the most frail and delicate of all the monster's myriad offsprings. He envisages America as "part of a civilization of outer frenetic movement and inner rigidity," as a society "organized for business only" reinforced by generations of young men "all admirably adjusted to the immoral, untightened thing that exists." And against this inert mass, whose only motive power is the acquisitive instinct, stands a handful of select artists who refuse to be satisfied with life constructed on so commonplace a design.

And Mr. Rosenfeld with his unfailing emotional receptivity is most admirably fitted for elucidating the particular virtues that belong to the artists he loves. His periods, rich, undulating, sensuous, go trailing across his pages like colored clouds of incense. They assail the senses and are provocative of "easeful" dreams. He writes with velvet gloves on his hands, on those beautiful pontifical hands that neither dig nor spin. And yet his method, that singular method so unique and original and amusingly characteristic of Mr. Rosenfeld, is capable of initiating one's mind into difficult artistic secrets far more surely than that of other methods the technique of which is more direct.

It is a pity that he so often allows his style such enormous liberty, that he allows it to lengthen out, to deteriorate, to become lush and over-silky. Ah! if one might only be permitted to compile a list of the words that this eminent writer should be forbidden to use, words that are typified by his constant substitution of the word *commence* for the simpler word *begin*, words that are affected, sentimental, soft, words like *colourful*,



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unbeknownst, distinguishedness, daypour, fountainwise, trustfuller. If one were but permitted to indicate with due modesty a suspicion that there is something perilously self-conscious about such sentences as these: Of New York, "The stuff of the breast can make its way into the world here too"; of Sherwood Anderson, "Creatures able to strengthen him were about," or again, "Walls are noiselessly a-crumble in Anderson"; of Carl Sandburg, "He perceives resting upon the ravished countryside the unearthly light of the future. Verses come."

But then against this particular kind of exaggerated personal unction which Mr. Rosenfeld is only too easily prone to pour over life, like treacle over an unleavened pancake, one must set a thousand other examples, where, in spite of its opulence, his style remains penetrating and firm.

Take this of Theodore Dreiser: "It was only Brontosaurus rex lumbering through a Mesozoic swamp," or this of Sherwood Anderson: "The premature decay of buildings in America, the doleful agedness of things grown old without becoming beautiful, and the brutality of the Chicago skyline, open to him through a furtive chink some truth of his own starved, powerful life, his own buried Mississippi Valley, his own unused Empire."

Indeed, the mere publication of this book with its wide, aesthetic sweep, offers sufficient proof that "the hard, cheap, untitled American soil" can produce not only massive monuments of financial acuteness but products which, though less substantial, are perhaps even more essential to the welfare of a nation. To use Mr. Paul Rosenfeld's own inimitable phraseology "the water world beyond Sandy Hook" need no longer "draw" Americans. "A kind of strong, hearty daylight has come upon the Port. . . . It seems that we have taken root. The place has gotten a gravity that holds us. The suction outward has abated."

LEWELY & POWYS

The Higher Hokum

Crystallizing Public Opinion. By Edward L. Bernays. Boni and Liveright. \$3.

THIS is a plea for the recognition of a new profession—that of public relations counsel. He is your publicity man of yesterday, the shabby, underpaid fellow who sought to worm a little free space out of the newspapers by devious ways, raised to the *nth* power. Today, equipped with his new title and other accoutrements of respectability, he steps forth as a super-diagnostician of the public mind. This new sublimation is in response to an obvious need. Mr. Bernays points out that "besides the danger of interference by the public in the conduct of the industry," there is another factor of first importance: "business and sales are no longer to be had for the asking." Therefore it is "imperative that the seller consider other things than merely his product in trying to build up a favorable reaction." Here is an example: Formerly the Jewelers' Publicity Association merely "acquainted the public with the value of jewelry for merchandise gift purposes; now it finds itself engaged in eliminating from the public mind in general, and from the minds of legislators in particular, the impression that 'the jewelry business is . . . useless.'"

As another sample of what can be done, Mr. Bernays cites the following:

Shortly after the World War the King and Queen of the Belgians visited America. One of the many desired results of this visit was that it should be made apparent that America with all the foreign elements . . . was unified in its support of King Albert and his country. To present a graphic picture of the affection that the national elements here had for the Belgian monarch, a performance was staged at the Metropolitan Opera House . . . at which the many nationalist groups were represented. . . . The story was spread in the news columns and by photographs in the press throughout the world. It was evident to all

who saw the pictures or read the story that this king had really stirred the affectionate interest of the national elements that make up America.

Mr. Bernays considers that "perhaps the most significant social, political, and industrial fact about the present century is the increased attention paid to public opinion," especially by men and organizations whose attitude not long ago would have been "the public be damned." Significant, no doubt. But, considering the nature of this attention, is it cause for rejoicing? Will the final result be greatly different for a public which, while it no longer tolerates being "damned," guilelessly permits itself to be "bunked"? Is seduction preferable to ravishment? The public relations counsel's function will be to create illusions, of which far too many have already been foisted on society without expert aid; to make people want things they don't need; to perfume the malodorous; to make the worse appear the better cause. It is an extension of this very idea to professionalize and exalt what is already not an unknown though largely untitled vocation in our midst. Plenty of lawyers, diplomatists, clergymen, journalists, and business men now carry it as a side line. Mr. Bernays views the matter more rosily. His conclusion is that the public relations counsel is destined to fulfil his highest usefulness to society "in the creation of a public conscience." Not only may one doubt that the glorified press agent will fulfil this destiny, but that a public conscience thus "created" would be useful or desirable.

ERNEST GRUENING

Appreciations

Essays in European and Oriental Literature. By Lafcadio Hearn. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

MORE and more the "shy, wild, beautiful spirit" that was Hearn is emerging from the fine dust of controversy which for a time almost threatened to conceal his essential quality. Owing partly to Hearn's erratic personality, partly to his outspokenness, but most of all to his revealing and voluminous correspondence, this singular figure in American literature seemed to step from life into legend—with no twilight zone between. His commentators were like so many prowling literary buttonholers, intent upon exploiting their theories at any cost. In fact, all that was necessary in order to qualify as a commentator was at some time to have evolved a theory about Hearn—or to have received a letter from him. Sometimes the two things coincided, but not always. Recently, however, there has been a healthy tendency to drop controversy and to return to the writings of the man. His lectures on literature to his pupils in Japan have been compiled from shorthand notes; his letters, especially those to Basil Hall Chamberlain, have proved rich in critical material. Finally, Albert Mordell has unearthed, in Hearn's writings for the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, a stimulating assortment of articles. These papers testify to the enthusiasm, the alert curiosity, and the fine critical perceptiveness of their author, who kept his mind free from the journalistic treadmill by his discoveries and his appreciations of French, Hindoo, and Japanese literature. Some of his findings are as applicable today as they were when they were written in the eighties.

The novel is the literary form which the nineteenth century may truly claim to have perfected. Yet at the present time even the novel seems to be suffering from the over-scientific spirit. . . . In all the provinces of literature we stand in dire need of the buoyant naturalness which is characteristic of the earlier writers. The longing for this quality is not to be satisfied by the anatomical accuracy and overwrought attention to detail which chiefly marks the most applauded efforts of contemporary genius.

And this, from an essay on Heine:

Imitation is not a word which can explain talent; but it is an accusation which may be leveled at the highest



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modern creative power with some superficial show of argument—the sculptor, the painter, the poet, are all to a certain extent imitators, since progress in literature and in all art involves the preservation and renovation and expansion of the beauties of the Past.

LISLE BELL

And He Called the Name of the City, Samaria

Harvard Excavations at Samaria, 1908-1910. By George Andrew Reisner, Clarence Stanley Fisher, and David Gordon Lyon. Harvard University Press. 2 vols. 1924.

And he bought the hill Samaria of Shemer for two talents of silver, and built on the hill, and called the name of the city which he built, after the name of Shemer, owner of the hill, Samaria.

THE city of Samaria, founded by Omri of Israel as his capital early in the history of the Divided Kingdom, has been resurrected and reconstructed for modern eyes by the skill and patience of Professor Reisner and his coworkers. As a result of the European War and other vicissitudes, even the Samaria undertaking suffered; for, though the excavations took place in 1908-10 and the reports were practically ready in 1913, printing was delayed until 1923. At last, however, two substantial folio volumes, of sizes calculated best to exhibit the numerous photographs and drawings, present the detailed records and results.

The summit of the hill of Samaria formed, as usual, the nucleus of the settlement. On it were found the most important structures, the Israelite palace and the later temple of Herod. Excavations outside of this section were limited almost entirely to the West Gate of the city and to the Roman basilica. The oldest building, the Israelite palace, itself revealed three distinct stages of construction, due presumably to Omri, Ahab, and Jeroboam II. Bits of the earliest fortification wall, found at the West Gate and along the cliff at the southern edge of the summit, complete our present knowledge of the Israelite city. This was destroyed by Sargon of Assyria in 722 B.C.; but house walls survive in such positions as to show that the place was soon rebuilt, presumably by Sargon's colonists, while a new fortification wall clearly inclosed a more restricted portion of the summit.

A gap in the use of the site may have followed, but the positions of dated coins and pottery show that it was occupied continuously from perhaps 500 to 107 B.C. Alexander's conquest in 331 and the struggles of his political heirs had little effect on the topography. John Hyrcanus, however, seems about 107 B.C. to have wrought destruction which was not made good until Gabinius restored Samaria some fifty years later. Many streets and houses of this latter period were found filled in with rubbish beneath the pavement of the great temple which soon followed. This was built by Herod the Great in honor of his Emperor Augustus, for whom also the name of the city was changed to Sebaste. Forum, basilica, hippodrome, and theater (most of these still unexcavated) suggest the increased importance of this Roman town. But when Sebaste ceased to be a capital, the temple fell from its glory to serving as a stone quarry, from which plight it was temporarily rescued and restored under the Emperor Septimius Severus about 200 A.D. A humble modern village off to one side now occupies this site of ancient greatness. Such in brief is the recovered history of Samaria.

But the process of recovering such a general picture requires a mass of detailed observations; and, since "every excavation destroys historical material which has been accumulating for ages," so that "no future excavator can verify or confute the evidence or the interpretation," it becomes "the excavator's duty to put his archaeological colleagues and successors as fully as possible in his own place, and with notes, maps, plans,

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and photographs, to enable them, as far as possible, to reconstruct graphically the progress of the work." The bulk of the two volumes, then, forms a reference work consisting of these detailed records on which all conclusions must depend.

The problems raised by unusually confused stratigraphic conditions at Samaria have led Reisner to make a more general contribution also to the science of archaeology. Besides explaining his own methods and records, he has discussed, with diagrams, the deposition of the various types of debris and their modification by later operations.

"Only a small fraction of the space within the wall has been dug up" so far, says Reisner, appealing for further exploration of the Samaria site. But, though of undeniable interest to the biblical student, one may question whether further results at Samaria could be comparable in historical and cultural value to those now being attained by Fisher at Beisan, to those of Reisner himself in the Sudan (where he recovered not only ancient Egyptian connections but the tombs and history of all the kings of ancient Ethiopia), or finally to the possibilities offered by countless Babylonian mounds. Skilful and conscientious excavators are all too few. May we hope that the Samaria project will not withdraw such able archaeologists as Reisner and Fisher from more productive fields of effort.

T. GEORGE ALLEN

Books in Brief

The Novels of Jane Austen. Edited by R. W. Chapman. Oxford University Press. 5 vols. \$35.

No other British novelist has yet been edited with the sumptuous care here given to Jane Austen, who would doubtless be as surprised as any human being, living or dead, to see her novels thus honored by the Clarendon Press. The text, long corrupted, has been restored by collation with the early editions; there are elaborate notes and copious indexes; and the superb volumes, half-bound in delectable style, are illustrated with many pictures from contemporary sources. Though only the six completed novels are included and though there is no biography, the work is admirably thorough. Mr. Chapman has written informed and piquant disquisitions on Miss Austen's English, the reading and writing and modes of address observed among her characters, the manners, "improvements," carriages, and travel of the age, the chronology and punctuation of the novels, the early editions, the relations to current books, and the topography of Bath. Not too systematic, the editor distributes his dissertations through the volumes in accordance with some charming scheme which is not too apparent, and in his notes permits himself a few such amateur touches as the statement that in the United States "well-bred" "husbands and wives, even among intimates, refer to each other as 'Mr.' and 'Mrs.'" A conspicuous feature of the edition is the illustrations, both plain and colored, which exhibit the manners and looks of the age, indoors and out, as no other illustrations of this author can be said to do. Perhaps the most charming consequence of the editorial method which Mr. Chapman has pursued is that the *apparatus criticus* never seems mere learned lumber. Despite the pains taken to explain Miss Austen at every turn, she still emerges in all her native eminence of wit, verve, perspicacity, and grace.

Boston Days of William Morris Hunt. By Martha A. S. Shannon. Marshall Jones.

"In another country," said Hunt himself, "I might have been a painter." Very little of any such sense of his limitations appears in this biographical study by Martha Shannon, who judges him by his intentions and his influence rather than by his actual achievement. Loving Boston, she loves the most conspicuous painter of its silver age. The illustrations of her volume are in the main satisfactory, and the text pleasing if not quite critical.

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Barbed Wire and Wayfarers. By Edwin Ford Piper. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.
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Two volumes of American local verse—the first dealing with the old West and the second with the Southern mountains—which lack genuine vitality as poetry because their authors have failed to invent a local language. By this is meant not a dialect but an idiom, and particularly a rhythm, saturated with the atmosphere and the human character under observation. Mr. Piper and Mr. Heyward write respectable, up-to-date verse of the sort that may be used for any subject; there seems to have been no artistic necessity for their treating the mountains and the plains.

Suetonius. History of Twelve Caesars. Translated by Philemon Holland (Anno 1606). Edited by J. H. Freese. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

Heliodorus. An Aethiopian Romance. Translated by Thomas Underdowne (Anno 1587). Revised and partly rewritten by F. A. Wright. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

Three Plays of A. V. Lunacharski. Faust and the City; Vasilisa the Wise; The Magi. Translated by L. A. Magnus and K. Walter. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

These three volumes expand the limits of the already generous series called The Broadway Translations to include Roman biography, Greek romance, and Bolshevik drama. It is agreeable to have Philemon Holland's enthusiastic version of the most lurid of all biographers available once more, even at the present price. Mr. Wright has worked with his known delicacy and skill to make Underdowne's Heliodorus readable by moderns yet savory of the Elizabethans. Lunacharski appears now for the first time in English dress, except for a limited edition of "Vasilisa" two years ago. It is doubtless impossible to render him perfectly, in view of his extreme fertility of idea and phrase; but it is sufficiently clear through him that contemporary Russian drama lives freely and vigorously in the new air of the revolution.

Some Thoughts on Hilaire Belloc. By Patrick Braybrooke. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Braybrooke's consideration of Belloc is as curious as his book about Chesterton; in both instances he talks completely around his subject, giving expression to nebulous ideas which are either irrelevant or unimportant. As an interpreter of the writer whom he honors, he never gets anywhere near an orderly exposition of orderly thoughts, and even in the projection of his own notions he is about as illuminating as a roman candle of rhetoric. In his chapter devoted to Belloc and the press, Mr. Braybrooke summarizes his own convictions thus: "I contend therefore that as things are at present the ownership of the press by wealthy men is not only desirable but to my mind inevitable." Elsewhere he remarks: "I think that Belloc's book on the Jews while interesting is full of faulty arguments." And this: "I do not think Belloc is likely to have a very sudden or great popularity as an essayist. . . . Yet when all is said and done, we at any rate shall in the winter sit by the fire and read him." Mr. Braybrooke may read Belloc as much as he likes, but why should he write about him—in summer or winter?

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The Art of Terence. By Gilbert Norwood. Oxford: Blackwell. 7s. 6d.

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The Innocence of G. K. Chesterton. By Gerald Bullett. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.25.

Quite appropriately, Mr. Chesterton is here tried on a charge of innocence and the verdict is guilty. Mr. Bullett is more intent upon summing up for the jury with eloquence than he is upon presenting the evidence; the case is, notwithstanding, conducted with proper decorum. His indictment is more serious on paper than in court; Mr. Chesterton emerges smiling and undiminished.

The Travels of Fa-hsien (399-414 A.D.), or Record of the Buddhist Kingdoms. Re-translated by H. A. Giles. Cambridge University Press. 5s.

A fascinating chronicle of one of the most heroic adventures ever undertaken. Fa-hsien went on foot from Central China, across the desert of Gobi, over the Hindu Kush, through India to the mouth of the Hoogly, and took ship back to China with books of the Buddhist Canon and images of Buddhist deities for which he had gone. By comparison, says Mr. Giles, with this expedition "the journeys of St. Paul melt into insignificance." A trustworthy source of information regarding Buddhist Asia in the glow of its dawn, the little book is intrinsically full of charm and wonder. The present translation of the "Travels" is an improvement upon any now existent in a European language.

Art and the Camera

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THE photograph has two qualities capable of stimulating the aesthetic faculties. The first of these is concerned with the rendering of textural distinctions; the second lies in the simple reproduction of the physically beautiful, that is, of the beauty which nature has so lavishly provided. To bring out accurately in black and white the harsh and the delicate tones and the fine shades of colored surfaces demands a small measure of creative thought—the end must be visualized and the chemistry of printing regulated accordingly. But creation of this sort has no more significance than the plates made by astronomers and metallographers aiming wholly at practical results; and it is a waste of time to lay much emphasis on the artistic merits of such performances. The process is largely a matter of chemistry and mechanics, and the fact that the operation of light can be controlled, that the tonalities of prints are susceptible to infinite variation, in no respect alters the original objective nature of the undertaking. The second quality, the preservation of the beauty inherent in natural objects—the charm of faces and flowers, the disposition of clouds, the fall of snow—is merely a transfer of values. When a photographer opens his lens upon a given scene he leaves behind him the emotional force of direct experience, and has nothing to substitute for this indispensable aesthetic factor. The interest in the transfer is de-

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terminated entirely by good taste and by the intelligence and by the ingenuity manifested in the selection of the subject matter. As emotional creation it is comparable to the activity of a sentimentalist before a beautiful sunset.

One of the commonest errors committed by dilettantes and amateur aesthetes arises from the belief that the whole content of an emotional experience before nature can be rendered pictorially by reproducing the scene which has set the feelings into motion. This is an old superstition: years ago it was prevalent in a conventional English school where the actual failure of such a belief when put into practice caused naive painters to append poems and literary rhapsodies to the frames of their landscapes.

Alfred Stieglitz, probably the most accomplished photographer in the world, shares the delusions of the laborious old botanical copyists. He asks us to believe that the reduplication of natural phenomena carries an emotional freightage identical with that of creative art; that the transfers of his camera are as intense and exciting as the canvases of imaginative painters whose forms are not the result of simple impressions but the product of knowledge, reflection, and a genius for construction. I think that Stieglitz feels unconsciously the meager success of his intentions, and for this reason discovers symbolical meanings and curious psychic values in what are only remarkable transcripts of nature. His bewildering explanations are not only unnecessary but damaging to the value of his photographs as such. In his third exhibition at the Anderson Galleries he has a series of cloud formations—unusual selections beautifully printed. These pictures are better than the clouds of Tarr's Physical Geography because they are printed by a man with an uncanny understanding of his medium; but aesthetically there is little to choose between them. They are not, as Stieglitz seems to have convinced himself, portraits of human souls, and the effort to exploit them in this light is too transparent in its psychology to go very far. In the last analysis, work in this world will have to stand on its intrinsic merits. It is as fine photography that Stieglitz's prints will stand and not as monuments of the creative will.

Drama Confession II

IS it because the season is waning and grows a little weary that I am asking for the moon? But in truth I am not asking for the moon. I have tried to explain from the analogy of music that there is something well-nigh intolerable in the present situation. There is a closer analogy, one, at least, that will strike home more. Consider the desolate and unfurnished mind of one who reads no books but those hot off the press and whose ears are filled only with the debates and interests of the hour, one who never withdraws with story or poem or essay into those cooler and serener chambers of the past where striving and crying are over, debate has long been hushed, and beauty and the life of beauty take on something of an eternal semblance. I have just been reading the verses of Miss Millay. She is a fine poet. But I would not read her and her coevals without ceasing. With a profound relish, with a renewed quietude of mind I take up my Herrick, even my Carey. "Ask me no more where Jove bestows . . ."

But as a critic of the theater I cannot indulge in a parallel experience. I can read the older dramatists, to be sure. But I am not supposed to be writing about dramatic literature from the viewpoint of the study, but about the theater from the viewpoint of the stalls. And it is there, in the stalls, that I have no opportunity to have the experiences which alone, alone I must repeat, can keep a dramatic critic decently fit for his job or an habitual theatergoer properly attuned to an appreciation even of new works—especially, indeed, of new works.

I discount the possible dangers at once. There is nothing

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that is 100 per cent safe in all human experience. Of course such a repertory as I demand would breed the critic who is a confirmed *laudator temporis acti* and who can see nothing good in anything that was not new when his grandmother was a little wench. But that critic is with us anyhow. For he is commonly not so much wedded to the past as he is frightened of the present and of the inadequacy of his own judgment and will, even as things are, praise only the thrice praised, having no stomach for being left alone with a masterpiece. It is the bright and willing and younger critic who will be saved from his present errors of astonishment at the eternal moods of great literature, of attributing a lasting significance to the feeble, temporal, ephemeral, of writing as though the history of the drama, save for Shakespeare, began with Oscar Wilde and ended with Eugene O'Neill.

What, concretely, do I want in a given season?

1. The "Medea" of Euripides. Not as an experiment in stagecraft or archaeology but as a great human document and as a great poem.

2. Either the "Misanthrope" or the "Tartufe" of Molière. And neither in prose nor blank verse, but in the couplet of Dryden. Mere literacy demands that.

3. Congreve's "The Way of the World." What a Millamant Grace George would make!

4. A play of Sheridan or Goldsmith or Beaumarchais or Goldoni.

5. "The Cenci" or Shelley, the greatest English tragedy since Shakespeare, the greatest European play of the entire Romantic movement.

6. Hebbel's "Maria Magdalena."

7. An Ibsen cycle, varying from year to year. One season "An Enemy of the People," "The Master Builder," "Little Eyolf." Another season "Hedda Gabler," "The Wild Duck," "When We Dead Awaken."

8. One or two of the following: Becque's "Les Corbeaux," Porto-Riche's "Amoureuse," Hervieu's "Connais-toi," Hauptmann's "Lonely Lives," Hauptmann's "Weavers," Schnitzler's "Light o' Love," Schnitzler's "Professor Bernhardt."

9. One or two of these: W. B. Yeats's "The King's Threshold," "On Baile's Strand," "The Land of Heart's Desire," Synge's "The Tinker's Wedding," Hauptmann's "Henry of Aue"—with John Barrymore—and perhaps a revival of Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca" or "Herod." Perhaps.

10. A Shaw cycle similar to the Ibsen cycle. One year "Widowers' Houses," "Candida," "Arms and the Man"; another year "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "You Never Can Tell," "Man and Superman."

Do I seem to be asking for a great deal? But there are in the neighborhood of one hundred and seventy-five premières in a New York season. I ask for only about twenty plays to take the place of twenty productions of hopeless trash. If the managers, if a few managers, were to cooperate and to put on one of the plays of my choice each time that, in a despairing gamble, they are tempted to put on something particularly unpromising and trivial, we should soon have a great theater, and these cooperative managers would probably be in money at the end of the season.

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The American	5,589	
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 Burton, Sir Richard Francis. Selected Papers on Anthropology. McBride. \$3.
 MacCurdy, George Grant. Human Origins: A Manual of Prehistory. Appleton. 2 vols. \$10.

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 Bianchi, Martha Dickinson, ed. Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.
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 Brown, W. R. Altgeld of Illinois. Huebsch. \$3.
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HOPE SHINES in the dispatches from Europe. Apparently the Allied governments are willing to discuss the Dawes report and even to modify it. The Reparation Commission, on which Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Italy are represented, and the German Government have accepted it "in principle." That means that it is to serve as a basis for discussion. If the Allies are willing to discuss open-mindedly instead of insisting, pistol in hand, that the Germans sign on the dotted line whether they believe it possible to do what they promise or not, then indeed a new era is dawning. We shall discuss the recommendations of the Dawes report later. In principle they are excellent, though we doubt the feasibility of many details. They include the all-important statement that it is "impossible to provide for the restoration" of Germany's credit until "the fiscal and economic unity of the Reich will be restored"—in other words, until the French get out of the Ruhr. The most objectionable passage is that ultimatum-like sentence: "We regard our report as an indivisible whole." But that take-it-or-leave-it attitude seems already to have been dropped.

PARIS IS FETING the Rumanian king and queen—the historic preliminary to a military alliance. The old game goes on, and part of it is to provide a humanitarian cloak for imperialistic actions. Rumania still holds Bessarabia as a relic of the days when all the world was fighting Soviet Russia, and she refuses to let the Bessarabians decide

by plebiscite which flag they prefer to fly from their town halls. On that issue the Russo-Rumanian conference broke up, and the natural next step was to look for allies in case of trouble. Poincaré seems to have volunteered. The first evidence of his readiness to fight for Bessarabia was of course disguised: it was his telegram of protest to the Soviet authorities against the execution of twelve intellectuals at Kiev. As it happens, the twelve were not all "intellectuals," and they had not yet been sentenced. The Kiev court finally sentenced three men to death: they were convicted of correspondence with foreign white-guard groups, and one of selling Red army secrets to Poland. Poincaré's protest may irritate Russia, but none the less we expect her to commute these sentences. Death sentences are barbarous in any country, and death sentences for political offenses—even when later commuted—are discouraging to Russia's friends abroad.

MR. COOLIDGE'S SUPPORTERS regard the presidential primaries in Michigan, Illinois, and Nebraska as settling the Republican nomination. Hiram Johnson has run ahead of the President thus far only in South Dakota, and there, as William Hard interprets it in his letter this week, the success of the California Senator was due to the identification of his candidacy with local interests. There has never been any progressive enthusiasm for Hiram Johnson's candidacy, and Mr. Coolidge's victories in the primaries mean no ebb in the Western revolt. There was no opposition candidate worth supporting. Senator Norris's two-to-one victory over his "regular" opponent in Nebraska, where Coolidge won the presidential delegates, shows that the voters know a real liberal when they see him. At this writing President Coolidge has 530 of the 555 delegates necessary for a choice; his friends predict that he will get 1,000 of the 1,109 delegates on the first ballot in Cleveland on June 10 and will thereupon be nominated by acclamation. Mr. Coolidge is the logical standard bearer of a politically bankrupt organization of patronage and privilege such as the Republican Party has become. If the Democrats nominate a man equally symbolic of their equal incapacity and hopelessness there will then be an opportunity for an independent or third-party ticket to present a clear issue to the voters, with hope of a large measure of success in congressional and local contests and a lively probability of throwing the election of the President into the House of Representatives.

SENATOR B. K. WHEELER has been through fire; renewed persecution will not halt him. He has been indicted, by a Montana grand jury headed by a bitter political enemy, at the instigation of a federal district attorney whom Wheeler had refused to recommend for a judgeship; he is accused of receiving money, after his election to office, for influencing the issuance of oil and gas prospecting permits. Senator Wheeler adopted the course which an honest man would adopt under such circumstances: he asked an immediate, searching investigation, both of his acts and of the origin of the indictment. The charge he denied flatly; he received his money, he says, for defending an independ-

ent oil operator in open court, before his term of office began. We believe him. Something of the origin of the indictment has already come out. Mr. Daugherty jumped into the lime-light, when the indictment was announced, to say that the department of which he used to have charge had nothing to do with it. William J. Burns, however, speaking under oath, stated that he had discussed the matter with Mr. Daugherty, and had sent three men to Montana to investigate Senator Wheeler—after Senator Wheeler had begun the investigation which uncovered Mr. Daugherty's malpractices. For most people that will be enough, without the further evidence of dirty work in the dispatch of men to Montana by the Republican National Committee.

CONGRESS HAS ACTED like a group of silly school-boys or temperamental prima donnas in dealing with the clause in the Johnson bill which excludes Japanese immigration entirely. The Japanese Ambassador, after various previous protests, wrote a last-minute letter to Mr. Hughes in which he pointed out frankly the resentment which the policy would produce in his country, where there are statesmen as touchy as our own. The letter was in no sense a threat; it was an approach to that open diplomacy which the world must substitute for existing ridiculous subterfuges if nations are ever to understand one another. Congress, however, was ruffled; it saw our national sovereignty invaded. The House rushed the immigration bill through, 326 to 71. In the Senate special action on the Japanese clause was taken by reason of an amendment designed to continue the present "gentlemen's agreement" instead of total exclusion. Schoolboy Shortridge of California rose in dissent, while Prima Donna Lodge of Massachusetts inveighed against the Japanese protest as a "veiled threat." The amendment was lost, 76 to 2. The merits of the immigration bill as a whole, or of total Japanese exclusion, have been forgotten in a burst of congressional petulance. Incidentally, the "Japanese menace" in America is a myth. In our issue of February 27 we noted that under the "gentlemen's agreement" the net immigration in the fifteen years from 1909 to 1923 had been only 8,681. One of our readers has written to say that, despite this, our Japanese population increased more than that during the period. It did; the census shows an increase (due to births in this country) of 38,853 Japanese between 1910 and 1920. In a nation of 120,000,000 persons is that a cause for alarm?

THE LABOR CABINET of Mr. MacDonald is not a junta of Anglo-Saxons, we are reminded by Charles F. G. Masterman, but is composed largely of the "Celtic fringe" of the British Isles. Of the twenty men in the group probably fewer than eight are of undiluted English blood, says this former member of Mr. Asquith's Liberal ministry, in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Nor is there anything peculiar in this, he goes on to relate, "for—so far as I can remember—Mr. Asquith is the only Prime Minister of any party who had any claim to be an Englishman, for the last eighty years."

It is interesting, however [he adds], to note how much the energy and driving force of any new labor or progressive movement comes from Scotsmen, Welshmen, Irishmen, and Jews. How little the great mass of stolid Anglo-Saxons really care for the difficult problems of social organization! How content they are to put up with in-

equalities and injustices until such inequalities and injustices become intolerable! How much they prefer, in rather happy-go-lucky fashion, to enjoy the simple pleasures of the day—the race-course, the football field, the cinema entertainment, the happiness of home, rather than in fierce crusade to indulge in the impeachment of those more wealthy or more lucky than themselves, in a sustained effort to overturn present society and build something better upon its ruins.

Oh, la, la! And this from the very hearth of Anglo-Saxondom! How will the tradition survive that Anglo-Saxons have a special mandate from Providence to rule the world if members of the tribe give the show away from the inside like this?

MUSSOLINI'S victory in the Italian elections is even greater than was generally expected. The Fascisti have 374 of the 535 seats in the Chamber of Deputies. With the assistance of friendly parties they have a majority of more than 400. The moderate groups generally sustained heavy losses; the Communists, on the extreme left, made slight gains. Mussolini's prevision in rigging the election law in advance to assure himself of a working majority turns out to have been unnecessary. The new method provides that the party obtaining the most votes (providing they are 25 per cent of the total) shall be assigned two-thirds of the seats in the Chamber, or 356. Mussolini has several better than this without the aid of artificial respiration. As one of the newspaper dispatches suggests, he has now become a "constitutional dictator"—whatever that may be. Making all allowances for Fascist terrorization and suppression, the result nevertheless shows how completely the emotional strain of the past ten years has exhausted Italy (and other parts of Europe tell the same story), making the people willing to accept any despotism that promises a degree of stability and material assurance. Fascism will probably fall not by opposition from without but by quarrels from within. Its new-won security is likely to hasten such strife.

MUSCLE SHOALS will not go to Henry Ford if Senator Norris, chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, can make the public and his colleagues in the Senate see what a stupendous gift this water-power is and how paltry a return is proffered. "No man in the world has ever received such a bounty from any government," he says, but he thinks Mr. Ford less responsible for the propaganda behind the proposal than the real-estate sharps who have staked out enormous profits. Says Senator Norris:

The magic name of Henry Ford seems to have dulled all the reasoning faculties of thousands of farmers. They have been deluded into thinking that Ford has promised to make fertilizer for them at half price. There is no such promise whatever in his offer. He has merely proposed to pay the Government a paltry \$5,000,000. in annual instalments, for property that has already cost the taxpayers of the country \$106,000,000. . . . He makes no agreement to supply power. He can keep it all for himself. Here is energy enough to furnish power to the entire South, to light every home. But Ford would not even be bound by the Alabama utility laws. He can refuse to sell this power or he can sell as much or as little as he wishes, and he can charge whatever prices he pleases, uncontrolled by the regulations that apply to all public utilities. What does Mr. Ford propose actually to do for the public good? He agrees under his offer to make 40,000 tons annually of

fixed nitrogen and to sell it to the farmers for a profit not to exceed 8 per cent. Why, he could well afford to give it away a thousand times over for what he is to get in return.

OF THE CONSTRUCTIVE ACHIEVEMENTS of the Obregon Administration none is more conspicuous than that of José Vasconcelos, who is retiring from Mexico's Ministry of Education. With a deep faith in the inherent qualities of the Mexicans, with a larger vision of a cultural unity south of the Rio Grande, Vasconcelos has been an apostle and a prophet of a new kind of Latin-American solidarity. Under his direction, also, popular education received its greatest impetus in Mexico's history. Some of its results are visible throughout the capital in the new school-centers with their pink *tezontle* walls, while the education building with its gorgeous panorama of frescoes of Mexican history and contemporary life will remain his monument and a symbol of the new release of the native arts and crafts which he so greatly stimulated. From the start Vasconcelos was beset with difficulties beyond comprehension abroad. A vast heritage of ignorance, apathy, corruption; shortage of funds; the difficulty of finding trained and trustworthy subordinates; his own inexperience, errors of judgment, and lack of organizing ability—these were towering obstacles. And he marred the closing of his notable period of service, be it said regretfully, by neutrality in the face of open rebellion by De la Huerta, whose pilfering of the treasury was chiefly responsible for the hamstringing of the educational program. Yet despite this and other serious mistakes he has created in Mexico a hunger for education, inaugurated an indigenous renaissance, and brought to Mexico a new racial leadership of Hispano-Indian America. It will be a tragedy if he is not drafted in some capacity for his country's service.

CHARLES WARREN, the historian of the Supreme Court, recently made an interesting suggestion of a new way of exerting pressure upon a country refusing to abide by a judicial or arbitral decision. After dissenting from the conventional opinion that such a world court must have force to compel acceptance of its decisions, Mr. Warren reminded his audience that there were several ways short of war to enforce a decision, such as personal liability of offending or guilty officials and the requirement of a period of time to enable the dissenters to cool off. Mr. Warren also stressed the growing power of world opinion. But his original contribution, which gains strength from the fact that its author was the Assistant Attorney General charged with the enforcement of our neutrality laws from 1914 to 1917, is that the other nations be freed from any international obligations toward an offender. An economic boycott, it has been pointed out, might sometimes injure the boycotter more than the nation aimed at. Instead, therefore, of asking a country to assume an obligation to act against another, Mr. Warren would relieve it from any of the familiar obligations a neutral must today carry out, such as preventing enlistments, interning ships and crews or troops entering neutral territory, etc. The weakness of the proposal, it seems to us, is that if the offending nation were powerful enough it would probably make a neutral's abandonment of neutrality a ready excuse for war against that neutral. All of which only emphasizes the necessity of doing away with the legal status of war at one swoop—outlawing it.

IT IS NOT, we are told, an "opportune" moment for another disarmament conference. Scientists vie with one another to supply deadly radio-electrical weapons which will set airplanes aflame, blow up submarines, and wipe out cities by the pushing of a button miles away. Secretary Hoover glowingly outlines on a magnificent scale the proposed mobilization and control by one despotically endowed individual of all the country's resources—men, women, money, materials, industries—for the purpose of killing. The women who sailed across mined and submarined seas in 1915 determined to cry out for peace had scarcely a harder situation to meet than today confronts the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom which opens its fourth biennial congress in Washington. Delegates from the internationally minded women of thirty-six countries will gather there in the first week of May. Their theme will be a "new international order in its political, economic, and spiritual aspects"; both the European danger and the problems of Pan-America will be studied and remedies sought. Following the congress many of the foreign delegates will speak at the International Summer School to be held in Chicago May 17 to May 31.

JOURNALISM would be better, thinks the Visible Government League of Oklahoma, if it were made a profession. It proposes to do this by a law requiring journalists to take out a license which could be revoked for misbehavior. But can one set up a profession merely by requiring its practitioners to procure a license? Pawnbrokers are commonly licensed, but we are not aware that they have thereby obtained recognition for their calling as a profession. And how about dogs? Besides we are not sure that journalism would be benefited by constituting it a profession. Most of the professions have evolved ethical codes that doubtless help some of their practitioners to maintain worthy standards, but they have also developed an excess of dry rot and tradition that is discouraging to the layman. Journalism, with all its faults, is singularly free from pretense, hypocrisy, and humbug. A man may perhaps become a journalist too easily, but he cannot too easily remain one. In this journalism is like many of the callings that are most interesting and worthwhile. A good, even if probably apocryphal, story of the Emperor William has it that he once said scoffingly: "Bah! What diploma does a man require to become a journalist?" "Your Majesty," was the rejoinder, "what diploma does one need to become an emperor?"

EDWARD BOK SEEMS to have made prize contests the great American pastime—if they were not already that. At any rate, before William Hard has got around to awarding the famous lock of Senator Shipstead's Minnesota hair for the best answer to the riddle, What is a Progressive?, before *Life* has announced the winner of its prize for the best method of starting a new war, the Baltimore *Evening Sun* boldly enters the lists with a \$100 reward for the best explanation of the difference between a Democrat and a Republican. "In a day when moral, physical, religious, and chemical sciences have been developed to a point where distinctions can be finely drawn it ought to be possible," thinks the genial *Sun*, "to isolate the germs of democracy and republicanism and definitely identify them." Well, we don't know. Greater minds than ours have given up the puzzle. Did not brothers Doheny and Sinclair decide that, after all, it was safer to give to both?

Land of the Noble Free

AMERICANS are all immigrants—all except the red Indians—and if the anthropologists be right, even they migrated from Asia. There is no American race; there is not even the established claim of centuries to plead the primary right of any one stock. Norsemen were the first whites to spy out our soil; an Italian, sailing under a Spanish flag, rediscovered the continent to which another Italian gave his name. Parts of our present coast-line were first settled by Spaniards, parts by Frenchmen, parts by Dutchmen, and parts by Englishmen; Germans and Scandinavians first developed great areas of the interior. Of all our State names only thirteen are of English origin; five are Spanish, three French, and the rest Indian. Whence comes this myth that our country is the private property of some one racial stock? Whence come the arrogant assumptions of those who, like the chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, want to preserve a "racial homogeneity" which has never existed? Some extraordinary figures recently presented to the House of Representatives by one of its ablest new members, Meyer Jacobstein of Rochester, N. Y., are worth quoting:

The percentage of foreign-born in the entire country today is exactly the same as it was in Lincoln's time. In 1860, the year Abraham Lincoln was elected, 47 per cent of the residents of New York City were foreign-born. Today only 36 per cent of that great city's population is foreign-born. When Lincoln took office 30 per cent of the residents of all American cities of 100,000 population and over were of alien birth; today only 24 per cent of the population of cities of 100,000 or over are not native-born. . . . You contend that the present foreign element is less desirable than that of forty, fifty, sixty years ago. I call your attention to a report made to the House by a select congressional committee in 1838. It charged that "the country is being flooded with the outcasts of the jails, almshouses, and slums of pauper-ridden Europe." It asserted that at the time the jails of the capital were filled with these foreign-born people. It described them as "the most idle and vicious classes, in personal appearance most offensive and loathsome." . . .

But who were these "offensive and loathsome paupers and criminals"? Why, they were the scrappy Irishmen and Germans and British whose children today fear the influx of new "foreign hordes."

The war roused nationalist passions and hates long forgotten in America. We had given up the unpleasant habit of denouncing all foreign stocks; we were too conscious that we were all foreigners a few generations back. We were proud of the welcoming gesture of the Statue of Liberty; we hailed the simile of the "melting-pot" and believed that out of the amalgam of the races and the cultures of the world we were building something new, something greater than any of the races or civilizations of Europe. Perhaps we may still win back to that traditional Americanism and away from the medieval exclusionism of the proposed immigration bill.

The old artificial difficulties in travel were rapidly vanishing before the war. One no longer had to procure a permit or pay a toll at every bridge or river-crossing, at every boundary-line and frontier. The amalgamating current of history and science—steamships and railroads, telegraph and telephone—seemed to be binding all the world together. In 1914 a man traveled without a passport from

Punta Arenas to the Russian border. Only a few of the most backward countries on earth retained that anachronistic requirement. Today restrictions on free movement are everywhere; we are back in the Middle Ages, and the United States is leading the backward movement.

It is a tragic thing that this country, built on the sweat and aspirations of immigrants, should so soon be fencing itself about with a wall. We are becoming the great example of national selfishness in all the world. While we bar human beings from our shores we bully weaker countries into granting American capital privileges alien to their national interests. We force Mexico to revise its oil laws, tell China how to use its customs, ask Russia to reconsider its view of private property, and everywhere proclaim the "open door"—for American capital—as an American policy. "Equal rights and opportunities, *for capital*, all over the world"—what a bitter slogan for America when a hungry peasant from South Italy, a persecuted Jew from Rumania, an Armenian whose home is a heap of ashes finds the door to America slammed in his face!

Two years ago we adopted an "emergency" percentage-restriction law, which allows the admission in any one year from any country of only 3 per cent of the number of persons born in that country who were present in the United States in 1910. That bill was frankly an attempt to discourage South and East European immigration while permitting the Northwestern stocks—British, German, Scandinavian—to enter. This year an even worse bill has passed the House. It would admit only 2 per cent of the number of foreign-born persons present here in 1890. That virtually bars Jewish, Italian, and Slavic immigration. It is a forthright attempt to establish racial exclusion. The Senate may make the quotas lower still. If Americans had still the national ideals of pre-war days, instead of a second-hand version of Old World nationalism, the Senate would demand a forward move to the census of 1920, and raise, instead of lowering, the present quotas.

Even the original purpose of percentage restriction is lost. We are today excluding not merely Italians and Syrians and East Europeans, but Germans, Englishmen, and Scandinavians. In the current year 1923-1924 all quotas except those for France, Iceland, and Esthonia have been exhausted—yet they talk of still further exclusion! The snobbish standards of a country club or of a New England private-preparatory school are being established as America's. More than that, the new bill makes unnecessary discriminations against the Japanese which can serve no purpose except to irritate that people.

Is it too late to recall the Farewell Address of our first President?

It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt but, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it; can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas, is it rendered impossible by its vices?

La Follette's "Revolution"

"**R**EVOLUTION" is the term applied to the Wisconsin La Follette platform by Cyrus Curtis's New York *Evening Post*, once the honest daily of Bryant, Bigelow, Schurz, and Godkin, now degraded to the lowest depths of stand-pattism. This platform, we are told, is "something more than populism; . . . it is reinforced with raw, red socialism, borrowed from the Red Dynasty of Sovietism." To Mr. Curtis's editorial hirelings this is "the way of the wild men who would pull down the heavens and upheave the earth and make for themselves a new heaven and a new earth."

Let us see just what this document really proposes in order to merit such a bitter outpouring by one of our richest men. It was adopted by the La Follette Republicans at their recent convention for presentation to the people of Wisconsin and also to the Republican National Convention, where it will doubtless be treated with the contumely which has invariably been bestowed upon similar suggestions from Wisconsin. It declares that the great issue of today is the control of government and industry by private monopoly—"big-business domination," Roosevelt and Wilson called it. "The equality of opportunity proclaimed by the Declaration of Independence and defended by Jefferson and Lincoln" it sees "displaced by special privilege for the few." That hardly sounds new or original or revolutionary, for every reformer since Grover Cleveland began attacking the tariff has used precisely this language.

There are twelve points in this platform—"twelve vials of radical wrath," the *Evening Post* calls them. The twelfth we give in full that all may see how abominable this particular vial is:

We favor a platform for the Republican Party embracing these principles and a candidate for President whose public record is a guaranty that he is in full accord therewith.

Equally radical and dangerous is number one:

We pledge a complete housecleaning in the Department of Justice, the Department of the Interior, and the other executive departments.

There you have it—the red hands of Trotsky and the late Lenin betray themselves at once. Who but sovietists could favor a housecleaning? The next vial pledges recovery of the illegally leased public domains, vigorous prosecution of the guilty, restoration of the national conservation policy, public ownership of the nation's water-power, a national superpower system, and permanent conservation of all the nation's resources, including coal, iron, and other ores, oil and timber lands, in the interest of the people. There you have it. If that does not lead directly to the nationalization of women, Mr. Curtis must be wondering what could? So, too, does the declaration for public ownership of railroads, "with definite safeguards against bureaucratic control." As if that were not red-revolutionary enough, the pacifist tendencies of La Folletteism are made plain by a demand for a reduction in the "eight hundred millions of dollars now annually expended in preparation for future wars."

What are we to think of the demand for drastic reduction of the protective tariff, prohibition of gambling in agricultural products, large inheritance taxes for such estates as Cyrus Curtis has piled up, and reconstruction of

the federal-reserve and federal farm-loan systems? Only that advocacy of the bonus, abolition of the right of injunction in labor disputes, the direct nomination and election of the President, the initiative and referendum in the field of federal legislation, and a popular referendum for or against war (except in cases of actual invasion) must seem to all of the faithful—like Mr. Curtis—to indicate a deliberate purpose to pull down every pillar of the temple of American liberty—liberty for great capitalists and the holders of special privilege.

To us, being in Mr. Curtis's eye of the unfaithful, the La Follette program seems an admirable document upon which the coming third party may well base itself. Not that we should agree to every plank; some things which *The Nation* has long opposed are on the list. But here is a progressive and constructive document which goes to the root of things economic. La Follette now sees that one of the first steps is to take control of our transportation lines. For this alone *The Nation* would give profound thanks; but when we read the planks which call for outlawry of war and revision of the Treaty of Versailles, which denounce "the mercenary system of foreign policy in the interest of financial imperialists, oil monopolists, and international bankers which has at times degraded our State Department . . . to a trading outpost," we want to stand up and cheer.

Yes, poor old prostituted *Evening Post*, it is revolution which La Follette preaches, revolution back to the old America, a revolution which proposes not to enslave but to cut loose American initiative, energy, and enterprise from the bonds now put upon them.

Lights On or Off?

THE mountain has at last labored. Mr. Coolidge's indignation has been stirred. The President, who accepted Mr. Denby's resignation "with regret," assuring him that he would go "with the knowledge that [his] honesty and integrity have not been impugned," who assured the infamous Daugherty, even when asking his resignation, that he was "not questioning" his "fairness or integrity," is angry. He is angry because a Senate committee insists upon investigating Secretary Mellon's conduct of his office.

Doubtless, as the New York *World* suggests, Mr. Coolidge's anger is heightened because he has been obliged to bottle up his wrath at the investigations conducted by Senators Walsh and Wheeler. One of those investigations has uncovered the fact that Secretary Fall secretly gave away the nation's oil wealth, and then accepted large sums of money from the gentlemen who got it. The other has exposed Mr. Daugherty's intimate associations with a group of crooks, bootleggers, fight promoters, and general low-livers. One forced Mr. Denby out of office; the other ousted Mr. Daugherty—both in the face of Mr. Coolidge's expressed reluctance. The committee investigating the administration of the Internal Revenue Bureau having made what might be called a misstep, Mr. Coolidge flares forth in bitter invective against all Senate investigations.

The immediate occasion of Mr. Coolidge's wrath was the appointment, by the Senate committee, of the very able Mr. Francis J. Heney to assist it in investigating Mr. Mellon's bureau. The committee appointed Mr. Heney without pay, it being understood that Senator Couzens would privately foot the bill. This was, to be sure, a dan-

gerous procedure; the proper method would have been to obtain the Senate's authority to hire counsel, and charge his fee to the Government. No private individual should be permitted to pay the Government's expenses, either in this form or in the classic manner of dollar-a-year men. But the President went too far in suggesting that this conflicted with Section 1764 of the Revised Statutes, which bars compensation *by the Government* for extra services unless authorized by law.

Mr. Coolidge went further; in fact, he ran wild:

Under a procedure of this kind [he says] the constitutional guaranty against unwarranted search and seizure breaks down, the department becomes the victim of vague, unformulated, and indefinite charges, and instead of a government of law we have a government of lawlessness.

One might, assuming that a President of the United States watches his words, believe that there was fire behind this smoke. In fact, as the pitiful debate between Mr. Coolidge's hot-headed defenders and the cooler senators showed, there had been nothing like "search and seizure." It had been charged that Mr. Mellon's department had favored certain companies in which he was interested. He had demanded that the "committee make an immediate investigation in order that you may thoroughly satisfy yourself and the public whether or not these companies have received any favor from the Government." The committee was investigating. The only documents which it had obtained had been obtained with Mr. Mellon's consent. Where is the "government of lawlessness" in that? What was wrong with the committee's desire to obtain expert help?

To judge by Senator Watson's defense of the President the worst aspect of Mr. Heney's appointment was the fact that Governor Pinchot had suggested it. We cannot discover the original sin in that. In fact, we like Governor Pinchot's explanation:

What I am after in this matter is to get the law enforced. . . . I have made no secret of what I think about the disgraceful breakdown of the enforcement service of the Treasury Department, of the debauchery, crime, suffering, and death it has brought to the people of my State and to many another. . . . I suggested, as others had done before, the name of Mr. Heney, a trusted friend of President Roosevelt, for whom he had conducted investigations, as that of a man whom Senator Couzens's committee would be fortunate to secure as counsel.

People are beginning to talk as if there were something wrong in investigating. They are using the phrase "muck-raking" as a term of opprobrium, and President Coolidge's message is plainly a part of that propaganda. But, as Senator Reed put it, "a muck-rake will not bring up any muck unless there is muck there. . . . The only man who fears investigation is a man who has done something he does not want the country to know about." In the words of that cautious old constitutional lawyer, Senator Walsh:

The President wants us to stop these investigations; and he ought to say so. He wants us to stop these investigations, and to take our chances as to the faithful discharge of the duties of every department and the officials in every department—the Veterans' Bureau, the Department of the Interior, the Department of Justice, and now the Department of the Treasury.

The President, if we are not mistaken, has provided the Democrats with a first-class campaign issue: Shall the light be turned on, or off? Shall scandal, when suspected, be investigated, or left to putrefy?

Are We Better than Starfish?

THE person who can keep his eyes fixed unwaveringly on the mechanical achievements of the age must get a dizzying sensation of speed in the progress of human affairs. Discoveries beget discoveries, and civilization, learning from its own inventions, progresses geometrically toward an almost discernible perfection, or, more alluring yet, toward an infinity of thrilling new horizons. To the person capable of this miracle of concentration the world, save for a few scandal-mongers and agitators, must offer a satisfactory, even an exciting, appearance. His eyes are on the future; he installs a radio in his sitting-room and begins to save up for a motorized lawn-mower.

And he is justified in his enthusiasms; for in science, if in no other field of thought or action, the world does move. The question is, can our wits be turned to other problems, or have the shaping of iron and steel, the delicate juggling with electrons and air waves, the patient fishing for bacilli, unfitted us for other sorts of work? Has our knowledge of the relations of matter made us unable to deal with the relations between human beings?

Of course, in spite of wars and the divorce rate life goes on. Yet life goes on, with more waste but less agony, among the starfish, and the biological ends of life are achieved with less interference and friction. We, with our customs and prejudices, our passions and our pains, have turned the simplest processes of living into vast complications of nervous uncertainties. Between individuals as between nations, we have reached a point where we can see and admit our difficulties; we are only beginning to understand or resolve them.

One reason for our situation is that until recently human relations, particularly personal relations, and most particularly the relations of the sexes, were under a rigid taboo. Science might not touch them; art could approach them only if it were equipped with pink glasses. Intelligence was commonly considered indecent. Especially in the United States religion and custom and William Jennings Bryan held the field. They still like to think they hold it, but the behavior of the world worries them more than they will admit. Women, for instance, do things and say things and think things that take little account of taboos. Writers of modern novels look love in the eye and find it, in all its various forms, strangely unlike the pictures drawn by the Ella Wheeler Wilcoxes of literature. Psychologists are making a mockery of the decent sentiments of decent men and women.

And so there has been a storm from the upholders of the old ways of moral locomotion against these new-fangled, un-Christian steam-engines of behavior. From pulpit and press we have warnings and angry outbursts and scorn for the fumbling efforts of the present generation to understand itself and its emotions. But if we are to find our way out of this dark age of human unhappiness and tension and misunderstanding we must watch the people who are trying the new paths. We must leave William Jennings Bryan with his failless ancestors and his sexless morals, and listen to the prophets of a newer age. In a series of articles to begin in our next issue, *The Nation* will print the opinions of a few intelligent observers on the shifting moral standards of our day and on the difficult problems of modern sex relations.

These United States—XLVI*

NEW YORK: II. State of Unwilling Progress

By CHARLES W. WOOD

NOBODY knows New York State. Very few, if any, have traveled through it. Konrad Bercovici discovers a different New York almost every time he turns around, but he hasn't yet got outside the New York City limits. Socially, psychologically, and physically the whole State contains about everything there is and lots of it. It is mountainous. It is flat. It seems to touch the sea only in one little corner, but it manages to have hundreds of miles of seashore just the same. It is agricultural. It is industrial. Great areas are so deserted that they seem like desert. Also it has its mining camps. And much of the State—very much of it—is physically, socially, and psychologically just plain backwoods.

People from "up-State," by the way, do not like to be taken for New Yorkers. A man from Santa Barbara is sure to let you know that he is a Californian, but the man from Syracuse is just from Syracuse. This holds all over the State. You have to get down below Poughkeepsie to discover any willingness on the part of the population to be mistaken for residents of the world's metropolis.

New York City contains something of almost all the world. The rest of the State contains something of almost all America. It is not from New York City that the most startling stories of modern miracles come. It is more apt to be from the laboratories of Schenectady. It was there that man first made and hurled the thunderbolt. It is there that radio is reaching its highest development. It was there that the dream of superpower originated. Nevertheless, one need travel but a few hours from Schenectady to find oneself in a civilization to which all progress is anathema and whose favorite term of opprobrium is "new-fangled."

Occasionally in some Catskill cabin or in the back counties of the Adirondack region the State police discover a nest of seemingly human animals described, for the purposes of journalism, as a "destitute family in a deplorable condition." Sometimes they are starving. Sometimes they are freezing. Usually, they are 100 per cent American but inbred to the point of intellectual extinction. Usually also they are Christians, with their fundamentalist theology preserved intact, but without spiritual force enough to go to church or to take part in any religious exercises excepting funerals. In one case a mother-pervert reigned over the nest, keeping her grown sons, thirty and thirty-five years of age, in bed for life by the exercise of her fierce animal will. In another a father and a gaunt crew of pregnant daughters constituted the "family." I do not mean that these are typical instances of life in the backward sections of the Empire State. They are extreme cases, no doubt, but they are significant.

One is inclined to associate the backwoods with the pioneer spirit. One might as well associate the Daughters of the American Revolution with revolutionary thought. These folk are not early settlers. They are the descendants

of early settlers. The early settlers had spirit and initiative and daring. That is, until they got settled. The more adventurous of their offspring, of course, refused to stay settled. They ran away from the settlement and built cities and towns. But the timid remained. They stayed settled, in body, mind, and soul.

Resistance to change is their most sacred principle. Modern conveniences appear as signs of degeneracy to them; and the boy who leaves home to go to the city is still their most popular theme of tragedy. The girl who marries the "city chap" is looked upon as disloyal: for in a community where everybody is pretty much everybody else's cousin, such unions seem to partake of the nature of miscegenation. "Who knows," sighs Uncle Amos, as he hopes for the worst, "who knows but what he's got a wife already?" This is the cue for Aunt Mary Jane to reply, "Beats me why folks want to be so stuck up."

This is not the language of the American farmer. It is the language of inbred descendants of farmers who have largely abandoned agriculture. They may still grow potatoes and beans and corn for their own use. They may still keep a pig and a cow. But the land is worn out, the barns are falling in, the more adventurous of the young people have left home, while the old folks and all the young ones who can be induced to oppose change in any form stick miraculously. They manage to get a living some way. They manage to marry. They manage to breed. They are a hardy tribe, enduring much tribulation and proud of their endurance; and there is a certain shrewdness about them which passes for intelligence. They are economical in money matters, also in ideas and in speech. They use few words and indulge in few facial expressions. They do not open their lips to talk, but blow their syllables through a very narrow aperture.

Numerically, this backwoods element of New York State life may not be very great. But socially, politically, and spiritually they have a throttle-hold upon the State. They furnish the traditions to which the natives think they should be loyal, even though they have physically run away. New York State is notoriously "conservative." This is generally attributed by outsiders to the influence of Wall Street. It is more probably due to the traditions of the "Old Home." The native up-Stater is seldom able to free himself from the attitude of fear and suspicion which was a most important part of his bringing up. Actually he may be having his bathroom tiled, or be looking around for an eight-cylinder car; but theoretically, he is still prejudiced against new-fangled notions.

The pressure of modern life may not permit him to act upon these theories in his everyday pursuits. But he can act upon them on Sunday; and large areas of New York State are as conservative, religiously, as the Middle West or South. He can also act upon them at Albany, and "new-fangled notions" have slim chance of getting through the legislature.

The State lags, for instance, in prison reform. It is not as bad as Florida, to be sure; but in this as in most

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progressive legislation, the State which should in all logic march in the vanguard of American culture is anything but up to date. This is likewise true of the problem of the feeble-minded, which New York psychiatrists agree is almost desperate. Those who knew the situation placed the terrible facts before the legislature, year in and year out; but it took a scandalous fire in one of the institutions known to be antiquated and unsafe to get any considerable number of the people interested.

The richest and most populous State in the Union was slow to accept the automobile. New York State fruit-growers, with the finest apples in the world, surrendered their natural markets to California and Oregon three thousand miles away because the folk from "York State" could not bestir themselves to evolve new methods of marketing. The beautiful city of Syracuse, with nearly two hundred thousand population, still has the New York Central Railroad running through its business center at grade, for no other reason, apparently, than that it always did run that way; and it has a great and highly endowed university whose chief pride has been that it has never once shown a sign of hospitality toward a new idea.

I don't mean, understand, that Syracuse University is scandalously behind the times. It has striven faithfully to keep nearly up to date. But not once has it gone ahead of the times. Not once has it taken a position of leadership. Professor John R. Commons is the only nationally known leader of thought I can think of now who was ever connected with Syracuse; and he was ousted for his economic heresies so early in his career that the incident attracted almost no attention. Since the death of Chancellor Day, Syracuse seems to be recovering from this chronic dread of the new; and recently its faculty permitted a public discussion of birth control. This is hopeful. Discussing the problem of overpopulation may not seem radical elsewhere, but it was decidedly radical for Syracuse. The Syracuse Common Council, in fact, had just passed an ordinance forbidding any public reference to the problem. The ordinance was vetoed by the mayor and barely failed of passage over his veto.

I have lived in a dozen different sections of New York State and found them all dissimilar. There's a reason. There is no State pride and no common historic tradition.

New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey are the only States I know of which do not fall naturally into some particular group. Maine and Connecticut, no matter how different they are, look upon themselves and are uniformly looked upon as New England. Florida and Tennessee are South. From Ohio to Kansas is a long jump, but the jumper is still in the Middle West. The geographies used to put New York and Pennsylvania into a theoretical bunch known as Middle or Middle Atlantic States, but this classification never had any psychological meaning. In Pennsylvania the tradition of William Penn is still held in reverence; but the story of the Dutch settlers who bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for \$24 is an item of foreign history as far as the school-children of New York State are concerned. They know nothing whatever about the Duke of York. He isn't even an item.

There is no song which these people sing which is in any way connected with the glorification, charm, or historic significance of the State. "The Sidewalks of New York" is the nearest attempt at such a song, and that

couldn't possibly have any meaning outside the city limits. Ocean navigation was made possible here, but it is difficult to hymn the praises of a man named Robert Fulton or a boat called the Clermont. Finally, and most discouragingly, if one were to celebrate the event which really made New York State, one would have to write a hymn to the Erie Canal. Even that might have been done, I suppose, if the Erie Canal had made the State and then resigned with proper dignity, as the *Prairie Schooner* did after it had fulfilled its mission. But the Erie Canal evolved into a Barge Canal with a lot of Barge Canal scandals and nothing whatever in the way of either barges or canal that anyone has ever felt proud about.

New York State has glories a plenty, but they don't belong to the whole State and it is difficult to strike a common note in celebration of them. There's Binghamton, for instance. Probably no city in the modern world has had such an influence upon modern civilization. It was from Binghamton that Patent Medicines came. It was due to the enterprise of Binghamton that one hundred million people, naturally leaning toward total abstinence, suddenly rose as one man and began to rid themselves of all human ills at only one dollar per bottle. They not only began but they kept it up. Cure called for cure: the ills were often obstinate but the cures didn't feel bad; also one could be a prohibitionist and a convalescent at the same time. Eventually, after a chapter of newspaper corruption hardly equaled in history, the business of doping the gullible became somewhat restricted by law. Theoretically, at least, the patent medicines which can be purchased freely at all druggists are now non-alcoholic, and they are not supposed to contain any habit-forming drugs. But Binghamton is still great. The rewards of her enterprise have been harvested. The big, patent-medicine fortunes are intact, and there is no limit to the opportunities for philanthropy and bootlegging which the future holds in store.

Then there's Rochester. Rochester is the Art Center of the United States. No one can deny this. Rochester admits it freely. All over the world, in any discussion of art, you will be told that American art is photographic, and Rochester is the home of the Kodak industry. Rochester glories in this, and not without reason; but she never thinks of it as a New York State achievement. Rochester is Rochester. She has her own culture, her own ideals, and her own distinct sense of superiority. She knows exactly how people ought to live, and she is seeing to it that Rochester children are trained in the way that they should go.

Buffalo is different. One could write a song about Buffalo. In fact, one did. It was "Put me off at Buffalo." I could never be sure in Buffalo just where I did get off. It seems like Chicago, in a way, with a suggestion of arrested development. It reminds one at once of wharves and grain elevators and "Fingy" Connors. Steve Brody took a chance in Buffalo—and got away with it. He ran a "music hall" in which he himself was the main attraction; and his fame was built solely on the fact that he had jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge. Buffalo used to be like that. On each succeeding visit the thing that impresses me most about Buffalo is that it is so much as it used to be. Year by year it gets farther from the top of the list of America's greatest cities; but it manages, nevertheless, to be as big as it ever was.

The rural sections of New York are as varied as its cities. The dairy region in the vicinity of Binghamton, the peach belt between Buffalo and Rochester, the grape belt out near Dunkirk—each has a character of its own. The last is peculiarly interesting. Prohibition gave a decided boost to the grape industry. The grape-growers no longer have to sort out their grapes or pack them carefully for the market. They just jam them into barrels and express them to New York. They can't send them by freight or they would ferment and explode in transit; but they can express them, and do; and the Italian buyer simply puts the barrel in his cellar and takes off the head. Then he lets nature take its course. The ultimate mess may then be sold for "red ink," but no one in the grape belt has violated the law.

Saratoga is still in New York State—much greater, in fact, and far more beautiful than in the days when it was reckoned great. The automobile is supposed to have put the horse out of business, but it brings thousands to the horse races who could never have attended them before. It is still a "watering place," and the water is good, even if the word has lost the grand meaning it once held. Saratoga has lost nothing much except its exclusiveness, and it has gained a State park.

The "summer resort" business hasn't fared as well in other sections. The automobile has brought everybody into the country, but the country isn't the same kind of treat that it used to be. Mammoth wooden hotels, equipped according to the standards of elegance that obtained during the seventies and eighties, are not even places of interest any longer. They are not gay and they are not profitable. There aren't as many of them as there were ten years ago. Many have mysteriously burned down, and the insurance money has been put into other enterprises.

New York State may not be pushing ahead, but it is being pulled ahead quite noticeably. I have lived in rural New York when ox-teams were common. The folks preferred oxen in many cases to the more expeditious horse because, when the road was washed away (as it usually was in spring), the oxen would pull the rigs out with a steadier pull and with less danger of breaking expensive harness. The automobile and motor-truck have now supplanted them; and with the automobile came concrete highways, electric lights, telephones, and a thousand conveniences never dreamed of before. An external hand has been laid upon these people, dragging them almost against their will into a bigger world. In that world, thanks to the automobile, their children are going to real schools and are getting acquainted with all sorts of different people; and instead of looking upon these new acquaintances as queer and foreign, they have come to find them charming. They are having real adventures, real courtships, and real marriages now; and the eugenists tell us that they are having a smaller percentage of deformed and idiotic children. But still you can go into any number of these communities today and be told by the bearded sages thereof that "the ruination of this here kentry is the automobile." These people are giving voice to the inhibition from which New York State suffers most. It is our infant fixation. It isn't strong enough, let us hope, to forbid progress, but it is strong enough to keep us from being genuinely progressive.

It is commonly assumed that the beauties of nature have a refining influence upon human life. What can one expect, it is asked, of a child born in a tenement or in the man-made environment of a factory town? Well—New York State is altogether beautiful, wherever the landscape has not been so defiled by man. It hasn't the terrifying beauty of the Rockies, nor the languorous beauty of the South; nor is there anything in New York scenery or climate which beckons to adventure or lulls to calm. But the physical charm of the State simply cannot be shaken off. This is especially true of northern New York, where the sharp frosts of early autumn work like magic on the oaks and maples and produce a thousand gorgeous hues unknown in the southern section of the State. The crystal frosts of spring are equally intoxicating. One whose eyes have fed in childhood upon Lake George with its mountain background can almost be excused in later life if he refuses to thrill at the masterpieces of nature in other sections of the world. The prairies will be pretty sure to bore such a person. The wide open spaces will produce in him nothing much but uneasiness. The sea will seem too uncertain, the desert too empty, and southern California altogether too artificial and tame.

Lake George is only one of a hundred perfectly satisfying bits of homeland in New York State. The Adirondack wilderness is still a wilderness over wide stretches and still beautiful despite the invasion of "hard roads" and hitch hikers. The great range of mountains around Marcy is accessible only to persons who are willing to climb all day and sleep in the open at night; its chains of lakes can be traversed only by canoe and carry. Lake Ontario with its thousand inlets, and each of the little lakes, north, east, and west, has a color and a fascination of its own. There is no blue on earth like Skaneateles blue.

The casual traveler through the State may think of Herkimer as a tank station, Auburn as a place of punishment, and Geneva as nothing at all. But get off the train at any of these places, take to the open highway, and you'll get an eyeful. The splendors of the Mohawk Valley can not be appreciated from a car window, and you see practically nothing of the western chain of lakes. Did you ever hear, for instance, of Conesus? One of its charms is that you never did. The motorist in western New York has the privilege of discovering for himself ever so many beauty spots that are not famous at all. The local inhabitants, to be sure, will point them out with pride. But it won't be pride in New York. New York means nothing to him. A dreadful city chuck full of foreigners has monopolized that term. New York, to the up-Stater, exists primarily for the purpose of paying the State's taxes. No one from Utica or Elmira or Mechanicville would want you to suppose that he would live in a place like that.

Then, there is Long Island. One tip of it is metropolitan and one borough on this tip contains a population greater than Manhattan's. But the other tip lives a life of its own, less disturbed by visitors perhaps than any other section of the State, a stretch given over to moors and lakes and sharp sand cliffs dropping into the sea. In between is an area given over largely to great private estates, with palaces lying so far back in the forests that the passing motorist does not see them. Westchester County and the Catskills are equally magnificent. All that wealth can add to nature is added here, not to build up or to develop the territory but to keep it as excluded and

unvisited as possible. It is customary to indict American millionaires for their lack of refinement and discrimination. I can't join in this indictment. It seems to me, whenever I visit these estates, that they have done well. They may muss up the scenery which the rest of us have got to look at; but they keep their own premises free from billboards and noise and smoke.

And while I am at it, I want to give voice to one more heresy. It is a popular sport among intellectuals to sneer at mere industrial advance. Its main contribution to society, it would seem, is to smear the landscape and turn our natural beauties into piles of filthy lucre. The despoiling of Niagara Falls is their classical example. One-twentieth of the water has already been diverted into mere channels of usefulness. Too bad—perhaps. But the discovery by scientists that Niagara can be enslaved is producing a dream of human freedom which is mightily affecting New York State today. Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo are sharing in this dream of superpower. (Although Rochester, to be sure, prefers its own superb falls.) A hundred smaller cities and villages are beginning to thrill to it. Niagara may be doomed; but on the other side of the ledger millions of people are breaking from the past.

It is too much to expect that they will become suddenly progressive. Only recently New York established a moving-picture censorship for fear their young folks might get some suggestion out of harmony with the permanent and

fixed morality of "back home." Strenuous efforts are being made to extend this censorship to books and publications. Laws forbidding this and that are as common in New York as they are in Kansas. Free speech does not exist. It is still a crime to make public those discoveries of modern science which make it possible for women to bear children when children are wanted. The notorious Lusk laws, which made it a crime for school-teachers to teach, have been repealed; but this only after a hard fight in the legislature and because of the insistence of a Tammany Hall governor rather than because of any awakened public opinion throughout the State.

Still, New York State is changing. It is becoming American, due very largely to the influx of so many foreigners. New pioneers are supplanting the descendants of pioneers and are keeping the pioneer spirit alive. There is nothing much doing in politics, but electricity is marching on and leading New York State into a different civilization. The "halls of learning" in Syracuse and elsewhere may still echo and reecho the dogmas of the past; but in the laboratories of Schenectady there is no intellectual inbreeding. Foreigners, even Socialists like the late Dr. Steinmetz, may seem to be in charge; but what they discover leaves no room for argument; New York State will have to use it; and having used it, cannot be what it was before.

The End of the Turkish Caliphate

By WILLIAM JOURDAN RAPP

IN 1517 Selim I, the ninth Sultan of the House of Othman, conquered Egypt. The various prizes of war which he brought back with him from Cairo to Constantinople included the title "Caliph (successor) of the Prophet Mohammed, commander of the faithful (*émir ul mulminin*), and guardian of the holy places (*khadim ul Haramen ul Cherifein*)."

This title was retained by the descendants of Selim until March 3, 1924, when Abdul Medjid, the thirty-sixth successor of Othman, was deprived of his prerogatives as Caliph (he never possessed those of Sultan) and the Caliphate abolished by vote of the Grand National Assembly of Turkey. What are the reasons for this action of the Turkish Parliament? What does it mean for the future of Mohammedanism in Turkey? What will be its effect on the Moslem world?

The decision of the Grand National Assembly to abolish the Caliphate was precipitated out of the discussion of the national budget. The deputies couldn't see why Republican Turkey should support the Caliph and about a hundred princes and princesses of the House of Othman, especially when the Caliphate was an institution in whose maintenance the whole of orthodox Islam was interested. The question once posed the deputies were quick to find reasons for ridding Turkey of the whole institution and all its trappings. It was claimed that the presence of the Caliph and the royal princes was a continual danger to the republic, that around them would gather all the reactionaries, and that as soon as they felt themselves strong enough they would engineer a coup d'état and reinvest the Caliph with the temporal powers of Sultan. It was also argued that the existence of the Caliphate offered an ex-

cuse for foreigners to interfere in the internal affairs of Turkey, and the case of the letter of the Aga Khan and Ameer Ali, two Moslem leaders of India, to Ismet Pasha was cited. This letter and the incidents resulting from its publication really set the stage for the abolition of the Caliphate.

In their letter the Indian leaders expressed the anxiety of Indian Moslems as to the fate of the Caliphate at the hands of Angora. Copies of the letter were sent to various newspapers in Stambul, which published it before Ismet Pasha, so he claims, received the original. The Assembly, waiting for just such an opportunity, believed it saw in the publication of this letter a plot against the republic. It immediately sent to Constantinople a "Tribunal of Independence," with power of proclaiming the death sentence, to try on the charge of high treason the editors who published the letter. The editors were acquitted, but Lutfi Fikri Bey, president of the Turkish bar, who was also tried on the different charge of publishing an article in favor of a constitutional monarchy and of writing a letter to the Caliph urging him under no conditions to abdicate, was condemned to five years' hard labor. The public interest in these trials was very great and they served to prepare the people for what was to come.

It may be asked why Turkey should willingly relinquish an institution that gives her such apparent authority and prestige throughout the Moslem world. The present rulers of Turkey vehemently deny that the Caliphate has any such attributes and they point to the miserable failure of the "Jihad" or Holy War proclaimed by Mohammed V in 1915 and to the fact that Arab and Indian Moslems

fought against Turkey in the Great War. There is no doubt that Pan-Islam and its well-advertised dangers to the Western world are largely the creation of the foreign offices of France and Great Britain. Both of these countries have under their jurisdiction large Mohammedan populations, and they find it convenient to explain to their own people that unpopular changes of policy toward independent Moslem countries are forced upon them by the necessity of placating Pan-Islamic sentiment. Both the French and British were guilty of these tactics when they deserted Greece in her recent disastrous struggle with Turkey after first encouraging and subsidizing her. They also made use of this bugaboo in fighting the strong sentiment among the people of the Allied countries immediately after the war for the expulsion of the then Sultan-Caliph from Constantinople.

The truth is that the Caliphate has an imponderable prestige as the most important link with the Islamic past and as the principal unifying institution of Islam after the "haj" (pilgrimage). Western statesmen tend to exaggerate its power and the associates of Kemal Pasha go to extremes in belittling it in their public statements. The real convictions of the Kemalists, however, were shown by their haste, after abolishing the Caliphate, in arranging for tribunals of independence to be sent throughout the entire country to handle any cases of open disaffection, and in prohibiting Turks from going on the pilgrimage to Mecca, where, in contact with the devout from other lands, they might be inspired to revolt against the republic.

The Caliphate is an institution absolutely incompatible with a lay republican regime and the Western conception of the state to which Mustapha Kemal and his followers are dedicated. Islam has always been a political system as well as a religion. Mohammed saw the world as a great Islamic empire. His followers could at best only be temporarily at truce with non-Moslem countries. It was their duty to bring them all under the sway of Islam. The infidel world was regarded as *daru'l harb* or a "zone of war." In this unending struggle the Caliph was the leader of the forces of Islam and according to unbroken tradition had to be an independent ruler, commanding an army, and capable of making war and truce. Thus when the Turkish Parliament on November 2, 1922, deposed the Sultan-Caliph Mohammed VI, abolished the Sultanate, and named Abdul Medjid as Caliph with spiritual powers only, they broke the tradition of more than 1,300 years, a tradition that goes directly back to Mohammed and is the very heart of the Moslem faith.

It is now more than two hundred years since the greater strength of the Christian Powers forced most Moslem countries to abandon their attitude of open hostility and to come to a political understanding; however, the moral division has continued. The Government of Turkey is intent on constructing a modern nationalistic state which shall take its proper place among the nations of the world and it realizes the necessity of breaking down this moral barrier against the West. The Caliphate stood in the way and therefore had to go.

One naturally wonders how long Mohammedanism in Turkey can survive the passion for westernization of the Turkish leaders. One sacred institution rapidly follows another into the discard. The *Evkaf* or organization administering church property is done away with and the property and its revenue appropriated by the state. The

civil and religious courts are fused, which practically means the abandonment of the religious law. Education is secularized. These changes were preceded by many others and still more are to follow. It is reported that the commission of the Assembly which is drawing up the constitution has written into it the principle that all inhabitants of Turkey regardless of race or religion are Turks and equal before the law. Apparently the *giaour* (infidel) is also to be abolished.

Thus far the governing party has made some effort to placate the devout Mohammedans throughout the country. The rulers realize that they form only a minority of the intellectual class, which in its turn is but a small minority of the entire population, and that they rule largely by virtue of their control of the army. Before passing any reform they usually have some authority on religious law argue that it is according to the dictates of the faith. Thus in regard to the more recent reforms, including that of the abolition of the Caliphate, Seid Bey, Commissar of Justice, who is the leading authority in Turkey on the *Fikih* or Moslem law, presented to the Assembly a long argument in which he endeavored to prove that in no way were the proposed reforms incompatible with Mohammedanism. These arguments remind one a bit of those used by the pastors of wealthy Christian churches in harmonizing the stern moralities of the Sermon on the Mount with the mode of living of their parishioners. It is doubtful if this casuistry satisfies any real Moslems and it hardly adds to the moral dignity of those who sponsor it. As Turkey becomes more and more westernized it will naturally come about that scientific methods, which the Turks are so anxious to adopt now in government, industry, and agriculture, will be used in studying their religion. It is doubtful if Mohammedanism can long survive any such ordeal. Most of the leaders of the present ruling party in Turkey are merely nominal Mohammedans. Their real religion is nationalism.

Because Angora has abolished the Caliphate it does not follow that the orthodox Moslem world will remain without a Caliph. It is already reported that King Hussein of the Hedjaz has been proclaimed Caliph by his two sons Feisal, King of Irak, and Abdullah, King of Transjordan. Hussein is regarded as the British candidate. The French insist that he is not eligible, asserting that the treaty he signed with Great Britain in 1915 makes the Hedjaz a British protectorate and that therefore Hussein is not an independent sovereign, a status absolutely essential to a Caliph. Claude Farrère, the well-known French novelist, suggests that the French Government offer the expelled Caliph Abdul Medjid one of the islands off the coast of Tunis, where he can be absolute sovereign and thus be in a position to retain his high office and incidentally undermine the authority of the English candidate. This plan is receiving a great deal of favorable comment in the extreme nationalistic press of France.

Other candidates for the Caliphate are the King of Egypt and the Emir of Afghanistan. However, as British influence in these countries predominates, it is doubtful if France will favor either. Orthodox Islam will probably be faced for some years to come with this problem of the Caliphate; the great Moslem colonial Powers, France and Great Britain, are likely to engage in a long struggle for the control of the institution. Italy may also join because of her interests in Tripoli. No matter which Power is victorious, Islam cannot help but be the loser.

Is Canada Solving the Railroad Riddle?

By D. M. LEBOURDAIS

SOONER or later the railroad situation in the United States must be faced. And when that time comes there is little doubt that the result of Canada's railroad experiment will influence the decision then to be made. It will either give the principle of national ownership a tremendous impetus or discredit the idea for a generation, at least.

Canada is conducting the greatest state-owned railroad experiment that has ever been tried—if one except government control in various countries during the war. Canada's system consists of over 22,000 miles of road, comprising two complete transcontinentals besides a network of branch lines reaching every seaport on both the Atlantic and the Pacific and practically every city or town in the Dominion. In addition, this huge system controls its own hotels, commercial telegraph lines, express service, and lines of ocean and lake passenger ships. Some idea of the size of this system may be obtained by a comparison with other large railroads. The Pennsylvania and Santa Fe each operate only about 12,000 miles of road—although the Pennsylvania's trackage, counting second, third, and fourth tracks, aggregates much more actual mileage. All the railroads in Great Britain and Ireland total only about 23,000 miles. France, Russia, Germany, and India are the only countries excepting the United States that have a greater mileage than the Canadian National Railways.

Canada not only has the largest nationally owned railroad in the world but also the greatest privately owned transportation system—the Canadian Pacific—which controls about 19,000 miles of lines, including about 5,000 miles in the United States. Its lines connect the Atlantic with the Pacific and its branches tap practically every section of the Dominion. It serves generally, however, the better settled portion of the country, and in this respect has a present advantage over its state-owned rival. The C. P. R.—as it is familiarly known—has also its own chain of hotels, commercial telegraph system, and lines of lake and ocean steamships; in fact one may travel around the world under the auspices of the C. P. R. The "Soo" Line is perhaps the best known of its subsidiaries in the United States. For nearly forty years the record of the C. P. R. has been one of unbroken success; year after year, in times of depression and in times of prosperity, the Canadian Pacific has given consistently good service. Unlike most of the railroads on the continent, it has never been in the hands of a receiver nor has it ever been reorganized.

Canada is larger in area than, but contains only about one-fourteenth the population of, the United States. On the other hand, the Dominion's railroad mileage is one-sixth that of the United States, aggregating more than 39,000 miles. Canada has, in fact, more railroads per capita than any other country in the world. Except for a few unimportant lines, the railroad mileage of Canada is practically divided between the C. P. R. and the Canadian National Railways.

During the next few years an interesting railroad duel will be fought out across the broad expanse of the Dominion. Both systems are well officered and equipped; they are fairly matched in every way. The Canadian National has

the disadvantage, if there be such, in that its mileage is, and probably will be for some time to come, greater than the requirements of its territory; and also in that it lacks the background of continued successful operation possessed by its competitor. On the other hand, these drawbacks might possibly be offset by the natural favor which the public generally may be expected to show toward the nationally owned road.

Those mainly responsible for the initiation of Canada's experiment had not previously been conspicuous for their advocacy of the theory of national ownership. But private ownership and operation (in so far as two out of the three great systems in Canada at that time were concerned) had failed absolutely to supply the transportation needs of the Dominion. Then, with the war in progress, was no time to theorize. Ex-Premier Arthur Meighen, to whose initiative probably more than any other one man's the Dominion's railroad experiment is due, has said: "We would have had to face either an utterly demoralized service given to the people of Canada by the roads, or vastly greater sums [would have had] to be provided by the Parliament of Canada to hold the roads in private hands."

The Canadian Northern, one of the two transcontinentals now forming the bulk of Canada's national system, was originally a grain-carrier serving the great wheat lands of the Northwest with its Eastern terminals at the head of the Great Lakes. Continued as such, no doubt much of its later difficulties would have been avoided, and it probably would still be in the hands of its builders (Sir William) Mackenzie and Mann (Sir Donald), to whose vision, energy, and resourcefulness its marvelous growth was entirely due. Beginning with a couple of short streaks of rust on the prairie in 1896, they developed the Canadian Northern within less than a dozen years into a veritable network of steel covering the wheat lands of the Dominion. There is a limit to ambition, however; and Mackenzie and Mann overstepped it. They would be satisfied with nothing less than a transcontinental.

Governments, both federal and provincial, had freely encouraged railroad building by generous grants of land and cash. But Mackenzie and Mann were insatiable. The more they got the more they seemed to require. Not content with their railway enterprises, Mackenzie and Mann sought to extend their sway over many of the basic industries of the country. These schemes required greater and greater financial outlays. Their affairs finally became so inextricably interwoven with the financial fabric of the Dominion that the federal Government was more than once forced to come to their assistance with huge sums of money in order to preserve the credit of the nation itself. Eventually the time came when the Government's patience was exhausted, and the Canadian Northern's 9,000-odd miles of lines were taken over. That was in 1917. Canada's great experiment had begun.

The experience of the Grand Trunk, whose acquisition finally rounded out the national system, was somewhat similar in its essentials. At the beginning of the present century its Canadian management (it was owned in Eng-

land) was in the hands of an energetic American rail-roader, the late Charles M. Hays, whose ambition was likewise fired by the thought of expanding his road—then centered in Ontario, Quebec, and certain of the Northeastern States—into a transcontinental.

His aspirations coincided with the optimistic views of the federal government of the day. As a result, government money and credit were forthcoming to extend the Grand Trunk from coast to coast. But the greater part of the new line traversed a territory largely unsettled, even now sparsely occupied. And these ambitious undertakings saddled a load of debt upon the back of the Grand Trunk from which it never recovered. Its difficulties came to a head in 1919, but it was not until 1921 that it, too, passed completely over to the Canadian people.

When the Canadian Northern was taken over the Government was faced with the problem of devising some form of control which should be measurably free from the evils of political interference. For nearly fifty years previously the Government had owned and operated the Intercolonial, connecting Montreal with Halifax. It had been built as part of the federal compact and no serious attempt had ever been made to run it at a profit. But with the addition of the Canadian Northern lines some other method of operation became necessary.

A holding company was therefore incorporated in which was vested the control of all the lines then owned by the Government. Its management, like that of any other corporation, was placed in the hands of a president and board of directors, in this case appointed by the Government. Once appointed, the management was given full responsibility for the operation of the system free from political or other interference—at any rate that was the intent. (And so far, it may be said, that policy has continued.)

Little more than a year ago the Grand Trunk (which had been operated separately up to that time) was amalgamated with the other government roads and the whole system placed under the management of a newly appointed board of directors. One consideration in making the appointments was that the management should consist of men having no past affiliations with those held responsible for the failure of the constituent roads under private operation. Sir Henry Thornton became president and chairman of the board.

Sir Henry Thornton seems to have been an ideal choice. He was born at Logansport, Indiana, in 1871, entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad as draftsman in 1894, and quickly rose to the post of general superintendent of the Long Island Railroad. From there he went to England in 1914 as general manager of the Great Eastern Railway. He was one of the war-time directors of the unified British roads, and also served with distinction in connection with military transportation in France. So it was fortunate, indeed, for the Canadian National Railways that such a man was available. His American training qualifies him to understand the requirements of railroading on this continent, while his acquired British citizenship and affiliations render him more acceptable to certain sections of the Canadian public. Sir Henry Thornton has already won a large measure of popular confidence in Canada. He has met the multitudinous problems and difficulties of the past year with such energy and enthusiasm that appreciable results are already apparent, and he declares that the Canadian National Railways can be made a profitable asset for the

people of the Dominion, given proper management and continued freedom from political interference.

During the first years of national control there were heavy annual deficits, owing to the wretched physical condition of the roads necessitating replacements and improvements of all kinds. But these deficits have been steadily reduced until for the year ended December 31, 1922, an operating profit was shown for the first time, while for the year ended December 23, 1923, the operating profit was \$20,127,447. Most authorities in Canada, not altogether blinded by prejudice, now look confidently forward to the day when the national system will not only show a profit over operating costs but will also earn fixed charges on a reasonable valuation. Furthermore, there is no comparison between the present service and that given previously; a new spirit is noticeable among the employees, a new courtesy and interest.

Opponents of national ownership claim that it destroys personal initiative. Canada's experiment may perhaps have destroyed the initiative of a number of unessential vice-presidents and directors, to say nothing of a crew of promoters whose initiative has cost the country a pretty penny in the past. But it has undoubtedly provided a higher degree of enthusiasm in the hearts of some 100,000 railroad employees who now take a noticeable pride in their work, notoriously absent under the old order.

The political corruption produced by the railroad lobby of old was responsible for many of the most unpleasant pages in the political history of the Dominion. That, at least, has largely ceased.

Regional jealousies are likewise referred to as obstacles in the path of nationalization. Canadian experience is not altogether free from this complaint. With the Grand Trunk the Government gained control of important lines in the United States forming connections with Chicago, Portland, Maine, and other points. With regard to Portland, the Canadian National management has had a certain amount of trouble. It competes successfully with the Canadian ports of Halifax and St. John for traffic originating in Canada, and the people of those cities complain bitterly that a road operated by the Canadian people should not be used to advance the interests of a foreign port—particularly to their disadvantage. But so far, at any rate, the management has refused to be influenced by their objections. It takes the stand that it has been asked to operate the system in the best interests of the Canadian people as a whole and that it cannot afford to haul goods a longer distance than necessary for purely sentimental reasons.

One thing more must be mentioned: the attitude of organized labor. The Government, in a measure, took cognizance of the rights of labor by appointing Tom Moore, official head of trade unionism in Canada, to a place on the board of directors; but otherwise the relationship between organized labor and the national system is about the same as it would have been under private operation. There is always the possibility of friction, but it at least has not been increased by nationalization. On the other hand, if the policy inaugurated by Sir Henry Thornton continues, there should be a minimum of labor troubles on the Canadian National Railways. He realizes that the system of which he is the head belongs to the people, and he has from the beginning taken both the public and the employees into his confidence. And this policy has undoubtedly been justified by the results.

How to Become President

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

A RAMBLE through presidential primaries and presidential State conventions brings home to the traveler's mind the truth that presidential ambitions are likely to fulfil themselves only if linked to a multitude of local personal ambitions, and that indeed to great masses of voters and to most local political managers the Presidency is often a remote excrescence upon politics rather than the glorious center of the revolving American political system.

The earnest Mr. James W. Good, seated in Coolidge national headquarters in Chicago, dispatched to leading Republicans in every county in Illinois a stern inquiry as to "Watchman, what of the night?" in the great combat between Coolidge and Johnson for the support of the voters of Illinois in the Republican National Convention. Would the nation be saved by Illinois through the nominating of Coolidge? Or would it be shocked and shattered by witnessing a union between Illinois and the ambitions of Johnson? Where was Illinois and where the ambitions of Johnson? Where was Illinois standing in the matter of the high office of President of the United States?

To this inquiry there came a certain realistic answer from an Edgar Lee Masters of local American political life. Writing from an Illinois country-side county, where undoubtedly the inquisitive geographer could readily find the immortal community of Spoon River, this Mr. Masters, whose true name is here considerably suppressed, said:

DEAR MR. GOOD:

I am chairman of the Board of Election Commissioners of this county. We need funds to work with. Send funds to the chairman of the County Central Committee. We cannot pay any attention to the Presidency. We stand for our friends. It takes money in this county and nobody is giving the Presidency a thought. I am working all over the county and this is true. If you care to have the Presidency taken care of, send money to the chairman of the County Central Committee. I think this answers your letter completely and briefly. Answer soon or we cannot take care of the President.

Perhaps Mr. Coolidge, seated in the White House, and at a distance now from Northampton, imagines that the first political thought of the American electorate is as to whether or not he will continue to sit in the White House after March 4 of next year. Certainly Hiram Johnson has imagined that the choice of an occupant for the White House could be made for the American electorate a first thought, absorbing and exclusive. The fate of his candidacy is to be attributed principally to that erroneous attribution of national thinking to local voting groups.

Johnson has been running for the Republican presidential nomination in virtually complete disentanglement from all local organization ties. An exception to this rule was revealed in South Dakota. There the presidential ambitions of Johnson were linked by ties of mutual helpfulness to the senatorial ambitions of Governor McMaster and to the general local organization ambitions of Senator Norbeck and of Representative Johnson. In South Dakota accordingly Hiram Johnson won.

In North Dakota there was no such firm linking between local political forces and the national aspirations of the senior Senator from California. In North Dakota accordingly he lost.

In Illinois accordingly he also lost.

Johnson on the whole has been playing solitaire for the Presidency. He proved in South Dakota that when hitched to a local wagon he could successfully, along with the local horses, pull the wagon to the top of the hill. His true handicap has not been any of his acts, or failures to act, in the Senate. His true handicap has been the fewness of the local wagons which his managers have been willing to allow him to help pull.

An illustrative proof of this observation is to be found in the strikingly different record achieved by the candidacy of William Gibbs McAdoo. Nothing done, or not done, at Washington by Hiram Johnson ever gave him the blow that was given to McAdoo by the disclosure of McAdoo's employment as a lawyer by Doheny. Yet McAdoo in State after State is triumphantly putting delegates into his pocket and will go to the New York convention bulging with delegates and able, if he cannot get the nomination for himself, to be powerfully influential in selecting the person to whom the nomination will be given.

Is it because the voters in primaries and in caucuses for State conventions aroused themselves in embattled anger to rebuke the attack upon McAdoo and to vindicate his name? Mr. McAdoo may think so. This writer thinks otherwise. He thinks that it was, and is, because Mr. McAdoo had sagaciously equipped himself in State after State with local professional political supporters whose affections were engaged to him and whose local fates had become almost inextricably intertwined with his national destiny.

These ladies and gentlemen, maintaining local political organizations and aspiring to local political honors, remained for the most part loyally true to McAdoo. They made the journey to Chicago to the McAdoo rehabilitation conference, in every instance paying their own expenses, even when they came from as far away as the Pacific Coast, and they decided to continue to fight for themselves and for McAdoo.

They then returned home and continued to blow the bugles and beat the drums and clash the cymbals for McAdoo and continued also to put themselves forward for this and that and the other local honor and office. Where they won, McAdoo won. Where McAdoo is not in right with the right local candidates for governor and national committeeman and drainage-board trustee and coroner and constable he tends to lose. Sometimes indeed his own local managers get so interested in their local contests that it is they who win primarily while McAdoo wins, but wins almost as an afterthought.

In Iowa, for instance, where this writer happened to be an eye-witness of it, Mr. Clyde W. Herring of Des Moines was running for Democratic national committeeman against Mr. Wilbur W. Marsh of Waterloo. Mr. Herring was de-

voted to McAdoo. Mr. Marsh was devoted to Al Smith. The State convention met. It chose delegates to the Democratic National Convention. These delegates would choose the national committeeman. They would also help to choose the next Democratic presidential nominee. Observe now!

At the moment when those delegates were chosen everybody in the whole convention knew exactly which ones of them were pro-Herring and which ones of them were pro-Marsh. It took three hours subsequently, however, to determine positively which ones of them were pro-McAdoo and which ones of them were anti-McAdoo or pro-Smith. It then appeared that because of Herring a majority of the delegation would be not only for Herring but also for McAdoo. McAdoo got that delegation by a really safe margin precisely because he was in right with the right candidate for national committeeman from Iowa.

If you wish to be President, be sure that you are on good terms with local people whose neighbors will go to the polls to vote for them and will thereupon incidentally—and even perhaps unawares—vote for you.

Laughing Diplomacy

By WITTER BYNNER

I MET a while ago in Shanghai a young Chinese student. Shortly after the meeting he wrote me: "Now that I find favor in your eyes, I ask you to furnish me with some world-knowledge and learning by which I can see everything with half an eye."

He was a very sober-minded youth, but has apparently relaxed, for I lately received from a Chinese friend of his and mine this report: "He is much happier now in doing business than he was in studying at school. After entered door of society, I think his mind must be changed, knowing what is the need of laugh."

As we Americans enter willy-nilly into the society of nations, our minds likewise ought to change, and we ought to learn in important respects "the need of laugh." We pride ourselves just a little too much on our humor. It needs to develop, to mature, to be as wise as it is young. We have been accustomed, for instance, to think of the Chinese as a race remote and different and inferior to ourselves. They have been accustomed to think similarly of us.

All the time we are fundamentally the same human beings, with only superficial differences. We are just as strange as they are. During my year in China I was often asked why all Americans look exactly alike; why all American women have frog eyes and hawk noses. When I hesitated at eating raw fish, I was reminded that at least the fish was clean; whereas we Americans eat raw oysters, entrails and all. I was asked in Japan how I could consider myself civilized and yet carry the dirt of the street into my home, instead of changing my shoes at the door, as they do. I was told about the Chinese and the Englishman who met each other on the way to their respective cemeteries, the Chinese carrying a bowl of rice, the Englishman a handful of flowers. The Englishman asked the Chinese: "I suppose you think the dead person will come out of the grave and eat that rice?" The Chinese answered: "Yes; same time other dead person come smell flowers." As to civilization, the Chinese masses, uneducated as they are, have a kind of horse sense which no school can teach, and a happiness which few Americans have time for.

A young Chinese friend of mine said one day: "I have been thinking about the Golden Rule, the two versions, the first one by Confucius: 'Do not do unto others as you would not have them do unto you'; the second one by Christ: 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' Foreign teachers tell us that the Christian way is better because it is positive, just as Western civilization is better for the same reason. But I have been thinking about it. If I were in the room with a girl and wanted to kiss her and she did not want me to kiss her, Christ would tell me to go ahead and kiss her, and Confucius would tell me not to. And don't you think Confucius would be wiser?" My friend smiled when he asked me that question; but it has a good deal of point in connection with the treatment of Oriental nations by the nations of the West.

We have been doing to them as we unthinkingly think we should like to be done by. We have interfered with them, imposed our ways upon them, and translated the Golden Rule into the slogan: "You shall do what *we* think right." The Oriental way would be to refrain from interference at all, except as it might be honestly requested.

Not long ago we Anglo-Saxons opposed the intention of Germany to fasten upon the world a Prussian system. Today we are engaged in trying to fasten upon the world an Anglo-Saxon system, without seeing the joke, without seeing that imperialism, under whatever name, is imperialism.

Japan is the one Eastern nation which has maintained her integrity and independence. She has done it by opposing imperialism with imperialism and is the only nation whose imperialism can honestly be said to be a policy of self-defense. As Rabindranath Tagore put it: "You have made Japan over in your own image and are now afraid of her." Until Anglo-Saxon policy changes, Japanese policy cannot change. China, all this time, has let herself be robbed, rather than largely accept and imitate materialistic Western culture, rather than arm and fortify herself as a nation. Japan has imitated our worst side and we take off our new hats to her. China has tried to imitate and share our best, and we have responded with fair words and empty actions.

To be sure, the American tradition in the Orient is cleaner than that of the other Western nations. For this reason the Chinese have remained our friends. But we are only dimly aware of the great opportunity for cooperation of the best elements in the East and the West. Too much of what goes from us to China is mere materialism under the name of progress or religion; but as our shallow philosophy crosses the Pacific one way, their deeper philosophy crosses it another. And it remains to be seen whether the principles of serenity, tolerance, and patient wisdom, coming from the apparent disorder of China, will convert us of the West before the principles of fear, intolerance, and nervous efficiency, coming from the pretended orderliness of Christendom, will pervert the Chinese to imitate us, as the Japanese have so effectively done, and once more confound the world.

The Oriental has a silent, deep contempt for the Occidental. The Occidental has for the Oriental a contempt not so silent. Fortunately Chinese and Americans have a sense of humor very much akin. Proud as the Chinese are of their traditions and proud as we are of ours, we know instinctively in both countries that if we can only laugh ourselves out of our conceit, out of our prejudice, out of our sense of superiority and assumption of ultimate wisdom, the joke will not be on us.

In the Driftway

A positive sensation. Universally admitted to be the most remarkable animal act ever seen anywhere. . . . Positively the greatest and most thrilling trained wild animal acts ever offered in this or any other country, introducing the most formidable types of ferocious Bengal, Siberian, and Sumatran tigers. . . . A dazzlingly beautiful equestrian melange. . . . Introducing sensational and unique feats of horsemanship beyond compare. . . . The debut of a fiercely beautiful troupe of supposedly untractable Tartarian stallions. . . . The world's biggest herd of elephants. . . . Positively and obviously the most sensational. . . .

You are right, esteemed reader. The Drifter has been to the Circus.

* * * * *

IT would be folly to attempt a description of the event after these winged words. Moreover, the Drifter was left flat and breathless when the huge rollers of magniloquence in the program and magnificence in the arena had passed over him. His impressions were few and scattering, but they had mostly to do with practical matters. If allowed to choose from all the animal kingdom the beast he would most like to be, the Drifter would become a seal. The seal combines with a preposterously comic appearance a muscular competence that ought to make an eel stop wriggling in shame; he has flippers which when clapped together make the most satisfying noise ever heard. And on top of all these gifts, enough to endow a dozen animals, he carries, inside of his shiny, undulating hide, a joyful spirit. Eagerly he balances a ball on his nose; he leaps with delight at a burning stick because he can fling it in the air and catch it in his mouth; his expression as he snatches a bit of fish that a careless trainer throws is angelically sweet—he is, in short, a beguiling creature. Well, the Drifter would be a slithering seal; and he would not, for anything, be a little white dog, for these poor creatures, with the chalked horse and the snowy dove, are compelled to pose and posture with coated white females in the "Statue" acts. A brown dog need suffer no such indignity; nor need he become part of the ensemble when a white-clad goddess decides to parade around the ring, accompanied by beasts so unfortunate as to be colorless. Only the lumbering, patient bear, foolishly going round and round the ring on roller skates or a bicycle, is a more pitiable object.

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THE Circus, of course, is unalterably conservative. The acrobats still wear bright pink tights, the lady performers, in spite of the bewildering skill at gymnastics, are adorned with long curls, the bucket of water still falls from above on the clowns, the hair grower still produces luxuriant herbage on a bare head. If the Circus should change it would no longer be the Circus—and yet, in one respect it is thoroughly modern. There are two performers only who are permitted the whole expanse of the five rings to themselves; when they are graciously pleased to perform their heroic feats, unrivaled, world-heralded, unique, the lights go out except on the spot where they happen to be, the band plays softly, the vast audience is drawn together. One of these persons is a bareback rider, the other a trapeze performer—nothing new or radical about that, you say. Yet they are both women; feminism has entered the sawdust ring, and mere males are allowed to lead in the horse, or hand the lady the proper rope.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

On the Price of Foreign Books

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of Mr. Herbert W. Horwill's inquiry as to the discrepancy between the price of books in England and in America, "Is it tariff, or carriage, or what?" let me remark that it is, as might be expected, the last of these three. May I cite an actual instance? I have recently purchased, through my London bookseller, an edition of Pepys's "Diary." This sells in our bookshops here at \$15, but it cost me in London 42 shillings; the duty was \$1.15; and the postage 1 shilling 4 pence. This, as you will readily figure with the pound at something like the present discount, amounts to around \$10.50. Naturally, my bookseller in London made his legitimate profit from the transaction, but our American dealers feel that they must have more of the "what" to which Mr. Horwill refers.

Northampton, Mass., April 4

STANLEY ALDEN

Another View

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 9 there is a letter from Herbert W. Horwill which speaks of the fact that the price of the 1924 edition of the English "Who's Who" sells for \$15 in our shops, as against a price, in England, of, approximately, \$9. Mr. Horwill, distressed by this discrepancy, asks an explanation and rather intimates that our price for this book is excessively high.

As a matter of fact, the \$15 retail price on this book is set by the Macmillan Company, the authorized American agents. If any American book-dealer attempted to buy this book direct from the London publisher, the London publisher would reject the order and direct it to Macmillan's, who would then supply the American dealer at a discount from the retail price of \$15.

The only possible alternative left Mr. Horwill would be to go through all the red tape necessary in ordering a book direct, pay duty and transportation charges, and run the chance of his copy arriving in damaged condition. The price, however, in American bookshops is uniform throughout the country.

New York, April 10

BRENTANO'S, Inc.

Who Is White?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial in the issue of March 26 raises a most interesting inquiry as to legal and ethnological definition. Already the East Indian and the Japanese have been adjudged as not belonging to the white or Caucasian race, and now we learn that the Armenian is undergoing the same test.

To become an American citizen by naturalization one must be a Caucasian or an African. This is the most curious inconsistency to be found in American law. The race most deeply despised is a yoke-fellow in privilege when it comes to citizenship eligibility. But in apportioning the privileges and advantages of citizenship the Negro is set apart in a separate class. A majority of our States carry some form of legal distinction or discrimination on account of race or color. If legal action is based on race there must needs be some legal determination of racial status. If a colored man may not ride in the same coach with a white man, or if white and colored persons may not marry, then it should be known by sharp and unmistakable marks who is white and who is colored. The federal Government has studiously avoided establishing such a definition. There is no racial distinction in the Constitution. The Fifteenth Amendment mentions race and color merely to forbid basing distinction on such grounds.

The Southern States which regulate the racial regime according to their own unregulated notions attempt to separate the races by the proportion of Negro blood, without once attempting to define what is Negro blood. There has nowhere been established a color scheme by which an individual can be given an exact chromatic rating. In many States one-fifteenth Negro blood serves to determine the racial status. A college of the wisest ethnologists in the world cannot isolate Negro blood to the sixteenth of a fraction. In such cases legal records of marriage do not exist. The evidence is wholly hearsay. Frederick Douglass and Booker T. Washington heard it whispered that their fathers were white men. Such evidence would not be taken in any court in Christendom. It is impossible to tell by superficial appearance. A mulatto may be lighter than an octoroon or as dark as a full-blooded Negro. Science has established no blood test.

In a democracy like ours the only consistent procedure is to permit no distinction among citizens. There can be no democracy where there exists racial difference recognized by law. Distinction in race should never be recognized in our federal statutes. Even if the States with an overwhelming Negro population feel that they must adopt some working formula of distinction, this furnishes no excuse for the national Government, which must deal with the people as a whole, and not according to local arrangements and provincial divisions. The non-white element constitutes only one-tenth of the total population and gives no color of excuse for a federal formula of racial distinction.

There are now passing through the Supreme Court numerous cases which involve the equal rights of the non-white element of American citizenship. This august body prudently strives to dodge the disagreeable task of establishing a definition of race. The day that it is forced to do so will strike the most serious blow at democratic government that has been inflicted since the Dred Scott decision.

KELLY MILLER

Howard University, Washington, D. C., April 3

The Breakdown of the Press

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No journal in the country is doing the important work today that has fallen to the lot of *The Nation*. What you say about the reactionary character of the New York newspapers is so true that one wishes that your praise of the *World* were more justified.

The *Evening World* does speak with courage, but the morning *World's* editorial page has been at times as reactionary as that of the *Times*, the Munsey group, or Mr. Hearst's newspapers. Recently it seems to have caught up with its party, but for months it was criticizing the Democratic leaders for daring to assume that taxation was less important than honest government. Even today, while it urges very properly that the investigation in Washington should go on, it speaks forbiddingly of "harrying Secretary Mellon" as if that august personage was something sacred. Was there ever such worship of mere money! Both Gifford Pinchot and E. A. Van Valkenberg of Philadelphia have gone pretty near the limit in denouncing Secretary Mellon's inactivities in the enforcement of the prohibition law and the *Evening World* has shown that another division of his department, that dealing with the income tax, was as corrupt as the law-enforcement bureau.

It is true that the *World* has not gone as far as the *Times* in insinuating that nothing mattered so long as the surtaxes were reduced, but it has helped a corrupt Administration in its abuse of Congress when, God knows, if it were not for Congress, and particularly the Senate, the country would be in a sad plight indeed.

Even more discouraging than the revelation of corruption is this moral breakdown of our newspaper press.

New York, April 1

REPUBLICAN

Henry Ford and the Farmers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Mr. William Hard's article on Muscle Shoals in your last issue he refers to the indorsement of the Ford Muscle Shoals offer by the farm organizations. For once Bill Hard missed a trick. The Farmers' National Council opposes the Ford offer. I appeared before the House Committee in opposition to the McKenzie bill and a letter was sent to members of Congress protesting against Ford's graft. Your readers will be interested to know that nearly one-half of the members of the farm organizations are in the South, and have not been hoodwinked by Ford.

Washington, D. C., March 24 BENJAMIN C. MARSH,
Managing Director Farmers' National Council

Mr. Gorki and the Female Sex

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Please accept my thanks for the article in your issue of March 26, setting forth the interview of Mr. Louis Lochner with Mr. Maxim Gorki. It has contributed much to my hilarity, and we should always thank the gods for a chance to laugh, shouldn't we? It delights me to hear the famous revolutionary and modernist writer talk like a mid-Victorian poet.

I am somewhat at a loss, however, to understand why Mr. Lochner went all the way to Europe and sought out Alfred Tennyson Gorki for the sake of discovering that "the highest task of woman is to inspire man." He could have stayed right here in America and learned as much from Alfred Tennyson Smith or Alfred Tennyson Jones or Alfred Tennyson Babbitt, or the first man he met on the street. If he had gone to China, he could have heard the same old platitude from the lips of Alfred Tennyson Fun Low; or if he had journeyed to the South Seas, the poet laureate of the head-hunters of Borneo would have echoed the same immortal sentiment for his edification.

And why not? This is a man's world, and man ought to know what role he has assigned to his little female playmate since the early dawn of creation. And in a world of, for, and by men, the woman inevitably accepts that role—and tries to save her face by agreeing with man that it is a part of the divine order of things. To be sure, she sometimes finds the sublimity of the role a little in need of repairs, and is forced to conclude that anything a degree or two higher than the vegetable will serve to inspire masculine genius. Still, as a role in a man-made world it is not to be sneezed at; nor does she sneeze at it. A woman cannot afford to be fastidious!

"She will not pass beyond the boundaries of her own sphere," says Friend Tennyson Gorki. Now the irony of it all is that never since the world began has any woman lived the full, free life of a human being. Such a thing has never been possible, nor is it possible today in our androcentric society. All fields of intellectual development and achievement are open to woman as a female, but not as a human being. Friend Gorki observes her lack of creative ability and marvels that "there is no great feminine figure in the plastic arts." Won't some good kind Samaritan point out to him that creative genius does not flower in a mind narrowed and smothered and hedged about by the artificial barriers and conventions of sex? Only human beings can create the great things of the intellect.

Some day possibly, several thousand years after we of the present generation are dead and gone, the world may be so arranged that women may live in it as human beings, unchallenged and unafraid. After a few hundred years of this life, the time may be ripe for some future Gorki to rise in his majesty and decide whether woman is really capable of high creative achievement in such fields as philosophy, the arts, and the sciences.

Chicago, April 1

C. Z. HARTMAN

Books

The Adventures of H. W. Nevinson

Changes and Chances. By Henry W. Nevinson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.50.

POET and troubadour, traveler and soldier of humanity, man of letters and of Fleet Street, what country but England could have produced H. W. Nevinson? You can give him no definite, certainly no party, label. He is neither Liberal nor Tory, neither Socialist nor Individualist. He is simply the romantic Englishman, like Byron, or Shelley, or Colonel Lawrence, fighting devils or windmills, tenderly amorous of the old, and desperately eager to give the new a chance. Shrewsbury made him, and Oxford, and Whitechapel; our wars hammered and our sentimentalities softened him; while our occasional crimes drove him mad. America, which has seen Mr. Nevinson and I doubt not greatly wondered at him, will never understand how a man can be so fond of his country and speak with such violent disrespect of her, and in one singularly attractive make-up combine the (to us) perfectly compatible creeds of anarchy and conservatism. Mr. Nevinson has, indeed, suffered a little for some of his opinions. He has been half-killed by a war-mob in Piccadilly, and his soul-stirring battle-pieces have given much offense in pacifist circles. But I doubt whether his countrymen and countrywomen have finally misunderstood him. He is too like a great many of them. England may not have been all in all to him, for does he not record, in these fascinating memoirs, that, having failed to find God in Oxford, he went to look for Him at Jena? But it is to be doubted whether there or elsewhere the great Mother of Men quite lost her hold on her wayward and interesting child.

What is specially interesting in Mr. Nevinson's book is the great variety of encounters and experiences it records, and the stimulus they gave to a brilliant pen and a vivid and tender imagination. To have seen Pusey in "Tom Quad," walking, a scarlet-robed figure, to St. Mary's; to have heard George Meredith talk and Ruskin and Haeckel lecture; to have stood the siege of Ladysmith, and seen the Vale of Tempe in war; to have interviewed Paul Kruger, "his heart bloody with sorrow" over his country's fate, and watched the Boer commandos falling in for the struggle; to have been good friends with most of Ireland's rebels, and a comrade in arms with England's—such things are not given to most adventurers, and when they are rarely yield the rich harvest of spiritual discovery that Mr. Nevinson reaped from them.

In the business of mere "news-getting" Mr. Nevinson's war and foreign correspondence was nothing very remarkable, but in the art of imparting knowledge and creating sympathy their best passages would be hard to beat. A great deal of journalism does little more than to lay out a great extent of flat, featureless country for curious eyes to gaze at and pass over. Nevinson's gift was to light up the scene so that imaginative people never forgot it. His book is full of little pictures that live in one's memory because his own imagination has caught their true imprint: Of Kropotkin, with his "battered and crinkled face" and his "mind going full-gallop like a horse that stumbles in its eagerness"; of Olive Schreiner, with "quick-moving eyes," speaking rapidly, with outbursts of "frank and pretty laughter" (at times not pretty but wild and sad); of Ellen Terry, calling everybody "dear," and scattering love and money on all who seemed to want either; of the crabbed Butler, his "satyr eyes" bluish or gray, but very bright, gleaming with a genial malice or a malicious cheerfulness, his appearance of "attractive wild beast" increased by the "short white beard and thickets of black eyebrow"; of Thomas Hardy, his fine old countryman's face "fringed with thin and soft light hair," talking shyly and simply of the old days in Wessex; of Æ (George Russell), poet, painter, journalist, philosophic dreamer,

and agricultural expert—of most of the fine people of his time, with red blood in their veins.

What Mr. Nevinson thinks of the age in which he has played his part is not fully set down here, and, as he is more of a painter than a philosopher, the invitation is for his readers to find out for themselves. The earlier period was undoubtedly one of revolt from Victorian idealism, of which, with many reserves and protests, he would call himself a disciple; the following middle period, that of the twelve years between the Boer War and the Great War, he considers to be one of "hopeful effort and emancipation"; the closing decade (with which this book does not deal), he would doubtless declare to be a descent into hell, with a doubtful recovery. What is evident is that it is not a Nevinsonian era. Nevinson is full of feeling, and the age seems to have lost feeling. He was an enthusiast of nationalism and every nationalist experiment has failed. He is a hero-worshiper, and, as Tolstoi said, there are no heroes now, "only people." As for the adventures left to a war-weary world they seem at once so terrible and so obscure that a romantic temperament may well seek relief in ironic or interrogative comment, in which Mr. Nevinson is well skilled. But we imagine that even when this coming age has thought and done its worst, it may like to read that once upon a time there were such beings as knights-errant, and that H. W. Nevinson was one of them.

H. W. MASSINGHAM

The Function of the Constitution

The American Constitution. By Frederic Jesup Stimson. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

A BOOK of legal exposition from the pen of Mr. Stimson commands at once a respectful hearing. Many will find this revision of an earlier work, first published in 1908, an interesting restatement of his well-known attitude toward constitutional progress.

This book is much more than a revision of the earlier work of the same title, for, as Mr. Stimson states in his preface, "the vitality of our national Constitution is in nothing better shown than in the fact that the problems controlled and interpreted by it at one time are quite different from those being submitted only fifteen years later to its test." The major portion of the book has been rewritten with the addition of a chapter dealing with the process of amendment, and it is especially refreshing to discover the preponderant use of current decisions of the Supreme Court as illustrations of Mr. Stimson's points.

The subtitle, "[The Constitution], as it protects private rights," indicates the author's approach to the ramifying implications which new conditions are forcing within the perimeter of constitutional interpretation. His is the ablest contribution to that literature of protest which, especially during the past two or three years, has been calling the unfaithful back to the straight and narrow way of strict construction. As such, it is essentially in the nature of a brief. But it is the brief of a judiciously minded advocate who uses discrimination in the selection of his arguments and candor and fairness in their presentation. States' Rights, the due process and equal protection clauses of the Fourteenth Amendment, along with other clauses of the Bill of Rights, the growth of military and administrative law are treated as various aspects of the Constitution "on its human side."

Mr. Stimson, along with the constitutions of Washington and Utah, finds the "object of government is to protect and maintain individual rights." This "living gospel of the liberties of the people" must not be allowed to suffer desecration at the hands of new and untried concepts of socialistic or, perish the thought, communistic statecraft.

A sample from almost any chapter reveals the general tenor of Mr. Stimson's logic. For example, his discussion of the injunction, admirably independent and critical so far as it

deals with strictly legal problems, does not come to close grips with the central problem of its use to protect an immaterial property or individual right (often only prospectively infringed by the acts enjoined) at the expense of the equal property or individual rights of those enjoined.

The growth of administrative law is summed up in a phrase—"mandarin government." The discussion of this problem is one of the most lucid and concise in the book, one of the best summaries to be found of recent tendencies in this increasingly significant area of law. As Mr. Stimson suggests, "it will not escape notice that in all these decisions the Supreme Court has interfered in favor of the more radical view (in regard to the limits of the powers and final authority of the administrative boards and officials)—a fair reply to its enemy's charge of undue conservatism."

Quite naturally, Mr. Stimson disapproves of the extension of federal power by indirection through "fifty-fifty" appropriations for roads, welfare, education, and the like. This particular aspect of the doctrine of States' Rights was argued before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in a recent case, against the "most centralizing tendency of all—and the most dangerous"; the case was disposed of by the court—for want of jurisdiction.

Mr. Stimson is critical of the "mass of amendments" introduced in the last Congress to tinker with the machinery of the Constitution. Many of them are perhaps ill-advised, but there is after all something to be said for Jefferson's theory of terminable constitutional prescriptions. The best of documents may be as open to criticism as laudation by its very venerability. And one may well doubt the dictum that "the public approval of history has come in almost if not quite all cases" of the Supreme Court's decisions of the unconstitutionality of a federal or State statute—as a basis for defending five-to-four decisions against recent proposed amendments.

Even majority opinions have their great value and use. The very disagreement calls popular attention . . . informs legislatures, arouses public opinion; while the frank expression of the minority opinions encourages the losing side and emboldens future courts to a refusal; in three or four great instances this has happened.

An argument more ingenious than persuasive.

A tract for the times—in these "dangerous days" for the Constitution as a bulwark of private rights. Whether one agrees or no with his narrow interpretation of the function of the Constitution and with many of his minor premises and conclusions, there will be general appreciation of Mr. Stimson's skill in putting a well-reasoned and legally accurate argument into readable, even popular terms.

PHILLIPS BRADLEY

Two Actors and a Tragedy

The Failure. By Giovanni Papini. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

Echo de Paris. By Laurence Housman. D. Appleton and Company. \$1.

WITH the "Life of Christ" Giovanni Papini first swam into the ken of the vast public which is now acclaiming him with that unanimous and whole-hearted enthusiasm it reserves for the authors of those books which it accepts, not because they are forced upon it by clamor of some sort or other, but because it finds them truly congenial. Those who knew before something of this spectacular *enfant terrible* of ideas were few, but the rest are no doubt anxious to learn more of their idol, and "The Failure," his autobiographical novel, will tell them much—though hardly of the sort of thing likely to assure any but the most uncritical. The book clearly reveals the character of the man, but it is less the character of a philosopher than of a romanticist, and a romanticist of a somewhat old-fashioned Byronic sort. With a most remarkable if not altogether intentional frankness he gives himself completely away, proudly

parading both his uninterrupted search for the sensational and that boundless ambition of his which, at times, looks disconcertingly like Ambition's idiot sister, Vanity.

"Byronic" is the only word that describes fitly his grandiose dramatization of his character and of his actions from the moment when, as a child, he realized with a gloomy exaltation that he was "different," through his violent championships of all the most spectacular philosophies, to the moment when, at the end of the present book, he has exhausted the possibilities of the more startling heresies and is ready to assume his present role of Catholic conservative and vitriolic denouncer of everything which has appeared in the world since the Renaissance. "It is not hard to see that these eyes were never intended to reflect the blue of the heavens," he says in describing himself as a child. "And these lips, so tightly, so wilfully closed, were never made to be parted in a smile. They are the lips of a man who will suffer pain, but never betray it with a cry. They are lips that will be kissed too late in life." This passage sets the key, and Childe Harold and Manfred seem to live again. Papini's eye is fixed always on himself, and no human task is great enough to express his sense of his own importance. As a child he dreamed of composing an encyclopedia of encyclopedias which should include all knowledge, as a youth he planned a radical review which should set all Italy aflame, and then later he imagined himself the leader of some band of revolutionary doers who should upset and then remold the world. But he never knew for long at a time what it was that he was going to do; only the thirst for notoriety was constant, for, as he frankly confesses, he was determined to be "founder of a school, leader of a faction, prophet of a religion, redeemer of souls, author of a best seller, anything so long as I was first, foremost, greatest in Something."

I do not wish to imply that Papini has no brain or even that he has not in the past expressed some interesting ideas, but in any estimate of his work it is necessary to remember that he is first of all a romantic egoist to whom truth cannot seem for long more important in itself than as a means of self-exploitation. Often he is violent and vulgar, occasionally he is brilliant, but his dominant manner is excited, nervous, declamatory, florid—in a word, operatic, with bravura arias taking the place of passion. Sometimes, perhaps, he suggests the philosopher but far more often the tenor.

Once more, it seems, the super-subtle Italian has proved himself too much for the honest Saxon. Thousands of pious souls have accepted the "Life of Christ" in all simplicity and, entirely ignorant of the past of this matinee idol among philosophers, have been completely unaware of the sizzle of the spotlight and the smell of the grease paint which betray the theatrical character of the book. God works in a mysterious way and it will not do to question too closely the motive of a conversion, but when a man puts himself at the foot of the cross chiefly for the purpose of holding the center of the stage the joy in heaven over a sinner saved may well be tempered with a little skepticism. Papini was Atheist, Positivist, Pragmatist, Pyrrhonist, Nietzschean, and Theosophist before assuming the part of Medieval Catholic. This latest has been announced as positively his final appearance in his last and greatest role, but actors have a way of giving many farewell tours, and a wise public will always ask, What next?

Though it is not possible for me to take Papini, the Titan, more seriously than I take Gounod's Faust, it has always seemed to me that Oscar Wilde, the subject of Mr. Housman's drama, did, on the other hand, achieve real tragedy and that the story of his exile from the brilliant stage which was life to him has a genuine poignancy. I think of him as I think, for example, of the most capricious Ovid among the Goths, and that thought is more poignant than the thought of Dante exiled from Florence, for the latter had the support and consolation of his unconquered pride, whereas poor amiable Ovid could only sicken for the gay world where alone he could live. And

so it was with Wilde. No doubt he should have been able to find peace in repentance and reform, but he couldn't, and exile was for him simply a hell with a memory of heaven. In "Echo de Paris" Mr. Housman has caught completely the spirit of this tragedy. At a last supper in a Parisian cafe, Wilde talks with a characteristic brilliance which can only be the author's memory of some real conversation and then, for a moment, when an old intimate passes without a sign of recognition, the shadow falls. Wilde squares his shoulders and continues his talk but in a single instant the tragedy is revealed. In choosing to make his foreground bright and the tragedy only by implication Mr. Housman has shown an exquisite sense of dramatic fitness and his little play is nearly perfect.

J. W. KRUTCH

The Generation of Fire

La Génération du Feu: Bio-Bibliographie des Ecrivains combattants français de 1914-1919. By Maurice d'Hartoy, with preface by José Germain. Paris: Berger-Levrault, éditeurs. 10 francs.

THERE would be little more to say about this work than that it is carefully edited and sure to be of interest and value to many persons, since it gives a brief account of the life, works, and war records of all living French writers who actually fought at the front, if it were not for the fact that M. d'Hartoy prints also the motto, *devise*, or *formule d'idéal* of each of the writers cited. The inclusion of this additional information makes the book very interesting humanly, for who is not concerned to know the ideals of contemporary French men of letters?

M. José Germain, president of the Association des Ecrivains combattants, under the patronage of which the work appears, says in his preface:

If tomorrow France were attacked again, we should again know how to defend her; but let us not allow ourselves to be regarded, in the criminal language of most criminal judges, as so much "human material," which one destroys and throws away. . . . Let us be the artisans of the future. . . . France, desiring to live once more, calls us.

As I turned the pages, wondering how many of these writers shared M. Germain's hatred of militarism and of profiteers, I was struck by the predominating number who followed ideals which, in no disparaging sense whatever, may be regarded as standard currency in every age. Such ideals are, for example, expressed in the following: "Aimons-nous les uns les autres;" "Rester modeste, pour rester honnête;" "Toujours plus haut;" "Crée du bonheur autour de toi;" "Compter sur soi-même persévérer;" and "Simplex et rectus." But these were not the ideas I was looking for. Such mottoes might belong to men who never saw a gun; they would ornament a civilization where war was inconceivable. Then I noted the comparative absence of the flippant or cynical. True, M. Charles Hennebois bears imperturbably the crest "A quoi bon?;" and M. Maurice Constantin-Weyer, asked for his motto, replies: "Lequel? J'en change comme de chemise, le plus souvent possible, dès qu'il est fripé." But apparently few wits and skeptics have survived Verdun.

What struck me most of all was the continued opposition of two views of war and patriotism, the holders of these views being about equal in number. M. Frédéric Lagrange, for instance, takes as his ideal, "To believe in, and to fight for, God, my country, and my children;" Professor Charles Delvert, "To live and die for the fatherland is the whole duty of man;" and M. André Dezarrois, "For Glory often, for the Fatherland always." It is a commentary on human nature that after four years in the trenches, men can still hold to ideals the blind acceptance of which profits the militarist only, whether in France or in the United States.

On the other hand, there is M. Holl, art critic and novelist, and from his record a brave soldier, who adopts the phrase of the Greek sophist: "Patriotism is the first illusion of the fool and the last refuge of the knave." And M. Marcel Périn, jour-

nalist, who gives his rule of conduct as "the widest tolerance," and his ideal "the maximum of brotherhood." And M. Henri Regnault, who says: "All for and by solidarity." The dream of M. Pierre Andrieu is, "Union among the peoples; the largest liberty under all forms of government; the doing away of prejudices; the brotherhood of the classes—and this goal for all: To work together to soften the fate of humanity." To make an end, there is M. Henri Barbusse, who aims "To replace the social formula as it stands, which produces war automatically, by an international statute based on respect for life and the general interest."

"Let us be artisans of the future," wrote M. Germain. When it comes to that I wonder whether a single Barbusse will not prove as influential as scores of his less perceptive brothers? Most men of conventional patriotism are what they are because they believe war to be inevitable. Such an attitude is chiefly one of resignation; whereas the writer who is heart and soul against bloodshed is commonly driven into activity by his belief. There is that fact to consider.

One *formule d'idéal* among the rest, that of M. Henri Davoust, while not strictly in point, is worth quoting:

All good is in the people, but it should be sought for with as much system and thought of the future as is practiced commercially in the extraction of precious metals and gems. Today, under the regime of empiricism, it is only by chance that men who are worthy arrive at the surface.

"The Generation of Fire" is to be followed by an "Anthologie des Ecrivains morts au champ d'honneur," under the patronage of the same association. In the present volume, incidentally, I wish to call the attention of M. d'Hartoy to the omission of the name of M. Justin-Frantz Simon from the table "Morts sous les drapeaux."

HANIEL LONG

A Hymn of Hate

An Outlaw's Diary. II. The Commune. By Cécile Tormay. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$3.

MISS TORMAY'S second volume presents the spectacle of an otherwise talented woman novelist writhing hysterically under imaginary wrongs which she thought the revolutionaries, the objects of her contemptuous hatred, were about to inflict upon her. Like the first volume of the diaries, which was devoted to the events of the Karolyi revolution, the second is written in superlatives characterizing the irreconcilable spirit of the Hungarian feudal lords whose literary bodyguard she is. In her opinion, the Commune in Hungary was a desperate attempt of the Jews to get a foothold in Europe which they could have used as a basis for their attacks upon neighboring countries, the successful termination of which would have been the "conquest of the world by Juda."

Obviously, the author chose the form of a diary for her description of the Commune because it afforded an unparalleled opportunity to record rumors and absurd phantasmagorias of her imagination without being subject to the charge of knowingly falsifying history. This liberty she misused to present mere fiction in the guise of experience. Consideration for those who expect from this book information about the Commune in Hungary requires therefore that at least the most outstanding distortions should be pointed out.

Miss Tormay, for example, repeatedly speaks of the Commune as if it had been one of the most bloody events human history has ever recorded. In reality, Bolshevism in Hungary, although undoubtedly it heaped blunder upon blunder, more by its eternal threats than by its sporadic practice of terrorism, was child's play in comparison with the Hungarian white terror later. On several occasions Miss Tormay describes with much detail the events which she alleges took place in the Hungarian capital during the Bolshevik regime, notwithstanding the fact that being absent from Budapest she hardly had means of knowing exactly what was going on there. In her overwrought

imagination she saw frequent executions in the cellar of the Hungarian Parliament and heard mysterious splashes in the nearby Danube followed invariably by the disappearance of a political prisoner. I was in Budapest during the Bolshevik rule and during a considerable period of the ensuing white terror, and I can testify that life was incomparably more secure in the Hungarian metropolis in the time of Bela Kun than it was during the regime of Admiral Horthy, the idol of Miss Tormay.

Miss Tormay tells with great eloquence how Count and Countess Karolyi were reveling in the luxurious palace of the People's Commissaries while Budapest was starving. She represents Karolyi as in the pay of the Bolsheviks and says that he "stood as an invisible power behind the revolutionary government." The fact is that Karolyi, who yielded only to the threat of force in surrendering the power to the Soviets, was utterly averse to the methods of government of the Hungarian Communists. He expressed his aversion by leaving the country at a time when, it would follow from what Miss Tormay says, the Soviet Republic needed his services urgently.

If Miss Tormay wishes to publish an account of terroristic acts and massacres she should write a diary of post-communistic times. Against approximately sixty victims of the Commune, conservative estimates put the number of those who lost their lives during the white terror at 6,000 to 7,000. However, Miss Tormay is an enthusiastic counter-revolutionary, and Horthy is for her the "legendary hero of Navarra."

EMIL LENGYEL

Bernhardt

The Real Sarah Bernhardt (Whom Her Audiences Never Knew). Told to her friend Mme Pierre Berton, and translated into English by Basil Woon. Boni and Liveright. \$3.50.

AS Sarah Bernhardt, the woman, fades from the mortal scene it becomes the task of her surviving friends to isolate among her effects the gossip, slanders, and anecdotes of which she died seized and possessed and sift the authentic from the spurious. A bit of old lace here, with the waning fragrance of romance still clinging to it; a pale brown tintype there, with features calling out of the past the faint memory of an engrossing passion. In the case of Sarah Bernhardt it is not a matter of removing from the portrait what might be considered blemishes according to Victorian standards, but rather of determining which of the numerous acts ascribed to her really took place; which was a slander and which a boast.

The logical writer for this task is Lytton Strachey, for Mme Sarah Bernhardt was the antithesis of Queen Victoria during that period of the nineteenth century when the Queen spoke authoritatively for morality and decorum. And one of the very first documents which Mr. Strachey must consult is this book called "The Real Sarah Bernhardt" by Mme Pierre Berton, a confidential friend of the actress and formerly a member of her supporting company. With a naivete possible only to the French Mme Berton has here suggested rich sources of material for an ironical commentator. Mme Sarah, we read from her pages, was a break in normality, an individual who, every moment of her life, reminded her contemporaries that social conventions were not for her. She was born illegitimate, the daughter of a law student from Havre and a Flemish Jewess from Berlin, and was able, when sixteen, to put the world, that is, *la famille*, to flight with a tart summary of the situation, when marriage was proposed to her: "My mother is not married, yet she wants me to be a wife! My mother is a Jewess and she does not want her daughter to become a nun!" In later life she was able by word and act to violate just as sharply all ordinary expectations. She went up in a balloon at a day when that was scandalous; she served tea over her

coffin; she modeled the Baron de Rothschild and, when he disapproved of her art, broke the bust into a thousand pieces and sent the fragments to him with her compliments. She humbled her most uncompromising critic, Francisque Sarcey, by taking him for a lover and casting him off after he had eulogized her; she exhibited her primitive rage so openly that even the Prince Napoleon was led to describe her as "a madonna who acts like the devil." Mme Berton tells these and many other stories, and brings in many famous names—Sardou, Dumas, Richepin, Mounet-Sully, Coquelin, Rostand—but hers remains solely a narrative of anecdote. The larger social implications are there, but we must leave them for a Lytton Strachey to ferret out. Only one example may suffice to show the trend: The acts that shocked Paris were not necessarily breaches of morals, but the acts that aroused all England were solely that. It was twenty years before the Prince of Wales could persuade his mother to command Mme Bernhardt to give a performance at Windsor Castle. On another occasion Bernhardt had been invited to attend a reception at the home of Lady R. She had brought her little son Maurice to England—he always accompanied her in France—and now she arrived at this English home with him. The English knew about the boy, but when he appeared Lady R. blushed for the conventions. She quietly gave certain instructions to her butler, and when Madame entered leading the little lad he announced to the assembled company: "Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt and her son." After that she was quickly snubbed and left the house in a rage ten minutes later. Truly here is material for social comedy, for an ironist who can appreciate the flimsy basis of our most cherished conventions.

HARRY HANSEN

Books in Brief

A Manual of Cultivated Plants. By L. H. Bailey. The Macmillan Company. \$7.

Many an amateur botanist who has been disturbed by strange roadside plants that did not fit into the pages of his Gray or of his Britton and Brown will welcome this careful manual of cultivated plants. Here he can identify the hot-house ferns that come from the florist, and learn from what mysterious part of the world they derive. Here he can trace the relationships of the famous plants of greenhouse and history—the English yew, the cedar of Lebanon, the primrose and the cowslip, Socrates's hemlock, Boston ivy and Kenilworth ivy—with the similarly named but very different plants of native growth. He need no longer toss aside his tree-book in disgust because, while it describes in detail all the native trees of the Carolinas, it omits the exotic trees which line the streets of our cities and ornament almost every country estate. Hitherto, if he wanted to identify these strangers in our midst, he had to consult the impossibly large "Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture," with its 20,602 species and 6,715 varieties. Mr. Bailey covers only 3,665 species, which is quite enough; and while he does not go into the curly petaled varieties which are the pride of the seedsmen and florists he has provided an indispensable aid to the amateur.

Poems. By Katherine Mansfield. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Katherine Mansfield was a better poet in her short stories, which she said she wrote "in a kind of special prose." But it was no mistake to print these poems after her death, any more than it was a mistake to print the fragments of fiction which so brilliant a woman left. The poems had little or no success during her lifetime, the few which were published appearing under the pseudonyms Boris Petrovsky and Elizabeth Stanley. Many of them are adolescent in their impulse—either for children or by a child. Others seem to be notes for stories; some are stories, told in a free verse which might when read aloud be taken for the intense, quick prose of "The Garden

Party," "Bliss," or "The Dove's Nest." Incidentally, this free verse of 1910-1911 was ahead of its time in England. Through it Katherine Mansfield aimed at the effect which she was uniquely qualified to achieve—the effect of clear, distinct, and dancing reality, the effect of an evanescent mood caught by an adroit hand and delicately particularized.

Mince Collop Close. By George Blake. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.

The ability to set down impressions in one swift, direct stroke—a power of immediate communication—is the most arresting thing about this novel of life in the underworld of Glasgow. Mr. Blake writes a vigorous prose, well suited to the stuff out of which he has cut his narrative. Here is melodrama, but melodrama which has taken on the glow of life.

Thy Neighbor's Wife. By Liam O'Flaherty. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

The path which this novel travels has been worn by many predecessors, and consequently one is not surprised to find that—while it possesses a measure of durable interest—it opens no new vistas for the imagination. Some of the character drawing is excellent, however, in its Irish intuitiveness.

Caesar Remembers and Other Poems. By William Kean Seymour. Thomas Seltzer. \$1.50.

English poems of varying skill and charm by a twentieth-century Marvell. The virtues of the seventeenth century are conspicuously present—delicacy of mind, clarity of phrase, and balance between the abstract and the concrete. So is the prevailing vice—inability to point a poem and really end it. The stanzas keep on repeating the theme until the poet is tired; they make a daisy-chain of ingenious rhyme more often than they make a composition. But the title-piece, and at least three others—To One Who Eats Larks, If Beauty Come to You, and To Music—amply justify the volume and promise to find their way into anthologies.

The Story of the Renaissance. By Sidney Dark. George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

This book seems to have been written to show that the period from 1453 to 1603, from the fall of Constantinople to the death of Elizabeth, was, politically, morally, and socially speaking, a period not of rebirth, but of decay. These years mark the beginning of nationalism and of the wars that spring from it. The Italian "pipes of Pan" performed a kind of Devil's hornpipe, to which all Europe danced. The peasant and craftsman ceased to function as members of the body politic and became the slaves of industrialism. "The Renaissance," says the author, "had great gifts for the artist and for the lover of beauty, for the poet and the lover of books, for the king, for the philosopher, for the adventurer. It had no gift for the workingman." But it is well to remember that, as Homer says, "the gods in no wise grant men all things at once," and the world today, without the achievements of that amazing century and a half, would be a vastly duller and poorer place. The book suffers from the extreme compression necessitated by its brevity and is overloaded with names and dates. It is overloaded also with quotations from rather dubious "authorities"—for example, Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Christopher Hare. It contains some curious lapses. The Van Eycks were not German painters (p. 14); the history of modern European art does not begin with Giotto (p. 106); "Holbein's famous woodcut 'The Dance of Death'" (p. 128) is a bookful of woodcuts; and The Golden Legend which Caxton printed was certainly not "a translation from . . . the Latin version of the Bible made by St. Jerome in the Middle Ages" (p. 130)—St. Jerome, who died in 420! We should also rather like to know what became of the "famous statues of the pagan gods" that Michelangelo produced at Rome" (p. 112).

Drama Diversions

AT the Provincetown Playhouse they have put on the "George Dandin" of Molière in a very finely felt translation by Mr. Stark Young. Mr. Stark Young also writes an interesting and acute program note in which he rightly makes the point that time and revolutions in society have made of this poor, gulled peasant a tragic figure and have thus given the Molièrian farce an edge of pity. That is true enough as a general remark and would, doubtless, be measurably true of any production. This special production, however, makes it emphatically and distortedly true. The old French print of Dandin and his aristocratic parents-in-law which is reproduced in the program shows Dandin in the costume, wig and all, of a fine gentleman of the period. This peasant of Molière, in a word, is derided because, like M. Jourdain, he was a foolish snob who bartered for tinsel the solid advantages of his station and occupation. So soon as we see him strutting about in silks and ribands, we know where we are and what Molière meant. But Mr. Young has made him a hind simple not only in mind but in heart. This George Dandin in his peasant's garb, with his unpretentious ways, would never have given his money to sustain the tottering house of Sotenville. Here, as elsewhere, Molière was after sham, pretense, the pursuit of values that are no values. He wanted the presumptuous, foolishly ambitious peasant laughed at, although, in addition, he was severe enough on the dishonesty and hollowness of these aristocrats. He does not need the excuses here made for him. The play, brief and slight as it is, has all of Molière's sovereign good sense, clarity, grasp, and justice, though its technique is, of course, primitive.

The second part of the current Provincetown bill consists of a dramatization of "The Ancient Mariner." I am very much taken with the masks of Mr. James Light. But I want to see them used to other and better purposes. The old French ballads so admirably pictorialized and dramatized by the Chauve Souris Theater had an earthiness and concreteness which made them fit subject for such a process. Here the great theater of the imagination must forever suffice. The little theater of mere human voices is utterly inadequate.

At Henry Miller's Theater Mrs. Fiske continues, as she has done for some years past, to undermine a great and deserved reputation. Each successive play in which she appears is worse than the previous one. The present concoction known as "Helena's Boys" proves with a heavy didactic hand that youth is always wrong, that manners must not change, that the manufacturing of umbrellas and raincoats is nobler than art or vision, and that young men who care for poetry and thought and the fate of mankind had better betake themselves to obedience, baseball, politeness, and ginger-bread.

Far more serious than any of these things was the program of dances given at the Manhattan Opera House by Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn, and their associates, especially Miss Louise Brooks and Miss Doris Humphrey. If Pavlova's style of dancing is classic, Miss St. Denis's is romantic—romantic in the largest sense. She aims after fluid beauty, high suggestiveness, pictures, and rhythms that fire the imagination. She uses the elements of nature, the folk-dances of primitive peoples, exotic or immemorial lands, customs, gods. With Pavlova everything is fixed and finished and courtly. Miss St. Denis reaches out for beauty and the hauntingness of beauty which is also strangeness and finds and projects that beauty and that strangeness exquisitely. And, like all romantics, she has the note of irony which is admirably brought out by the "Danse Américaine" performed by Mr. Charles Weidman. The entire performance has high seriousness, a certain earnestness and yet lightness of beauty that is refreshing and sustaining at once.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

International Relations Section

India Today

THE most informed and intelligent of the daily press reports on India have been those of C. F. Andrews, correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. Mr. Andrews's writing shows a rare combination of detachment and sympathy. His knowledge is profound. We print herewith parts of three recent dispatches in which Mr. Andrews describes the situation in India following the release from prison of Mahatma Gandhi, the trouble among the Akali Sikhs, and the hope of reconciliation with Britain. The first, on the release and recovery of Gandhi, appeared in the *Guardian* of March 15.

Serious and informed English opinion needs to take into account the one patent fact that just as in Egypt it is Zaghlul who now counts and no one else, so in India it is Mahatma Gandhi who counts and the rest are nowhere. Zaghlul came from the peasant class. Mahatma Gandhi became, by an act of religious poverty, a peasant. It is this direct touch with the common folk which has made these national movements in Egypt and India so strong and active. There is no other force in India remotely to compare with that of Mahatma Gandhi. His least word sways the hearts of Mohammedans as well as Hindus. The president of the All-India Christian Conference called him the greatest living "Indian Christian," because of his devoted life of love and service. The Parsee priests in their fire temples offer prayers for his long life. He is revered as no Indian in modern times has ever been revered.

Therefore the whole political situation has been lightened by the wise and humane act of his release. There has been an immediate response of the most remarkable kind. From Mahatma Gandhi himself has come a renewed offer of friendship. His words have been echoed by Maulana Muhammad Ali, the leader of Islam in India, and also by Pundit Motilal Nehru, the head of the Swaraj Party in the Legislative Assembly. Nationalist papers have vied with one another in praising the Government of India for its kindly deed. There has not been a single discordant note. The opportunity is a great one for a man of imagination to lay hold of, and thus to regain something of that earlier friendship between India and Great Britain, which was so deep and true and sincere.

It was difficult for me, after leaving England on January 17, to gain any tidings about Mahatma Gandhi's illness. At last, at Aden, the Indian papers brought the welcome news that he had borne the operation well. When the ship reached Bombay a special messenger had been sent by him from the hospital to welcome me on my arrival and to ask me to come immediately to Poona. There I have been with him, apart from one slight interval, ever since. The privilege of serving him in his present physical weakness is one which I would not have missed for the world.

Words can hardly describe the frailty and weakness of his body after the operation. At one time he looked as if he could hardly recover, and I heard at first hand how anxious the doctors had been. His mind is still as alert and active as ever, almost too active for such a frail and emaciated body. He will give it no rest, and almost from the first day after his release he began to direct from his bedside some of his most devoted followers. The wound, in these circumstances, has healed very slowly indeed; already nearly six weeks have passed and it has not closed yet. The reports sent to England about his having completely recovered his health must be heavily discounted. What I have most feared is that he may be rapidly burning life itself away in the ardor of his indomitable spirit.

The crowd on this occasion has been extraordinarily good, and his very least wish has been observed. But I dread, more

than I can say, the time when he is allowed to leave the hospital. It is not unlikely that then the enthusiasm of the masses, who worship him with a blind devotion, will break out in full flood, beyond all control or restraint. I have traveled with him on previous occasions, when the strain of the multitude (even when he was in good health) could hardly be borne. What will it be in his present physical weakness?

The actual news of his release came to him while I was with him one early morning in the hospital. The doctor, Colonel Maddock, who had performed the operation, was the first to bring the good tidings. Mahatma Gandhi remained quite calm and collected. "This is no release to me," he said, "but only greater responsibility than ever." He then said laughingly to the doctor: "I trust that you will allow me to remain your patient a little longer." The doctor smiled in turn and said that he would have to obey orders while he was under his charge. A remarkable friendship has grown up between these two men, and the praise given by Mahatma Gandhi for the treatment he has received has been unbounded. The extraordinary outburst of friendly feeling toward Englishmen which spread like a great wave over the country after Mahatma Gandhi's release has been in no slight measure due to the knowledge, which reached to the remotest villages, that Mahatma Gandhi's life had been saved owing to the skill and devotion of Colonel Maddock, the English doctor.

The extremely critical nature of the illness was unknown to me before the time when I heard an account of it from the doctor himself. The trouble was acute appendicitis. It developed so quickly that a few hours' further delay might have proved fatal. The doctor, realizing at once, when called in for consultation, the gravity of the case, broke through all the red tape of prison restrictions and took his patient at once in his own motor-car to the Sassoon Hospital at Poona. Darkness had come on before the operation could be performed. Then, as luck would have it, when the patient was under chloroform, suddenly the electric light fused and they were left in darkness. All that could be found on the spur of the moment was a hurricane lantern. Just as everything was over the light came on again. When one realizes all that was at stake, and the amount of human good-will and international friendship that depended on the success of that operation, it is not easy to praise too highly the nerve of the doctor. Surely here was Western science at its best, and Mahatma Gandhi, who has all the fervor of an iconoclast against modern civilization, was deeply impressed. He thanked the doctor and nurses in no measured terms for their tenderness and care. He is fully aware that he owes his life to their skill, and he has gratefully informed the Indian public of the fact. He has used the occasion also for impressing once more the vital point that his opposition is against the bureaucratic system in India, not against Englishmen themselves, whom he counts among his friends.

"Indeed," he says in his letter, "we want to regard Englishmen as our friends, and not to misunderstand them by treating them as our enemies. And if we are today engaged in a struggle against the British Government, it is against the system for which it stands in India, and not against Englishmen who are administering the system. I know that many of us have failed to understand and always bear in mind this distinction, and in so far as we have failed we have harmed our cause."

This is a true utterance, generously uttered, and, as I have twice repeated, it has created at once an atmosphere of friendliness in India such as I personally have not known for some years. What the words of the Duke of Connaught, so nobly and humbly spoken when hearts were still sore, could not accomplish, has, I verily believe, been accomplished today. The Punjab wrongs at Amritsar have at last been forgotten in the outburst of joy over Mahatma Gandhi's deliverance not only

from prison but from death. The Mussulmans are not mentioning today the Caliphate. They are rejoicing along with Hindus in Mahatma Gandhi's return from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. No other subject is on people's lips, and the papers each day in the vernaculars are eagerly scanned for any fraction of news concerning their leader and friend.

The question may well be asked by those who have followed this narrative whether this is all the news of the political situation in India today; whether the Council sessions in Delhi and the provincial councils at the different capitals, which are passing their Swaraj resolutions, mean nothing at all. My answer would be that they cannot be compared with the political importance of this one frail, pathetic figure, racked and tormented with pain and suffering, yet bearing each day's burden with a cheerful smile, in the hospital at Poona. For India is vitally, essentially, immeasurably religious; and the influence of one saint who has won the love and devotion of the poor is greater than that of all the rest of the politicians put together. This saint-politician, if I may use the strange hybrid word, has already taken into his own hands the reins of political leadership again. He is ruling India as no Viceroy can do, from the hospital itself.

THE AKALIS AND THEIR FAITH

The Akali movement has a long history. This group has always been the extreme section of the Sikh community and has been known for its stern discipline and readiness to die for the faith. In ordinary times the Akalis have been a minority and their influence slight; now, according to Mr. Andrews, they dominate the Sikh community from end to end, and their doctrines have deeply affected the whole army. The Akalis wear a dark-blue or black turban and, in spite of all official prohibitions, wear the *kispan*, the sacred short sword. In 1919 the worst brutalities of British martial law fell upon the Sikhs, and the Akali movement sprang out of a deep sense of the injustice of that reign of terror. *The Nation*, in issues dated November 1, 1922, and July 25, 1923, dealt with successive developments of this movement which has now reached an acute stage. In two articles in the *Manchester Guardian* on March 20 and 26, C. F. Andrews describes the present situation in these words:

This article is written just after the march of a *jatha*, or company, of five hundred Akalis to the Sikh shrine at Jaito. There were signs of violence in the huge crowd of ten thousand which accompanied the *jatha*, and they appear to have carried weapons, though the *jatha* itself was unarmed. Shooting took place, and, as far as can be ascertained, some twenty of the crowd were killed and nearly fifty wounded. As there had already been symptoms of violence in word and thought, if not in deed, in the Akali movement of late, Mahatma Gandhi sent from his bed of sickness a message to its leaders urging them not to dispatch any more *jathas* until they had purified themselves in their innermost thoughts from everything that might lead to violent deeds in the end.

But the news has come today that in spite of this they are determined to launch another *jatha* of five hundred devotees against the military barrier with the object of reaching the shrine. This disobedience to Mahatma Gandhi's wish, if it actually occurs, will mean that the future is darker than ever. His authority has never been questioned before, and it will be strange indeed if it is thrown aside now. The news has come that two Akali leaders are on their way to reason with him against his decision. But the ominous thing is that the Akalis appear to have been unwilling to delay the aggressive element in the movement even for a single day. The new *jatha*, we are told, is ready, and it is to be offered as a sacrifice in the cause of religious devotion.

The following week, Mr. Andrews carried the story a step farther, and showed clearly how serious was the underlying situation.

Each day the trouble among the Akali Sikhs is growing greater, and it is very difficult indeed to know how long the spirit of non-violence will last. I seem to be repeating the same story week after week, but I can write about nothing else; for this alone is in all men's minds and hearts.

At the deplorable shooting at Jaito, when about twenty were killed and between forty and fifty wounded, it has been claimed by the Sikhs that on their side there was not a single shot fired. This statement has been challenged by the state Government; the latter declares that eight shots were fired at British officers who were present. Among the officials, however, there were no casualties, though one villager is said to have been wounded by a stray shot from the Sikhs. The Home Member, when asked in the Assembly why, if the Sikhs themselves fired, there were no casualties, answered that their firing was erratic. An inquiry is to be held, and it is hoped that the truth will soon be known.

The Associated Press representative, whose report has passed the censorship and has appeared in all the papers, thus describes what happened:

The Akali *jatha* (company) advanced singing hymns and huge crowds following. As it reached the Gurdwara Tibbi Sahib, the state officials, followed by mounted troops, kept the *jatha* in check and ordered it to retire; failing which it was pointed out that fire would be opened. The *jatha* is described as having stood unwavering, determined to advance. The reporter then describes that at this stage the authorities opened fire, and there were some casualties both from among the crowd and the Akali *jatha*. The latter had drawn itself into two lines, one in front and another behind, with Guru Granth Sahib between the two rows. After a short while when the fire was stopped the *jatha* people lifted their dead and wounded companions and advanced. He says that the number of casualties is unknown, but calculates the number of wounded at forty or fifty. He says that fire was opened a second time. At this point the crowd stopped, but the *jatha* advanced and there were a few more casualties, and as they reached the police cordon firing was stopped. It was now about 4:30 p. m. and the reporter came back and did not notice anything.

I was present, as I have already related, at Guru-ka-Bagh, in September, 1922, when a similar Akali *jatha* was going forward to receive a terrible beating with blows, and also kicks, from the military police. I saw these given and men knocked down senseless time after time without the slightest sign of resistance. I went with these men (who were mainly ex-soldiers) while they stood before the sacred shrine and took the vow of non-violence. They kept that vow then; and I am inclined to think they kept it also at Jaito. With regard to the crowd it is far more difficult to speak; and it may be that some shots were fired which wounded the one villager mentioned, and some other shots besides; but it is now absolutely certain that no one of the state authorities was either wounded or killed.

If the reporter's account from which I have quoted is accurate, then an event that was truly noble lighted up the darkness of the tragedy. It must be remembered that the Sikh Scriptures, called the Guru Granth Sahib, are among the Sikhs their own "Holy of Holies." The Akalis appear to have come singing their religious hymns, with the Guru Granth Sahib in their midst. They would all be used to military formation; and when the firing began, the reporter states, they "had drawn into two lines, one in front and the other behind, with Guru Granth Sahib between those two rows. After a short while, when fire was stopped, they lifted their dead and wounded companions and advanced."

If that account prove to be true, in the course of the inquiry which is to be held, it would indeed be a notable deed; for they would all know that the fire would be reopened. . . .

Another jatha is to go forward, and it is already on the march. The message from Mahatma Gandhi came too late to stop it; and when it had once started, after having taken the vow of religion, it would be quite impossible for it to draw back. The crowd, this time, is to be very strictly held in check. The jatha is to advance alone. What will be its fate?

While the jatha is on its march, at every stage the villagers collect, sometimes in hundreds, and sometimes numbering even thousands. The company of Akalis is called the Shahidi Jatha (shahid means "martyr"). The women worship; many weep. The little children are told by their mothers the stories of the Sikh Gurus who met their death by martyrdom as these are now going to die. The children listen with awe. The men stand by, silent with bowed heads. At each halting place the cry goes up: "Sat Sri Akal" ("Glory to the True, the Deathless"). These bands of Sikhs are called the Akalis, the "Deathless Ones." Such things as these must be remembered if we would understand what is taking place. We may believe that the state authorities were seeking to do their duty. But is there no other way?

Ruling Out the "Undesirables"

THE following table, prepared by Meyer Jacobstein, Representative in Congress from New York, shows the yearly immigration quotas allowed the different countries under the present law compared with those provided for in the Johnson immigration bill which has just passed the House. These changes will virtually exclude the East European peoples, including the Jews.

Country of Birth	Present 3 Per Cent Quota 1910 Census	Proposed 2 Per Cent Quota 1890 Census	Per Cent Reduction for Important Countries
Albania	288	204	..
Armenia (Russia)	230	217	..
Austria	7,451	1,190	-84
Belgium	1,563	709	-55
Bessarabian Region	2,792
Bulgaria	302	200	..
Czecho-Slovakia (Bohemia)	14,557	2,073	-85
Danzig, Free City of.....	301	423	..
Denmark	5,619	2,982	-47
Estonia	1,348	302	..
Finland	3,921	345	-91
Fiume, Free State of.....	71	210	..
France	5,729	4,078	-29
Germany	67,607	50,329	-26
Great Britain and Ireland.....	77,342	62,658	-19
Greece	3,294	235	-93
Hungary (incl. Sopron Dist.)...	5,638	688	-88
Iceland	75	236	..
Italy	42,057	4,089	-90
Latvia	1,540	317	..
Lithuania	6,744	502	-93
Luxemburg	92	258	..
Netherlands	3,607	1,837	-49
Norway	12,202	6,653	-45
Poland	26,862	9,072	-66
Portugal	2,465	674	..
Rumania	7,419	831	-89
Russia (European and Asiatic)..	21,613	1,992	-90
Spain (incl. Canary Islands)....	912	324	..
Sweden	20,042	9,761	-51
Switzerland	3,752	2,281	-39
Jugoslavia	6,426	935	-85
Palestine	57	201	..
Syria	928	212	..
Turkey (European and Asiatic)..	2,388	223	-90
Other parts of Asia.....	81	245	..
Africa (other than Egypt).....	122	238	..

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says: "No."

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Atlantic Islands	121	241	..
Australia	279	320	..
New Zealand and Pacific Islands	80	267	..
Totals	357,803	169,083	—53

Canada, Cuba, New Foundland, Mexico, and countries of Central and South America not subject to quota restriction. For the year ended June 30, 1923, 117,011 came from British America and 82,961 from Mexico, Central and South America, and the West Indies.

Contributors to This Issue

CHARLES W. WOOD was born in New York State, the son of a Methodist minister. He followed various trades in his younger days and was a locomotive fireman when, sixteen years ago, he won a writing contest in *Collier's*. He turned to newspaper work and was for some years on the staff of the *New York World*.

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New York

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THE PATIENT PUBLIC may be getting bored, and the valiant Republican propaganda to convince the country of the wickedness of investigation may be taking root, but the senatorial committees keep right on digging into the muck of the Harding-Coolidge administrations. Huston Thompson, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, appeared and, according to the summary given in the *New York World*, said:

The Federal Trade Commission tried for a year to get the Attorney General (Mr. Daugherty) to undertake criminal prosecution of the tobacco trust for violation of the Sherman law, and was unable even to get an answer to repeated letters until the Keller impeachment proceedings against Daugherty, when the Department of Justice sent some of its attorneys to confer with the commission, but no action resulted.

Mr. Thompson's testimony was not hearsay, nor was it that of a bootlegger or gambler. Other men of that less pleasant type who appear to have held the confidence of the Government, however, have continued revealing its nature. Seized liquor, they report, was regularly sorted out in the department and the best of it distributed to political friends. The covering-up process also continues. Mel Daugherty, brother of the former attorney general, who refused to permit the senators to investigate the books of his bank, is still unpunished for his defiance. It is high time that a few of the gentry who thus thumb their noses at the Government were put in jail.

THE JOB OF TIMING the visits around the empire of the Prince of Wales so that they shall not coincide with revolutions and general elections becomes more difficult every year. India exploded for his special benefit; and now South Africa plans a general election in June, just when the Prince was due to arrive. It seems too bad not to let him go; political education is supposed to be good for princes, and this will be an educational election. The opposition to General Smuts, both from Labor and from the Nationalists, has been gaining strength; and the recent loss of an important seat by the government party led the Prime Minister to dissolve the Parliament. The Nationalist Party, representing the unreconstructed Dutch community, has stood for republicanism as an ultimate ideal. Lately this party has made every effort to win the sympathy and co-operation of the Labor group. If the Nationalists should win in the coming elections (as is likely unless General Smuts rouses new enthusiasm by waving the imperial flag) and should succeed in forming a coalition ministry, an interesting phenomenon would appear—a self-governing dominion ruled by avowed republicans and by Labor men formally pledged to fight secession. No vital change of practical policy would be likely to result. Labor wants higher taxation of wealth—especially of the rich farmer class; the Dutch Nationalists will doubtless oppose it. Both are opposed to a liberal immigration policy—and so is the present Government. Both are without sympathy for the aspirations of the colored citizen and the native—and so is Smuts. Like England, South Africa appears to be faced with a prospect of a series of elections resulting in minority governments or frail coalitions. A week of South Africa would teach the Prince more than years of steeplechasing.

THE POOR BENIGHTED GREEKS and the oil-rich Persians must be ignorant of the life and works of Charles Hitchcock Sherrill, sometime adjutant general, United States Minister to Argentina, organizer of preparedness parades, and member, according to his autobiography in "Who's Who," of sixteen different clubs. The Greeks and the Persians have abolished the monarchy and, like Turkey and Czecho-Slovakia, become republics. General Sherrill, however, has just written a book, "The Purple or the Red," offering monarchy as the only safe alternative to bolshevism. He has toured the capitals of Europe and Asia, and returned laden with what must be one of the finest collections of royal autographs and photographs in this republic. A goodly selection of them, together with Mussolini's, Primo de Rivera's, and Horthy's, appear in his book, along with scraps of royal conversation, notes on the crown princes, and advice from Mussolini. General Sherrill (who gives himself in "Who's Who" as a Son of the Revolution) thinks republicanism an anachronism. He tolerates it in the United States because "we already have a Dictator—the President of the United States for the term of his office." Yet Greece and Persia, sublimely oblivious of the former United States Ambassador to Argentina, have given up kings. Apparently the only way to restore the prestige of royalty in the Old World would be to ship back selected sons of the American revolutionaries—they seem to be the only real royalists left.

WE SYMPATHIZE WITH President Coolidge's hand; we commend without reserve his refusal any longer to have it manhandled. In fact, we sympathize also with his profile, and see no reason why the crowds in Washington should be allowed to walk up to the railing of his office and gaze at the President as they would at the gorilla John Daniel 2d in the side-show of the circus. The theory that our chief executive should waste his time and his energy shaking hands with miscellaneous sight-seers goes back to the kindergarten days of the republic, and has been too long tolerated because we thought it "democratic" instead of realizing that it was merely asinine. Mr. Roosevelt was the first President with the courage to stop the practice, and it remained stopped—with slight concessions—until Mr. Harding with good intentions but poor judgment revived it. In Europe no prime minister or president ever dreams of fooling away his time letting sight-seers shake his hand.

FORD MAY BREAK OUR BONES with his flivvers, but he should not be allowed to repair them in a hospital whose methods "resemble nothing so much as a garage and repair shop where human machines are overhauled like automobiles." So thinks the Detroit Academy of Surgery, which condemns the new Ford Hospital in Detroit because—among other things—it refuses to take charity patients, because it demands uniform fees instead of the sliding charges by which doctors are accustomed to let the well-to-do help pay for the medical care of the poor, and because the institution refuses to allow any but its own house physicians to treat patients. These are all good reasons, but in the background lurks another which is even better. Obviously in the Ford Hospital control is in the hands of business men, and the physicians have become merely laborers. Our medical societies are among the oldest and strongest labor unions in existence. They preserve to a fine degree the old craft system by which an industry is controlled by its craftsmen, not by investors and business executives. They have a spirit of service and a code of ethics that are almost unmatched in any other walk of life. No, we have no wish to see medicine Fordized—and flivvered.

THE NAUTICAL GAZETTE calls attention to an interesting result of the curtailing of immigration. Leading transatlantic steamship companies are more and more turning to Canadian ports to escape the harassments of our immigration laws and prohibition restrictions. If Canada had a better all-year port than Halifax, some of the lines might even abandon New York. As it is, they are placing some of their finest ships on the Montreal and Quebec runs, and go directly to the public of the United States for support. The short ocean voyage, the fact that Montreal is as easily reached as New York from many places, and the lower fare make a strong appeal. With immigration in America limited to 161,000 annually, it is difficult to see how some of the steamship lines can survive in the New York trade, since until recently the New York liners derived their greatest and steadiest all-the-year-round revenue from the immigrant trade. The tide must turn toward Canada, Mexico, and South America. The Canadian Government pays a passage rebate of \$15 to each immigrant, which naturally appeals. Of the twenty-seven ships in the Canadian service the *Nautical Gazette* reports nineteen as vir-

tually new vessels; eight of them make the voyage in six days. The average speed of the entire fleet has risen in eleven years from thirteen to sixteen knots.

THE AMERICAN DEFENSE SOCIETY met in New York a week or so ago to entertain a major general; only fifty people, "many of them in uniform," attended the dinner. Whereas a couple of years ago the proceedings would have been honored by long accounts with big headlines, the metropolitan dailies either ignored the dinner or gave it a few lines. True, the major general was a singularly dull one who ran true to form in trotting out once more the old attack upon the pacifists by suggesting the disarmament of the police force. Even that old gag would have attracted more space a couple of years ago. No, the interest in our preparedness societies wanes rapidly, and few persons give any signs of being terrified because the Wisconsin Republicans, after reducing their National Guard, demand substantial reductions in appropriations for army and navy. General Pershing, who but a year ago was foreseeing the end of America because Congress would not vote 150,000 men, now reports that the reorganization of the army has been satisfactorily concluded despite the fact that it has only 112,000 soldiers. It is all of good omen, but all peace-loving people ought to concentrate their fire for further reductions in the army and in behalf of Senator Borah's move for a new disarmament conference. The militarist works while you sleep; eternal vigilance is needed.

THE NATION was one of many to comment with enthusiasm on the extraordinary foresight of Benjamin Franklin, who, in 1790, could set aside £100, which was to grow into a fund to reward, at some remote day, scientific research in mind healing and kindred topics. What a man was this Franklin; what prescience—and what thrift! For in 130 years £100 becomes a fortune. In this case it was, so the story ran, a fortune of some thousands of pounds, twenty-five hundred of which were awarded as a prize by "The Franklin Fund" to one Pierson W. Banning for his remarkable book on spiritual healing. It was a beautiful and touching story; but, like many stories as beautiful and touching, it was a fake. There is no "Franklin Fund"; there were no hundred pounds; there was no prize; the only thing that was real about the matter was Mr. Pierson W. Banning, who cooked it all up out of his own head—as he alleges in his confession, to "win a bet." Alas, how terrible are the temptations offered by games of chance. Mr. Banning, by his ingenious publicity scheme probably succeeded in selling a good many copies of his book; he also succeeded in advertising himself perhaps to an unfortunate extent; and since he is discovered to be a member of numerous patriotic societies, and to hold the most extreme views on the restriction of immigration, "Red" hunting, and other patriotic pastimes, his course may cast reflections on the new patriotism, which would, of course, be very, very sad.

IN AN "EASTER MESSAGE" to the Bible class of a New York church, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., said:

Since the great World War it seems to me that emphasis has been put too much on liberty and not enough on responsibility. We hear people talking too much about their rights and not enough about their duty. We read every now and then of strikes in colleges and schools

because the pupils want more liberty and rights. In the world of work this tendency has resolved itself into seeking shorter hours and less work as against an honest discharge of full duty.

Yes, gentle reader, he said just that. And then (honest injun) he added his version of the famous line from "The Follies of 9000 B.C.": "Too many people today take liberty for license." All of which, naturally, is platitudinous claptrap, as true now as when we first heard it in our nurse's arms—and it wasn't in the least true then. What a pity there was nobody to tell Mr. Rockefeller that if more people looked out for their rights, there would be fewer duties; that most of the duties of the conscientious and intelligent consist in upholding for others the rights which they are too helpless or ignorant or lazy to maintain for themselves; that there is no duty so sacred in America today as protecting one's rights (and thus, indirectly, everybody's) against the oppressions and exploitations which make it possible for millionaires to be millionaires and for their sons to deliver "Easter messages."

AN INCREASING NUMBER of Americans are coming to object to the way in which our scenery is disfigured with advertising, but there are decided difficulties in devising suitable legislation to prevent it, or in getting it enacted into law. Meanwhile, the National Committee for Restriction of Outdoor Advertising is making promising headway simply by appealing to those responsible for offensive signs to modify or remove them. The committee reports the sympathetic assistance of Herbert Pratt, president of the Standard Oil Company of New York, in taking down objectionable signboards, while other individuals and firms are showing an encouraging willingness to make it possible to see America first instead of having the eye filled only with a panorama of praise for various tires, soaps, and tonics. The voluntary response to public opinion in this country is growing ever greater, and if genuine and widespread feeling can be mobilized in behalf of an uncontaminated supply of scenery we can get a long way without the backing of law.

BEAUTY SPRANG from the sorrow that was Eleonora Duse's life, and it was quite consistent with the fate which had harassed her for sixty-four years that she died, old and ill, in a strange hotel in Pittsburgh—of all places the grimmest and darkest to be the end of beauty. Work of the hardest kind she had known from early childhood; a brutal father dragged her about from one company to another until she was old enough to be betrayed by a worthless lover and husband; poverty was her familiar from the beginning, and at forty she found herself once more deceived in the man she loved. It was evident on this last American tour that she was making a gallant effort to perform the parts she had set herself; she was thin and gray and her custom of using no make-up made her even more ghostly. But when she came on the stage the other actors seemed to take fire from her; without raising her voice or even turning her head she became the most important person there and made the others more important by her presence. Speaking in a strange tongue, she yet spoke a language which even a New York audience, assembled at ten dollars a seat to see the "greatest actress in the world," could understand, for in it life and death and pity and peace spoke and demanded an answer from their listeners.

Anatole France

ANATOLE FRANCE is eighty. It seems as if he had always been eighty, or else had never ceased to be young. No other has managed so perfectly to combine the disillusionment of age with the eagerness of youth. A kind of madness, a blindness to discouraging reality, is usually necessary to the impetuous enthusiasms which move the world. Anatole France is never blind or impassioned; yet from his disillusionment he can emerge, as in the Dreyfus case or since the war, to plead a present issue. Illusion, he knows, is necessary: "I love the truth. I believe that humanity has need of it; but assuredly it has greater need still of the deception which flatters it and consoles it and gives it infinite hope. Without deception it would perish of despair and boredom."

He believes in the power of reason, yet knows reason's limits: "I call him rational who, observing human folly and the disorder of nature, is not so stubborn as to insist that they are order and wisdom; I call him rational who does not try to be so." Yet he knows that "the heart may deceive as well as the mind. Its errors are no less disastrous, and it is harder to escape them because they are so pleasant." "Ignorance," he says, "is the necessary condition, I do not say of happiness, but of existence itself. If we knew everything we could not bear life an hour."

Bibliophile, born—almost—in a bookshop, existing in a world of books, he sees beyond his library:

Those who read many books are as opium-eaters. They live in a dream. The subtle poison which penetrates their brains makes them insensible to the real world and prey to terrible or beautiful fantasies. . . . Books are killing us. We have too many of them, of too many kinds. Men lived for ages without reading anything, and those were the days . . . in which they passed from barbarism to civilization. They were without books, but not without poetry or philosophy; they knew by heart their songs and little catechisms.

In the Middle Ages, this sage remarks, ignorance gave birth to fear; today our wealth of knowledge is leading to a kind of paralysis. Our proud eclectic civilization is doomed. "I believe," he says, "that we shall have no more posterity than the last writers of Latin antiquity, and that the new Europe will be too different from the Europe which is dying under our eyes to care for our arts and our thought." One might expect a mind which can dally cheerfully with the thought of what form of animal life will longest survive into the glacial age when our sun dies—one might expect so cold an intelligence to dwell too calmly in the realm of reason ever to fare forth to battle. Yet Anatole France marched five years ago in the red-flagged parade that moved through the streets of Paris in protest against the acquittal of Jaurès's assassin; he raised his voice for Sacco and Vanzetti in far-off America; he disobeys his doctors to preside at proletarian meetings even today.

Eighty years are nothing to a man whose mind moves in such large cycles. A lifetime is an incident. "What reason have we to believe that man marks the end of the evolution of life on earth? Why suppose that his birth exhausted the creative forces of nature, and that the universal mother of animals and plants, after bearing him, became forever sterile?" We, who live in a smaller world, may confine ourselves to hoping that eighty years of living and thinking have not exhausted the creative genius of Anatole France.

National Decency

THE most discouraging aspect of the Senate's impetuous action upon Japanese exclusion was the blithe unconcern with which this body of our elder statesmen hurled its cobblestone at the glass house of world peace. Four men alone—Senators Colt, McLean, Sterling, and Warren, none, we regret, ranking as progressives—stood out against the mob passion which swept the upper house. Some of the progressive Senators were absent; the others voted with the herd. They did not dream that their act was one of those fitful follies which are the despair of the believer that democracy makes for peace.

The most encouraging aspect of the situation is the valiant demand of the plain people of this country that the President veto the act or that the Congress in conference between the two houses rescind its action. The Federal Council of Churches has taken the lead; business organizations such as the National Council for Foreign Trade have followed, and the President's desk is reported to be heaped high with telegrams and letters demanding a veto.

It is not a question of our national sovereignty that is at stake. It is a question of national decency. We have, unquestionably, a technical right to exclude whom we choose, but there is no need of acting like an excited puppy-dog. Ambassador Hanihara, in discussing the effect of the proposed abrogation of the Gentlemen's Agreement, used the words "grave consequences." This was magnified by alarmists into a "veiled threat." But the grave consequences are already here, as might have been foreseen. We have aroused Japan. The friendly work of the Disarmament Conference is half undone; and the warm current of sympathy between the two peoples, which manifested itself in America's ready response to Japan's need after the earthquake, has turned chill. Of course there is no present threat of war; but the state of mind which easily leads to war has been stimulated by the provocative action of our Congress.

The Japanese Government has frankly recognized the American feeling against large-scale colonization by Asiatics. Japan is not seeking an outlet for its surplus population in the United States. It is not even protesting against the fact of Japanese exclusion. It is asking merely that it be done decently and by mutual agreement; without a slur upon the Japanese people. In the circumstances it would seem easy to draw up a plan that would meet the wishes of both nations. Yet without even consulting Japan, Congress has rushed along the Johnson immigration bill with an exclusion clause which led to official protest from Tokio in advance and has since roused a storm of resentment among the Japanese people. The Johnson bill does not exclude the Japanese by name but through a blanket prohibition against the admission of any "alien ineligible to citizenship" unless such person is (1) a non-immigrant on a temporary visit for pleasure, study, or business; (2) a minister, teacher, or student (or the wife or minor child of a minister or teacher); (3) an immigrant previously lawfully admitted to the United States who is returning from a temporary visit abroad. Thus the provision applies to other Asiatics as well as to the Japanese, but since the Japanese have for sixteen years arranged for their own exclusion, under the terms of the Gentlemen's Agreement, they naturally most resent our sudden slap in the face. Had

Congress been willing simply to apply to Japan the quota principle, which is the basis of the Johnson bill, the Japanese would not have been irritated; yet substantially the same end would have been attained, since Japan would have been limited to only 146 immigrants a year!

The Gentlemen's Agreement, under which Japan has voluntarily refused to let members of her laboring classes emigrate to the United States, has worked satisfactorily. As we have lately pointed out, the net increase through immigration of Japanese into continental United States for the years 1909 to 1923, inclusive, was only 8,681. Including Hawaii and other outlying territories, the increase was only 16,096. Thus the Gentlemen's Agreement has amounted almost to exclusion. It has been possible under its terms for Japanese already resident here to bring in their wives, and so the total population has been increased not only by immigration but by the birth of Japanese children in this country, and some Californians are already going so far as to demand that even these American-born children be denied citizenship.

The question today is how the harm wrought by the exclusion clause can best and most speedily be corrected. If public opinion continues to demand a sane and friendly effort to work with Japan in settling a question which actually concerns her as much as it does us, then another if not the present Congress will reopen the issue. This issue will not be settled until it is settled decently.

It is not difficult to find an amicable solution. One way, as we have pointed out, would be to place Japan on a quota basis along with other countries. Her quota would be so small as to satisfy the most rabid Californian fears, while her national dignity and racial pride would not be outraged. Another alternative has been proposed by the National Committee on American Japanese Relations. It is a treaty to replace the Gentlemen's Agreement. Such a course has much to commend it. The Gentlemen's Agreement, while it has worked, was always a makeshift method. There is danger in the tendency of the Department of State to usurp the treaty-ratifying powers of the Senate by making commitments which are in substance treaties but are negotiated under the subterfuge of agreements. The National Committee on American Japanese Relations suggests that the new treaty should follow substantially the lines of the Gentlemen's Agreement, the United States and Japan mutually agreeing to prevent the emigration of skilled or unskilled laborers to each other's territory. The committee would also add provisions extending citizenship to Japanese resident in this country, thereby breaking down most of our discriminatory State laws on the Pacific Coast. This, in the long run, we believe a desirable move, but at the present moment one may doubt the wisdom of tying a proposition sure to arouse so much hostility to the other and more probably popular measure.

In any event the first necessity is for public sentiment to condemn the hasty and petulant action of Congress, demanding in its place a just and sensible solution of a delicate question. That deep-rooted idealism of the American people which believes that this country has a destiny to promote world peace must not be rendered utterly empty and futile.

Europe Breathes

A NEW decency seems to have entered the Franco-German problem with the discussion of the Dawes plan, and Europe breathes more freely. The tone of the ultimatum has, for the moment at least, been abandoned by the Allies, and the Germans, recognizing a sober, scientific effort to solve an intricate problem, have responded accordingly. The Dawes plan has been accepted in principle.

What "acceptance in principle" may turn out to mean in detail is, of course, not yet certain. The Dawes plan marks a revolution in post-war diplomacy and, apparently, Poincaré does not want to give a final verdict upon it until after the elections. Meanwhile he is talking the old language of "guaranties" and "sanctions," which does not fit with the Dawes report. Instead of demanding payment whether possible or not that report studies Germany's capacity to pay, and, instead of seizing and paralyzing the heart of industrial Germany, it accepts the principle that Germany must be treated as an economic whole. If the Allies will accept those principles peace and order may be reestablished in Europe.

"Reestablishment" of "peace and order" is, of course, a limited task. General Dawes and his associates made no attempt to discover immutable principles of social or international justice as such. They took for granted Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles, which asserts Germany's sole responsibility for the war. They assumed, therefore, that Germany should be made to pay any burden which could be placed upon her. It is an assumption which all Germany, and a growing number of historians outside Germany, reject; but it is the cornerstone of the political structure of Europe today. General Dawes made no attempt to develop a new Fourteen Points of things which ought to be; he regarded his task as to restore, not to create. He accepted the system which he found. If the German ironmasters were forcing their workers to give up the eight-hour and in some places the nine-hour day, and hiring them at rates which before the war would have been termed slaves' wages, that did not concern General Dawes. He found Europe in the hands of financiers, and he conceived his task to be to tell the financiers how they could get Europe back to work. If he succeeds in that it will be much for the moment.

There is some hope in the very fact that the success of the Dawes plan depends so largely upon the financiers. They have a longer and a wider vision than the petty crew of nationalist politicians who have made such a mess of things. If the plan is to succeed the Powers will, for a number of years, be turning to the international financiers for loans, and the financiers will not attempt to float the huge credits required unless they are convinced that the proposed system is economically sound. What they call "economic soundness" may mean a new kind of industrial slavery, but it is at least better than an era of new wars.

There are ingenious devices in the program which mere politicians would never have conceived, such as that providing for deposit of reparation payments, in marks, in a special account in the new gold bank, where they will be controlled by a group of Allied appointees. These gentlemen will then be assigned the interesting task of converting these German marks into Allied currency without depreciating Allied exchange, and if they fall too far behind in their conversions Germany may be granted a reduction.

They may find it difficult to keep up with German payments—and thereby teach the politicians a lesson. Another provision, the operation of which will interest economists, is that providing for an index of prosperity, based upon the total export trade, the increase in population, annual budget, railroad traffic, and consumption of sugar, tobacco, beer, and alcohol. If this index is above the average for a period of years the required payments may be raised. If it falls below they should certainly be reduced.

Ambiguous saving clauses are frequent, rephrasings obviously adopted for political reasons. There is the rub. It is all very well to say today that Germany can pay, with the aid of loans, \$250,000,000 the first year; \$305,000,000 the second year; \$300,000,000 the third year; \$437,000,000 the fourth year, and after 1928, \$625,000,000 a year. It may be feasible. No one—neither General Dawes nor Chancellor Marx nor M. Poincaré—knows. More is needed than a working basis; there must be a working spirit, a readiness to revise as times change.

Two immediate tests of Allied spirit may be suggested. First, are they willing now—or immediately after the French election—to establish a self-denying ordinance, fixing a maximum total for German payments? The Dawes committee was instructed not to go so far, but if Germany is to give the program the good-will and cooperation which it requires Germans must feel that there is a limit and that they are not slaves for all eternity. Second, are the French willing to abandon their occupation of the Ruhr? The report expressly stipulates that they must give up their separate economic control; will they renounce also the irritating military occupation? If the troops are not there to compel the execution of French economic regulations they can only be a symbol of sheer imperialism, and the French owe it to themselves and to the world to refute that suggestion. Will they?

Meanwhile, the report is a release, a relaxation, a new hope. The problem has not been solved, but a path leading in the right direction has been found.

Byron—Devil's Disciple

IN one respect at least Byron is a failure. A hundred years after his death respectable family newspapers are paying pious tribute to his memory and school-children are forced to read his poems that their minds and hearts may be improved. He who wished above everything else to be terrible is patted complacently on the head, and the reading of "Don Juan," once a thrilling sin, has become a pious duty. He has been dragged against his will into the company of respectable classics.

Wickedness like his has come to seem unimportant and his pose hopelessly old-fashioned. Our modern rebels boast not of immorality but of a super-morality and call themselves saints rather than sinners. It was not so with him. He attacked no standards, and proclaimed his allegiance to no higher ethos, but, accepting in principle the conventional code, he disregarded it and gloried in his conviction of sin. He admitted one praiseworthy trait, the championship of liberty, but that was merely a paradox and he was determined to leave, like his Corsair, a name "linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes." The world merely smiles.

Hardly more than a generation ago children could still

be frightened by the mention of his name, and Mrs. Stowe could make two continents gasp with a shocking story of incest. But so quickly did he and his wickedness cease to seem important that when, within the last two or three years, evidence was presented which seemed to prove beyond reasonable doubt the truth of the charge only a few scholars noted the fact. The man, as distinguished from his poetry, had ceased to seem much more important or terrible than the old-fashioned seducer with carefully waxed mustachios. The world had grown wiser; convention and the established order had come to see the feebleness of self-conscious wickedness and learned that the gods of things as they are have to fear not the sinner but the saint. The comfortable people of today quite wisely raise their clamor against those who are Devil's Disciples in the Shavian rather than in the Byronic sense, against the Gandhis and the Lenins, who, far above the theatrical trivialities of wickedness, give society genuine cause to tremble. In the course of a century the world has learned that it is not vice but virtue which has explosive force; and that is no unimportant lesson.

Byron as a person is no longer more important than his poetry. Neither time nor fashion can affect his power as a satirist, or his skill, unrivaled since Pope, in handling the verse form of the eighteenth-century masters. It is all very well for Shaw to exclaim pettishly that you cannot win an argument by simply telling a lie in heroic couplet; the truth is that you very nearly can, and that there is a finality in the neat click at the end of two sonorous lines which gives an unanswerable air that the satirist can hardly afford to do without. Fame awaits the poet who, schooled in "English Bards," can touch off contemporary follies with the picturesque impudence of lines like these:

Whet not your scythe, suppressors of our vice!
Reforming saints, too delicately nice!
By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave;
And beer undrawn and beards unmown, display
Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day.

There is something too in the heartiness of his voice from which contemporary poets might learn a more resounding vigor, a passion of more generous sweep, and the courage to tackle major themes. Miss Amy Lowell has recently raised a cry of alarm against the persistently minor strains of our newest poets and their concern only with subtle and esoteric emotions. Finickiness is a crime and Byron was never finicky. Poetry will never again be supremely important until it learns not only how to be subtle and refined but also how, upon the right occasion, to roar, forgetting decorum and sophistication and raising its voice until the rafters ring. And there is no better school of roaring than Byron's. No need where he is concerned to lower the lights and utter his verses in esoteric whispers. The louder he is shouted the better he sounds, and some of our poets might with profit gather together to practice their vocal chords upon him, shouting with all the strength of their lungs and with such exultant passion as they can muster, some glorious bit of ranting like the apostrophe to the storm:

And this is in the night: Most glorious night!
Thou wert not made for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!

Toward the Top of the World

SOMEWHERE up 18,000 feet or so on the snow and granite sides of Everest a party of men are fighting cold and driving sleet and thin-edged winds and utter, unending exhaustion in the hope of reaching the frigid summit of the world. In hourly danger of death they are crawling, gasping, struggling toward—what? A peak, smothered in cloud and blowing snow, surrounded by treacherous cliffs, and bathed in an icy air too thin for human lungs. If they reach that peak alive, they will cling for a moment, perhaps clasp one another's numbed fingers in brief congratulation, perhaps affix some sign to prove their victory, and then grope a slow perilous descent.

Such is man.

The second Everest expedition in the summer of 1922 made its base camp just below a monastery fourteen miles from the mountain. The members of the party went to pay their respects to the Lama, who was also the incarnation of a god. He was wise and charming and dignified. He welcomed the party with ceremony and courtesy, and then began to ask rather searching questions regarding the objects of the expedition. Why should the strangers desire to reach the summit of Mount Everest? Geoffrey Bruce, leader of the party, described his interview in these words:

It was very much easier to answer the Lama than it is to answer inquiries in England. The Tibetan Lama, especially of the better class, is certainly not a materialist. I was fortunately inspired to say that we regarded the whole expedition, and especially our attempt to reach the summit of Everest, as a pilgrimage. . . . These white lies were very well received, as was even my own less excusable one which I uttered to save myself from the dreadful imposition of having to drink Tibetan tea also sufficiently well received. I told the Lama . . . that I had sworn never to touch butter until I had arrived at the summit of Everest. A word about Tibetan tea: . . . It is churned up in a great churn with many other ingredients including salt, niter, and butter, and the butter is nearly invariably rancid. . . .

General Bruce's explanation of the assault on that fortress of ice and stone is as good as any well could be. It is a pilgrimage, and no one should be better fitted to understand its spirit than a Tibetan lama. Certainly sheer materialism, even of the best quality, will crumble and fail in the face of this supreme example of aspiration and effort. If there were only a pot of gold at the top of Everest—or a well of oil! Instead there is something to be found that only an explorer can wholly appreciate, or perhaps a lama.

The chronicle of that second expedition ends:

Our attack upon Mount Everest had failed. The great mountain with its formidable array of defensive weapons had won; but if the body had suffered, the spirit was still whole. Reaching a point whence we obtained our last close view of the great unconquered Goddess Mother of the Snows, Geoffrey Bruce bade his somewhat irreverent adieu with "Just you wait, old thing, you'll be for it soon!"

A verbal understanding of that rather obscure bit of British slang is not necessary to convey its thought and spirit. At this very moment the "old thing" is being assaulted anew by Geoffrey Bruce and his companions—hardy and valiant, foolish and wise, with nothing to goad them to their superhuman struggle but a high heart, and nothing to win but a light one.

New Morals for Old Styles in Ethics

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

IN all ages and nations positive morality has consisted almost wholly of prohibitions of various classes of actions, with the addition of a small number of commands to perform certain other actions. The Jews, for example, prohibited murder and theft, adultery and incest, the eating of pork and seething the kid in its mother's milk. To us the last two precepts may seem less important than the others, but religious Jews have observed them far more scrupulously than what seem to us fundamental principles of morality. South Sea Islanders could imagine nothing more utterly wicked than eating out of a vessel reserved for the use of the chief. My friend Dr. Brogan made a statistical investigation into the ethical valuations of undergraduates in certain American colleges. Most considered Sabbath-breaking more wicked than lying, and extra-conjugal sexual relations more wicked than murder. The Japanese consider disobedience to parents the most atrocious of crimes. I was once at a charming spot on the outskirts of Kioto with several Japanese socialists, men who were among the most advanced thinkers in the country. They told me that a certain well beside which we were standing was a favorite spot for suicides, which were very frequent. When I asked why so many occurred they replied that most were those of young people in love whose parents had forbidden them to marry. To my suggestion that perhaps it would be better if parents had less power they all returned an emphatic negative. To Dr. Brogan's undergraduates this power of Japanese parents to forbid love would seem monstrous, but the similar power of husbands or wives would seem a matter of course. Neither they nor the Japanese would examine the question rationally; both would decide unthinkingly on the basis of moral precepts learned in youth.

When we study in the works of anthropologists the moral precepts which men have considered binding in different times and places we find the most bewildering variety. It is quite obvious to any modern reader that most of these customs are absurd. The Aztecs held that it was a duty to sacrifice and eat enemies captured in war, since otherwise the light of the sun would go out. The Book of Leviticus enjoins that when a married man dies without children his brother shall marry the widow, and the first son born shall count as the dead man's son. The Romans, the Chinese, and many other nations secured a similar result by adoption. This custom originated in ancestor-worship; it was thought that the ghost would make himself a nuisance unless he had descendants (real or putative) to worship him. In India the remarriage of widows is traditionally considered something too horrible to contemplate. Many primitive races feel horror at the thought of marrying anyone belonging to one's own totem,

Bertrand Russell's article is the first of a series on modern sex relations and our changing moral standards by a group of writers—scientists, novelists, philosophers, and merely intelligent observers. The second article, by Elsie Clews Parsons, will discuss Changes in Sex Relations.

though there may be only the most distant blood-relationship. After studying these various customs it begins at last to occur to the reader that possibly the customs of his own age and nation are not eternal, divine ordinances, but are susceptible of change, and even, in some respects, of improvement. Books such as Westermarck's "History of Human Marriage" or Müller-Lyer's "Phasen der Liebe," which relate in a scientific spirit the marriage customs that have existed and the reasons which have led to their growth and decay, produce evidence which must convince

any rational mind that our own customs are sure to change and that there is no reason to expect a change to be harmful. It thus becomes impossible to cling to the position of many who are earnest advocates of political reform and yet hold that reform in our moral precepts is not needed. Moral precepts, like everything else, can be improved, and the true reformer will be as open-minded in regard to them as in regard to other matters.

Müller-Lyer, from the point of view of family institutions, divides the history of civilization into three periods—the clan period, the family period, and the personal period. Of these the last is only now beginning; the other two are each divided into three stages—early, middle, and late. He shows that sexual and family ethics have at all times been dominated by economic considerations; hunting, pastoral, agricultural, and industrial tribes or nations have each their own special kinds of institutions. Economic causes determine whether a tribe will practice polygamy, polyandry, group marriage, or monogamy, and whether monogamy will be lifelong or dissoluble. Whatever the prevailing practice in a tribe it is thought to be the only one compatible with virtue, and all departures from it are regarded with moral horror. Owing to the force of custom it may take a long time for institutions to adapt themselves to economic circumstances; the process of adaptation may take centuries. Christian sexual ethics, according to this author, belong to the middle-family period; the personal period, now beginning, has not yet been embodied in the laws of most Christian countries, and even the late-family period, since it admits divorce under certain circumstances, involves an ethic to which the church is usually opposed.

Müller-Lyer suggests a general law to the effect that where the state is strong the family is weak and the position of women is good, whereas where the state is weak the family is strong and the position of women is bad. It is of course obvious that where the family is strong the position of women must be bad, and vice versa, but the connection of these with the strength or weakness of the state is less obvious, though probably in the main no less true. Traditional China and Japan afforded good instances. In

both the state was much weaker than in modern Europe, the family much stronger, and the position of women much worse. It is true that in modern Japan the state is very strong, yet the family also is strong and the position of women is bad; but this is a transitional condition. The whole tendency in Japan is for the family to grow weaker and the position of women to grow better. This tendency encounters grave difficulties. I met in Japan only one woman who appeared to be what we should consider emancipated in the West—she was charming, beautiful, high-minded, and prepared to make any sacrifice for her principles. After the earthquake in Tokio the officer in charge of the forces concerned in keeping order in the district where she lived seized her and the man with whom she lived in a free union and her twelve-year-old nephew, whom he believed to be her son; he took them to the police station and there murdered them by slow strangulation, taking about ten minutes over each except the boy. In his account of the matter he stated that he had not had much difficulty with the boy, because he had succeeded in making friends with him on the way to the police station. The boy was an American citizen. At the funeral, the remains of all three were seized by armed reactionaries and destroyed, with the passive acquiescence of the police. The question whether the murderer deserved well of his country is now set in schools, half the children answering affirmatively. We have here a dramatic confrontation of middle-family ethics with personal ethics. The officer's views were those of feudalism, which is a middle-family system; his victims' views were those of the nascent personal period. The Japanese state, which belongs to the late-family period, disapproved of both.

The middle-family system involves cruelty and persecution. The indissolubility of marriage results in appalling misery for the wives of drunkards, sadists, and brutes of all kinds, as well as great unhappiness for many men and the unedifying spectacle of daily quarrels for the unfortunate children of ill-assorted couples. It involves also an immense amount of prostitution, with its inevitable consequence of widespread venereal disease. It makes marriage, in most cases, a matter of financial bargain between parents, and virtually proscribes love. It considers sexual intercourse always justifiable within marriage, even if no mutual affection exists. It is impossible to be too thankful that this system is nearly extinct in the Western nations (except France). But it is foolish to pretend that this ideal held by the Catholic church and in some degree by most Protestant churches is a lofty one. It is intolerant, gross, cruel, and hostile to all the best potentialities of human nature. Nothing is gained by continuing to pay lip-service to this musty Moloch.

The American attitude on marriage is curious. America, in the main, does not object to easy divorce laws, and is tolerant of those who avail themselves of them. But it holds that those who live in countries where divorce is difficult or impossible ought to submit to hardships from which Americans are exempt, and deserve to be held up to obloquy if they do not do so. An interesting example of this attitude was afforded by the treatment of Gorki when he visited the United States.

There are two different lines of argument by which it is possible to attack the general belief that there are universal absolute rules of moral conduct, and that any one who infringes them is wicked. One line of argument

emerges from the anthropological facts which we have already considered. Broadly speaking the views of the average man on sexual ethics are those appropriate to the economic system existing in the time of his great-grandfather. Morality has varied as economic systems have varied, lagging always about three generations behind. As soon as people realize this they find it impossible to suppose that the particular brand of marriage customs prevailing in their own age and nation represents eternal verities, whereas all earlier and later marriage customs, and all those prevailing in other latitudes and longitudes, are vicious and degraded. This shows that we ought to be prepared for changes in marriage customs, but does not tell us what changes we ought to desire.

The second line of argument is more positive and more important. Popular morality—including that of the churches, though not that of the great mystics—lays down rules of conduct rather than ends of life. The morality that ought to exist would lay down ends of life rather than rules of conduct. Christ says: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"; this lays down one of the ends of life. The Decalogue says: "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath Day"; this lays down a rule of action. Christ's conduct to the woman taken in adultery showed the conflict between love and moral rules. All his priests, down to our own day, have gone directly contrary to his teachings on this point, and have shown themselves invariably willing to cast the first stone. The belief in the importance of rules of conduct is superstitious; what is important is to care for good ends. A good man is a man who cares for the happiness of his relations and friends, and, if possible, for that of mankind in general, or, again, a man who cares for art and science. Whether such a man obeys the moral rules laid down by the Jews thousands of years ago is quite unimportant. Moreover a man may obey all these rules and yet be extremely bad.

Let us take some illustrations. I have a friend, a high-minded man, who has taken part in arduous and dangerous enterprises of great public importance and is almost unbelievably kind in all his private relations. This man has a wife who is a dipsomaniac, who has become imbecile, and has to be kept in an institution. She cannot divorce him because she is imbecile; he cannot divorce her because she affords him no ground for divorce. He does not consider himself morally bound to her and is therefore, from a conventional point of view, a wicked man. On the other hand a man who is perpetually drunk, who kicks his wife when she is pregnant, and begets ten imbecile children, is not generally regarded as particularly wicked. A business man who is generous to all his employees but falls in love with his stenographer is wicked; another who bullies his employees but is faithful to his wife is virtuous. This attitude is rank superstition, and it is high time that it was got rid of.

Sexual morality, freed from superstition, is a simple matter. Fraud and deceit, assault, seduction of persons under age, are proper matters for the criminal law. Relations between adults who are free agents are a private matter, and should not be interfered with either by the law or by public opinion, because no outsider can know whether they are good or bad. When children are involved the state becomes interested to the extent of seeing that they are properly educated and cared for, and it ought to insure that the father does his duty by them in the way of

maintenance. But neither the state nor public opinion ought to insist on the parents living together if they are incompatible; the spectacle of parents' quarrels is far worse for children than the separation of the parents could possibly be.

The ideal to be aimed at is not life-long monogamy enforced by legal or social penalties. The ideal to be aimed at is that all sexual intercourse should spring from the free impulse of both parties, based upon mutual inclination and nothing else. At present a woman who sells herself successively to different men is branded as a prostitute, whereas a woman who sells herself for life to one rich man whom she does not love becomes a respected society leader. The one is exactly as bad as the other. The individual should not be condemned in either case; but the institutions producing the individual's action should be condemned equally in both cases. The cramping of love by institutions is one of the major evils of the world. Every person who allows himself to think that an adulterer must be

wicked adds his stone to the prison in which the source of poetry and beauty and life is incarcerated by "priests in black gowns."

Perhaps there is not, strictly speaking, any such thing as "scientific" ethics. It is not the province of science to decide on the ends of life. Science can show that an ethic is unscientific, in the sense that it does not minister to any desired end. Science also can show how to bring the interest of the individual into harmony with that of society. We make laws against theft, in order that theft may become contrary to self-interest. We might, on the same ground, make laws to diminish the number of imbecile children born into the world. There is no evidence that existing marriage laws, particularly where they are very strict, serve any social purpose; in this sense we may say that they are unscientific. But to proclaim the ends of life, and make men conscious of their value, is not the business of science; it is the business of the mystic, the artist, and the poet.

Russia, China, and Mr. Hughes

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

YOU would mind the frequent stupidity and insularity of American foreign policy less if their results were confined to ourselves. Why shouldn't we stand responsible for the kind of government we ourselves select? But the results as often as not go beyond our own borders and affect others. Witness recent Russo-Chinese relations.

After long negotiation China and Russia succeeded in reaching an agreement on a treaty of resumption of relations. China recognized the Soviet Government on the one hand and Russia waived extraterritoriality and other special privileges for Russians living in China. Also agreement was reached on the future administration of the Chinese Eastern Railway, the Russian-owned road on Chinese soil, and on other questions at issue. The treaty had been signed by commissioners representing the two countries, who were acting with the full knowledge of their respective governments. Ratification was held to be a matter of routine. Then something happened. China suddenly refused to ratify, Russia became imperious and threatening, negotiations were broken off entirely, and the two countries are back where they were at the beginning.

Why? It is clear that the direct responsibility is China's. But why should China suddenly change its mind at the last minute? The reasons are numerous and mixed, but the principal one is cold feet. And that which more than anything else superinduced the chill, I believe, was the temperature of Mr. Hughes. The State Department may make solemn and official denials of the reports that it formally protested against China's recognition of Russia and it does make them. The State Department's files may be free and doubtless are free from any records showing such protest. But the State Department's conscience is not so easily cleared.

Since the end of the World War it has been evident to all thinking Chinese and unprejudiced foreigners in China that China and Russia must come to a definite renewal of relations based on an entirely new restatement. They are neighbors. Their frontiers are contiguous over a broad

stretch of Asia. There are old concessions involved. Russian White Guards, Red Guards, and refugees of no color are on China's territory. There is the Chinese Eastern Railway, the status of which has been indeterminate since the war and cannot be determined until diplomatic relations are reestablished. Furthermore, there has always been a large trade between the two countries, a trade both of them sorely needed, especially after the war.

To America Russian recognition may be an occasion for the exhibition of cant and the play of peanut politics. We are thousands of miles from Russia, our diplomatic relations are casual, our economic interests are not vital and, such as they are, in the main are concerned with oil, financial concessions, and other matters not pleasant to the sensitive nostril. So we can afford to indulge our Red mirages, our infantile propaganda, our ignorance, and our sillinesses. They do us little harm, except in the disesteem they inspire in intelligent Europeans. Not so with the Chinese, however. It is a vital question for them. They have much to gain by recognition and more to lose from Russian hostility. Until Japan loomed large on the political horizon Russia was the most important country in the world to China and the focal point of its foreign relations. This has changed only by a degree since then.

The Russians made approaches to China soon after the armistice. They came with tempting offers. They announced their willingness to cancel the old imperial treaties whereby Russia had wrested concessions and territory from China, and to start afresh on terms of equality. It was the first time such an offer had been made to China since it had become an object of prey to European Powers. China had for the first time also an opportunity to recover part of what it had lost in the period of grab at the end of the nineteenth century. It had everything to gain and nothing to lose.

China was tempted, but it did not fall. It did not resume diplomatic relations with Russia, it did not even negotiate. It did not dare to. The great Powers forbade. They informed China that the opening of discussions with the

outlawed Reds would be looked upon with disfavor. China, knowing by experience what diplomatic disfavor entailed, refrained. France, Japan, and Great Britain made themselves heard; so also the United States. Not by any dispatch in writing which inquisitive senatorial eyes might examine, but by a few confidential words spoken in Peking. Chinese cabinet ministers have learned to take hints. Most diplomatic communications to China have been of the kind that is best communicated in hints.

So because it didn't please those countries whose regard for China's welfare has traditionally been shown by their readiness to take pieces of it, China had to forego its advantage. And thus the situation remained until a short time ago. Chinese fear of Europe now is no longer what it used to be. The Powers are too much occupied with one another. Besides, Russia has been admitted to speaking acquaintance with respectable international society. Negotiations were therefore formally opened, culminating in the agreement of a few weeks ago. Then at the last minute China backed out again. While domestic politics and personal jealousies also entered, the determining factor was again the attitude of the foreign Powers.

It is openly charged, not only by Russia, that the countries that intervened were France, Japan, and the United States. France as usual was outspoken. It made a frank protest, based on its claims on the Chinese Eastern Railway, which I shall discuss later. Japan's action is not clear and seems to have been indirectly applied, through factional politics. Japan's desire is to keep Russia and China apart until it is able to come to terms with Russia itself. It can make a better deal that way. Japan, too, has claims on the Chinese Eastern Railway, which runs through Northern Manchuria, next to Japan's Manchurian preserves. One of the primary motives of Japan's now defunct Siberian expedition was to get a lasting hold on the Chinese Eastern. America's part is still less clear and even more indirect, but none the less a factor.

Let it be said at once that it cannot be proved that the United States Government did make formal protest. But there is moral certainty that it made its influence felt just as decisively as if it had. In diplomacy it is not always necessary to put desires into words. The world has had frequent opportunity to learn the American Government's attitude toward Soviet Russia. It has had occasion only recently to learn that Mr. Hughes, outraged by the immoralities of the Bolsheviki who rule Russia, as contradistinguished from the austere virtues of the Government in which he has been a cabinet secretary for three years, will have none of Russian contamination. China is well aware of that. So is Mr. Schurman, the American minister to China. It was not necessary for Mr. Hughes to cable Mr. Schurman that he did not approve of Russia and to tell China so. Nor was it necessary for Mr. Schurman to convey to the Peking Government in writing his knowledge of Mr. Hughes's policy, which would go on Foreign Office records. A conversation at tea, a casual meeting in the Hotel de Pekin, a word through a third person would suffice. It was done in that manner the last time China wanted to recognize Russia. I have seen things done in that manner more than once in Peking. There is more than theoretical ground for saying it was done so this time.

China would be influenced in two ways. First, America is traditionally China's "friend." This friendship may at times appear to be more vocal than active—and Americans

are never reticent in reminding Chinese of their benevolence—but it is a tradition and traditions are as potent as realities. China would hesitate to go flatly counter to a known American policy. Second, the present Chinese foreign minister is Dr. Wellington Koo. Dr. Koo was for years Chinese minister to the United States. There is also a tradition that he has miraculous powers that win American favors for China. At any rate, his career is founded on this tradition. He has been able in this way to "sell" himself to China. Nor can it be denied that he does understand American newspaper sentiment and political practice better than any other official Chinese. At any rate, Dr. Koo would hesitate even more to be responsible for any act counter to State Department policies and therefore calculated to make him less *persona grata* to the Department. And it is known further that before Dr. Koo consented to accept his present portfolio he consulted with Mr. Schurman. He would take a hint easily. I believe he did.

The French on their side have a more tangible form of pressure. They have not yet ratified all the treaties concluded at the Washington Conference, especially the one permitting China to increase its tariff rate by a 2½ per cent. The Chinese sorely need the added revenue and they cannot get it until France agrees. France therefore has a weapon. France's motive is something more than the general policy of ostracizing Russia until the Soviet Government comes to terms on the old loans to the Czarist Government. Principally it is concerned with what is most at stake in Chinese-Russian relations, namely, the Chinese Eastern Railway. This line, the Manchurian link of the Trans-Siberian Railway, was built by the Russians on Chinese territory subsequent to an agreement between the Chinese Government and the Russo-Asiatic Bank, nominally a private Russian enterprise but actually and admittedly the Russian Government. Theoretically also the railway was to be a joint Chinese-Russian enterprise, with a certain voice allowed to the Chinese Government, but actually it was exclusively Russian, the Czarist Government having later appropriated the sovereign right of keeping military guards on the territory through which the road ran.

Russia, of course, had not the money to build the railway. As usual it borrowed from France. On this ground the French now base their claim to disposal of the line or at least to an injunction restraining the Chinese from doing what they wish about it. This is oversimplified, because the French claim is stated in more legal terms, but substantially this is it. The Chinese, of course, hold that the contract on which the line was built was exclusively between themselves and Russia and any separate and coincidental loan agreement between Russia and France was an entirely independent transaction, has nothing whatever to do with the railway, and does not affect China in the least. The original agreement provided that the line would ultimately revert to China and that China could buy it back at a stated period; it made no mention or condition of French mortgages. Nor does anybody impartial pretend to see any legality in the French position or to see anything else than a diplomatic maneuver. But France is a great military Power, China is not and France has a weapon to use.

So the Chinese Eastern Railway remains a dangling prize for the most unscrupulous grabber. Russo-Chinese agreement would settle the status of the road: restore it to a really joint Chinese-Russian administration until China is able to buy it by repaying the cost of construction to Rus-

sia. But that is exactly what is not desired by those who have other motives.

While the situation is in a state of flux France has something to bargain off against Moscow, Japan keeps a finger in the North Manchurian pie—and America? Well, observe the recent big American loans to Japan. If Japan could keep a finger in the pie and Japan had big enough obligations to the biggest American banking interests, Japan might be willing or compelled to share the pie. And the Chinese Eastern is the key to more than Northern Manchuria. It also runs through soil rich in natural resources and it can be a terrible sword against Russia in the hands of

any more aggressive and militaristic Power than China.

So while we sign Four Power treaties to preserve the peace of the Far East and make lofty talk about emancipating China, we hold China on a short string when it comes to important matters and keep alive all the embers that always have smoldered in the Far East. And none less than America, for all our pious talk. Partly because our "idealism" never blinds us to the main chance, and partly because we have to satisfy our cant about international morality in other and less reactionary nations, and partly because our foreign policy is nearly always provincial and always adolescent.

The Trial of a Communist Bank President

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Moscow, March 10

A FEW months ago Alexander Krasnoschokov could easily have been reckoned among Russia's fifty leading Communists. Behind him was a distinguished record of revolutionary service as president of the Far Eastern Republic during the period of civil war and Japanese intervention. An equally distinguished career, if in a different field, seemed to open up before him in the future. As president of the Commercial and Industrial Bank he had a powerful voice in the financing of the Russian industries. In addition to his work with the bank he was Russian representative of the RAIC, the organization formed under the auspices of the Almagamated Clothing Workers for the purpose of assisting the Russian clothing industry with capital and technical advice, and head of a corporation designed to foster commercial aviation in Russia. At a time when economic reconstruction took precedence over everything else in Russia he seemed to be one of the most vigorous and enterprising of the Russian *hozaestvenniki*, or industrial administrators.

Today this same Krasnoschokov is a broken man. Removed from his office and sentenced to six years in prison for alleged financial irregularities in connection with the management of the bank, his reputation is blasted and his political career in Russia is irrevocably ended. The story of his fall illustrates quite vividly some of the complex ethical problems that are bound to come up in a country where Communists are attempting to operate a capitalist economic system and where the line between what is prescribed by communism and what is permitted to capitalism is rather faintly drawn.

Last year Krasnoschokov was an example constantly cited by people who were disposed to point out, with sorrow or with malicious joy, the demoralizing effect of the NEP upon the morale of individual Communists. Other *hozaestvenniki* may have offended equally in the matter of luxurious and extravagant living; but no leading Communist seems to have yielded to the temptations of the flesh quite as frankly and ostentatiously as did Krasnoschokov. His blooded horses, his luxurious summer villa, his elaborate wine parties in the most expensive restaurants of Moscow and Petrograd became matters of common gossip. This style of living would not, perhaps, have excited surprise in the case of an American bank president; but it was obviously inconsistent with the very modest salaries which the Soviet Government pays even its highest officials.

Krasnoschokov's brother, Jacob, was a flourishing building contractor and speculator in Moscow, and carried out many transactions through the Prombank, the institution of which his brother was president. Ugly rumors began to get afloat about the relations between the two brothers. Alexander Krasnoschokov was warned several times against his mode of living by various party organs, but he was confident of his prestige in the highest government circles and dismissed all warnings and remonstrances with contempt.

His fall came with dramatic suddenness. Early in the autumn both he and his brother were arrested by the Gay-Pay-Oo, or political police, and Kubashev, head of the Workers' and Peasants' Inspection, an auditing and supervising body that watches over the various state institutions, declared that serious malpractices had been discovered in the administration of the bank. Several bank employees were also arrested in connection with the case.

After a long interval the trial of the Krasnoschokov brothers and of the four accused bank employees opened on March 4 in the Supreme Court of the republic. The small courtroom was crowded with spectators, for wild rumors about the amount and extent of Krasnoschokov's defalcations had been in circulation ever since his arrest. Indifferent oil paintings of Lenin and Trotzky, the former extremely intense, the latter very fiery, looked down on the scene. On a raised dais at one end of the room sat the chief judge, Solz, a short thick-set man with bushy iron-gray hair. He has a reputation for severity and belongs to the Central Control Committee of the Communist Party. He was flanked by the two assistant judges. One of them, Sakharova, was a woman, a former Petrograd textile worker; and her pale, somewhat ascetic face suggested the quality of steeled, austere fanaticism that one comes to associate with the comparatively few Russian Communist women.

To the left of the judges sat the prosecutor, Krilenko, a slight, wiry man, with tense face muscles and something of the air of a hunter ready to spring upon his prey. "He hates and despises everyone who is not a thoroughgoing Communist," someone whispered, referring to the prosecutor.

The prisoners sat in a row on a bench on the opposite side of the room from Krilenko. Alexander Krasnoschokov, alone among them, had an interesting face. All the others looked like the speculators one sees in Moscow hawking

foreign currencies illegally and keeping a watchful eye on the nearest policeman. Krasnoschokov, by contrast, stood out as a personality to be reckoned with. His face, somewhat lined and worn, was strong, shrewd, and thoughtful. His bearing was cool, resolute, self-possessed. He made the impression of an ambitious, intelligent man, suddenly tripped up by what he must have regarded as an unaccountable and unreasonable outburst of fanaticism, but determined to make the best possible fight in his own defense.

Krasnoschokov and Krilenko seemed to embody two different phases of the revolution, the canny practicality of the Nepman pitted against the pure, pitiless, idealistic fanaticism of the earlier period. Russia is steadily being made over more and more in the spirit of Krasnoschokov; but in the courtroom the spirit of the desperate, hungry years of terror and military communism seemed again temporarily in the ascendant.

The case opened with the reading of the indictment by the woman clerk of the court in a dry, uninflected voice. The indictment filled seventy-two typewritten pages; and the reading took two or three hours. From a legalistic standpoint the indictment was a curious document. Charges of favoritism in granting preferential interest rates to his brother's private corporation and of misappropriating small amounts of the bank's funds for his personal use were jumbled up with more or less personal details about what the Russians would call his "broad living," about his revels with gipsies and his dinners with a notorious Moscow gambler.

In the evening Krasnoschokov took the stand in his own defense. He had little difficulty in focusing the attention of the spectators upon his personality and his life story, for both were distinctly out of the ordinary. Born in southern Russia he had gone into the revolutionary movement along with his younger brother, who was hanged in the course of the 1905 revolution. Both brothers at one time fled to America, where Alexander lived for many years, working as a paper-hanger, studying law during his free nights, conducting a labor school in Chicago. Returning to Russia by way of Siberia in 1917, he stopped in Vladivostok and soon became a leading figure in the Far Eastern revolutionary movement. He was president of the Far Eastern Republic and when the intervention came a price was set on his head and he was hunted like a wolf by the Whites and the Japanese. Krasnoschokov availed himself of his revolutionary past in the most skilful and intelligent fashion. He brought out its essential features clearly without wearying the audience with too many details or too much sentimentality. And finally he led up, almost inevitably, to the contrast between his long revolutionary career and the petty financial favors which he was supposed to have shown his brother. "After all those years of struggle and sacrifice would I be likely to be corrupted in such a pitiful manner?" he asked.

As both the prosecution and the defense developed their evidence it became more and more clear that this was not an ordinary case of more corrupt maladministration. The rumors that Krasnoschokov had somehow absconded with hundreds of thousands of dollars were exploded. The dubious transactions with his brother's firm were shown to have involved no actual loss to the bank in the shape of non-payment of obligations, although the prosecution claimed that the bank should have made a few thousand dollars more by charging higher interest rates. Krasnoschokov was also

shown to have appropriated for his personal use sums estimated at \$10,000, which were designed for other operating expenses of the bank. In view of the disparity between the "broad living" of many other officials and their meager salaries it is difficult to believe that misappropriation of this kind was peculiar to Krasnoschokov. On the other hand, his administration of the bank, as was conceded by the prosecution, had been distinctly successful. During the comparatively short period of its existence the bank had increased its capital many times over, besides earning more than a million dollars of clear profit.

The final duel between prosecution and defense centered largely about the issue whether violations of Communist ethics should be considered legal offenses. "I do not defend my client as a Communist," said Chlenov, Krasnoschokov's eloquent lawyer. "He did not always live up to Communist standards of conduct. But you cannot try a man in a civil court for ethical offenses. For that purpose you have a party code of discipline and party courts."

But Krilenko would not admit this distinction. "Our revolutionary justice erases the distinction between ethics and written law," he declared in his harsh, metallic voice. "Just because Krasnoschokov had such a distinguished revolutionary past, just because the party reposed so much confidence in him, his treason before the party and the soviet power is all the greater."

After five days of exacting examination and cross-examination the case drew to an end on March 8. Early in the evening the judges withdrew to discuss the verdict. Shortly after midnight Krasnoschokov and the other prisoners were brought into the courtroom. The air of cool self-possession which he maintained throughout the trial did not desert him at the end. Smoking a pipe he talked and joked with his companions and his lawyers. But there were times when the conversation flagged and Krasnoschokov looked thoughtfully before him into space. One wondered what occupied his mind in those moments of reflection and suspense. Did he recall the years of obscure exile in America, the thrilling days in the Far East, or the period of intoxicating power and luxury in Moscow?

Perhaps he thought of the Communist Party, that extraordinary, disciplined machine, impersonal as fate, ruthless as an Oriental despot in the pursuit of its aims. The party had raised him to high positions, had given free scope to his energy and organizing talents. Then, just as coolly and deliberately, it hurled him down, when he seemed the logical scapegoat to offer up in order to appease the outcry of the workers and the rank-and-file Communists against the high-living *hozaestvenniki*. Krasnoschokov must have known the party and its workings too well to have expected mercy after its powerful machinery of destruction had been set in motion against him. At 5:30 in the morning the judges returned and announced their verdict: six years in prison for Krasnoschokov, three years for his brother, lighter sentences for the minor figures in the case.

It was a victory of the stricter, more idealistic Communist spirit over the corrupting tendencies of the NEP. Krasnoschokov had much of the spirit of the hustling, free-living, energetic, unscrupulous entrepreneurs who "developed" America, more or less at the public expense, after the Civil War. His spectacular fall was a plain warning that Russia, even under the NEP, is not reconciled to such excesses of individualism on the part of its captains of industry and finance.

Pictures of "The Patch"

By VERA EDELSTADT

The Picnic

MRS. SWOBODA jerked the washtub hurriedly into a corner. A wing of soapy water flew up in protest, then flapped helplessly to the floor. It was eleven o'clock; she dared not work any longer. She would have to finish Mrs. Clarke's laundry at night.

Anna sang happily through her long, thin nose as she helped her mother with the younger children.

"Today's the picnic, the picnic," she rejoiced over and over again. Anna had been to a club picnic before and all the year she had kept on recalling the happy incidents of it. As she conjured up the magic pictures of grassy hills and boat-rides, wonderful things to eat and exciting games to play, the children's thin, taut bodies would relax and their mean, screwed-up little faces would soften. Her mother's eyes, staring dully through the steam, would brighten with thoughts that were not of dirty clothes. And now they were all going to the picnic together. For a week the small world around the washtub had been garrulous with excitement, making plans for the holiday.

At first Mrs. Swoboda had held sullenly back. What business did folks like them have to think of picnics? But finally the enthusiasm of her children had kindled memories of her own youth—memories of happy times with carefree friends in another country; holidays that meant dancing in the fields. . . . It had all been so long ago it seemed as though this woman whose present life was composed only of babies and work and never-ending fatigue had not even the right to recall those other days. Yet her memory once stirred would not so quickly go back to the long sleep from which it had been roused. She remembered an orchard in the spring, where the happy rays of the morning sun stole among the blossom-crustured branches. And a deep-rooted longing pressed her to see wide spaces of green grass, to see the rich bark of a tree silhouetted against a clear blue sky.

With Joey in her arms and Marushka running at her side, she hurried after Anna, who had taken the two boys ahead with her. Finally, breaking into a half run, she dragged Marushka, hanging limply by one arm like a rag doll, until she was able to draw her tiny feet up under her again and catch her step.

Around the corner a happy crowd would be gathered; automobiles would be waiting; she would sit down and rest. Her nerves, stretched ready to snap, were crying out for that relaxation.

Around the corner, in the middle of the sidewalk, stood Anna, her lips drawn back from her big teeth in blank stupidity, her bulging eyes swimming in the tears that were still too surprised to drop. Franek stood staring down the empty street contemplating the enigma with the wide eyes of a clay image.

Andrew, catching sight of his mother rounding the corner, ran to meet her with the accusation that was as fierce as his sobbing would permit: "They're gone, they're all gone already. You're always slow like that," he cried bitterly.

The pain in the boy's face caused the roots of her hair to freeze before his words had conveyed their awful meaning to her brain. She longed to gather her unhappy children in her arms and cry with them—cry in protest to that small strip of vibrant blue that smiled down on their disappointment.

The baby twisted fitfully in her arms and Marushka's thin voice rose in a sudden wail. Riveting the baby against her breast with a tense arm, she leaned over and with the back of her free hand struck sharply at the small wet face at her side. "Keep still," she commanded, her own voice sharpened by the sense of her futility.

"It's all your fault," Andrew dared, and the feverish light in his eyes pierced their mist as the morning sun pierces the dew. He dropped his head to the protection of a lifted shoulder as his mother took a quick step toward him, but it was an unnecessary precaution. Her hand fell back before it was half raised.

"Yes, picnics, picnics," she muttered, and grasping Marushka's reluctant arm she trudged back toward home.

At the corner she stopped a moment and glanced back. Those were her children standing there round-shouldered and dejected beside the blank windows of the club, their eyes fastened apathetically on the far end of the deserted street. Two tears hesitated a moment in the dark hollows above her cheekbones. She shook them down with a jerk of her gaunt head.

Across the street a well dressed woman, obviously alien to the Patch, attracted by the sobbing of Marushka, stopped to stare at the old-young mother who could remain so indifferent to a child's breaking heart.

Mrs. Swoboda became suddenly aware of the gaze of scorn trained on her. All the bitterness, all the resentment that had struggled, inarticulate, within her, now flowed into the clenching of a fist that she shook at the frightened woman. Then, as if she had in some measure settled her score with society, she took the child's hand again and hurried home to her washtub.

Americanization

Faces, sounds, gestures, all floated in an eerie mist before her frightened eyes. This was the court, this the day that would perhaps take the food from the mouths of her children. Her body was so tense that the blood pounded in her constricted veins.

The judge was talking in a thick monotonous voice, and she could not keep her mind on what he was saying. In her brain were burning the words of the Official Notice: "Unless you take out your second citizenship papers by March 17, 1919, your widow's pension will be discontinued."

It had not been easy to keep up her family on the pittance she had received; yet what would happen to them without it? It all depended upon her now. She remembered Franek's pinched, earnest face as, night after night, he had helped her hold a pen and make impossible curving, twisting marks—his childish words of encouragement during the nerve-racking task of tracing a signature. Her

heart sickened at the memory of the grotesque lines that writhed in the darkness of sleepless nights.

If only the judge would give her the pen now and let her put them on paper, the whole thing would be over.

He had stopped talking. He was waiting for her to say something.

"Who was the first President of the United States?" he repeated in an irritated tone.

She could see Franek watching her anxiously. The muscles in her throat tightened—a half laugh, half cry tore itself from her pale lips and a leering blackness rose to embrace her. . . .

The Boss-Lady

"It's my paper an' you gotta give it to me," Helen pulled irritably at the bent forms stooping over her newspaper. But the gossipers on the bakery stairs continued to gaze fascinated at the picture of the woman they all knew.

"It stands in this paper that she only killed twelve."

"In our paper it stands twenty."

"No, it don't. Twelve only are killed yet, the rest are still sick."

"Gee, I'd be afraid to kill so many people."

"You-gotta-give-me-my-paper," cried Helen, this time emphasizing her demand with a few nervous punches at the maddening calico backs.

"Here, Stingy, take your old paper. Here comes Ginka anyways. She knows all about it because it's her Boss-Lady."

The cramped knot of girls untangled as if by magic, and formed a flying line to the slight figure coming toward them.

"Of course she's our Boss-Lady," this with a proud head held high. "Gee wiz, we lived in her house this is the second year already. She's rich. She's got two properties; but my Ma don't care, she don't like her anyways."

Eager faces were strained to catch the precious words that fell from the lips of one so closely connected with "her."

Ginka's eyes glistened and she drew a deep breath as she prepared to toss out an unexpected pearl.

"Yes, an' I seen her *cousin* lots o' times too." While an exclamation of surprise went the rounds, she took another deep breath and summed up her material. "How b-e-w-diful is she, and such a nice house has she got—everything crocheted, the bedspreads 'n' everything. She had somebody to do all her work for her. She didn't do nothin' but crochet all day. She had to move all the time though. Every time she killed a husband then she moved in another street and got another one."

"Your Boss-Lady killed only one husband, though, didn't she?" Helen interrupted, feeling it her duty to bring the conversation back to the lady who was beginning to be overshadowed by her more illustrious cousin.

"Yeah, but our Boss-Lady ain't pretty; everybody laughs on her. Her new husband called all kinda names on her in the yard; he's so mean; an' she was sorry then why she killed the first one fer him. He was such a nice man. The kids didn't have to steal when he was livin'—not so much. An' how bad did she treat him! Even ammonia she gave him when he was sick already from the poison."

"Did you see the p'lice come to fetch her?"

"Naw, she wasn't home; she went to work right away. But they took my brother from the yard to show where she was workin'. They took her without no coat, and so *dirty*—when she was eatin' just."

Here Ginka's small nose wrinkled up and she sniffed her disapproval of such impropriety.

"The whole yard went to the trial; but her children don't care is she gonna hang or not. Martin found some money in her mattress and now he's paintin' the house like new, and Anna, the oldest girl, she takes the rents."

"Do yuh think they're gonna hang her?"

"Naw," she smiled indulgently at such ignorance. "Naw, they can't hang her. There is such a law in this country that you can't hang ladies, only men. But just the same, my Ma thinks they ought to hang her. My Ma says it's terrible to kill yer husband with *rat* poison."

Earnest faces, impressed for the first time with the gravity of the crime, nodded solemn assent. Then suddenly the jarring clang of the near-by bells sent the young jury flying home with its breakfast rolls.

The Church Bells

The priest's servant gave her a chair. The priest himself would not be down until four. Mrs. Habina clasped a small purse in her cold red hands. Dry-eyed she sat and thought.

Now that Julie was dead she would have to work nights again, but all the money that she had had in the mattress she had used to give Julie a nice funeral. She looked like an angel in her white satin dress and flowers on the coffin. Everything had been arranged already—everything but the church bells. In the excitement Mrs. Habina had forgotten to allow for them. . . .

As she groped her way down the dim hall, hot tears charred her sight. The priest's words ached in her brain.

"Five dollars to walk beside the coffin to church, and one dollar a ring for the bells."

She had counted the money many times—just one dollar and forty-eight cents left. No priest to walk beside Julie's coffin to the church—and the bells—a sob caught in her throat. One whole ring and one short one was all he could give her.

Anelka

Anelka lay crumpled up in a little heap in the alley. She sobbed bitterly. A dull pain was eating its way through her foot. She dared not look to see what had happened. With a vile curse the teamster had given one glance over his shoulder and driven on.

Jimmy had run screaming for her mother.

"Anelka's runned over, Anelka's runned over."

Anelka pictured the look of anguish on her mother's face and a warm satisfaction flowed into her aching heart. Her mother scarcely had time for showing much tenderness. What she had she gave to Antziu, the youngest of the seven.

She was in her mother's arms now. Her mother did love her—she had kissed her forehead. Anelka clung tightly to the thin neck.

"Really I'm sick this time, Mamasha," she pleaded. "Will you take me in the feather-bed with you?"

Is It McAdieu?

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

SOME say it is. They hope so, and they like their joke. Disposing of McAdoo, however, turns out to require more than jocularly.

Out in the noble region west of the Mississippi, where the freshest and most healing and saving political thoughts are supposed to grow, and down south of the Potomac, where the party of local self-government pants to pay for Georgia roads with federal tax receipts, the name of McAdoo will not down. It rises, it spreads. When the party of federal income taxes arrives in New York in Jefferson's name and proceeds to nominate a hero to combat the Hamiltonian Republicans, who revere Hamilton for starting a nationally owned bank and who say that it is contrary to their principles to let the government go into any business, it will be found that the overwhelming mass of Democratic delegates from the trans-Mississippi West and from the sub-Potomac South will be for McAdoo.

McAdoo then will confront, as the champion of the Western farm and ranch and of the Southern plantation and of the railroad workers who carry the glad tidings of his virtues from roundhouse to roundhouse throughout the country, a whole long line of formidable antagonists stretched almost arm in arm from the Mississippi eastward to the Hudson.

In Illinois there is William E. Dever—a Catholic but in practice, as Mayor of Chicago, a dry. George Brennan, skilful and aspiring Democratic boss of Illinois, thinks that something might be made presidentially out of a dry Catholic. If it is not accomplished presidentially, he then perhaps hopes that it might be accomplished vice-presidentially. It would not be beyond George Brennan to imagine a combination between a Southern Protestant for President and a Northern Catholic for Vice-President, thus boldly recognizing the two opposing elements which constitute the twin pillars of the temple of the jangling harmony of his party. He could imagine "Harrison of Mississippi and Dever of Illinois."

Eastward from Illinois, in Indiana, there is good old Uncle Sam Ralston, the epitome of an Indiana small town as exactly and as completely as Calvin Coolidge is the epitome of a Vermont small town. Tom Taggart, experienced and versatile Democratic boss of Indiana, says that Uncle Sam Ralston is abundantly physically able, in spite of his years, to fulfil the duties of the Presidency—an opinion in which this writer readily concurs, provided Mr. Ralston adopts the bold and strange expedient of confining himself to the duties of the Presidency and avoids the idea that the American President exists in order to do the work of everybody else in Washington and in the country and in the world.

Mr. Ralston has a geographical location to which nobody can take exception and he has a temperament with which hardly anybody has ever picked a quarrel. He is the Abou ben Adhem among the Democratic candidates. He loves his fellow-man, and it happens additionally that his fellow-man loves him, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the Democratic convention in New York may finally reach a presidential decision based on the fact

that nobody has anything against Indiana geographically and nobody has anything against Ralston personally.

At this point, and before proceeding farther eastward, it is to be noted that just as Dever in Illinois has been a prohibition law-enforcement mayor of Chicago, so in Indiana Tom Taggart, the boss, and Samuel Ralston, the candidate, are agreed on the proposition that prohibition law enforcement should and must occur. In other words, the Democratic machine of Illinois and the Democratic machine of Indiana are both committed to the prohibition law-enforcement cause.

This sets up a certain bond in principle between them and the Western and Southern dry—and ever drier—forces of William Gibbs McAdoo. Moreover, it is well known that in fact George Brennan of Illinois has a perfectly open mind on the subject of presidential candidates. He likes Dever, but if he cannot get Dever into the ticket, he is fancy-free. At any rate, almost all close observers of him say so; and, as a hasty observer of him, this writer agrees on this point with those who have made longer voyages across the wide waters of Brennan's amazing political experience and intelligence.

Brennan, being geographically on the border-line between McAdoo territory and anti-McAdoo territory, and being associated with a Chicago administration which has tried to make Chicago dry, and being potentially and ultimately without any passions or prejudices whatsoever regarding the final Democratic presidential and vice-presidential ticket, may turn out to be the pivotal person in the necessary concluding negotiations between the South and the West on the one hand and the East on the other.

Leaving Indiana in the direction of the Atlantic seaboard, one immediately arrives in Dayton, Ohio, and in the printing-shop of a local newspaper publisher, James M. Cox, who three times was Governor of Ohio and who once ran for President on the Democratic ticket and seems quite resolute to do it twice. Mr. Cox has a printing-shop, which for modernity and beauty of mechanical equipment is not excelled anywhere in the world; and he still has a lot of money left after building that shop; and he is quite strong with the laboring masses on his record as Governor; and he pines to do good to the whole world in the sacrificial footsteps of Woodrow Wilson. He is a candidate by no means to be contemned.

Eastward from Ohio in West Virginia there is John W. Davis, who is amazingly able but who is engaged in practicing law successfully and therefore earning money off the wealthy. This does for him.

In Pennsylvania there naturally is nobody; since under our American political system a Julius Caesar combined into one person with a William Pitt could live in the hopelessly Republican State of Pennsylvania, and if he were a Democrat he would never be the recipient of a single thought from anybody anywhere in search of a savior for the republic.

In New York there is Al Smith, endowed with a larger appeal of political personal charm than any other man in America, but a Catholic and—and—a wet. His chances to

be important in the convention are enormous. His chances to get the nomination, unless Taggart and Brennan change their minds about dryness versus wetness, are small.

Meanwhile, south of the Potomac, there is Underwood of Alabama, the most nationally experienced and the best nationally trained candidate of the whole lot but profoundly distrusted and disliked by the McAdoo "progressives" for being, as they think, anti-progressive and, more specifically, anti-labor.

McAdoo will have more than one-third of the total number of delegate votes in the convention. The Central and Eastern candidates and the Central and Eastern bosses from the Mississippi to the Hudson will have more than one-third of the delegate votes. The McAdoo forces think they can get a majority of the votes and then start a stampede and get the two-thirds necessary for a nomination. If they fail in this attempt, then negotiations will be necessary between them on the one hand and Brennan and Taggart and Murphy on the other.

In these negotiations it seems incredible that the McAdoo forces could ever consent to accept Underwood or Davis, the conservatives, or Smith the wet. Bad blood has also arisen between the McAdoo forces and Dever and additionally between the McAdoo forces and Cox in the course of bitter primary election contests for presidential delegates in Illinois and in Ohio.

In Indiana there was no contest. The McAdoo forces conceded the Indiana delegation to good old Uncle Sam Ralston. Once more Mr. Ralston escaped the acrimony and the retribution of a quarrel.

The upshot accordingly is that at this moment McAdoo is so far from being McAdieu that he is the leading and outstanding candidate. The upshot further is that at this moment, if McAdoo cannot be put across, the candidate against whom everybody has least is Ralston of Indiana.

The dope-sheet would say McAdoo or Ralston. Tomorrow morning the dope-sheet may be totally upset by some sudden change in performance during exercise or by some sudden new entry.

In the Driftway

TO be a member of the timider or masculine sex has its advantages, as many a mild man has noted with rejoicing. But those advantages stand out more clearly than ever to the Drifter since he received a letter from a Texas widow, fifty-five years old, with whom the Ku Klux Klan is displeased. The lady's offense is not particularly heinous; she wants to live by herself on her own land. But the Klan thinks it improper for a woman to live alone; as a consequence she is harassed by petty inconveniences, she finds it difficult to borrow money although her security is good. In short, she should have been born a man; then no one would have objected if she—or he—had wanted to live alone; she—or he—might even have become a member of the Klan, and could have ridden about the country in a white night-gown without fear and without reproach.

* * * * *

IN spite of the new freedom for women which is being celebrated on every hand, there are still a good many things a woman cannot do, at least without protest. The Drifter will not be a traitor to the male sex by suggesting that jealousy or fear of competition or plain bad temper is

at the bottom of these prohibitions. He rather thinks that paternalism in its sugariest and kindest aspects must bear the blame. Two hale, competent, and muscular young women of his acquaintance wished lately to make a trip to the country which would involve some use of hammer and saw, some motoring through bad roads, some sleeping in a large and but for them empty house. Their husbands, whom they had not invited on the expedition, were extremely dubious about it. Would they not hammer their thumbs? Would they not get stuck in the mud? Might they not tremble and blanch at the thought of a lonely country house, once dark had fallen, with the nearest strong man a mile away? The Drifter, who does not believe in interfering between husband and wife, refrained from comment. He knew that the trip would be carried through as originally planned, and he knew also that if any thumbs were hammered, no one but their owners would be the wiser. Two boys would have been sent on their way without a qualm. Woman has still to fortify her position in many places.

* * * * *

IT is evident, of course, that the chief enemy of woman's new freedom is woman. So many women prefer the shackles which bind them to a life of leisure. Lest the Drifter, by that last remark, bring down on his head a torrent of reproach, he hastens to say that he does not mean any of the women of his acquaintance. But there are women, somewhere, doubtless far away, who like to have their meals paid for or their clothes bought or the landlord or taxi-driver settled with by someone other than themselves. They would rather play bridge or go to luncheons than go to work for a salary. Their housekeeping and child-keeping duties have been halved and quartered by servants and electricity; most of the day is theirs. They do not spend it in gainful occupations, not because they could not find something to do, but because they would really rather not. And the Drifter is the last man to blame them; he hereby offers forthwith to renounce a life of toil if any man will be so good as to provide him a living. He will not, however, promise to play bridge in his spare time; he imagines instead that a ship or a hill or an alien sea or a strange city will prove a more irresistible attraction. And in that case, the gains would all be his instead of accruing partly to his patron.

THE DRIFTER

Spring Thunder

By MARK VAN DOREN

Listen. The wind is still,
And far away in the night—
See! The uplands fill
With a running light.

Open the doors. It is warm,
And where the sky was clear—
Look! The head of a storm
That marches here!

Come under the trembling hedge—
Fast, although you fumble. . . .
There! Did you hear the edge
Of winter crumble?

Correspondence

A Protest from Virginia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have a copy of *The Nation* of April 9, 1924, and am interested in your comments on the Virginia law for racial integrity.

You evidently did not discuss this subject from the viewpoint of one who is in the midst of the fray and who sees hourly the results of the condition which this law contemplates combating.

It is an unfortunate condition that the people of the North cannot see the thing in its true light. Until that time arrives the Southern people are compelled to handle the situation as best they can, even with the discouragement which we receive from our brethren of the North.

Our law preventing these near-white people securing marriage licenses is about the best that we are able to do at this time, until the country as a whole realizes the seriousness of the situation. Unfortunately we cannot handle the matter with the same vigor and firmness that they are doing in Australia.

Richmond, April 8

W. A. PLECKER,

Registrar of Vital Statistics, Commonwealth of Virginia

The Ku Klux Klan Viewed from Moscow

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One gains a new perspective on American views here in Moscow. As for instance:

William Joseph Simmons, Emperor and Founder of the Ku Klux Klan, has disposed of his right, title, and interest in the "invisible empire" and renounced his monthly annuity of \$1,000 for a consideration of \$145,500 in cash, it was announced today by Paul Etheridge, Imperial Klonsel and Chief of Staff to Hiram Wesley Evans, the Imperial Wizard.

This most amazing sentence, which might seem a trifle hyperbolic in one of Mr. Mencken's exuberant burlesques, stares me in the face at the beginning of a perfectly serious and presumably authentic Associated Press clipping. Reading through the clipping I discover the following interesting facts: The compact between the two potentates, Simmons and Evans, has been ratified by no less an organization than the Imperial Klonselium. The dethroned Emperor, searching, like Alexander, for new worlds to conquer, has gone off to establish an order of Knights of the Flaming Sword, with himself as head. The Imperial Wizard has inaugurated his reign by declaring that "the official second degree of the order will be given to all Klansmen in good standing without additional charge." A citizen of our democratic republic who gives himself the imposing title of Grand Dragon of the Realm of Arkansas announces that the Imperial Wizard, apparently hoping to recover his \$145,500 with interest, is prepared to sue the ex-Emperor for \$150,000, on the ground of libel.

This sort of thing may have become too much a matter of course to excite any special surprise or amusement in America; but to Americans who have lived abroad for some time it suggests the distressing possibility that a number of their fellow-citizens have been suddenly stricken with insanity.

The Nation has recently been carrying on a symposium on the subject of Progressivism. I should like to suggest that the Klan seems to offer an equally promising field for popular discussion, which might throw light on the following questions:

1. How can the widespread popularity of an organization like the Klan, in which rascality and imbecility seem to be mingled in about equal measure, be reconciled with the widely held conviction that America is a cultured and civilized nation?

2. What extraordinary complex of political, economic, religious, and pathological factors helped to bring the Klan into existence and to extend its influence until it constitutes a serious power in the elections of perhaps a dozen States?

3. Just what does the Klan show about the quality of American education?

Moscow, March 17

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

After the S.S. Henderson Left Haiti

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Six weeks or so ago some American newspaper men went on a naval "junket" to Haiti for the purpose of investigating conditions in the island. The Haitians, not knowing anything about their intended visit, could not send a committee to welcome them and take them around to see the havoc the American occupation has wrought. They were, instead, ciceroned by the very officers at whose hands we have suffered so much, and who have shed Haitian blood in such profusion. There is no need of telling you that the journalists were not shown what would have provoked the ire of the American people—in whose name so many crimes have been committed.

The day the journalists were to visit the prison, Messrs. Jolibois fils, Elie Guérin, Antoine Pierre-Paul, Georges Petit, Savain, and Lemaire were locked in their cells so that they could not talk to them. On noticing that locked door, one of the visitors asked who the prisoners behind it were. General MacDougall and Lieutenant Johnson, who were showing them around, answered: "They are politicians who during the war took up arms in favor of the Germans."

Mr. Pierre-Paul, who understands and speaks English, heard the conversation, and realizing what it was all about, yelled out: "It's a lie! Come over here, journalist, come over here, and we will tell you all about our crimes." The reporter then went nearer, and with the door between them, Mr. Pierre-Paul told him how, for having denounced in the *Courrier Haitien* and other papers the misdeeds and exactions of all kinds of the occupations, they were thrown in jail over six months ago.

After the reporters left Lieutenant Johnson, enraged, beat the prisoners and exposed them naked in the yard of the prison under the hot, tropical sun. How long is the Washington Government going to allow its representatives to treat the Haitians in such a barbarous and uncivilized way?

New York, April 5

JOSEPH MORAULT

Higher Education in California

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As the Regents of our University of California go about the State preceded by their President, accompanied by the Governor, eulogized by their Dean of Deans, feted by the Director of their Southern Branch, and reported by our admiring press, some of us suddenly think of our professors and students, then of our school teachers and their tender charges, and finally of our Ambrose Bierce's poem Arbor Day:

Hasten, children, black and white,
Celebrate the yearly rite.
Every pupil plant a tree;
It will grow some day to be,
Big and strong enough to bear
A School Director hanging there.

However, with the university's new million-and-a-quarter-dollar stadium as the goal of every young eye in California, we fear that our great satirist's lines, even when sung into them, will fill unheeding ears.

Los Angeles, March 1

CALIFORNIAN

Autocracy to Left and Right

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With your recent comment on President Gompers's high-handed autocracy in forcing the Bookkeepers, Stenographers, and Accountants Union of New York to suspend a member for the sole offense of belonging to the Workers Party, I am in entire agreement. It was the sort of act which discredits the principles and imperils the success of the American labor movement.

But when I read the *Daily Worker's* comment on the same event, ending in a rebuke of Mr. Gompers as "dictator and coward," I am compelled to remember that it was the left wing which introduced into the labor movement the glorification of the notion of dictatorship and the capture of power by any means which may work. That is the pity of the present situation. The minority of the left preaches dictatorship, and many officials of the right practice it. The situation calls for a finer interpretation of fair play inside labor-union ranks.

In the particular case under discussion, the B. S. and A. U. is courageously undertaking a vigorous campaign of organization in a very important and difficult field, and it is to be hoped that the dependence of the union upon the executive committee of the A. F. of L. will not divert its energies into mere heresy hunting.

New York, April 17

NORMAN THOMAS

Without Teeth or Claws

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Certain of your readers have suggested that the Saul S. Grabow of my article Within the Law of Tooth and Claw in your February 20 issue was a stage name for an official of the Portage Lake Hardware Company of Houghton, Michigan.

Emphatically I exonerate all officials of the Portage Lake Hardware Company from any role in that charming drama of the North.

Westport, Connecticut, April 3

WEBB WALDRON

Contributors to This Issue

BERTRAND RUSSELL, mathematician, writer, and lecturer on international affairs and problems of government, is now in the United States. On May 5 he will debate with Morris Hillquit in New York on Is the British Labor Government Revolutionary?

NATHANIEL PEPPER, who spent several years in the Far East, has made a close study of the international relations of China.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN is an American journalist living in Russia.

WILLIAM HARD, *The Nation's* Washington correspondent, has just completed a trip through Middle Western States.

VERA EDELSTADT is a young writer who has lived for some years in a Polish district in Chicago.

LEON TALMY is a native of Kiev who is now living in New York and editing the monthly organ, *Reconstruction*, of the All-Russian Jewish Public Committee.

J. W. GOOD is a well-known Irish journalist and political writer.

Books

A Nation Indicted

The Revolution in Ireland, 1906-1923. By W. Alison Phillips. Longmans, Green and Company. \$4.

IT is possible that Mr. Alison Phillips really believes his book to be, as he says, "history, not propaganda," but if he deceives himself he is unlikely to deceive anyone with a rudimentary knowledge of Irish affairs from the Easter Rising to the creation of the Free State. Burke confessed his inability to draw up an indictment against a nation. Mr. Alison Phillips recognizes no such limitation of his powers. He places in the pillory not one nation but three. Ireland is damned for demanding her freedom; Great Britain is dishonored for consenting to make terms; the United States is relegated to outer darkness for its "blundering interference" and "ill-informed clamor." I am reminded of Grattan's comment on that Protestant hero, Dr. Duignenan. "His speech consists of four parts," said Grattan, "invective against the religion of the Catholics, invective against the present generation, invective against the past, invective against the future. Here the limits of creation interposed and stopped him."

To a certain extent Mr. Alison Phillips, I admit, disarms criticism by confessing his bias, though one would be more impressed had he made any real efforts to counteract it. While it is not yet possible to write a complete history of the Sinn Fein campaign to overthrow British rule in Ireland, its main outlines offer no real difficulty. Unfortunately, the bias of Mr. Alison Phillips colors not merely his general conclusions but his presentation of facts, with the result that the reader lays down this volume in a state of sheer bewilderment. If the narrative is correct, all that happened in Ireland was an explosion of savagery on the part of a primitive people whose religious and political emotionalism rendered unavailing any appeal to logic or reason. Irish lack of logic, it is interesting to discover, found its most characteristic expression in the crusade against conscription. Apparently only a double dose of original sin could explain the monstrous demand of Sinn Fein that before going out to kill and be killed by Germans, in order to secure the right of nations, small as well as great, to shape their own destinies, England should give a proof of the sincerity of her professions by practicing them in Ireland. Downing Street's belated discovery that acceptance of the principle of self-determination made Irish conscription impossible is denounced as "the beginning of the moral rot in the Unionist ranks which was to end in the disgraceful capitulation of 1921."

Mr. Alison Phillips asserts, as if the matter were beyond doubt, that responsibility for abandoning political agitation in favor of an appeal to force rests with the Irish leaders. Yet in the years that followed 1916 Griffith and his colleagues strained their authority almost to the breaking-point to keep the struggle on the plane of passive resistance, and it was Dublin Castle which maneuvered to precipitate another revolt by raids, arrests, and general military terrorism. The weak point in Griffith's plan was that he overlooked the fact that his opponents, when it seemed good to them, could throw the sword into the scales. The Castle, on the other hand, convinced itself that the worst it had to fear was a repetition of the Easter Rising which could be smashed in a few days, and was wholly unprepared for the guerrilla campaign of the I. R. A. Inevitably in a struggle of this kind hideous and indefensible things are done by all sides. Had Mr. Alison Phillips argued that the demoralization which must follow a war of ambushes by flying columns would offset any political advantage that might accrue I feel he could have made a strong case. Unfortunately for himself he refuses to deal with facts on their merits. All his ingenuity is directed toward explaining away the excesses of drilled and disciplined Crown forces on the ground that they were tried beyond their strength, while at the same time he insists that no allowances

should be made for untrained country lads fighting with ropes about their necks.

It cannot be denied that the conflict in its later stages degenerated into what Judge Bodkin described as a "competition in crime." Auxiliaries and Black-and-Tans visited the sins of the I. R. A. on the heads of the civil population; the I. R. A. in revenge made scapegoats of the Unionists in various areas, while lawless elements, owing allegiance to neither side, profited by the confusion to fill their pockets at the expense of all who had anything to lose. Mr. Alison Phillips has no doubt that the troubles of the Free State are retribution for the deeds of Sinn Fein, but the whole pith of his argument is that the failure of British statesmen to persist in what he describes as a policy of "cruelty well applied" so far from counting to them as virtue exposed their country to abject humiliation. If one accepts the view that England's dominant interest in Ireland was to buttress up a system under which a Unionist minority had it in its power to veto the demands of the Irish people, there is some foundation for the charge that the treaty was a betrayal. But Mr. Alison Phillips admits that the Free State has not pursued a vendetta against Southern loyalists on the grounds of either politics or religion, and he sees in its policy the dawn of a new life, "when in Ireland there will be no longer Protestants and Catholics, but only Irishmen."

It is difficult to understand how a trained historian could be guilty of the errors and perversions of fact which mar this book. Mr. Alison Phillips denies that there is any proof that the Auxiliaries burned Cork, though the evidence in support of the charge is overwhelming. But he insists on the evidence of an unpublished government memorandum that Lord Mayor MacCurtain was murdered not by the police but by the I. R. A. He does not even refer to the indictment preferred by General Crozier against the acquiescence of Dublin Castle in the lawless excesses of the Auxiliary Corps, and his pages contain no mention of the Trim scandal in which police cadets dismissed for looting were reinstated in spite of the protests of their superior officer. He palliates the Balbriggan massacre on the ground that "fear will open the lips that fear has sealed," and also that only the houses of known Sinn Feiners were destroyed, though the first act of the uniformed incendiaries was to burn down the hosiery factory which was the property of an English firm. "The Revolution in Ireland" is a perfect example of how even with a professional student of history when party passions come in at the door detachment and accuracy fly out of the window.

J. W. GOOD

The Decadence of Wonder

The Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward. By Janet Rose Trevelyan. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$5.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD played a conspicuous part in the decadence of wonder. In 1851, when she was born, knighthood, in a literary sense, was still in flower. Tennyson, Browning, and Carlyle, and all the other nostalgic Victorians who opposed the Time-Spirit, had not yet made their impression. Childe Harold set the fashion for the young men whose hearts were ever bleeding in public. Religion was most vital and characteristic when most medieval and romantic.

But "nous avons changé tout cela." Mrs. Ward died in 1920. Then the romantics were shrouded in a twilight as impenetrable as that of the Teuton gods. If Mrs. Ward did not cause this spiritual revolution, she at least mirrored its changes, particularly through the last quarter of the nineteenth century—as her daughter and biographer, Janet Rose Trevelyan, demonstrates—with a fidelity which caught precisely the note of the times.

It is easy to understand why. She was an Arnold. It was natural, almost inevitable, that the granddaughter of Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby, the niece of Matthew Arnold, and the daughter of Professor Thomas Arnold, "a sentimental ideal-

ist by nature," should find herself hoist between the Thirty-nine Articles and the higher criticism. It was as significant of the thought of the day as of Mrs. Ward herself that her most famous effort in fiction, "Robert Elsmere," dramatized "the clash between the older and the younger types of Christianity," working themselves out, often poignantly and tragically, "in terms of human life."

Mrs. Trevelyan seizes upon this conflict between two worlds, "one dead, the other powerless to be born," as a sort of motif for her book, evoking the events of her mother's life as human documentary evidence. It is a vivid method, in spite of the minuteness of the narrative.

Mary Augusta Arnold was born in Tasmania. She spent her girlhood and early married life in Oxford. Contacts with Mark Pattison, Jowett, Canon Liddon, and "Uncle Mat," and her father's unfortunate vacillation between the Establishment and Newman's Catholic University of Dublin, kept her constantly immersed in the troubled waters of English thought. Her marriage to T. Humphry Ward in 1871 led her from Oxford society to London, and "Robert Elsmere" (1888) established her among the lions of politics and literature.

The opportunities of metropolitan life, and the abundance of her own sympathies, plunged Mrs. Ward into the sort of ameliorative effort by which so many of the social and religious philosophers of the day—Charles Kingsley, Frederic Harrison, F. D. Maurice, and Ruskin—sought to instruct the proletariat in abstract philosophy, aesthetics, and armchair socialism. Every three or four years a new novel appeared, presenting some new aspect of Mrs. Ward's central problem, while she kept pace as a publicist with national and world affairs, whether by attacking woman's suffrage, promoting public interest in child welfare, or championing England's effort in the war. When she died she was admired and loved as a distinguished Englishwoman—and as a novelist curiously forgotten. Her vogue in the nineties lay in her religious problem; and that, in 1920, was as out of date as a nest of dinosaur eggs.

Mrs. Trevelyan's book is probably one of the best biographies ever written by a daughter. She is no special pleader. She drains no wells of sentiment. She seldom becomes enmeshed in the wealth of her material. She writes competently, if not brilliantly, and her impartiality inspires confidence. She leaves one feeling about Mrs. Ward as a reading of "Robert Elsmere" or of "The Case of Richard Meynell" does: that she was an intelligent observer, but not a glowing one; a repository for typical ideas, but a cloudy mirror of life; a person of importance to the literary historian, but a pedestrian artist.

GERALD HEWES CARSON

A Baedeker to Russian Art

The Russian Arts. By Rosa Newmarch. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

AS a work the object of which "is to prepare the way and give us [the British] certain criteria for the intelligent acceptance of gifts that the next few years will assuredly bring us with a freer exchange of spiritual and artistic ideals between ourselves and our newly found and glorious friend in Eastern Europe," Rosa Newmarch's book on "The Russian Arts" must prove a distinct disappointment. A book could hardly be expected to prepare its readers for an understanding which its author failed to have. In her last chapter, dealing with The New Art, the author confesses that "the latest phases of Russian art—those of the twentieth century—are too complicated and changeable to be definitely classified as yet. . . . When I returned to the country after a few years' absence I found myself in what, at first sight, appeared to be an entirely strange world of art, inhabited by wholly new ideals." One may easily imagine the bewilderment of the author if she were to revisit the country now and find the world of art which is Russia's in 1924.

But, then, it would not be quite fair to judge Miss New-

march's work in the light of the post-revolutionary development of the Russian arts. Although published in America in 1924, the book was written in 1916, when, for people with the author's turn of mind, the revolution was undreamed of, and Russia was still in the fold of "civilized nations."

However, the author failed also in her initial "intention . . . to trace the common link of nationality through every branch of Russian art" and to show how "the Russian arts—like all other art—have grown gradually into their present fully self-conscious and highly developed state." Had she done so, the newer art might not have appeared to her as being of such an "entirely strange world," and she might have been prepared for an "intelligent acceptance" of even the post-revolutionary art. The "common link of nationality" is as much traceable in the revolution as in the various branches of Russian art, while the present development of the latter has been shaped by the revolution to the same degree in which the art just preceding it was the accompaniment of those social processes that led up to the events of the last seven years.

Miss Newmarch has made a conscientious study of the paintings and sculptures in the Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow and in the Museum of Alexander III in Petrograd, as well as of the mural decorations and architectural details in a number of churches and cathedrals. She has faithfully recorded the details of hundreds of pictures and works of sculpture—as she has seen them. But despite much talk of "national individuality," "movements, social and religious," which have shaped the development of the Russian arts, of "ideals which have inspired [her] first sympathies," she has not seen the artistic personalities standing behind the individual works of art she records, or the social phenomena that have shaped them. Whatever glimpse of these artistic personalities she had caught are buried beneath a laboriously piled up mass of unnecessary details and generalizations. One gets no idea of the "soul" of the Russian people which the author professes to have "learnt to love under the guidance" of "that sturdy . . . champion of the Russian cause," Vladimir Stasov. Somehow one cannot escape the feeling that it is a love burning with a reflected glow, while the people with whose soul the author is so much concerned are only those types which look down from the canvases of the "national realists" whose works are discussed at the greatest length.

Miss Newmarch seems not to realize that it was not a mere "fervent interest in . . . archaeology" that has been the chief influence in directing the movements of contemporary art in Russia. The influences have been much deeper than that. The "young barbarians" of the newest tendencies are either themselves children of the people or when they "go to the people" they go there to study the artistic forms in which the true "national individuality" reveals itself.

It was quite different with the national realists of the second half of the nineteenth century, who have been typical representatives of the Russian intelligentsia of their epoch for which the people were in the nature of "lesser brothers." Their art reflected, on the one hand, the slavophile movement of the Russian intelligentsia, one of the chief champions of which was Vladimir Stasov, and, on the other hand, the movement of the early revolutionary intellectuals who saw their way of fulfilling their duty toward the people by "going into the people." For the national realists of the Society of Traveling Exhibitions the people were only the object on which they spent their lofty idealism. They went to the people not to study the national forms which had been preserved there during the centuries, but for subjects, themes, and types for their works.

It is these subjects, themes, and types—and not their origin and the social background on which they have been created—that occupies the body of Miss Newmarch's book. The result is, at best, a guidebook through a few Russian galleries, churches, and public monuments. But it is no more a history of Russian art than a Baedeker is a history of any country.

L. TALMY

Diplomacy

When There Is No Peace. By the author of "The Pomp of Power." George H. Doran Company. \$3.

IF we are to believe the author of "The Pomp of Power" there is too much democracy, and what is even worse, too much liberty on this globe of ours. The French are overindulgent toward the Germans, the Treaty of Versailles is unjust in its unreasonable leniency, and the whole world is saturated with the poison of the idea of Wilsonian self-determination—to mention only the chief sources of his anxiety. There is, however, one promising light on the dark horizon, and this is the policy of M. Poincaré. He is the Ormuzd of the post-war world fighting gallantly against the spirit of darkness, Ahriman, who returned to new life in the person of Lloyd George. There is hardly a word, much less an act, of the English war premier which the author does not regard as sufficient evidence to decapitate him politically. Who can forget, the exclamation very often recurs in the present volume, that Lloyd George treated the Germans as his friends, that he tried to force the way of the unspeakable Russian Bolsheviks into the company of the respectable nations, and that he caused the present upheaval in Germany by his insistence upon a plebiscite in Upper Silesia! The author affirms and reaffirms in the tone of genuine conviction that chief among the mischiefs of Lloyd George was this unfortunate plebiscite which was the immediate cause of the world's present plight since it stirred up German patriotism to a new pitch. With the same stern seriousness he proclaims to a startled world that the earth would be a place of eternal bliss had the Allies marched through the Brandenburger Tor in Berlin at the time of the conclusion of the armistice. They did not need to occupy Berlin. A march through Berlin's famous gate and Unter den Linden would have been sufficient to cure the Germans of their chronic megalomania. Nothing can make good the criminal failure of the British Cabinet to give its consent to the march which deprived the world of a return of the Golden Age.

With the same grave mien with which the author discusses the dictatorship of Lloyd George and the supreme virtues of French diplomacy he solves on eighteen pages the problem of reparations. He performs this tremendous task with the aid of data largely gleaned from daily papers. Having finished with this problem, he sits in judgment upon the Ruhr question and, turning subjective, declares that "I am one of those who regret that English troops are not side by side with those of France and Belgium."

Notwithstanding his disguise of anonymity, the author can be recognized by his abundant personal references as Lord Frederick Spencer Hamilton, one of the most conservative-minded representatives of the British diplomatic corps.

EMIL LENGYEL

Stirring the Depths

Horses and Men. Tales, Long and Short, from Our American Life. By Sherwood Anderson. B. W. Huebsch. \$2.

THERE is a vast America which is never entered by the people who read books. The people who travel in Pullman cars and stop at Statler hotels and who do these things even when they are poor in order to save their sensibilities—these people tend to forget how tiny a minority they form in that enormous nation to which they belong. And, of course, they know farmer-folk among the clean hills of New England or tall, well-built, expensive plumbers who come to their houses or apartments when the radiators leak. But they do not know anything about the life that Mr. Sherwood Anderson has brought into the field of literature. But if ever you have missed connections between trains and have stumbled after midnight into a day coach, especially into a day-coach smoker, and have seen the men there and listened to them

as the close, fetid night crept on toward a jaded dawn; or if you have been in the sort of shabby little barber-shop that is found among the straggling hovels near a railroad station of some Middle Western town; or if you have stood at the money-order window of a branch post office in a poor neighborhood—if you have done any of these things and have used your ears, then you know what Sherwood Anderson is trying to do and to say.

It may be said that this kind of life has been chronicled before. Fragments of it, perhaps. But all previous chroniclers have looked upon it with the scorn or the compassion of the observer. They have not written from within it. When you read Dreiser's unforgettable description of the bread-line in which Hurstwood waited on a certain bitter winter night, you know that you are reading the words of one who, whatever his early experiences may have been, has now transcended them and the world of the submerged in which they happened and can survey that world, from which he was always detached in his mind, as from a mount of vision. This is the impression that Mr. Anderson does not give and does not want to give. He sinks himself into the minds of his characters with a grave simplicity. Through and with them he struggles after undiscovered secrets, secrets that shall make clear the life of those millions. And he has come to the conclusion that the realities of this life, the form, as he says, "of things concealed in darkness," and the secret of this form "have to be felt, not understood with the thinking mind." Thus we arrive at a notion of Mr. Anderson and his method—his profound and voluntarily instinctive absorption in the inmost experience of common men and his half-mystical belief that from this absorption there may flame forth a secret that shall break down psychical walls, destroy ugliness and the furtiveness that is so large a part of ugliness, make existence less tortured, more natural, sane, and free.

It is a sense of Mr. Anderson's vision and aspiration that has held even those readers who knew that, as a rule, he did not write well and who were aware of the fact that his failures were perhaps more frequent than his successes. In "Horses and Men" he writes now and then better than he has ever done before. There are passages that have a legendary simplicity and dignity. Such is the story of the ice cutters on Lake Erie and such the fine paragraphs about the Welshman that open *An Ohio Pagan*. Admirable, too, is the little sketch of Dreiser and the description of the weariness and comfortlessness of the Chicago of the common people. As the style varies in excellence so do the stories in interest, grasp, creative clarity. Especially in the latter quality. There are a hundred profoundly significant details in *Unused*; the tale as a whole is dark. *I'm a Fool* is brilliantly successful; one or two of the other stories are nearly as good. But even where Mr. Anderson fails he remains of first-rate interest and importance. For he is not aiming after a conventional success by conventional methods. He plunges his plow into unbroken fields. He is looking for a secret, but he is looking for it in the earth. He is realist and mystic at once. Whether he finds the secret or not, it is a stirring thing to share his search, ardor, brooding, aspiration. To read him is always a spiritual experience even though one often misses a final aesthetic and intellectual satisfaction.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

"The Grandeur That Was . . ."

The Three Fountains. By Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

MR. YOUNG is one of those who find in foreign lands a sort of contemporary ancestry: the calm reasonableness of the ancients dwells in the kindly priest; the pagan spirit, in direct contact with nature, retaining the primitive rites, survives in the simple country-folk. Stark Young sojourns among them like Ulysses in the Elysian Fields, a stranger, yet poignantly at home.

Life today is ingeniously transplanted to this hallowed

ground, in the person of the several tourists whom Mr. Young presents, whose comments and attitudes make the contrast clear. Although he seems, at moments, to press a sly finger on the scales (as in his picture of the English professor who does not know Shakespeare is in verse), his vignettes are generally well balanced. They are always vivid. A sudden phrase throws a character into sharp relief: "Fig-leaf professors!" "like a cameo steeped in vinegar," "handsome in her way, like a great oatmeal loaf." A quiet beauty—"The lanterns and shadows are not only in the street, but shine and darken in the soul"—often rises through the prose to spread the glow of his mood over the pages and to create the "large transcription of art into one's own condition" that is the reward of communion with the classics. The individuals we see are in the main the essence of their race. There is the sensible Frenchman, unable to understand why Byron must be "forgiven" by his own countryman, who "manifested that huffiness of manner that so often accompanies English culture, a trait that puzzles unendingly the well-bred of other lands, and is the more puzzling for being followed later so often by a devotion and an outpour of confidences equally beyond foreign ideas of breeding." The Americans, like the English, carry their country, the standards of their town, wherever they go; along the walks of Volterra and Assisi they declare there is, after all, no place like Providence or Durham. The Italians have a heritage of suave culture, of cordiality and tolerance; yet Don Paolo's political liberalism is a cloak over a Catholic complete acceptance; and the peasant—"the light, the olive boughs, the wheat, the abundance and verdure are reflected within him as they are in the water of the pool"—feels the pagan need of a visible shrine where he can lay material token of his thankfulness. Only a few of those Mr. Young depicts elicit our questioning; they are the vague, disquieting souls who find shelter among the pillared memories, drawn to Italy—as the author himself seems drawn—by the impalpable spirit that made Byron say "The orphans of the heart must turn to thee."

At times Mr. Young's love of olden beauty seems transformed into an obtrusive display of learning, as when the reported conversation of an Englishwoman includes, in one casual chat, exact quotations from Baudelaire, Béranger, Rabelais, and Racine. However, this is at worst a colorful fault; more unfortunate are the rare lapses into careless expression ("Their lights were not carried overhead or on the shoulders, as our processions do") which come as sudden ruts in a smooth, tranquil road along which Mr. Young makes us wish to look and to ponder.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

Books in Brief

The Poetics of Aristotle: Its Meaning and Influence. By Lane Cooper. Marshall Jones Company. \$1.50.

One of the most interesting volumes in the series called *Our Debt to Greece and Rome*. Mr. Cooper has done two difficult things in small space: he has summarized and commented upon the "Poetics," and he has written a history of its influence on criticism in Europe. The first task is perfectly performed, but in the second portion of his essay Mr. Cooper has run too much to bibliography, crowding each page with titles and dates of treatises on Aristotle rather than illuminating it with the commentary upon them which he is capable of making. The book, however, is remarkable as being a popular tribute to a masterpiece of criticism which too exclusively has been the possession of scholars.

Come Hither. A Collection of Rhymes and Poems for the Young of All Ages. Made by Walter De La Mare and Embellished by Alec Buckles. Alfred A. Knopf. \$6.

These five hundred pages of verse and these two hundred pages of notes, assembled by Mr. De La Mare with great affect-

tion and care, make up an anthology which is easily the finest of its kind. The selections are by no means exclusively juvenile, though the charming introduction is addressed to children, and the illustrations are such as the imaginative young most like to see. There is only one obvious defect—none of the editor's own verse for children, equal as it is with the best in English, is included.

Jean-Gaspard Gevaerts. By Marcel Hoc. Oxford University Press. \$4.20.

Some may be familiar with a fine portrait by Rubens in the gallery at Antwerp representing one of his best friends, a scholar "grave and dignified and conscious of his own worth" seated at his desk writing his commentaries on the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, whose bust is standing on the table beside him. Who was this Jean-Gaspard Gevaerts? His fame seems to have been altogether forgotten by the writers of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and his name is not included even in the long list of Netherland scholars of the time given in Sandys's three volumes on Classical Scholarship. But now, his life, his historical, numismatic, and philological work, his Latin poems, and his position in the gradual decline of Belgian humanism have been brought to light in a monograph by a young Belgian scholar. The book is published as one of the volumes of the *Fondation Universitaire de Belgique*, supported by funds which Mr. Hoover presented for the purpose from the residue of the Commission for Belgian Relief. The thoroughness with which this study has been made is a further indication of the revival of scholarship in Belgium after the war and is a monument of philological zeal worthy of "the last of the Renaissance scholars of Belgium" to whom it is devoted.

Louis Pasteur. By S. J. Holmes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

This is a simple, accurate summary of the life of Pasteur, boiled down from such biographies as those of Vallery-Radot and Emile Duclaux. There is no pretense of understanding the man himself; dramatic moments are recounted, but the drama is omitted. In short, an expanded encyclopedia article.

On the Giving of Stravinsky

By HENRIETTA STRAUS

THE test of a composer, it seems, is not so much whether he can refute his critics as whether he can survive his interpreters. Both Beethoven and his Fourth Symphony, for instance, have long outlived that contemporary who wrote that in his work Beethoven "is extremely bizarre and makes himself unintelligible and an object of terror to even cultivated dilettanti." And Stravinsky continues to be played, in spite of an indignant "opposition." On the other hand, one can recall quite recent occasions when a wave of the baton has proved more fatal to either of these composers than any gesture of protest; when Beethoven has become again an "object of terror" and Stravinsky almost "unintelligible." With Beethoven, at least, there is the safeguard of familiarity. But when, as happened this winter, five works by Stravinsky receive their first hearing in New York from five different conductors, and each conductor presents the composer from an entirely different angle, then to find the true Stravinsky becomes more a matter of deduction than of recognition.

The "Song of the Nightingale," for example, revealed one Stravinsky under Mr. Damrosch and another under Mr. Mengelberg. This symphonic evolution of Stravinsky's opera "The Nightingale" represents that phase, rather than period, of the composer which, in its conciseness and elimination, its delicacy yet brilliancy of effects, bears a curious kinship to the Japanese art of the brush. As Mr. Damrosch's treatment adhered more closely to this interpretation than the heavy reading of Mr. Mengelberg, and as his "nightingale" happily had Mr.

Barrère to sing its rapture on the flute, one can only feel that Mr. Damrosch's bird bore more semblance to the real one and Mr. Mengelberg's to its glittering, jeweled rival.

Again, Mr. Monteux's performance of the "Rite of Spring" differed quite radically in conception from that which Eugene Goossens gave when he introduced it to London, four years ago. Where Goossens made this ballet music literally a ritual of barbaric frenzy and elemental ecstasy, Mr. Monteux marked it with a fine restraint, in which heavy, decorous rhythms were substituted for the dynamic vitality of Goossens's beat. Stravinsky, however, was present at the latter's performance, and gave it his unqualified approval. And so, while Mr. Monteux's rendering was interesting and brought out the superb virtuosity of his orchestra, it must be considered from an interpretative standpoint as falling wide of the mark.

Stravinsky, indeed, is an invaluable auditor, for he does not hesitate to repudiate what is spurious, even when the conductor is a Koussevitsky. This he did when the latter introduced in London his symphony for wind instruments and presented merely the notes, without either coordination or subordination of the voices. If one may use such a performance as a precedent, then one may legitimately reject that of the "History of the Soldier," which Chalmers Clifton presented for the League of Composers, and in which he displayed a similar looseness of ends. This work is a satirical suite on the adventures of a penniless soldier marching home on a two weeks' leave of absence. It contains many rhythmic episodes, including marches, a tango, a waltz, and even a "rag-time." Such episodes should of course be irresistible; but so indeterminate was Mr. Clifton's beat and so vague his musical purpose that no soldier ever danced or marched to less alluring sounds.

Koussevitsky was excused on the ground that those who play Scriabin well can not do Stravinsky, and Koussevitsky is undoubtedly magnificent in the former. Whether this can be applied to Mr. Clifton I do not know. Yet it is a poor idea at best, for there is Stokowski, who not only has the fluid and sensuous emotionalism that Scriabin requires, but also the sensitiveness to sonorities and the dynamic, mechanical rhythm that Stravinsky practically demands. Stokowski, indeed, seems to be the one conductor here on whose interpretations of Stravinsky one can rely. He made, as far as was possible, a success of the same symphony for wind instruments with which Koussevitsky had failed—the symphony is uninteresting, at best. And he created a veritable sensation with Stravinsky's "Fox," which he prepared and gave for the International Composers' Guild. This delicious burlesque of a Russian fairy tale was by the same ironical Stravinsky of the "Soldier" suite, but it proved infinitely more amusing than the latter. This might not have been so had the "Soldier" been given in its entirety and with the same perfection of detail and understanding. As it is, one cannot but wonder whether there is not danger that the patient may die while the doctors disagree.

Drama Conflict

READERS of the German text of Ernst Toller's "Masse Mensch," now presented by the Theater Guild under the title of "Man and the Masses," found themselves occasionally not a little bewildered by the originality of the play's form, the antiphonal cries, the apparently harsh and too immediate impact of idea against idea. It is a tribute to Ernst Toller as a master of his new theatrical craft, as well as to the American translator, Mr. Louis Untermeyer, and the American designer and director, Mr. Lee Simonson, that in the production all difficulties disappear. The play now seems of a stark and terrible clarity; its form seems as inevitable as the form of a Euripides, a Molière, an Ibsen. A new domain has been conquered for art. It already seems old because inevitable.

We have heard a good deal about plays that deal with ideas.

But these plays have hitherto always been plays in which the human characters were interested in ideas and flung these ideas back and forth and discussed them and, at times, tried to live by them. In "Masse Mensch" the idea itself steps forth—terrible, gigantic, overwhelming. And the idea is dramatic, because it holds at its core one of the rooted antinomies of which the universe is built. The idea is dramatic because, rightly thought upon, the universe is so. Think far enough in any direction and you come upon a hopeless contradiction, a conflict that is from the beginning and nature of things. Hegel built up his whole dialectic to harmonize these contradictions. The average man says "God" and thinks that he has driven conflict out of the universe. Alas, it is at home there.

This fact has been known to thinkers since the days of Job. It has been known to dramatists, too. But their knowledge of it, except in the cases of Hebbel and Shaw, was always an instinctive one and did not rise into the operative artistic consciousness. It rose into Toller's consciousness because he lived the idea which he has here dramatically projected. It is well known that he took part in the Munich Communist revolution under Kurt Eisner and is still in prison. He is no less a Communist today because he has transcended Communism, no less an impassioned friend of mankind because he sees most clearly today the hopelessness of its struggle—the hopelessness which arises from this fact: If you use force, you incur guilt; if you do not use force you are destroyed by those who use it. That is the dramatic idea of "Masse Mensch"; it is the most dramatic of all ideas, the most catastrophic for the entire race.

The play shows a White Terror in full operation: war, hunger, industrial slavery. The masses rise, tempted to institute a Red Terror, partly as revenge but more largely to make the revolution prevail. But that is only exchanging murder for murder, oppression for oppression, guilt for guilt. The voice of the Woman who is the tragic conflict within the idea rises in great accents of compassion, of despair, of accusation of the Eternal who has cursed man with force and therefore with guilt. The masters, of course, try to turn the antinomy that is at the root of things to their advantage and try to differentiate their guilt from that of the rising masses. The Woman, though she goes to her death rather than be liberated by force and rejoin the revolutionaries, is not to be corrupted. Though guilt cannot rectify guilt nor murder atone for murder the masters are the more responsible. They taught the masses war and slavery.

I have worked out the central idea. It has corollaries. Under capitalism there is a lean and shriveled possibility for the individual mind. The masses wish to obliterate the individual. Salvation cannot lie that way. Only personality is saving. Yet who shall blame the masses for having learned their long lesson that, as far as they are concerned, personalities mean not wisdom and goodness but power and so oppression, sweat, and blood?

The seven scenes of the play stand forth like the shadows of the great gallows in one of them—somber, grandiose, against an eternal background. Never has Lee Simonson's imagination shown an equal union of reach and intellectual rectitude. Miss Yurka, as the Woman, is indeed sibyl, prophetess, and embodied idea and conscience. But excellent above both the scenes and the individual players are the speaking choruses of men and women. These not only achieve both clearness and a necessary tragic hardness of speech; they are magnificent pictorially and rhythmically. They sway and slant and dance to the very music, the timeless iron music, of the idea that both uplifts and kills.

A great play greatly produced. It will have only a very brief run. In the opening scenes the audience was scared. What? Was the Guild brazenly indulging in Bolshevik propaganda? That was going far. Later when Toller repudiates the use of force by revolution, there was a distinct feeling of relief. No one identified himself with the masters and bankers. Still, why be disturbed at all? As a portly lady said on the way out after a deep breath of relief that this bad business was safely over: "We'll have to educate the common people. That's all. . . ."

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

The Crumbling British Empire

By SCOTT NEARING

1. WHAT HAS HELD THE EMPIRE TOGETHER?

MORE than 400 millions of people live within the "British Empire." The vast majority of these people do not speak English, are not Christian, belong to some racial group other than the Celtic-Anglo-Saxon-Teutonic, make most of their living without the aid of modern machinery. Obviously, therefore, neither language, religion, race nor common activities is responsible for British imperial unity. What does bind the empire together? In the main, past or present reciprocal economic interests.

A glance at some of the trade and investment figures of the British Empire for 1913 will make this clear. The trade relations for that year are well illustrated by the importation from India of 513,039 hundredweight of cotton, and the export to India of 1,483,082,900 yards of cotton piece goods. By the importation, from the Cape of Good Hope, of 101,336 tons of hides and the export to the Cape of 182,496 dozen pairs of shoes. (Hides imported from India, 99,176 tons; from Australia, 149,584 tons. Boots and shoes exported to India, 159,327 dozen pairs; to Australia, 210,313 dozen pairs.) By the importation from Australia of 265 million pounds of sheep and lambs wool (92.5 million pounds from the Cape of Good Hope and 54 million pounds from India); and the export, to Australia, of 15,891,000 yards of woollens and worsteds (16,424,900 yards to India and 2,001,500 yards to the Cape). Cotton, hides, and wool were bought in the colonies, manufactured in the home country, and sent back to the colonies in the form of calico, shoes, and dress-goods.

British foreign investments complete this economic picture. In 1913 Great Britain had 3,714 million pounds sterling invested abroad. Of this amount:

514.8 millions were in Canada and Newfoundland.
378.8 millions were in India and Ceylon.
370.1 millions were in South Africa.
332.1 millions were in Australia.

(C. K. Hobson, "Annals of the American Academy," vol. 68, p. 28.)

These four regions alone had absorbed about 43 per cent of Britain's total overseas investments.

Such are the economic ties holding the empire together. Britain buys raw materials from the colonies and dominions; they buy manufactured goods from Britain; Britain provides much of the capital for local development and handles the trade, insurance, and banking for the empire.

2. THE BRITISH HOLD IS SHAKEN

The economic, commercial, and financial ties which are at the foundation of the British Empire have been gradually loosening during the past thirty years: (1) Because economic rivals such as Germany were buying raw materials, selling finished goods; transporting; insuring and investing in *British territory*; (2) because the colonies and dependencies began to do their own manufacturing and to exclude British goods by protective tariffs.

Both of these forces have shaken the Empire to its foundations. It is only the second that need concern us at this point.

There was some development of local industry in the leading British colonies and dominions before the war. This is particularly true of Australia and of Canada. But the war gave an emphatic impetus to the movement: (1) By cutting off the supplies of British manufactured goods and of British capital that were shipped to the colonies in normal times; (2) by creating an immense demand at top prices in the British market for dominion manufactures.

The results are particularly noticeable in the iron and textile industries, which are the leading home industries of Great Britain.

3. RISE OF CANADIAN MANUFACTURING

Canadian manufacturing industries responded immediately to the war demand. In 1915 there were 21,306 manufacturing establishments in the Dominion. By 1917 there were 34,392, or an increase of more than 60 per cent in two years. For 1919 the number was reported as 38,344, nearly twice the 1915 figure ("Canada Year Book").

Despite the heavy drafts of men into the army, the number of workers in these factories was:

1915.....	497,190
1917.....	674,910
1919.....	682,434

During the same four years capital invested increased from \$1,994 millions to \$3,230 millions, and the value of the product from \$1,407 millions to \$3,520 millions.

These figures present a picture of really phenomenal industrial growth, which becomes even more important from the standpoint of this study if they are viewed in some detail.

British textile and steel industries have always occupied a preeminent position in British economic life. It is in exactly these industries that Canada shows most remarkable development. Thus the number of spinning cotton spindles in the Dominion was 860,000 in 1904 and 1,167,837 in 1920 ("International Cotton Statistics," 1922, p. 28). Between 1914 and 1917 the exports of cotton fabrics rose from 356,081 yards to 846,099 yards; the woollens exported in 1914 were valued at \$81,555 (of which \$26,542 went to Britain). In 1917 they were valued at \$725,148, of which \$294,886 went to Britain ("Canada Year Book").

Canadian steel production figures are as follows:

	Metric Tons
1914.....	751,738
1915.....	926,156
1916.....	1,195,707
1917.....	1,583,786
1918.....	1,699,886
1919.....	934,726

("Mineral Industries, 1922," p. 389.)

Steel production, in the three years between 1914 and 1917, more than doubled, and in the four years (up to 1918) it increased by 125 per cent. In 1919 it was considerably reduced owing to the drop in war demand, but the machinery for producing the 1918 volume is still there.

Canada is a country of vast resources, suddenly thrown on its own devices and galvanized by the extraordinary war demand into the position of direct competition with the industries of the mother country.

5. MANUFACTURING IN AUSTRALIA

Australian industries show the same tendency as that noted in Canada. Here are figures for two of them that come into direct competition with the mother country:

	Woolen, Cotton and Tweed Mills		Boot and Shoe Factories	
	No. of Employees	Value of Product	No. of Employees	Value of Product
1914.....	3,290	£1,153,000	13,192	£4,157,000
1916.....	3,927	1,888,000	13,322	4,617,000
1918.....	3,817	2,024,000	15,499	6,410,000
1920.....	5,029	3,290,000	17,986	10,207,000
1921.....	5,783	4,242,000	16,573	8,895,000

("Year Book of Australia," 1922, pp. 427-429.)

These industries have continued to develop since the war, even under the pressure of trade depression.

6. THE TEXTILE MARKET OF INDIA

Canada and Australia are modern industrial countries. India and South Africa have been much slower to establish factory industries. Even India and South Africa show the effect of war pressure in a changing industrial life.

The president of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce is quoted as saying that "British textile trade with India had fallen from 3,000 million yards of cotton goods exports before the war to 1,000 million yards after the war," which means that India produced 28 per cent of her own cotton goods before the war and 61 per cent after the war (*The Labour Monthly*, September, 1923, p. 131). This situation is, of course, complicated by the Gandhi movement.

However, Indian woolen mills are credited with a production of 4,222,000 pounds of goods in 1913 and of 9,744,000 pounds in 1917, and her leather works and tanneries with 7,805 workers in 1913 as compared with 27,840 workers in 1917 ("Statistical Abstract of British India," 1922, p. 234).

7. A VOICE FROM SOUTH AFRICA

South African factories numbered 3,998 in 1915-16, with a total output of £40,000,000. In 1920-21 there were 7,005 factories, with a £98,000,000 output. General Smuts, commenting on the situation, writes concerning South Africa as a Dominion Opportunity for British Capital: "It is significant from the British manufacturer's point of view that a number of local industries in the Union today are being bolstered up at the expense of the imported article" (*Manchester Guardian Commercial*, October 4, 1923, p. 371). In other words, South Africa is rapidly closing as a British market.

8. "IMPERIAL PREFERENCE"

Automatically this development of "infant industries" in the British dominions led to the enactment of protective tariffs, and Britain herself, at the end of the war, raised her import duties to prevent continental "dumping." Chamberlain had already educated the country in the matter of "imperial preference" and a policy was therefore adopted under which goods manufactured inside the British Empire should be admitted at lower duties than goods made outside the empire.

Theoretically this is significant. Practically, however, what does it amount to? In 1921 South Africa imported British goods to the value of 27.5 million pounds on which there was a preferential rebate of only 751,000 pounds, or less than 3 per cent of the whole value. And, as General Smuts notes (*Manchester Guardian Commercial*, October

4, 1923), the import duties are so high, even with the preferential, that the imported article "cannot hope to compete with the local product."

The imperial preference move came too late to prevent the rapid growth of local industry in the dominions. At the Colonial Conferences of 1887 and 1897 the colonies were not taken seriously, but the Boer War placed Canada and Australia definitely on the imperial map. The World War found the Dominion Premiers on the War Cabinet and at the Peace Table they received a respectful hearing. Rome succeeded in keeping her tributary states in a reasonably subordinate position, but the British dominions in 1921 had grown to such imposing proportions that Lloyd George was led to refer to the empire as "based not on force but on good-will and a common understanding" and to describe it as a "Commonwealth of Free Nations."

9. WHAT WILL THESE FREE NATIONS DO?

How long will they stay within the British Empire? Only so long as it is in their interest to stay. The ties that held them together in 1913 are breaking. They need no longer sell their raw materials to Britain. There are other markets.

They need no longer buy British manufactured goods. They can buy elsewhere or *make their own*.

They need no longer depend on Britain for supplies of new capital. The United States has an investible surplus far larger than that of Britain, and besides, as the local industries develop, each colony or dominion will provide its own new capital.

The economic ties that hold the British Empire together have been crumbling for thirty years. The process was hastened by the war. Today it is merely a question of holding them intact, until the surplus industrial population of Britain has colonized the great estates or migrates to the colonies.

Russia, Rumania, and Bessarabia

THE disputed question of Bessarabia was revived in the recent Russo-Rumanian conference held at Vienna. The conference broke up on this question, straining still further the relations between the Soviet Republics and Rumania. The Rumanian Government maintains that the question of Bessarabia has been settled once and for all by the act of the "Sfatul Zerii," the temporary Bessarabian parliament which, in 1918, voted the union with Rumania. Moreover the annexation of Bessarabia was ratified by the great Powers, the French Parliament passing the ratification on the very eve of the recent Vienna conference. The Rumanian delegation at Vienna therefore declined to discuss the question of Bessarabia. The attitude of the Soviet Government was explained in the following declaration read by the chairman of the Soviet delegation, M. Krestinsky, at the first business session of the conference on March 28:

The Government of the USSR (and before the creation of the Union, the governments of the RSFSR and of the Ukrainian SSR) has never given its consent to the addition of Bessarabia to Rumania, and it considers the occupation of Bessarabia by Rumanian troops in 1918 and the maintenance of the occupation to this day as an annexation by force of arms. The arguments which the Rumanian Government advances to justify this annexation are unconvincing. It is not true that Bessarabia belonged to Rumania and was then ceded to Russia in 1812, and

that the addition of Bessarabia to Rumania in 1918 represented only the uniting with Rumania of a province which had been a component part of Rumania prior to its occupation by Russian troops. Bessarabia never belonged to Rumania. The territory of present-day Bessarabia was under the dominance of Turkey. As a result of a series of Russo-Turkish wars during the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries these territories were freed from Turkish rule and added to Russia in 1812. Rumania, on the other hand, came into existence several decades later.

The Rumanian Government itself has never before taken the position which it is maintaining at present. Thus, the command of the Rumanian troops which entered Bessarabia in January, 1918, issued a declaration to the Bessarabian population explaining that the Rumanian troops had come only for a temporary stay. Further, the dean of the diplomatic corps at the Rumanian court, the Italian Minister Fasciotti, in full understanding with the Rumanian Government communicated with the Italian consul in Odessa delegating the latter to inform the command of the Russian revolutionary troops that the entrance of the Rumanian troops represented a military operation devoid of any political significance and undertaken only with the humanitarian aim of guaranteeing a supply of food for the Russian and Rumanian forces and for the civil population.

Finally, the president of the Rumanian Cabinet, Averescu, himself signed, in March, 1918, an agreement with the representative of the Soviet Government, Rakovsky, and the military-revolutionary organizations of the Rumanian front and of the Odessa province in which he acknowledged the obligation in the name of the Rumanian Government to withdraw the Rumanian troops from Bessarabia inside of two months.

The Soviet delegation cites the former status of Bessarabia, the agreements with Rumania, and the supposedly temporary character of the Rumanian occupation not as a basis for its rights but only in order to refute the historical argument of the Rumanian Government. Since the October Revolution the basic principle, upon which rests the union of the peoples on the territory of the former Russian empire, has been the right of the peoples to self-determination. It is by this principle and not by any claims based on historical rights that the Government of the USSR is guided in its relations with the neighboring nations. The Government of the Union maintains that the population of Bessarabia must decide for itself whether it prefers to stay in the USSR, whether it wishes to quit the USSR and unite with Rumania, or whether it prefers to exist as an independent sovereign state.

In a series of notes and other official declarations the Rumanian Government has tried to prove that this expression of the will of the people has already taken place and that the addition of Bessarabia to Rumania has finally been settled by the decisions of the Sfatul Zerii of March 27 and November 27, 1918.

These decisions, however, have no legal power. The Sfatul Zerii, by its very nature, had actually no right to decide upon such a material question as the form of the national existence

of Bessarabia. The Sfatul Zerii was created on the strength of the decision of the all-Russian congress of the Moldavian military organizations exclusively for the provisional administration of the government of Bessarabia during the period before the convention of the Bessarabian constitutional assembly should take place, and its prime task was to convene this constitutional assembly. This provisional and special character of the Sfatul Zerii has been confirmed by the Bessarabian

peasant congress and by the repeated declarations of the Sfatul Zerii itself. By the decision of the mentioned Moldavian military congress the majority of places in the Sfatul Zerii was reserved for the Moldavians. The latter, however, represent less than half of the population of Bessarabia. Furthermore, both sessions referred to—those of March 27 and November 27, 1918—were marked by a gross violation of all rules regulating the work of representative bodies and even of the regulations of the Sfatul Zerii itself. On both occasions the question of the union with Rumania was not even put on the agenda.

At the session of March 27, despite the demand of many of the delegates for a secret ballot, the question was decided by an open roll-call vote. The session of November 27, when the unconditional addition of Bessarabia to Rumania was passed, was attended by only 46 dele-

gates out of 162—less than one-third of the delegates. The question did not even come to a vote. Many members of the Sfatul Zerii as well as the representatives of whole groups protested against these resolutions which are being presented as the decisions of the Sfatul Zerii.

The Rumanian Government itself realized that it would never have achieved the desired decision at a normal session of the Sfatul Zerii, and the latter was therefore dissolved by royal decree on the very night it passed the unconditional addition of Bessarabia to Rumania. Finally, both decisions of the Sfatul Zerii, in March and in November, 1918, were adopted in an atmosphere of Rumanian military occupation and under Rumanian military terror in Bessarabia. Kishinev was full of Rumanian troops. The troops surrounded the building of the Sfatul Zerii. Under the pretext of an honorary guard a Rumanian military force was sent into the building. Under such conditions it would have been necessary for the delegates to possess a great amount of civic defiance to refrain from voting in a manner satisfactory to the Rumanian Government. Under such circumstances it was easy for the adherents of a union with Rumania to force their resolution upon the Sfatul Zerii.

It is therefore inevitable that the Government of the USSR refuses to recognize this resolution as having the force of an expressed will of the people, and it considers it necessary that a plebiscite be taken among the population of Bessarabia under conditions guaranteeing the full freedom and legality of the expression of will.

Finally, there is no legal validity, from the viewpoint of the Government of the USSR, in the agreement between Rumania and the Entente Powers concerning the addition of Bessarabia to Rumania, signed in Paris on October 28, 1920, without the participation of Russia and the Ukraine. The



Drawing by D. Moor in Moscow Pravda.

Poincare Parcels Out Russia

Soviet Government entered its protest in due time both against the declaration of the Rumanian Government on the addition of Bessarabia to Rumania on the basis of the decision of the Sfatul Zerii and against the Paris agreement. (Radio of Commissar of Foreign Affairs Chicherin on April 17, 1918, and the note of the Commissars of Foreign Affairs of the RSFSR and the Ukrainian SSR Chicherin and Rakovsky to the governments of France, England, Italy, and Rumania on November 1, 1920.) The Soviet Government maintains this viewpoint to this day.

Faithful to its policy of peace which has already brought about the friendly regulation of relations between the USSR and all the neighboring nations except Rumania, the Soviet Government is striving toward a similar peaceful and friendly solution of the questions of difference between itself and the Rumanian Government. It therefore proposes to settle the principal question of difference, namely, the question of Bessarabia, through a properly organized plebiscite among the Bessarabian population under conditions guaranteeing the freedom of the expression of its will.

The Union Soviet Government insists that in the Bessarabian question it does not stand on historical rights inherited from the Czarist Government. The Soviet Government does not strive to keep Bessarabia within the USSR at any cost. But the Soviet Government has reason to believe that the majority of the population of Bessarabia resents its actual subjection to Rumania. Therefore the Soviet Government insists that a plebiscite be carried out.

Were the Rumanian Government convinced of the opposite, namely, that the great majority of the Bessarabian population sincerely considered itself Rumanian and wished Bessarabia to be a part of Rumania, then it should have nothing to fear from the outcome of the plebiscite and would not try to avoid it. The Russian delegation, intending to propose at the coming session of the conference that a plebiscite be taken among the population of Bessarabia, hoped that it would meet with no opposition to this proposal from the Rumanian Government. The Soviet delegation was mistaken in its hope. The Rumanian delegation refuses to discuss Bessarabia and by this it declined the plebiscite. According to our opinion this proves that the Rumanian Government acknowledges that it is keeping Bessarabia under its rule by force and in spite of the will of the Bessarabian masses, which is known to the Rumanian Government. In view of this the delegation of the USSR is compelled to declare again most categorically that the Government of the USSR has never given and is not giving its consent to the addition of Bessarabia to Rumania and that it protests against the annexation of Bessarabia by Rumania.

The action of the French Parliament in ratifying the Treaty of Paris by which Bessarabia was handed over to Rumania caused strong resentment in Soviet Russia. In connection with this action the following exchange of notes between the foreign offices of Moscow and Paris took place. (The notes are reproduced from the Moscow press of March 18 and March 26.)

TRANSLATION OF TELEGRAM SENT BY CHICHERIN TO THE
FRENCH MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS ON MARCH 15, 1924

The Government of the USSR protests vigorously against the support given by the French Parliament to an act of seizure of territory in relation to the Soviet Union notwithstanding the fact that at the moment of the occupation of Bessarabia by Rumanian forces France formally declared that this occupation would be temporary since it pursued only humanitarian ends. The decision of the French Parliament adopted on the eve of the negotiations between the Soviet Union and Rumania cannot be considered as anything but an intervention of a third Power which will inevitably obstruct the establishment of lasting peace and will cause the prolongation of the unsettled situation in that part of Europe. The Government of the USSR directs

the attention of the French Government to the fact that the latter has identified itself with a violation of the rights of the population of Bessarabia and of the Soviet Union in the occupation of Bessarabia by Rumania, and it is therefore responsible for the losses caused the Soviet Union by this occupation. The Government of the USSR will draw from this all the necessary conclusions.

CHICHERIN

TRANSLATION OF TELEGRAM SENT BY THE FRENCH MINISTER OF
FOREIGN AFFAIRS POINCARÉ TO THE COMMISSAR OF FOREIGN
AFFAIRS CHICHERIN ON MARCH 20

The ratification by the French Parliament of the treaty signed October 28, 1920, by the British Empire, France, Italy, Japan, and Rumania recognizing the sovereignty of Rumania in the territory of Bessarabia elicited a protest from the Soviet Government, which views this decision as an unjustified intervention that may obstruct the establishment of peace in that part of Europe.

The Ministry of Foreign Affairs recalls the fact that the Allied Powers agreed that historical tradition, the ethnographic and economic situation of Bessarabia, and the clearly expressed will of the people justified the annexation of the Rumanian population of this province to the Kingdom of Rumania.

The French Parliament could only be guided by the same motives by which the British Parliament was guided in ratifying the treaty referred to on April 14, 1922, at which time this action was not considered an obstruction to the establishment of good relations between Great Britain and Russia.

The French Government resents particularly the interpretation according to which the said treaty is an act of violation of the rights of the population of Bessarabia. As a matter of fact the governments of the Allies recognized Rumania's sovereignty over Bessarabia only after the following declaration of March 27, 1918, had been voted upon by the National Assembly of Bessarabia (Sfatul Zerii):

The Moldavian Democratic Republic (Bessarabia), bordered by the rivers Prut, Dniester, the Black Sea, and the former Austrian border line, which had been severed by Russia more than one hundred years ago from the former Moldavia, standing upon its historic right as well as upon its right of kinship, and basing itself on the right of peoples to determine their own fate, joins from now on and forever its mother, Rumania.

In any case, Article 9 of the treaty provides that Russia should be invited to affix its signature to the convention. Thus the situation in relation to Russia may be regulated in the same way as was the case with the newly created independent states on her western frontier in accordance with the principle of the self-determination of peoples, Russia always being the first to declare itself in adherence with this principle.

POINCARÉ

TRANSLATION OF TELEGRAM SENT BY COMMISSAR OF FOREIGN
AFFAIRS CHICHERIN TO THE FRENCH MINISTER OF FOREIGN
AFFAIRS POINCARÉ ON MARCH 22, 1924

The vote of the so-called Bessarabian National Assembly mentioned in your telegram of March 20 was in reality an impudent deception on the part of the agents of General Mackensen, whose aim was to compensate Rumania for the loss of Dobrudja, as provided by the Bucharest treaty between Rumania and Germany. This act of deception was carried out under the instructions of the leader of the Germanophiles, Margiloman. The Sfatul Zerii, which at its inception was made up partly of elected delegates and partly of delegates from parties, was deliberately enlarged by tools of the Rumanian forces which thus created a majority. It was these members of the assembly who were added by the Rumanian occupants who supported the idea of the annexation of Bessarabia. Prior to the act of March 27, 1918, some of the most prominent members of the Sfatul Zerii, men like Kataros, Pancir, Prokhnitzky, Chumachenko, Grunfeld, Litviniv, had been shot by the Ru-

manians for their opposition to the annexation. The voting itself took place in the presence of armed forces and Rumanian gendarmes and under the pressure of open threats. Notwithstanding this, the act of March 27 provided not for the joining of Bessarabia with Rumania but for a very broad autonomy for Bessarabia.

The second act of a like nature took place on November 25, when the proposal for the complete union of Bessarabia with Rumania was unexpectedly brought in at night with only one-fourth of the delegates present and was adopted by a mere announcement without taking a vote for or against.

We have in our possession protests against these deceptive acts signed by the Rumanian senator, Alexandri, the leader of the People's League, by the General Secretary of the Sfatul Zerii, Epuri, by the representatives of the military congress, the peasant party, the workers' union, and municipalities, and by forty other members of the Sfatul Zerii.

These acts of the Rumanian authorities in reality constitute an unexampled violation of the will of the Bessarabian people and an application of brute force on the part of the Rumanian occupants. Identifying itself, at the instance of the French Government, with these acts on the eve of the Vienna conference, the French Parliament assumes a responsibility for all consequences which may follow.

CHICHERIN

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WITHOUT FEAR of being called upon to deplete its slender treasury, *The Nation* herewith offers a prize of one hundred dollars for anyone who will intelligently explain the following sentences:

The work of the Associated Press, both necessary and logical, indicates that the true method would appear to lie in recognizing the broad principle of our individual and national dependence, calculating the requirements which flow from that condition, and governing ourselves accordingly.

This condition began to subside nearly four years ago, but it left along its course a trail of vicious and criminal selfishness which in diminishing degree has ever since been attempting to gratify an appetite grown all the sharper through indulgence and a general credulity to rumors of large sums demanded and paid on account of every conceivable motive and action.

The principle of service is not to be confounded with a weak and impractical sentimentalism. It does not mean that either the individual or the nation is to assume the burdens which ought to be borne by others. It is warranted in considering self to the extent of recognizing that it is justifiable to accumulate and hold the resources which must necessarily be used to serve ourselves, our own household, and our own nation. But it does not stop there. It recognizes the necessity of serving others, and when the need arises for meeting a moral requirement, of making individual and national sacrifices sufficient to maintain the cause of righteousness.

It is hardly necessary to add that all this obscure non-

sense is taken from the speech of President Coolidge to the assembled members of the Associated Press.

WHAT PRESIDENT COOLIDGE said or didn't say in regard to Muscle Shoals has some bearing on his political fortunes, but it has nothing to do with the future of water-power—a far more important question. The Senate Committee on Agriculture has made public a telegram which a reputable Washington journalist, acting as he says in the capacity of an observer for Mr. Ford, sent to the latter's newspaper, the *Dearborn Independent*, on October 12, 1923. The correspondent called on Mr. Coolidge on the day of Mr. Ford's public attack on Secretary Weeks for the sale of the Gorgas plant, and quotes the President as saying: "It is my hope that Mr. Ford will not do or say anything that will make it difficult for me to deliver Muscle Shoals to him, which I am trying to do." Mr. Coolidge denies this statement, but he does not and cannot deny seeing the correspondent or talking with him of Muscle Shoals. Nor can he deny that in the weeks immediately following the dispatch of the telegram Representative Madden, after conference with Mr. Coolidge, introduced a bill to duplicate the Gorgas steam plant and turn it as well as Muscle Shoals over to Henry Ford, following which Mr. Ford met Mr. Coolidge and pledged his support of him for President. All this, however, is a mere detail beside the tremendously important issue of whether the country's water-power is to become a private monopoly or be developed by the nation for the benefit of the people and their children yet unborn.

THE EAGERNESS with which Mr. Coolidge and his party pursue the promised house-cleaning at Washington may be judged from the fact that Lieut. Osborne Wood, who is supposed to have made a fortune in speculating by cable in New York while on duty as an aide to his father, General Wood, in Manila, has been allowed to resign from the army. In other words, he is allowed to escape any possible punishment as an official for any improper acts that might be discovered. Equally significant is the fact that the Ladd resolution calling for an investigation of the Woods, father and son, and the general situation in Manila, has been pigeonholed by the Senate Committee on Audit and Accounts. The chairman of the committee, Senator Keyes of New Hampshire, seems determined to make no report whatever on the bill, and of course there has been no message from the White House to urge that another investigation be begun. It will be a crying shame if the Wood administration of the Philippines is not overhauled as it ought to be by a committee determined to get at the facts. General Wood and his son ought to be the very first to demand such an inquiry.

A RECENT COPY OF *Mail Notes*, a newspaper issued in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, contains under the caption "Official Publication" a notice signed by the Governor, Philip Williams, and presumably paid for with public money. After stating that a bill had been introduced into Congress by Senator McLean to provide a civil government

for the Virgin Islands, the Governor makes this extraordinary announcement:

I desire to inform the people of the Virgin Islands that the Government had nothing whatever to do with this bill; was given no opportunity to comment upon it prior to its presentation to the United States Senate and in fact knew nothing concerning it until the printed copy was received this morning. Further, in so far as this Government is aware, the party or parties who requested Senator McLean to introduce this bill acted without the consent and approval of the people, inasmuch as the people, as represented by the two Colonial Councils, have not signified a desire for a complete change in the form of government of these islands.

Governor Williams then adds this still more extraordinary sentence: "The danger of legislation concerning the Virgin Islands being introduced in the federal Congress without official backing is only too apparent." The bill in question was prepared by Virgin Islanders and their friends. Governor Williams is a naval captain, temporarily executive of the Virgin Islands, and as such he is entitled to express an opinion on legislation affecting them to his superiors in Washington. He is not entitled to propagandize, with public or private money, for or against measures in Congress. In doing so he illustrates the amazing impudence of our bureaucrats overseas in the effort to maintain themselves in a pleasant and powerful position.

"WALL STREET IS WAGING a war of financial extermination against Europe" is the charge made by many European papers in connection with the speculation in French francs on the New York market. Since March 10 the European exchanges, the Paris Bourse not excepted, have had a continuous row of "black Fridays." At 9:15 a.m. of that memorable day M. Philippe, representative of the banking firm Lazard Frères & Cie., of Paris, stepped on the floor of the bourse and offered ten thousand pounds sterling for sale. From that moment until 1 p.m. at ten-minute intervals M. Philippe threw ten-thousand pound blocks on the market. Simultaneously the French franc began to rise all over the world. At 11:15 a.m. a Vienna stockbroker involved in franc operations committed suicide. At 12:05 another Vienna broker went insane for the same reason. The forcing of the franc to an artificially high level financed by what is known as the Morgan loan spelled disaster for banking firms and brokerage houses in Amsterdam, Berlin, Prague, Vienna, and Budapest. There was talk of a moratorium in several Central European countries. As Europe saw it, the French franc, protected by mighty influences with headquarters in the huge skyscrapers of Wall Street, was being forced up by the dollar. Even Paris complained, for control of the franc was taken out of its hands. It was a financial Marne, and European papers, Paris journals included, are lamenting—possibly on inadequate information—that the only victors were in New York.

KARL HELFFERICH has followed Hugo Stinnes into death. Another financial genius whose determination to play politics cost Germany dear has slipped off the stage. Helfferich reached his peak before the war, as director of the Anatolian Railway and later of the Reichsbank. As war-time Minister of Finance he was responsible for the policy of living on loans instead of taxes—the Allies were to foot the bill! When he was made

German Ambassador to Moscow, after the Peace of Brest-Litovsk, his elaborate precautions against assassination made him a laughing-stock. He never reconciled himself to the republic, and was a bitter-end opponent, first of ratification of the Versailles treaty and later of the "fulfilment policy." But he had a cutting mind and would have been the brains of the Nationalist attack on the Dawes report. To Stinnes monarchy and republic were one; he believed in the dictatorship of big business. What was a mere government to a man who owned steamship lines, newspapers, forests, oil fields, coal and iron mines, steel mills? He worked sixteen hours a day, and expected others to work at least ten; employing more than a quarter of a million men, he dictated the lives of millions. Sometimes he supported a government, sometimes not—but never for sentimental reasons. He deliberately encouraged the fall of the mark, and made by it millions, which he immediately reinvested in industrial enterprises in and out of Germany. Helfferich's death is a breach in the Nationalist wall, Stinnes's in the industrial wall; unfortunately the conditions which made them dominant if sinister features in German life persist.

PRESIDENT LOWELL OF HARVARD is a bold man. He undertook to defend himself and American universities in general against Bertrand Russell's charges of illiberalism. Bertrand Russell's reply was smashing enough, but the governing board of the Harvard Union almost at once gave further aid and comfort to the enemy. A group of undergraduates wanted to invite Eugene Debs, Scott Nearing, and William Z. Foster to speak at the Union. Its governing board objected. The undergraduates suggested a revision of the rules so that a petition signed by 200 student-members would suffice to produce an invitation. The board, in an exceptionally stupid reply, refused. The opinion of the 200, it said, might not necessarily be the majority opinion—as if the issue were not precisely the right of minority opinions to be heard! Mr. Lowell boasted in public that Harvard had never dismissed an instructor for his views; he is understood to believe that if a university exercises proper care in selecting its professors dismissals will never be necessary. The fundamental issue raised by Mr. Russell goes deeper still:

Anyone who cares more [he said] for academic pursuits and the advancement of learning than for political propaganda would wish to see the government of universities in the hands of men of learning rather than uneducated millionaires. What would be thought of a proposal to have the money market administered by a board of professors? If learning were as much respected in America as is wealth this proposal would seem no more absurd than the existing boards of trustees, where we find, in Shakespeare's words, "Folly, doctor-like, controlling skill."

Harvard may reply that her millionaires are educated, but she will hardly claim that they were selected for their learning.

MAY DAY has a mixed ancestry. It is England's festival of spring and fertility—dating back to pagan days—with Maypole and hawthorne blossoms; it is Europe's revolutionary anniversary, when the workmen take an unofficial holiday and flaunt their red flags in the streets; and now in America it is to be Child Health Day. Few in America remember that Europe's red May Day, Soviet Russia's revolutionary celebration, is of new-world origin,

and a scant forty years old. May Day as Labor's Day began here during the eight-hour-day agitation in the eighties, when the American labor movement was young and spirited. The movement became world-wide, but American labor forgot and denied its own child while in every industrial center of Europe May Day is still the great labor festival of the year. What more fitting, fundamentally, than a coalescence of the traditions of children dancing on the green, of shorter hours for their parents, and of the modern science that is transforming childhood?

SAINTS SOMEHOW COUNT in Oriental politics, but it is difficult to conceive of a man like Gandhi in any role whatever in American political life. Imagine, for instance, an American politician saying, upon his return from a period of retirement, anything like this:

I live for India's freedom, and would die for it, because it is part of truth. Only free India can worship the true God. My patriotism is not exclusive. Indian freedom as conceived by me benefits the whole world. Consciously or unconsciously, the majority of us broke our pledge of non-violence. Therefore our own countrymen are filled with distrust. Hindus and Mussulmans have provided lessons in violence, each claiming the monopoly of truth. Our central policy must be to illustrate the utility and necessity of non-violent thought, word, and deed, in dealing with public affairs.

THE DEATH OF CHARLES F. MURPHY will suggest to some that with him is passing out of politics the era of personal leadership—of power based on personal contacts and man-to-man influence. Certain signs point that way. The possibilities of influencing great numbers of men through mass suggestion by means of newspapers, motion pictures, and the radio seem to be growing ever and appallingly greater. And yet it is no more true that politics is politics than that business is business. Both are largely friendship, and as we look about it appears that even in our mechanized life—perhaps because of our mechanized life—the outstanding and long-endured political successes, good and bad, are those based on the power of personal leadership. The reach of the Hearst publications is enormous, and yet their owner has failed signally in his efforts to capitalize it for his political advancement; the attempt to elevate General Leonard Wood to the Presidency failed miserably in spite of the expenditure of fabulous sums to swing mass opinion his way. On the other hand, the chief newspapers of the country long did their best to turn mass opinion against Roosevelt, Bryan, and La Follette, failing because all these men had a personal following which was largely immune to such methods.

MEANWHILE, for almost a quarter of a century, Mr. Murphy wielded enormous political power without resorting to any of the usual ways of controlling mass opinion. He owned no newspapers; he did not inject himself into the motion-picture films of current events; he did not make speeches for the radio. Except on rare occasions he did not even give interviews to the newspapers; he did not attend public dinners; he did not unveil monuments. He never held but one public office and that not for long; he was not even the titular head of the New York County Democratic Committee, popularly known as Tammany Hall. He had that organization behind him, of course, but it stayed behind him only because he was strong

enough personally to stay in front of it. Mr. Hearst, through his press, attacked Mr. Murphy but failed to dislodge him. Indeed the press of New York City was generally almost unanimously against the Tammany boss, without conspicuous result. It is a pity, of course, that Mr. Murphy was not guided by higher ideals and purposes, but there is satisfaction in reflecting that personal leadership still has a potency even when opposed by all the methods of mobilizing mass opinion of which the interests dispose.

FOR NEARLY TWO GENERATIONS G. Stanley Hall had been a stimulating and provocative force in this country. In the eighties at Johns Hopkins he fostered successfully the type of accurate and extensive experimental investigation in psychology which he had himself learned in Germany. He was one of the first and most persistent students of educational method and technique. His own work on "Adolescence," for all its dubieties and sometimes hasty generalizations, remains a classic and pioneer work in the understanding of that uneasy and crucial period of human life. His editorship of half a dozen different psychological publications, his own psychological work and teaching at Clark University (of which he was long the active and productive president), made him a singularly fertilizing force in the development of psychology and enlightened education in the country. Many important projects in abnormal psychology and psychiatry can be traced to him, and he was a valiant defender of the Freudian contribution in the days, not so long ago, when it was scoffed at by the academic and official psychologists. Apart from his own work and instruction in psychology he was notable for the breadth and humane wisdom of his thinking and learning. His very recent "Life and Confessions of a Psychologist" is the testament of a cosmopolitan and cultivated man, with something of the mellow sageness of Havelock Ellis. "Senescence" almost does for old age what his earlier work did for adolescence. It is not simply a psychologist who has died, but one of the inciting intellectual voices of our day.

IT IS TWO HUNDRED YEARS since Thomas Longmans, then a young man of twenty-five, bought out the publisher of "Robinson Crusoe" and set up for himself at the same spot in Paternoster Row on which the present publishing firm of Longmans, Green and Company is situated. The firm thus has the right to call itself the oldest in the business; Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, Scott, Froude, Lecky, Stevenson, William Morris, Macaulay—even Dr. Johnson—entered the literary world over the Longmans imprint. It is an imposing list covering two centuries that have meant much in English letters. One's first impulse is to murmur that the good old days are no more: Where are our Wordsworths and Macaulays and Dr. Johnsons? Yet Alfred A. Knopf's list or Thomas Seltzer's or those of Harcourt, Brace and Company, of Boni and Liveright, or of half a dozen other progressive publishing houses in America may have as interesting names to present some hundred and ninety years from now, provided Mr. Sumner and his descendants can be persuaded to keep hands off. In 1724 a world very different from ours presented itself; the industrial revolution had not begun. Yet the inexplicable spirit that we call genius is still burning. There is no need to fear that a machine age, or whatever may follow it, can quench that fire; it is stronger than iron and steel or flesh and blood.

Mr. Coolidge Rampant

THE newspapers assure us that President Coolidge now has a majority of the delegates to the Republican National Convention pledged to him and therefore holds the nomination in the hollow of his hand. If this be so, it is a tribute both to the political power of the President, by reason of his control of his party and the offices, and to the simple-mindedness and gullibility of many of the politicians. They have set up a man of straw, and in so doing they have laid aside their critical faculties. The leaders in Washington can be under no illusions as to the man in the White House. They know he does not lead. They attend White House conferences upon the state of the party and the nation—the President makes no suggestion whatever. Recently various men were gathered by the President to advise him as to how he should get out of the dilemma in which the Congress's scandalous action as to the Japanese had placed him. The headlines read: "President gives views to callers, but has not offered way out." Yet there is a hopelessly fatalistic approval of the Coolidge candidacy. It is as if the insiders said to him: "We who are about to die politically salute you. We must go down with our colors since we cannot disavow you."

The absurdity of the situation is plain. An accidental President has to be nominated for fear lest a substitution be interpreted as a confession that his Administration—and Mr. Harding's—is a failure. When President Arthur had filled out the term of James A. Garfield he was quietly dropped. No one felt that as a reflection either upon him or his Administration. There was another man whom the party deemed more entitled to the honor. True, President Arthur's Administration did not reek with scandal. No member of his or his predecessor's Cabinet was found to have received \$100,000 in a black bag and to have scurried around the country seeking to induce men to commit perjury in order to cover up his tracks. No members of his Cabinet were forced out for obvious and grotesque unfitness. It may be that party leaders of the Lodge type feel that no one else ought to carry the burden of such terrible maladministration; it may be that they feel that Coolidge deserves the burden of the inevitable defeat. At any rate, they accept the situation for the present and are aiding in the unblushing effort to make the people believe that the incumbent of the White House is really the man of the hour. Whether they will be of that point of view when the convention meets is another matter; much may still come to light before that time. It may still be that when the final conference meets in some private hotel room, after the manner of our unbossed conventions, the members of that conference will find Mr. Coolidge unavailable. If their Cassius has by that time grown so great in votes as to be able to defy them, then the Democrats should have an easy victory.

We are the more confirmed in this belief by a calm perusal of the President's speech to the members of the Associated Press on April 22. Much of that address is unlettered nonsense to make a grammarian weep; some of it is ridiculous in expression and content—a cause for mirth were it not a cause for sadness. His reference to the shocking corruption and rottenness recently unveiled in Washington revealed him once more as entirely lacking in

the capacity for effective indignation. Confessing to the wholesale wave of corruption which swept over the country in the wake of the war (which war Mr. Coolidge in the same breath declares to have been "a demonstration of the strength of self-governing peoples and a victory for free institutions"), he yet swept aside all the revelations of rottenness in Washington with these words: "From all of this sordidness the affairs of government, of course, suffered. In some of it a few public officers were guilty participants, but the wonder is not that this was so much or so many; rather that it has been so little and so few"! A wonder that only one member of Mr. Harding's Cabinet was caught red-handed, and two of Mr. Coolidge's were driven out of public life for good and just reasons? Ought we to have been surprised and disgraced only if six instead of three had been besmirched? It seems to us that any fine-feeling and sensitive American who really had his country's honor at heart would have hung his head in shame that even one member of the government had betrayed it. Because the country was money-mad and reeking with that corruption which is the inevitable concomitant of war is no reason why any of our officials had "of course" to join in the corruption. Mr. Coolidge's plea is in effect not only in avoidance but in condonation. It is in keeping with the Calvin Coolidge who called for Mr. Daugherty's resignation in a letter in which he said: "I am not questioning your fairness or your integrity," when every intelligent and informed man the country over more than questioned both.

After this passage in Mr. Coolidge's speech to the newspaper men we confess to much less interest in the remainder of his utterances. It is well that he stuck to his guns and declared that the country's decision against the League of Nations was final; it is to his credit that he appealed for economy and lighter taxes, that he saw hope in the Dawes report and favored the loan to Germany, and that he pleaded for arbitration. We rejoice that he has changed his mind about the inadvisability of calling another conference for disarmament if the Allies will effect a prompt settlement of the German economic situation and the reparations question. Despite all this and other good things in his speech one feels that here is a man utterly lacking in that delicate sense of the fitness of things, in that fury for righteousness in the face of open and admitted evil which the American people had a right to expect. By a third party or otherwise, by a revolt of the Republican progressives, by the discernment of the American people—in whom we have not lost faith—Mr. Coolidge must be defeated if the Cleveland convention is so blind and fatuous as to nominate him.

This brings us back once more to the extraordinary responsibility resting upon Robert La Follette, now happily nearly restored to health and activity, and to the brave and determined Senators who, in the face of contumely, misunderstanding, and deliberate assaults upon their character have stood fast to uncover rottenness and wrongdoing. If their patriotism is limited to this service alone it will be a misfortune indeed. They can, we believe, make impossible the election of Mr. Coolidge. They owe it to the country to do so.

Our Restless Colonies

ONE of the plaguy things about a democracy is that if it has colonies it is more or less obliged to give them some measure of democracy too. This is embarrassing because it raises the question whether colonies are compatible with democracy. The United States has dodged the question so far by refusing to admit that it has colonies. It has called them by every other name and temporized with every problem that has arisen in them. But although the United States has acted as secretly about its colonies as if they were illegitimate children, some of them have lately become so clamorous as to leave no doubt of the parental relation and to make some attention to their future imperative.

Two tendencies have run parallel in our attitude toward our colonies: the theory that we should administer them for the benefit of their inhabitants and the idea that we should exploit them for our own gain. In our purely political treatment, at least, the first and worthier aim has so far been uppermost. It is worth noting, therefore, that strong forces are now working—with certain symptoms of success—in the other direction. This is the explanation of General Wood in the Philippines and of the outburst of native resentment that his policy has occasioned. Practically General Wood and his backers stand for the repudiation of our promise of independence to the Filipinos. That promise, we should remember, rests on more than the personal declarations of Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, and other individuals. It was incorporated by Congress in the Jones Act of 1916, in which it is stated that "it is, as it has always been, the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established." Thus it all simmers down to what is a "stable government."

Raymond Leslie Buell, of the department of history, Harvard University, after a recent visit to the Philippines, writes in the *Atlantic Monthly* that General Wood has defined a "stable government" as "one under which capital seeks investment at normal rates of interest." Mr. Buell believes the Filipinos have demonstrated the existence of a "stable government." Mr. Buell says also that not only the Filipinos but the average American would benefit economically and politically by Philippine independence, and adds:

There is only one important reason why so many Americans are now demanding that we cling to these islands: that is, in order to advance the interests of a limited number of American business men. The American people as a whole have derived no material advantage from our occupation of these islands. . . . We have sunk at least \$700,000,000 in military and naval expenditures arising out of the occupation. . . . The United States cannot afford, either from the standpoint of Mr. Man-in-the-Street, of the Filipinos, or of world peace, to have its Philippine policy dictated by the Manila Chamber of Commerce, or even by the Americans in the Philippines, who constitute one-tenth of 1 per cent of the population.

The exploitation theory of colonies, already present in the Philippines in the person of General Wood, seems about to be introduced also into Porto Rico. The artificially stimulated demand for independence of a few years ago has collapsed, but there is a genuine desire for greater

autonomy, and all parties united recently in sending to Washington a delegation, headed by Governor Towner, to ask for concessions in this direction, including the right of the island to elect its own chief executive. The demands met with considerable opposition from Secretary Weeks and others in official Washington, but this hostility seems lately to have subsided, and the bill embodying the Porto Rican demands has been reported favorably to the Senate.

Now turn to Porto Rico and note the possible explanation. The most rapidly growing and virile political organization there in recent years has been the Socialist Party, whose head (oddly enough) has also been the director of the American Federation of Labor in Porto Rico. The Socialist Party cast more than a fifth of the total vote in the 1920 election and captured the government of eight important municipalities. It had effected a partial working arrangement with the Republicans (the second party of the island numerically) which promised to develop into an alliance. Then came the Washington trip, the return of the delegation to Porto Rico, and, presto, a joint announcement from the leader of the Republicans and of the Unionists (previously the bitter opponents of the former) calling upon the members of the respective organizations to unite and inviting the Socialists to disband! This remarkable manifesto is attributed by *Porto Rico Progress* largely to Secretary Weeks and the fear that he expressed to the delegation of the growing power of the Socialists. It is significant also that the manifesto calls upon the American Federation of Labor in Porto Rico to resume "the position of balance and neutrality" occupied by the A. F. of L. in the United States, or to define itself as "a class organization with radical tendencies." Was Mr. Gompers busy also when the Porto Rican delegation was in Washington?

Immanuel Kant, 1724-1924

AN OLD PRINCETON PROFESSOR of philosophy, pounding on his desk, used to begin his courses somewhat as follows: "Gentlemen, is this table real? That may appear to be a very trivial question, but on the answer to it depend God, freedom, and the immortality of the soul." So to many minds the questions that Kant propounded with such baffling elaboration appear quibbling and technical, the aberrations of an ingenious mind absorbed in a marvelous and meaningless intellectual technique. But on the answers to them as Kant gave them depended God, freedom, and immortality, and it is not too much to say that it was to save these that the whole of the "Critique of Pure Reason" came to be written. "How is experience possible?" Kant asked. It is not a problem that would fret many. But upon its answer, Kant thought, depended both the science which the skeptical Hume had almost wrecked and that religious and moral order which had almost been wrecked by science.

There is something almost uncanny about the fame and influence of Immanuel Kant. A quiet little professor in a remote town in East Prussia writes, out of his incredibly learned solitude, a work in a style so barbarous and unreadable that few except technical experts would dare or care to grapple with it. Yet Kant has become a byword for profundity with thousands who do not in the least know in what way he was profound. Writing professedly for professionals, his subtle dialectics were at bottom devoted to the saving of simple Protestant pietism.

It is not in revolutionary science and metaphysics, but in orthodox and simple morals that his influence has been most powerful and pervasive. It is not his elaborate deduction of the categories, not his daring and questionable explosion of space and time, but his moralistic phrase, "the categorical imperative," that is really immortal.

Kant came at a time when empiricism and rationalism, the devotees of observation and the devotees of pure reason, had both been making extravagant claims. With his self-styled Copernican revolution in philosophy he attempted two things: to restore and guarantee the dependability and universality of scientific knowledge and to remove forever the claims of science to reveal or to refute the world of moral law, of immortality, and of God. His technique, despite an elaborate mumbo-jumbo, is essentially simple. The world of nature, of experience, of knowledge has a stable, pervasive, and universal structure, because it conforms to our intuitions of time and space and our categories of understanding. Without time and space, without causation, there would be no experience and no world experienced. Time and space, as Kant ingeniously and dubiously shows, are never to be derived from experience, nor is causation. Yet we can depend on scientific knowledge of the world, because the world has to conform to the a priori lenses through which we see and understand it. The world of nature and of experience thus becomes, for Kant, a phantom, an appearance, a projection of our way of knowing. Its structure and anatomy are the form of our knowledge. The world of experience is thus simply a picture, the appearance of a reality which we can never know. Whatever we know must be conformed, one might say disformed, to the molds and forms through which alone we can have knowledge. There are, however, realities which we can never know, *Dinge an sich*, including the values which this little Protestant professor cherished with a touching and provincial piety. Science and mechanism were to him the last and lasting word in the sphere of externals, of cause and effect. But in the unknowable world of realities, in the sphere of faith beyond the reach and purview of reason, were God, immortality of the soul, and the invulnerable voice of Duty in the obedient listening to which was freedom. The world of mechanism, of cause and effect, of compulsion was for science. In the world of faith were the God whom we must believe and whom we could never know, the Immortality which we certainly had and could never demonstrate, the Duty which we could never explain and must never doubt or disobey.

Kant thus tried with heroic ingenuity and ingenuous simplicity to separate forever the things of this world and the things of spirit, the realms of science and of faith. The complexion of philosophical thought and method has radically changed since his day. A genetic and psychological method has been substituted for his impressive dialectic. We no longer raise the question: Is experience possible? We attempt to learn from and by experience. The distinction, as Kant drew it, between appearance and reality, has come to seem a piece of futile sophistication. But the great issue that Kant was wrestling with still remains: What is the status of God, freedom, and immortality, which we love, in the world of mechanism in which we of necessity live? Kant may not have answered it, or his answer may now seem irrelevant. But he was honest and searching. And his Three Critiques remain overwhelming monuments of intellectual architecture.

The Genius of Duse

THE great mimes are passing. Few appear to take their places. Perhaps it is because, in truth, there should and need be no one to fill those special places. For in spite of the expressionists and the latest innovators in the art of the theater, the modern actor is primarily servant, interpreter, and sinks himself into the spirit and the character of the artist for whom he speaks.

Such was, obviously enough, not the primary function of the great mimes of the past generation. They used Sardou or even Ibsen as a vehicle for themselves. It is significant that the furious brilliancy of Bernhardt was rarely if ever employed to illuminate a dramatic work that the world will care to remember. It was otherwise with Duse. But when she acted Ellida Wangel or Fru Alving what one thought of was actually neither of these tragic women: what one saw and thought of and dreamed of afterward was Eleonora Duse, her grace, her gestures, her tragic fortunes, her fame, and her transcendence of fame.

Even as John Barrymore has but one role, whether the name of that role is for the moment Fedya or Richard III or Falder or Hamlet; as he is always one whose outward seeming cannot conceal his wounded soul, so Eleonora Duse played upon the instrument of herself, played, with infinite variations, the song of her own heart. She was Latin grace yearning for something beyond itself, the Latin spirit drawn to the strange dreams and conflicts and terrors of the North—the morbidness and strangeness that are of the North, that are romantic in essence, that have no place in the clear light of those Sicilian meadows that Theocritus and Vergil celebrated. When Duse played Ibsen it was as though those meadows, weary of their own sun, their own serenity, dreamed of the icy waters of the fjords. And it was when she played Ibsen that the peculiar character of her temperament and genius stood out in clearer definition than when she played "La Città Morte" or any of those works more native to what, outwardly and most naturally, she seemed to be.

In some such terms as these the genius of Duse may be defined from the point of view of the audiences that will never see her again. For actors she had still another meaning—the meaning of the marvelous liquidness of her movements—the liquidness and inevitableness too. Her way of standing, of sitting, of holding some simple thing like a parasol; of handling a simple drapery like a little shawl—sometimes a poor, dun little shawl—these things were and will be in memory thought about and studied. She was not beautiful. But all the lines she created were beautiful—the line of a gesture, of a posture, of a step, of sitting down, of moving her head.

She is gone and with her an art of the theater that is not likely soon to return. The world is not growing more beautiful nor more preoccupied with Duse's kind of beauty, which is, rightly looked upon, a simple thing. In every age there are pull-backs, eddies of reaction; the main current sweeps on full and strong. What we are after in art, no less than in knowledge, is exactitude, is the characteristic, concrete. To these belong the present and the future that is visible. Those final appearances of Eleonora Duse in America were elegiac in more than a personal sense. They marked her passing; they also marked the passing of an age and an art.

More Conservative and More Radical

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

TO the roving inquirer, journeying and sojourning in East and in West amid the varying social elements and the varying sectional views of this diversified country, it surely must often seem probable, and sometimes indeed certain, that the country today is advancing both toward an increased conservatism and an increased radicalism.

Twenty years ago, when Theodore Roosevelt was wielding the big stick upon the heads of malefactors of great wealth, there was a large element of American small business men filled with a fierce frenzy against trusts and railroads. Today in that element the frenzy is but a pale phantom of its former ruddy self.

Small business men today in unprecedented multitudes are going along happily with the trusts and with the railroads. If Mr. Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, is a trust magnate, they are not resentful. If the railroads are becoming more prosperous, they are not indignant. Amazingly numerous they join Mr. Mellon in wanting the highest surtaxes of our highest millionaires drastically reduced. Amazingly numerous they join the persuasive managers of the public relations committees of the Eastern railroads and of the Western railroads in wanting railroad income to be amply adequate for the continuous improvement of railroad freight-train service.

To a greater degree than ever before, within the observation of this writer, these small business men have identified their interests with the interests of great corporate wealth. To put it lightly but precisely, they think now that a granting of a Rolls-Royce to others is a small price to pay for the getting of a Buick for themselves.

Accordingly today they are found in line and in harmony with the largest corporations in a common and concerted opposition to what is called "undue" governmental interference with business. This development in business circles is at the same time intensified by a certain widespread popular reaction against governmental interference in fields other than that of commerce and industry.

The Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law, for instance, have heavily helped to produce conservatives. Contemporary radicalism for the most part hopes to win its way by governmental action. The Volstead law is governmental action. The wets in the United States are a minority. They nevertheless number many millions and they feel deeply on their favorite topic. Every one of them hates a prohibition inspector more than he hates almost anything else in the world. He then begins readily to hate all inspectors. He says to himself and his friends: "Government is going too far; the less we have of it the better."

Thus the enraged wet is added to the consolidated business community as an enemy of governmental expansiveness. So are the outraged scenario-writer and motion-picture spectator who do not want their writings and seeings censored. So are numerous officers of privately owned and privately conducted schools and colleges and universities who think themselves confronted by the threatening prospect of a federal department of education designed to be the systematizer and standardizer of all the educational efforts, public and private, of this whole country.

This tendency deepens and spreads. Meanwhile, however, the contrary tendency in certain other elements also deepens and spreads.

Among these elements are outstandingly the Northwestern farmers and the organized railroad employees. The Northwestern farmers do not recoil from governmental action. Their leaders think nothing of coming forward with plans for governmental corporations empowered to merchandize agricultural products in general and at large, both at home and abroad. Some of these suggested corporations would be authorized not only to deal in wheat and in other great staple crops but also at need to convoy an egg from a barnyard nest to a city pantry in order to supplant and eliminate the felonious middleman.

In this desire to expand the powers and the duties of government and to substitute the idea of service for the idea of profit in certain business fields the Northwestern farmers find congenial allies among the organized railroad employees. The railroad employees liked the federal control of railroads under William Gibbs McAdoo. They hate the present Esch-Cummins Transportation Law. They would have hated any law which restored the railroads to the management of their private owners and which brought federal control to an end. Back of all the criticisms of the Esch-Cummins Transportation Law on the part of the organized railroad employees is the determination to bring federal control in again.

To socialize certain processes of distribution and to socialize railroad transportation—those projects go far beyond any projects outlined by Theodore Roosevelt either in the White House or at Armageddon. In 1912 they were the theories of intellectuals. Today they begin to have the firm backing of large economic groups.

Thus we are more radical now than then. Also, however, through the revolt against high taxes and through the rising resentment against paternalistic legislation, we are more conservative now than then. It is a criss-cross.

Footnote: In the judgment of this writer the new conservatives would make a stronger showing against the new radicals if, besides being unwilling to see the government used as the economic servant of the Northwestern farmers and of the organized railroad employees, they were equally unwilling to see it unused as the economic servant of merchants and manufacturers and bankers. Their moral disadvantage is that when, as in the case of the present Railroad Labor Board, they find a bureaucratic body which they believe is serving their interests, they raise no objections whatsoever to that special sort of governmental interference in business. They gladly accept governmental interference on their side. They object to it usually only when it goes against them. It is difficult accordingly to credit most of them with the philosophic sincerity which animates men like Knight of Ohio or Borah of Idaho, who as genuine Jeffersonian Republicans object to all avoidable governmental expansions irrespective of whether those expansions are demanded by the ins and ups or by the outs and downs.

Shall We Remake the Supreme Court?

I. The Origin of Its Power

By CHARLES WARREN

(One of the most vital issues before the country today is the power exercised by its judiciary, especially by the Supreme Court of the United States. Senator Borah favors a constitutional amendment requiring that at least seven of the nine justices of the Supreme Court shall concur in a decision in order to set aside an act of Congress; Senator La Follette proposes that a two-thirds vote in Congress shall be sufficient to repass and validate any law that the Supreme Court has upset. The Nation publishes below the first of three articles on the power of the Supreme Court and the possibilities of limiting it. The second article will be *The Experience of Other Countries*, by Charles Grove Haines, and the third *A Program for Reform*, by Beulah Amidon Ratliff. Simultaneously with the last article of the series there will be an editorial expressing The Nation's views.)

RECENT decisions by the Supreme Court of the United States, holding that Congress has exceeded its authority in passing legislation not warranted by the Constitution, have revived the discussion as to the exercise by the courts of the power of judicial review. It is urged by some that this power to pass upon the validity of acts of Congress, even assuming its legality, should be abolished or limited. By others the lawful existence of the power is absolutely denied; its exercise is said to be a "usurpation"; it is claimed that Congress is the final judge of its right to legislate on any subject; and it is pointed out (apparently under the mistaken notion that English practice would be applicable here) that in England and in most European countries the Parliament is the supreme judge of its own powers.

There is a very necessary reason, however, why in the United States Congress should not be its own final arbiter. Unlike England, the United States has a federal form of government, under which, in the same territory and over the same body of citizens, two distinct governments operate—the National and the State, each limited in its powers by the provisions of the Constitution. One of the most important class of questions which comes before the Supreme Court, therefore, is that in which the claim is advanced by one or the other of the parties to the suit that either Congress or the State legislature has exceeded these limited powers. No such question can come before an English court with respect to acts of Parliament, since no such class of limitations on the powers of Parliament exists.

If the United States possessed no Supreme Court, with authority to say when Congress or a State legislature had trespassed beyond the field assigned to them respectively by the Constitution, then both Congress and the State legislatures would have full power to legislate at their own sweet will, utterly unrestricted by the provisions of the Constitution. And, as a natural and inevitable consequence, Congress, being the mightier body, would prevail in every instance, and national legislation might sweep away all boundaries between the nation and the States in any case in which Congress felt sufficiently strongly the necessity

or desirability of so doing. As to the citizens of the States, Congress might violate every one of the Bill of Rights contained in the first ten amendments, and no citizen of a State would have any redress in court. Of the later amendments, each might be violated at will by Congress, if unrestricted by the judiciary; and Congress might, therefore, authorize the sale of intoxicating liquors, in complete violation of the Eighteenth Amendment, or it might directly legislate as to the rights of Negroes in the States, in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment.

In other words, instead of a federal government with limited powers, and with complete reservation to the States and their citizens of all other powers and rights, we should have a consolidated government with unlimited powers, and with no rights left to the States and their citizens except such as Congress, in its supreme autocracy, might see fit to leave or to grant to them. That this is no imaginary danger is shown by the fact that Congress has, in the past, enacted at least ten laws violating the Bill of Rights; and the citizens have been protected only because the court has held that the Constitution must prevail in their defense over such laws of Congress.

The voters of this country, if they so desire, have the right, of course, at any time to change the powers and functions of the branches of their government, provided they do it in the method required by the Constitution, i.e., by amendments duly adopted by the necessary votes of Congress and of the States. But when such a change is suggested as the destruction of the most important function of the Supreme Court the voters ought to be made to realize, in advance, that this change means the destruction of their federal form of government. Moreover, arguments in its favor should be based on facts, and not on mere declamation.

Unfortunately, the assault upon the Supreme Court's power of judicial review has heretofore been accompanied by either suppression or absolute misstatement of historical facts. For a number of years past a charge has been that the power of the Supreme Court to pass upon the validity of acts of Congress was a "usurped" power, first exercised by John Marshall, in *Marbury vs. Madison*, in 1803. The reiteration of this charge has gained it a certain degree of credit. Had either the opponents or the defenders of the court made a thorough examination of the newspapers, pamphlets, debates, and correspondence of the early years of the country they would have found that, far from being regarded as a "usurpation," the court's power of judicial review was acknowledged from the very outset by both political parties; and that when Marshall rendered his famous decision in 1803 he only expressed a view which had been little challenged at all between the years 1789 and 1802.

In the first place, in the debates in the Federal Convention of 1787, this power of the federal judiciary was specifically recognized on several occasions, notably by Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts and Luther Martin of Maryland (both of whom opposed the adoption of the Con-

stitution, though on other grounds), by James Wilson and Gouverneur Morris of Pennsylvania, by James Madison and George Mason of Virginia, and by Hugh Williamson of North Carolina. Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut, William R. Davie of North Carolina, John Blair, Edmund Randolph, and George Wythe of Virginia, Alexander Hamilton of New York, and David Brearly of New Jersey were also members of the convention who expressed themselves in 1787 and 1788 in favor of the power. Its existence was denied by only four members of the convention. Moreover, before the convention met, the legislatures of four States, North Carolina, Rhode Island, New Jersey, and New Hampshire, had passed statutes depriving citizens of the right of jury trial, and these statutes had been set aside by the State courts, in decisions each one of which was known to members of the convention; this example of the necessity of providing a judiciary to safeguard important constitutional rights must have impressed itself upon the members of the convention at the time. Senator La Follette is hardly justified, therefore, in saying that "It is absolutely certain the Constitution would never have been adopted had the men at that time believed that the court they were providing for would assume the powers now exercised by our federal judges."

Before the Constitution was adopted those who opposed it used the existence of the Supreme Court's power of judicial review as an argument against adoption, but they did not challenge the fact of its existence. Thus a prominent writer in the *Independent Gazetteer* in Philadelphia said February 23, 1788: "Besides, should Congress be disposed to violate the fundamental articles of the Constitution . . . still it would be of no avail as there is a further barrier interposed . . . namely, the Supreme Court of the Union, whose province it would be to determine the constitutionality of any law that may be controverted. . . . It would be their sworn duty to refuse their sanction to laws made in the face and contrary to the letter of the Constitution." As soon as the new Government was started a New York correspondent of the London *Public Advertiser*, October 19, 1789, wrote specifically that the court was to exercise a right of judicial review of acts of Congress as follows: "The judicial power is established for the benefit of foreigners, and will be a check on any encroachment by the State or the United States on the Constitution. They have the power of declaring void any law infringing it."

Senator Ladd of North Dakota has recently written: "One thing is certain, and that is that the Congress which enacted the Judiciary Act of 1789 never dreamed that it would be at any time so construed as to be the instrument of judicial usurpation." This is an illustration of loose statements made without any examination of the historical facts. For the very Congress to which the Senator refers, the First Congress, at its first session, is on record as not only recognizing but welcoming the court's power of judicial review—not as a "usurpation" but as an existing and desirable function. In June, 1789, a bill was discussed in the House making the Secretary of Foreign Affairs removable by the President. Objection being raised to the constitutionality of this measure, it was emphatically contended by congressmen from the Southern States and by Anti-Federalists that Congress ought not to legislate, since the question of the President's power to remove was one which must be settled by the judiciary. Abraham Baldwin

of Georgia said: "It is their province to decide upon our laws, and if they find them to be unconstitutional, they will not hesitate to declare it so." John Page of Virginia said that the Constitution ought to be left "to the proper expositors of it"—the judges. William Smith of South Carolina stated that the question of the President's right of removal should be "left to the decision of the judiciary." Alexander White of Virginia said: "I would rather the judiciary should decide the point because it is more properly within their department"; and again: "I imagine the legislature may construe the Constitution with respect to the powers annexed to their department, but subject to the decision of the judges." It remained, however, for Elbridge Gerry, one of the strongest of the Anti-Federalists, to assert most clearly that "The Judges are the constitutional umpire on such questions. . . . We are not the expositors of the Constitution. The judges are the expositors of the Constitution and acts of Congress. Our exposition, therefore, would be subject to their revisal. The judiciary may disagree with us and undo what all our efforts have labored to accomplish."

Two years later, in February, 1791, in the same Congress, there occurred in the House a heated debate on the right of Congress to charter a corporation, the first bank of the United States. This right was not given to Congress in specific language by the Constitution; and its existence was violently denied by the Anti-Federalists, by Madison and Jefferson, and by those who later became the Democratic Party. It was earnestly upheld by the Federalists. The Anti-Federalists in Congress argued against the passage of the bill on the ground that, even if passed, the Supreme Court would be bound, and ought, to hold it unconstitutional. The Federalists cited the possession of such a power by the court as an argument in favor of the passage of the bill, for, they said, if Congress errs in so passing it, the court will correct the error. "The last objection is that, adopting the bill, we expose the measure to be considered and defeated by the judiciary of the United States, who may adjudge it to be contrary to the Constitution and therefore void," said Elias Boudinot. "This gives me no uneasiness. I am so far from contravening this right in the judiciary that it is my boast and my confidence. . . . It is the glory of the Constitution that there is a remedy even for the failures of the supreme legislature thereof."

Thus, in these early congresses, both parties upheld the court's power of judicial review; there was no talk of "usurpation," but rather a demand that the court should exercise an acknowledged power.

One year later, another act of Congress and the question of its power to pass it actually came before the judges of the court in the famous *Hayburn Case*, in April, 1792. The case involved a subject on which the American public was considerably wrought up—the pensioning of its much-neglected invalid veterans—a subject which is by no means unfamiliar today. Congress had passed a statute imposing on the justices of the Supreme Court the duty of examining and passing on these pensioners' claims with a final right of review by the Secretary of War. A refusal to assume the duties thus imposed by Congress was likely to bring odium on the judges and to alienate popular sympathy. Nevertheless, the Supreme Court justices, sitting in the United States Circuit Court in Pennsylvania, unhesitatingly proceeded to hold the act of Congress unconstitutional, on the ground that the duties directed to be per-

formed were not of a judicial nature. Here was a subject and an occasion when, if ever, we should expect to find charges of judicial usurpation, and especially from the Anti-Federalists, who were particularly opposed to all extensions of federal power. But on an examination of the newspapers of the time, the curious fact appears that it was the Anti-Federalist press which especially supported this exercise of judicial power. Thus, the violent opponent of federalism and supporter of Thomas Jefferson, Freneau's *National Gazette*, not only applauded the decision but expressed the hope that the court might hold other federal legislation unconstitutional. It stated that the judges' action "must be matter of high gratification to every friend of liberty, since it assures the people of ample protection to their constitutional rights and privileges against any attempt of legislative or executive oppression." The Anti-Federalists evidently regarded the court as a great source of protection to the people against encroachments of power by Congress. It was the Congress whose usurpation they feared, not the court. The Federalists had always upheld the court. Here again, as early as 1792, was an instance of support of the court's action by both parties.

In 1796 the validity of the federal carriage tax was argued before the court and upheld by it; but the Anti-Federalists, particularly in the South, not only did not deny the court's power to hold the tax unconstitutional but were exceedingly anxious that it should so hold. So in 1799 and 1800 the Anti-Federalists were insistent that the court should hold the Alien and Sedition laws unconstitutional, and bitterly attacked the judges for failing to so hold.

Conclusive disproof of the charge of usurpation may be found also on an examination of the current literature of the years from 1789 to 1802. Had there been any great popular discontent at the exercise of power by the judiciary, it would have revealed itself in letters or editorials in prominent Anti-Federalist papers like the *Aurora* in Philadelphia, the *American Citizen* in New York, the *Virginia Argus* in Richmond, or the *Independent Chronicle* in Boston, for the columns of these papers teemed with attacks upon every other alleged "outrage" or "usurpation" committed by Federalist officials and by Federalist judges. Yet these newspapers, and similar partisan journals of less wide circulation, contain (with the exception of letters from Charles Pinckney of South Carolina) practically no evidence of any challenge of judicial power between the years 1789 and 1802.

It was not until the latter year, 1802, in the midst of a bitter political fight over the federalist change of the judiciary system, enacted in the closing days of President Adams's Administration, that the power of the court to hold acts of Congress invalid was for the first time challenged by senators and congressmen from Virginia, Kentucky, and North Carolina, but from those States alone.

It was just one year after this debate that Marshall rendered his decision in the famous case of *Marbury vs. Madison*, holding a section of the Judiciary Act unconstitutional—the action which has, in the last few years, been termed a "usurpation." Widespread newspaper publicity was given to this decision in 1803. It was printed in full in many papers; and a résumé of the opinion, published in Washington in Jefferson's administration organ, the *National Intelligencer*, was copied into all papers of any consequence. An extensive examination of the papers op-

posed to Marshall in politics reveals practically no criticism of the exercise of the power of the court to set aside an act of Congress. Jefferson himself did not then attack the decision on this ground, but assailed it because of Marshall's attempt to interfere with the President's executive authority by even considering the question of issuing a mandamus to a cabinet officer.

It was not until a desire to get rid of the federalist judges by impeachment took hold of the Anti-Federalist politicians, in 1804, that talk of judicial usurpation became at all rife; and then it was based on politics and not on legal discussion or historical facts.

Opponents of the court now make much use of certain letters of Thomas Jefferson in which he attacked the court as being the "subtle sappers and miners constantly working underground to undermine the foundation of our confederated fabric"; "the inroads daily making by the federal court"; "that body ever acting with the noiseless foot and unalarming advance." But in these letters (written from 1819 to 1823, when he was an old man of eighty) Jefferson was not referring at all to the court's action in holding acts of Congress invalid; on the contrary, he was referring to the wide scope of power which the court was giving to Congress by upholding acts of Congress as against the sovereignty of the States. He was complaining because the court *failed* to deny the power of Congress. This fact is carefully concealed by the court's assailants in quoting these letters. So far from denying the court's power, Jefferson was exceedingly anxious that the Alien and Sedition laws, the act of Congress chartering the Bank of the United States, and the twenty-fifth section of the Judiciary Act, authorizing writs of error to State courts, should all be held unconstitutional by the court.

It is impossible, therefore, to regard as a "usurpation" by John Marshall the exercise of a function which was recognized and supported by both the political parties of his own time.

The fact is that it was not encroachments by the court on Congress which alarmed Jefferson and his adherents from 1801 to 1823, or the Democrats of the 1830's and 1840's; it was encroachments by Congress on the sovereignty of the States, *upheld* by decisions of the court, which they feared. Then when the year 1850 arrived, and the passage of the Fugitive Slave law, there immediately arose the most violent attack on the court in all our history—but this time made by the Republicans and Abolitionists—an attack which continued for ten years, not because the court denied the constitutionality of that act but because it refused to do so.

With the charge of "usurpation" thus cleared away, the question as to the possession of the power of judicial review by the court may be considered simply on its merits, i. e., from the point of view of the necessity and desirability of its exercise.

It is true that the Constitution does not expressly vest this power in the court; but it is also true that it vests no other powers in the court. While the Constitution vests in a Congress "all legislative powers *hereby granted*," thereby specifically defining and restricting the power of Congress, it vests "the judicial power" in a Supreme Court and inferior courts, without any definition or restriction of the court's powers at all, and simply states to what class of cases their jurisdiction shall extend. In

other words, while Congress has only limited powers, the Supreme Court has all powers which are inherently necessary to enable the court to function, as a court, in a federal form of government with a written constitution. It impliedly possesses, therefore, the power of judicial review, just as the President impliedly possesses power of removal of officers—a power not expressly granted by the Constitution, but inherent in the term “the executive power,” which the Constitution vests in “a President.” As John Marshall said in 1803:

It is emphatically the province and duty of the judicial department to say what the law is. Those who apply the rule to particular cases must of necessity expound and interpret that rule. If two laws conflict with each other, the courts must decide on the operation of each. So if the law be in opposition to the Constitution; if both the law and the Constitution apply to a particular case, so that the court must either decide that case conformable to the law, disregarding the Constitution; or conformable to the Constitution, disregarding the law; the court must determine which of these conflicting rules governs the case. This is of the very essence of judicial duty.

As to the desirability of the court's function, that will depend upon whether the citizens of this country wish to retain the federal form of government, under which they have existed for 134 years, or whether they wish to live under a consolidated and autocratic government by Congress, with States and citizens possessing no right or power save such as Congress sees fit to leave to them. To abolish

the court's power of judicial review means to destroy the former form of government and to institute the latter.

Finally, we should never lose sight of one fact, which is often obscured, owing to the loose use of language too often indulged by courts and lawyers as well as by laymen. The court does not “veto” an act of Congress; it does not in reality hold it void. The decision rendered by the court in a case involving a federal statute is not a mere decision that the statute is valid or invalid; it is a determination of the rights of two parties actually litigating before it, the one claiming a personal or property right based on the law as found in the statute, the other claiming his right under the law of the Constitution. The court, in deciding which of these two parties shall prevail, must of necessity hold that the superior law fixes the rights of the parties, and that the other law, if conflicting, must be disregarded.

To those who urge that the court should be prevented from thus deciding the rights of parties litigating before the court, the question has been very strikingly put by a president of the American Bar Association, John W. Davis:

Shall we say that when an American stands before the court demanding rights given him by the supreme law of the land the court shall be deaf to his appeal? Shall wrongs visited upon him by the illegal excesses of congresses or legislatures be less open to redress than those which he may suffer from courts, or sheriffs, or military tyrants, or civilian enemies? If this be so, if in any such case the ears of the court are to be closed against him, it is not the power of the court that has been reduced but the dearly bought right of the citizen that is taken away.

Man and His Young World

By HARLOW SHAPLEY

LET us get off our planet and look in at the earthy mess. Let us try to evaluate this mixture of biological and physical conflicts in the light of the stars—in the light of those parts of the universe that best exemplify stability and endurance. In other words, we shall seek perspective and orientation. First we shall consider the position and duration, in the physical inanimate universe, of the organism man. Then let us note his place in the biological world. Finally, quite disillusioned, I hope, and discouraged, perhaps, let us grope about a bit for a working philosophy.

As to the relation of the organism to the physical world, the astronomer can easily set us thinking—thinking thoughts that are long and sadly inspiring. Personally, I am somewhat bored by the astronomical insistence that the material world is big and hard. I cheerfully accept that this universe is a hard one—but it is the only one we have. I would not match my strength against the physical powers of earth. Even Mohammed, you remember, had certain difficulties with a mountain.

The thing that appalls me is not the bigness of the universe, but the smallness of us. We are in all ways small—little in foresight, shriveled in spirit, minute in material content, microscopic in the vastness of measured space, evanescent in the sweep of time—inconsequential in every respect, except, perhaps, in the chemical complexities of our mental reactions. In that alone our advance may surpass that of other terrestrial organisms.

But the sanctity of all protoplasm has practically disappeared in this, the heroic age of the physical sciences,

when knowledge of the material universe, its content, structure, and dimensions, has so completely overthrown egocentrism. It should sufficiently deflate the organism, you would think, to find that his fountain of energy, the sun, is a dwarf star among thousands of millions of stars; to find that the star around which his little parasitic earth willlessly plods is so far from the center of the known stellar universe that sunlight, with its incomprehensibly high velocity, cannot reach that center in a thousand generations of vain men.

The deflation, however, is not stopped at that point. We now reach much deeper into space than a few years ago, find millions of stars mightier than our sun, find greater velocities, larger masses, higher temperatures, longer durations than we have previously known. Even more illuminating, in this orientation of organisms in the physical universe, is the revelation that the earth, whose surface we infest, is not a parcel of grand antiquity. Rather recently, as astronomers now measure time, a singular incident happened in the life-history of the sun. Before that time the earth was not, nor were the animals of the earth. Nevertheless, for trillions of years, in the absence of the “Lords of all Creation,” the stars had poured out their radiant energy, the celestial bodies had rolled on, law had governed the universe. Before that event, you and I, the material of our bodies, were electrons and atoms in the solar atmosphere. Since then we have been associated with the inorganic and organic evolution of a smaller concern.

The earth, as I have intimated, appeared only a few

thousand million years ago. Our sun, it seems, had already passed its prime of radiance when in its wanderings through celestial space it met up with another star—a stellar romance—a marriage made in the heavens. From that affair—realistic astronomers call it an encounter—the planets of the sun were born. The passing star, ruffling up the exterior of the sun, detached some relatively small fragments of the solar atmospheres. Now we strut on one of the surviving fragments and wonder and speculate and discuss: "How can we *better* the world?" Crown of absurdities—we repairing the world! That cast-out fragment, the ancestor from which and on which we descend, was composed wholly of gas! An emblem for us, that ancestral hot vapor—"How can we straighten out the world?"

The gaseous planet quickly liquefied as out in cold space it began its tireless revolutions around the parent sun. Soon after a crust formed, and, we may thank our lucky stars, the distance from the sun was right, the atmospheric and crustal chemistry was right, and other adjustments of the physical environment happened to be suitable for an elaboration of chemical reactions. The energy of the everflowing sunlight aided in complexifying this protoplasmic chemistry, a green mold formed in spots on the planet, and here we are—parasites on the energy of the sun that cast us forth. How can we better the world?

So far the scientist has let us down rather gently. We are, it seems, merely nothing, born of disaster. But it is a distinction to be discussed along with stars. We proceed, however, to a comparison with cockroaches and ants; we shall seek biological perspective.

Man, as a species, has had a short and brilliant career on the face of the earth. From ape-like ancestry to the editorial board of *The Nation* is at most a few million years. There are some cynics who think it is much less than that. Thousands of other species of animals besides *homo sapiens* have also risen rapidly to a high specialization, and then ceased to be. They paid for their brilliance with extinction. The dinosaurs lasted but a single era in geological history; they rose to a great climax of size, laid their eggs, and were gathered unto their fathers. They left no lineal descendants.

But the cockroach has a straight-line ancestry of two hundred million years or more. His is a stock sufficiently strong to carry him through numerous terrestrial upheavals, through desiccations and glaciations—and the cockroach today is just as good as he ever was. He and many other types of paleozoic animals so successfully adjusted themselves to the bitter universe that they have attained an enviable persistence. They had lived for ages before the sun passed the Orion nebula. They were well attuned with physical law and the environment's seeming caprice.

Still more instructive, in our problem of perspective, are social insects, such as the bees, the wasps, and the ants. Long before eocene time the ants had so fully and firmly developed a social system—a system involving military and worker castes, instinctive altruism, birth restriction, communism, food conservation—that even now, fifty million years later, their descendants can carry on as of old with the assurance of an ample future. "Go to the ant, thou sociological sluggard," a great authority almost said. Many an intriguing lesson can there be learned, but not always adapted to the transient civilizations of man. In reasonable harmony with the physical restrictions and with the biotic world are these persistent societies of ants. Theirs is, I claim, a splendid social development—the work is all done

by the females! The males, when they are permitted to exist at all, are mainly decorative. The governmental details are in the hands and antennae of widows and spinsters.

Biologically, it seems, we are as inexperienced as physically we are frail. Moreover, we are hampered with brains. We have mentality to burn, and many of us do burn it, at both ends. Our more or less primitive bodies cannot keep up in the evolutionary progress with our abnormal mentalities.

So much for the perspective. How about foreign policy within the species? For man to attempt salvation through physical force seems absurd. The panaceas that ignore the immutable physical rules are to be classed among man's minor futilities. Probably my view is of no interest whatever to Arcturus, nor to the nitrogen molecule, nor to the descendants of the beautiful Paleodictyoperids recently exhumed from the lower Permian in Kansas. It may be of interest, however, to the organisms who have read thus far. Take it as the view of a transient fellow-parasite who uses physical science habitually, and the stars, as points to look in from.

There is a fundamental drift, essentially unidirectional, in this universe—a drift that is partially comprehended or felt by man, beast, vegetable, star, and matter. It is a tendency that seems more significant than space or time or atoms or protoplasm or knowledge. It is, in a sense, Law. It is, perhaps, recognized by you (according to your various inherited traditions and spiritual tenets) as the Tendency or Evolution or God or Fate or the Will to Live or the Second Principle of Thermodynamics. I would call it the Drift and resist the impulse to define it. It is the Drift that dissipates all the available energy of the universe, that runs down the heat supplies toward an eternal cold, that gathers stars into states of equilibrium, that evolves complicated organisms on the face of propitious planets, that impels even us vaguely to aspire.

The keyword of the Drift, in the animal world, is survival—survival of the individual, of the species, of protoplasm. The individual, alas, is doomed! One revolution of Neptune, and you and your children and your children's children will be laid aside. The individual is not worth troubling about (in our cooperation with the Drift) except in so far as he contributes through deed, thought, or progeny to the survival of the species. Our concern mainly should be with the species—can it survive? It has no chance against the stars, of course; but can it long hold its own as a surviving form, or be ancestral to surviving forms, against other organisms, against primitive microbes and advanced insects? There is a fair chance, an optimistic scientist would say, if it were not that man's worst enemy is man.

The cockroach survives because it stands pat on form—it avoids experimental progress. Man, however, cannot stand still. He is delicately balanced in an unstable chemical complex; his abnormal mentality has led him to create an environment in which stagnation means extinction. Survival of the species appears to depend upon uninterrupted progress. Resignation is cowardice. Bended knees cannot help. The continued development of the reasoning intellect—our one conspicuous advantage—seems to be the only possibility.

Our policy toward foreign organisms should therefore be, according to this interpretation, one that looks directly toward man's survival. If you believe that savage and un-

intellectual mankind has a better opportunity in the existing implacable, man-made environment, then you should proceed to promote savagery and eliminate the intellectual. If war stands for continuation and upward transformation of the species, aim to encourage it.

On these points the stellar perspective is clear. Proto-plasm appears trivial and transient; but for man, the Drift prescribes progress and survival. If progression halts, we go to join the dinosaurs. If stagnation enters, in a million

years or so, by the light of those undisturbed stars that heed life not at all, some conservative cockroach, crawling over the fossilized skull of an extinct primate, may be able to observe: "A relic here of another highly specialized organism which failed to recognize the laws of the universe, which preferred the current minor whims to the search for survival, and which missed its great opportunity to inherit the planet, perishing an early victim of the world's subtle chemistries."

Revolutionary Christianity

By ALEXANDER STEWART

"I HAVE the conviction that something is going to happen, that history is going to be made, and that it behooves red-blooded men to get in if they are going to be leaders and not followers." This prophecy made by a prominent Methodist layman, prior to the National Conference of Methodist Students, proved true.

The more than five hundred students who came together at Louisville, Kentucky, April 18-20, to study "Methodism's part in the world's task and how we, as students, may relate ourselves to that task," came as representatives of the 110,000 Methodist students in the colleges and universities of the United States. Their earnest, sincere desire to challenge present social evils, with the searching test of Jesus's way of life amazed the older men present. Again and again old "wheel-horses" of Methodist conference experience gasped at the ease with which these alert young people disposed of knotty problems with a minimum of delay or ill-feeling. This conference demonstrated that there is a student movement in America, that students are not only ready for but are demanding a place of leadership in our national and international life.

The youth of the church had felt the need of a conference to set forth some of the things which they believed the Methodists should do at their General Conference in May. Young people the world over are questioning much of the so-called guidance of their elders. They are demanding a right to stand on their own feet. "If the older generation had been right on any important point," they say, "why has it got the world into its present state of misery and fear? The world is in a mess. How shall we put it right unless we are first prepared to discover where and why it is wrong? In order to discover this, we must inevitably challenge old standards and ask for a reason to be given why we should accept them."

Church unity, industry, race, and war were each examined, in turn, in the light of the teachings of Jesus. The result of the examination was none too comfortable for the *status quo*. The committee appointed to frame resolutions on the industrial situation returned a statement filled with the usual platitudinous generalities, a product of what some call the "Epworth-League mind." The delegates simply repudiated it and demanded that the committee give them something with "teeth" in it. They returned a resolution which was adopted unanimously, the more important points of which were: To work for continuous employment for labor; to support a constitutional amendment on child labor; to stand against the use of the injunction in industrial disputes as a violation of the rights of citizenship; to support the increased socialization and control of public

utilities; and to place the Methodist Book Concern on a basis of service rather than profit.

The discussion of race questions quickly centered on the Ku Klux Klan and its policy of "White Supremacy." The high light in this discussion was the ringing denouncement of the Klan Creed by Susie Ward Robertson of North Carolina Woman's College. In a fervent protest that the basic principles of the Klan are unchristian she swept the audience into a storm of applause. Defenders of the Klan asserted that opponents of "White Supremacy" failed to understand the interpretation of that phrase. The resolution finally adopted on race condemned the activities of any organizations in the United States which thrive upon the stimulation of racial or religious prejudices, without specifying any by name. In even the hottest debate upon the race question, the spirit of self-control and right-seeking was prevalent.

The challenge of war to the Church of Christ and to the youth of America was answered decisively. To do justice to the militaristic elements in the church an opportunity was given to Major Addams, national advocate of the American Legion, to present the appeal of nationalism to the student conference. His presentation was exceedingly effective. In the forum which followed the address, however, his argument was warmly challenged. Several of the delegates who had been ex-service men and are now pacifists asked for proof of the major's assertion that most pacifists are cowards and that pacifist propaganda comes from bolshevik sources. Others inquired if God and Uncle Sam are always to be identified. Major Addams stood his ground, but had difficulty in answering the fusillade of questions. The three student speakers on the war question handled it so successfully that Professor Holmes of Swarthmore, who was to answer Major Addams, declared that his job had been done for him.

The resolutions dealing with war adopted by these students included:

1. A memorial urging the Christian church never to bless or sanction another war.
2. An indorsement of the Council of Cities' memorial to the Methodist General Conference, which declares "unalterable opposition on the part of our church to the entire war system—economic exploitation, imperialism, and militarism," and recommends "that we dedicate anew our life and resources to the building of a world brotherhood."
3. A resolution that the Methodist church should immediately set as its aim the abolition of military training in all its colleges and universities.

4. A resolution by the ex-service men present that other Methodist ex-service men show all tolerance for those working for the cause of peace.

Following the resolutions a motion was made to take a census of student attitudes toward war, preparedness, and pacifism. The votes ran: Preparedness—31 in favor of it as an effective means of preserving peace; 197 against it; 99 non-committal. Pacifism—79 for it as an effective means of keeping peace; 106 against it; 141 non-committal. At the request of certain delegates who felt that the wording of the statement on preparedness did not represent their point of view, a vote was taken on the question of the ad-

visability of preparedness for defense. For it 132 voted, against it 101, and 64 were non-committal.

Thus the Methodist students have made a serious and significant attempt to apply the principles of their religion to the world in which they live. They are beginning to realize the gap between modern life and those principles. For some time there have been weak expressions of a desire to do just this thing. We have long been told the principles of Jesus contain social dynamite and that they are dangerous to the security of entrenched greed. If this is true, it is for the young people of the church to dare apply this test to our pagan civilization.

Germany Throws the Dice

By FRITZ KUMMER

ON May 4 a new German Reichstag will be elected, to serve four years. Never was electoral propaganda more rabid in Germany, never did the newspapers, paper trumpets of the parties, blare so loudly, or so many candidates seek to win the favor of the voters. When pictures and caricatures and cinemas were used for electoral propaganda before the war people declared in horrified tones that Germany was being "Americanized." The term is no longer adequate to the intensity of political excitement. No election in German history has ever been so important; for all parties know that the issue for the German republic is—to be or not to be.

The voters lose the fundamental question in a mist of words. It is not easy for the average German citizen to cast his vote wisely. The English have been practicing democratic politics for two centuries, the Germans not ten years. Between elections political parties mean very little to the average citizen, and when an election draws near he is bewildered by the fog of speeches, programs, and parties. Further, he has to choose not from two or three parties but from twenty-five! Germany has never before known such a wealth of parties, and one may dare prophesy that it will never happen again. Most of the twenty-five parties will die even more rapidly than they were born. Most of them owe their existence to the reaction, which acts upon the ancient maxim: Divide and rule! If this maxim serves, the fledgling parties will return, after the election, to the old nest, and the deputies of the new parties will vote as their reactionary parent-parties tell them to.

Yet it is probable that the next Reichstag will have the same seven principal parties as the old. The last elections produced the following results:

	Votes	Deputies
Reactionary parties	Deutsch-Völkische ?	3
	Nationalist 3,740,000	66
	People's 3,610,000	62
Middle parties	Centrum 4,779,000	89
	Democratic 2,202,000	45
Labor parties	Social Democratic 10,512,000	173
	Communist 441,000	18
Various	800,000	10
	<hr/> 26,084,000	<hr/> 466

There is a tendency in German politics to pay less attention to the individual parties and to classify the votes in two great groups: the bourgeois and the proletarian. The

last election gave the bourgeois groups 58.5 per cent and the working-class groups 41.5 per cent.

Of course this is a summary method of classification. It is not true to say that the bourgeois parties form a "single reactionary mass" or that the working-class parties have the same nature and goal. There are important differences. We can note only the sharpest distinctions here.

Three parties can be classed as unqualifiedly reactionary. In Kaiser days they formed the ruling class and supplied the Reich with its ministers, officials, and army officers. They changed their names after the revolution of 1918 in the vain hope of wiping out unpleasant memories. They still face toward the past, toward the days when the laws, the courts, the administration, and the police worked together for them. They all hate the republic, which took away their special privileges, their dominant power, and their joy in life. They strive to end the republic and to establish a "strong Germany," a military state with a monarchical head, in which the workers will take their proper place as servants of a ruling caste. Yet like as these three parties are, they seek their goal by different methods. The Völkische, the most violently nationalist in philosophy, in which ex-officers are dominant, is devoted to the fascist method; the People's Party, which unites big business and the war profiteers, believes the trade unions to be the strongest bulwark against the monarchy and seeks to destroy them; and the Nationalists, who include the great land-owners and conservative Junkers, form a bridge between Völkische and People's Party.

The Centrum is the political expression of the Catholic population and the Democrats represent the liberal part of the middle classes (bankers, merchants, manufacturers, doctors, teachers, engineers). These two middle parties are usually considered as bulwarks of the republic. Their republican sentiment, however, first manifested itself after the republic had been proclaimed; previously they had cautiously criticized the monarchy without calling for its abolition. When the revolutionary wave swept away the monarchist house of cards they "accepted the facts" and worked, if hesitatingly, for the development of the new democratic state. Whether their republicanism will stand a storm remains to be proved. Each party is torn by a conflict between capitalist and proletarian philosophies. The Centrum includes the Catholic employers and their near-Socialist employees, and is blown now in one direction, now in the

other. The Democrats are torn by the same conflict between bankers and merchants, on the one hand, and white-collar workers on the other. The side which shows most ability and contributes most heavily to the party treasury is likely to dominate in such a situation, and that is usually the conservative. Neither party has any real reason to wish a return to monarchy—their members had slight chance for advancement under the old regime—but they are afraid of a socialist republic dominated by the working class. This fear has led them to wish to include the Right parties in the government coalitions as an offset to the Socialists, and has been responsible for most of the German government crises, and thereby for the weakening of the republic.

The most progressive hand-workers and petty officials form the bulk of the working-class parties, and considerable numbers of small tradesmen, peasants, and white-collar workers are associated with them. The Communist Party follows the leadership of Moscow; it is opposed to democracy and exalts the dictatorship of the proletariat. Whether the Communists will be able to pursue a positive democratic policy in the absence of the possibility of such a dictatorship remains to be seen. The Socialists are the surest support of the republic; they have a well-developed party machinery, innumerable officials, and 150 daily newspapers. The vast majority of the trade unionists belong to them, and to their millions of members is due credit for the survival of the republic. Whenever the reaction attempts to overthrow the republic it is met in every town and street by the determined masses of the Socialist workers. A return to monarchy is possible only if the Social-Democratic Party can be destroyed, and the reactionaries, therefore, concentrate all their hate, their anger, and their talent in combating and calumniating it and its trade unions. But if the Social Democrats are too revolutionary for the Right they are too reactionary for the Communists, for they reject the theory of dictatorship and see salvation only in democracy and believe that military methods are worth far less than the political education and intellectual development of the working class. The Social Democratic Party, like the others, is passing through a crisis. Younger and more vigorous men are replacing the old leaders, and the philosophy of the party is being remodeled.

The political prophets are as busy as the politicians. They foresee great gains for the two extreme parties, the Völkische and the Communists; some say that the former will have 60 deputies instead of 3, and the latter 50 instead of 18. Certainly these parties will gain, though perhaps not so much. There are many reasons for this sweep to the extremes. The war and its miserable aftermath, the Versailles treaty, the occupation of the Ruhr, inflation, economic crises, the pauperization of the middle classes, and the impoverishment of the industrial proletariat combined with the hesitating and helpless policy of the parties which have for five years formed the successive governments have led large circles of the population to a discontent which borders on despair. Things cannot be worse, they say, and thoughtlessly turn to the parties which carelessly promise betterment by the use of force. The politically untrained expect from force what a pacific policy has failed to win. The desperate members of the middle class turn to fascist methods; the desperate, hungry workers to the Communist program of dictatorship. And as things stand now only a bitter experience can undeceive them.

If one rises above party politics one sees that while

the German parties changed their signboards after the revolution they retained the old political ideas and leaders. These could not meet the needs of the new democratic era, and the parties have been going through a process of transformation. Gradually—slowly, but clearly—a division along economic lines has been taking place; both political and economic contrasts have been accentuated in the last five years. The consciousness has been growing that a solution of the difficult problems which trail after the war and the peace is impossible if what is politically the freest democracy in the world is at the same time ruled economically by the old, brutal, short-sighted autocracy. The new democracy cannot meet the needs of the state and of the people because it is faced by an omnipotent economic autocracy. Unless the democracy succeeds in controlling industry the economic autocracy will control the democracy, and eventually democratic rights and liberties will give way to the old system.

There are great things at stake in this election—the fate of the German people, democracy or autocracy, whether a new Germany shall really rise or the old return. In recent months the conflict between democracy and autocracy has come to the verge of open conflict; on May 4 the voters will be called upon with their votes to award the decision.

In the Driftway

AT last something new under the sun. The kitchen-slavey has become the economic barometer of Europe. During the last years most of the Drifter's friends in the neutral countries of the Old Continent had provided themselves with German cooks and German parlor-maids. They came cheap. The guilder and the crown and the Swiss franc were worth one or two billion marks, and the faithful handmaidens flocked to Copenhagen and Stockholm and Amsterdam by the wagon-load. And the Drifter, remembering excellent meals at hospitable houses, used to end his correspondence with Danish and Dutch friends with a tribute to the excellent *Mädchen* who dwelt in the *Küche*. But this chapter of domestic migration now belongs to the past. Three letters recently say that the *Mädchen* are gone and the *mademoiselles* have come. The rentenmark went up. The franc went down. The Friedas and Elsas and Berthas hastened home. The Maries and Berthes and Paulines went forth into voluntary exile among the barbarians. If this exchange business lasts only long enough all the little kids of Europe will become polyglots. But what constitution can stand the sudden change from *Arme Ritter* to *Crêpes Suzette* and—who knows—to Yorkshire pudding?

* * * *

THE Drifter's faith in the plain people of these United States has revived since he read that the crowds which jammed Pennsylvania Station to greet President Coolidge and Jack Dempsey were tiny compared with the hordes which gathered to celebrate the homecoming of the bobbed-haired bandit. There was a girl with the old frontier blood in her veins! Scientifically trained athlete and a secret-service-guarded statesman seem pale indeed beside such a wild, red girl, quick on the trigger, adventuresome, cool, courageous. It was just nine days after her baby was born that she faced the detectives who broke down her door in

Florida, and four days after the child's death. But she did not whimper; she faced the detectives, as she later faced the more exacting reporters, with a smile; and when arraigned in court she refused the formality of a lawyer. The Drifter is, on the whole, a law-abiding soul, but he has a venerable admiration for her youthful revolt, and he wishes he had been in the front rank of the crowd that cheered her arrival. It may be that she is merely an amoral moron, but if the courts will be finicky the Drifter would prefer to have them put the Daughtertys and Sinclairs in jail and leave the young things free.

* * * * *

THE Drifter reads in the *New York World* an advertisement which says: "Within the next ten days a petition will be offered looking forward to the allotment of opposite sides of the streets to opposite sexes. Slow-moving women impede progress of busy MEN." All men who favor "Giving East Side of All Streets to MEN" are asked to sign their names and return the coupon. The Drifter passes this on willingly to his friends of the male sex. For himself, he never hurries, nor could he possibly be classed with "busy MEN," so that he dares not sign the petition himself. Moreover, he has received another petition which conflicts a little with the above. It is from a young woman who claims that it represents the sentiments of 98 per cent of her sex, and it reads: "Within the next nine days a petition will be offered looking forward to the allotment of half of the mirrors in chewing-gum boxes to WOMEN. At present they cannot reach a mirror without standing in line behind the men who are straightening their neckties." The Drifter does not yet know what the lady's comment will be to the suggestion about sidewalks; the petition seems to belie the "Tired Business Man" slogan; or can it be that the business man is tired, first, because he walks too fast, and, second, because he looks at his own image too often?

THE DRIFTER.

Correspondence

Against Compromise

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with interest the two letters in your issue of March 26 regarding the conditions for release accepted by some of the political prisoners at Leavenworth. As I was one of the politicals (released last November 17, on expiration of sentence) I feel it my duty to state the facts as I know them. It seems to me a matter of deep concern and regret that Mr. Ward's letter, defending the position of the Civil Liberties Union, ignored all the fundamentals. Similarly, Mr. DeSilver's letter in your issue of January 2, I think, did not do justice to the ethical and spiritual aspect of the matter as a whole—the loyalty to principle of those who refused to sign away any phase of civil rights. The terms offered by the Government were: "If he [the prisoner] violate any of the foregoing conditions, of which the *President shall be the sole judge*, he, the President, may revoke," etc., "and return the prisoner to prison to complete his original sentence." This plainly put a man so released on a lifetime parole. Those who accepted these conditions definitely signed away the hard-won and now widely threatened civil right of public trial by jury, and to that degree undermined all civil liberty.

One not a member of an organization definitely pledged to uphold civil liberties, or a man pledged only to uphold liberty

of individual choice or conscience, or one seeking merely to get men out of prison on any terms, ethical or not, might countenance such signing away of civil liberty, or condone it, by treating those who did so as equally entitled to support. (Mr. Ward's letter says plainly that the Civil Liberties Union "worked equally" for these as well as the others.) But it seems to me that no clear-minded person could call this upholding "civil liberties."

Mr. Ward says that "no effort was made to destroy the group's solidarity." I think that mere justice would require that the prisoners' statements as to what was said and written to them should at least be accorded equal weight by anyone who really desires the truth. To my mind the point to be emphasized is that while those who countenanced the signing away of certain civil liberties may claim credit for the release of those who did sign these away, the uncompromised and unconditional release of those who refused all compromise was due solely to their own courage and loyalty. It seems to many rather a petty and unworthy attitude not to have generously accorded this, their due, to men who gave six years of their lives in support of civil liberties—in some cases their *whole* lives: William Weyh has recently died of tuberculosis contracted in prison.

To me the gravest aspect in the whole situation is that the deepest, the spiritual values are apparently unsensed and ignored.

Seattle, March 31

T. J. (RED) DORAN

The Dawes Plan

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Let me emphasize my sincere admiration for the high structural and operative qualities of the Dawes presentment. It is a marvel of constructive workmanship. How nicely and logically part dovetails into part, until we have before us a most impressive and harmonious edifice! But it is an edifice which is all structure, with one pervasive flaw—it lacks the base.

It is inconceivable that such master-builders as the members of the Dawes committee proved themselves should have failed to realize what lies patent to even a casual observer, namely, that the fixation of the total constitutes a basic postulate of any arrangement that is not presently to snap, to wobble, and then fall apart altogether of its own weight.

Can it be—I am most reluctant to advance the conjecture—that the omission was the result of a prearranged concession made to France in order to secure her assent? More specifically expressed, Can it be that the full reparation amount was again left in abeyance, so as to leave France in the continued possession of her stranglehold? The provision for the retention of her army in the Ruhr in itself would seem to warrant such conclusion. Why, indeed, this extra army? As if the Rhine army of occupation as countenanced by the Treaty of Versailles was not sufficient for purposes of coercion, or as if anybody could stop France from sending another army anywhere in Germany if the contingency actually arises!

I don't care how hard within the limit of possibility it is deemed necessary and advisable to make it for Germany—whether of right or no—but do let the game be fairly played, in a spirit of far-sighted statesmanship.

The more Germany is trampled under foot, the higher her rebound will some day be in the ripeness of time. By pressing a just cause with wrong measures we cause the host of moral forces to swing over to her side.

It becomes France in particular to heed the lesson of history and to remember that it was the succession of the repressive strokes of the Napoleonic campaigns which eventually welded the disparate national fragments into an united and powerful Germany.

New York, April 20

GABRIEL WELLS

The Murder of "We Moderns"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: By the same mail that informed me of the closing down of my new comedy, "We Moderns," I received a marked copy of your valuable organ in which your critic, Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, provoked by its conventional outlook, angrily predicted it would have a long run. I was very glad to receive this involuntary testimony to the justness of the apprehension I had expressed in the *New York Times*, while the play was still in the writing, that it would become the scapegoat of my sin in criticizing America. As Mr. Lewisohn rightly saw, it had every factor of success: entertainment, popular ethics, a happy ending. He omits to add a splendid company, rehearsed by Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, organized by that master in casting, Mr. George C. Tyler, and containing at least one player of genius in the person of Miss Helen Hayes, whose girlish comedy and pathos are surely unmatched on the English-speaking stage. When a play with such abounding elements of vitality—a play I myself saw hold Washington and Chicago audiences spellbound—is found dead in New York, the verdict can only be "Murder." As one New York critic reports gleefully: "Our cantankerous critic has brought upon himself his own punishment." And indeed to be torn to pieces by wild asses is no enviable doom.

Genuine failures are allowed to slip out quietly. But as if to put their motives beyond dispute, some of my critics even devote articles with big head-lines to the obsequies, full of indecent jubilation. Of course a play is delightfully easy to assassinate, especially in New York, where takings that would delight a London manager scarcely suffice to pay the rent of the theater. The patriotic gunman, who poses as dramatic critic, runs no risk of exposure, for the corpse is spirited away, post-mortem investigation precluded, and any protest like the present can be interpreted as the vaporings of mortified vanity.

I do not assert that all the New York critics were out to kill; on the contrary, I am profoundly grateful to the magnanimous minority that acclaimed my work, and whose praise was maliciously suppressed or distorted by organs professing to summarize opinion. Nor do I object to the criticism of thinkers like Mr. Lewisohn or Mr. John Corbin, who write like gentlemen, and whose world-vision differs so curiously from mine that they can honestly believe a story and characters in which I closely copied life to be utterly unreal. But I do resent Mr. Lewisohn's intolerant assumption that I—nay, that every thinker—must share his sex-view, and that I am sinning against my own light when I am doubting the quality of his. Of course no work of art can prove anything. But one of my earliest novels, "The Master," exalts the Hebraic ideal over the neo-Pagan; while my latest, "Jinny the Carrier," has been hailed as the harbinger of reaction against our super-morbid sex fiction. Mr. Lewisohn himself has recently confessed to a classical taste in art: why then can he not understand a classical taste in conduct? That taste on my part is not due to convention but to experience and observation. Few people have sufficient love, pity, or understanding of life to be trusted to hew out paths of their own: even Shelley failed.

In this situation, where the pieties of optimism and orthodoxy have been replaced by an equally shallow heterodoxy of unchecked impulse and experiment, it was the object of my comedy to offer an eirenicon to the warring generations, to hold the balance between the old and the new, and to resolve the discord in the common pity and tragedy of life. So far from grasping my purpose, Mr. Lewisohn accuses me of immoral artistry in trying "to discredit a good doctrine by having it practiced by a rotter." But, as we have seen, even a Shelley's practice of free love did not leave that "good doctrine" utterly undiscredited. Its apostle in my play was not painted as a rotter: merely as a logical observer of his own gospel.

East Preston, Sussex, April 10

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

Books

From Wisdom's Mountain Height

A Cure of Souls. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

A Pedlar's Pack. By Roland Kenney. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.

NO English novelist has more calm, keen intelligence than Miss Sinclair, and she has never had a subject better suited to her talent than that of "A Cure of Souls." To me she seemed in her last book before this to be quite lost when she ventured into dim emotional regions and attempted effects which intelligence alone cannot reach, but here she returns to her own field and, seizing upon a perfectly definite character, she reveals its every turn and traces out its effects with a skill and finality which are completely satisfying to the mind.

Canon Chamberlain had a single master passion—his own comfort—and Canon Chamberlain fills the book. There is really only one other character of any importance and there is nothing which does not bear directly upon the canon's lust for ease. From the moment when we first see him contentedly performing his morning toilet while he dreams of breakfast until that when he sinks with a sigh of relief into a wealthy marriage which will remove forever all, even minor, cares, he holds the center of the stage, and picture after picture unfolds the story of his petty sensualities and his relentless shifting of all burdens onto other shoulders. Only once does passion, in the person of an infatuated old maid whom he uses and then casts aside, touch the book; it is the story of one man and one trait. Yet so skilful is Miss Sinclair's analysis that, though we know from the beginning what the result will be, the interest never falters and each incident has in its perfect fitness the charm of surprise. There is no reason why the canon should not become the standard example of a type of character—too indolent for any sin or crime as these things are ordinarily understood and yet, beneath a refined and comfortable exterior, as completely selfish and as utterly incapable of any save sensual interests as the dullest lout that ever, in humbler station, earned the name of worthless reprobate.

If success in achieving the end proposed were, as it is sometimes said to be, the sole test of literary greatness, then "A Cure of Souls" would be superlatively great. But it is hardly that, for it comes too largely from the mind and is addressed too nearly exclusively to it. When Miss Sinclair decided long ago to watch life rather than to live she imposed upon herself certain limitations not of intellectual but of emotional understanding. Ignorance is the last thing that one would accuse her of. Indeed, because of her aloofness she probably knows more about life than most who have been more passionately concerned with some part of it, but she understands more than she feels, and her triumphs are triumphs of penetration rather than of participation. The great passions of humanity do not sweep through her books, but seem to come to her as things heard of and then thought about, analyzed, and evaluated rather than as resistless and compelling to herself. Even the old maid, a genuinely tragic figure, is dissected with cruel detachment. Miss Sinclair seems perched above the tumult on Lucretius's Mountain top and here there is a kind of greatness which she does not achieve. When one has finished a great novel of another tradition, "Crime and Punishment" or "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," the tumult within will not die down when the book is closed, and one is driven into the streets or fields to recover peace of soul. But no one will be compelled to walk off "A Cure of Souls." When he has finished the book his feelings will be not disturbed but calmly content, and he will be more in the mood to think quietly, to take all human life as an interesting story than to live intensely. If the power to create a tumult in the soul is the test of the supremely great artist, Miss Sinclair is not supremely great. But no one lacking

this final attribute ever wrote more thoroughly admirable books.

"I first met Crump in a sewer at midnight." Thus begins one of the group of tales which compose "A Pedlar's Pack," and the sentence will serve to indicate both the milieu described and the character of the dramatis personae. Mr. Kenney writes with the direct simplicity of a practiced man of letters, but there is something in his calm acceptance of the incidents which he describes which indicates more than a mere writer's familiarity with the lives and characters of navvies, longshoremen, sand-hogs, and members of those other professions whose technique is brute labor. The sixteen pieces which go to make up his slender volume are sketches and incidents rather than stories, but they are crowded with life and full of the sounds of hammering drills, swinging cranes, laboring dray-horses, and sweating men; and full, too, of the humor, brutality, kindness, and ferocity of the men to whom the most driving, monotonous, and meaningless physical labor under the most unfavorable conditions is the ordinary routine of life. Mr. Kenney is by no means a romantic, but neither does he seem to be consciously trying for a dark picture. He is apparently tough-minded enough to enjoy the unsqueamish gusto of the men and to accept a life which is violent and uncertain in the same matter-of-fact spirit as do those who know no other; and his sketches lose nothing by this calmness. "A Pedlar's Pack" is not intended to be exactly terrible, and yet it is, even in its humor, for it brings vividly to the mind that savagery which, kept for the most part carefully out of sight, does the roughest of the work on which our civilization rests.

J. W. KRUTCH

Governmental Problems

Federal Centralization. By Walter Thompson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

THE subject dealt with in Mr. Thompson's book is easily one of the most important problems not merely of American government, but of government in general, for the questions raised in this book relate not so much to the matter of constitutional division of powers between a national government and the component units of a federation, as to that of the actual partition of functions between central and local government. In this broader form the problem is raised, as the author points out, in the movements for "devolution" in Great Britain and "regionalism" in France.

This volume originated, as Mr. Thompson remarks in the preface, as a legal treatise on the police power of the federal government. Later on, before publication, the scope of the work was enlarged to include social, economic, and psychological factors as well as legal. In this way the study undoubtedly gained in interest, for few things could be more barren, so far as any progress toward a solution of the big problem is concerned, than a mere exposition of the constitutional questions involved. As Mr. Thompson himself suggests, even if the constitutionality of the past and proposed expansions of federal legislation were granted, or were put definitely beyond the possibility of question by the adoption of amendments granting such powers in clear terms, the real question of their wisdom or expediency would still remain. From the point of view of the author's presentation it might well be said: "All things are lawful, but not all things are expedient."

Nevertheless, the author devotes the whole of Part I of the work, more than a quarter of the entire volume, to the "constitutional basis for a federal police power," passing in rapid review the opinions of the Fathers and the principal clauses of the federal constitution under which doubtful expansions of federal power have occurred, viz., the commerce clause, the taxing power, the postal clause, and the treaty power. This is a brief but interesting summary of the main principles laid down

in the more or less familiar decisions of the Supreme Court with reference to the exercise or attempted exercise by the congress of powers only indirectly related to the purposes for which these clauses were inserted in the Constitution.

Parts II and III of the book, comprising half of the entire volume, deal with the scope of congressional action in the fields of social and economic legislation. The regulation of public morals exemplified by congressional action with respect to lotteries and vice, the promotion of public health through the food and drugs acts and the attempted prohibition of child labor, and the promotion of education through the policy of federal grants-in-aid are all briefly reviewed and criticized. But federal legislation in respect to intoxicating liquors, and especially the Eighteenth Amendment, come in for a major share of criticism from the point of view of the propriety and wisdom of central control. With the growing federal control over economic subjects, such as the regulation of transportation, the author has more patience. It is curious that even in such a brief survey of the growing field of central control as this, no mention is made of the Nineteenth Amendment, one of the most striking extensions of federal power into a domain formerly left to the States.

In Part IV of the book Dr. Thompson discusses the hazards and possibilities of centralization, with special emphasis, however, on the hazards. Though he has here attempted, as he says in his preface, to approach the problem in a scientific spirit as distinguished from the polemic spirit in which it is too frequently discussed, his own conviction that the hazards of centralization are, in such fields as morals legislation, and the police power in general, greater than the benefits is not left in doubt.

Many scientific and unbiased students of governmental problems will no doubt differ with Dr. Thompson in his conclusions, or even in some of his interpretations, but the presentation is worth while and well fitted to accomplish the main purpose which he had in mind, namely, to stimulate other minds to grapple with the problem of finding a more accurate delineation between federal functions and state functions.

HERMAN G. JAMES

Ship Ahoy!

The Merchant Marine. By E. Keble Chatterton. Little, Brown and Company. \$5.

Gloucester by Land and Sea. By Charles Boardman Hawes. Little, Brown and Company. \$6.

We Explore the Great Lakes. By Webb Waldron. The Century Company. \$3.50.

Of all the wimming doubly blest
The sailor's wife's the happiest,
For all she does is stay to home
And knit and darn and let 'im roam.

Of all the husbands on the earth
The sailor has the finest berth;
For in 'is cabin he can sit
And sail and sail—and let 'er knit.

PERHAPS the sailor's wife is, and always has been, about as Wallace Irwin thus pictures her, but the sailor himself has been a changeling whose character and condition have shifted with every development in seafaring, every alteration in the little world called a ship in which he lives and works. And as one reads the story of the merchant marine in the fascinating and informative pages of E. Keble Chatterton one realizes that although the sailor experiences less hardship and danger nowadays than ever before, he is relatively less well off than he was a hundred years ago. It is the fault of the passenger, with his bulging money bags, that this is so. Up to a hundred years ago almost nobody traveled by sea except professional sailors. Their life may have been hard, but it

was the best that existed aboard ship. Then for fifty years—roughly speaking, from 1825 to 1875—increasing relations between America and Europe, as also the rush of gold diggers from England to Australia and from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard of the United States, laid the beginnings of passenger traffic. As yet, however, the passenger went not for pleasure but solely to get somewhere, and his life aboard ship was no better than, if as good as, that of the sailor. After a voyage to England in 1847 Emerson wrote: "I find the sea life an acquired taste, like that for tomatoes and olives."

Well, in the half century since, the taste for olives and tomatoes has become hereditary rather than acquired, and so has the appetite for sea life. In fifty years—more especially in the last twenty-five—we have developed a vast system of travel for pleasure, and it is this traffic which has conditioned and caused the great changes in ships and sea life that the twentieth century has witnessed. But although the sailor's career is safer and less rigorous in consequence, it has become relatively a poor life beside the luxurious and care-free existence of the modern passenger.

Commander Chatterton, himself an Englishman, devotes most of his space to the British merchant marine. This is as it should be, since the development of modern ocean commerce is predominantly a creation of Great Britain. American ships played a great part in the trade of the last century, but their role, however brilliant, was brief, and although they are now trying to resume their old part, the outlook is not propitious. In so far as the United States can claim an authentic, native development on the water today it is in the fishing and coasting fleet of its seaboard and in the unique commerce of the Great Lakes.

Gloucester is the Grimsby of America—the focus of our salt-fish industry and a cradle of native seamanship. Mr. Hawes gives the factual background of Gloucester's fisherfolk just as James B. Connolly, in his short stories of several years ago, gave us a breath of the romance. Mr. Waldron, on his part, has written of those all too-little-known "seacoasts of the Middle West," of their vast trade in iron ore and grain, of the special type of ship and sailor that these turbulent inland waters have produced.

ARTHUR WARNER

From the British Point of View

The Nations of To-day. A New History of the World. France, Japan, Italy, British America, Yugoslavia and the Baltic and Caucasian States. Edited by John Buchan. Houghton Mifflin Company. 6 vols. Each \$5.

THE title indicates the ambitious attempt made in a series of an undetermined number of volumes, of which twelve have been assigned and six have been issued. It promises much, yet a question is raised by the selection of John Buchan as editor, a writer known by a history of the Great War, excellent in itself and enjoying a publication in advance of any like serious history of the subject. The question, however, becomes more emphatic when it is seen that the six volumes here noticed have been "compiled under the care of Major General Lord Edward Gleichen." With Buchan's known leaning toward military history and Lord Gleichen's military standing and quite undetermined literary ability, does not the make-up of the series suggest an undue bias on the military side? The past may be retold in the light of modern problems, but this is a difficult and delicate task, particularly as the "living present" produced by the war is itself beyond definite description.

A reading of the volumes only increases one's doubt of the ability of the corps of writers—more than one hundred and twenty in number—to accomplish their aim. It is not necessary to dwell upon the inequality in treatment, for that is inevitable in collaboration, where no editing can produce uniformity. In each volume there is an identical introduction by Mr. Buchan, generalities on historical writing. In each volume there are

three sections: the history of the past, the Great War, and statistics on the present economy of the nation described. The clearest section in each is that of the part played by the nation in the Great War, the section which evidently formed the immediate purpose of the series. The statistics undertake to give a picture of the immediate economic situation, but space will not permit a full account and what is given is certain to be out of date in a year's time, so rapidly are conditions changing. These chapters are suggestive, but inconclusive.

This leaves the true historical section of each volume to be considered. The volume on France may serve as an example. Good histories of France are accessible and a new one should offer something so distinguishing it as to justify its existence. The history from 800 to 1871 is written by Arthur Hassall, of Oxford, known by his creditable history of Europe in the eighteenth century. The story of the Third Republic and later years to 1914 is told by the late J. R. Moreton Macdonald, author of a three-volume history of France, which ended with 1871. The combined contributions of the two give a history of more than eleven centuries in about one hundred and fifty pages. Mr. Hassall has been obliged to compress beyond reason and Moreton Macdonald barely sketches the outlines of his subject. Major General Maurice describes France in the Great War; Mr. Adam, one-time Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, supplies chapters on France behind the War Zone and Peace and After. Six other contributors add their portions. The casual reader will find something of interest, but the trained reader will marvel at the more or less confused plan and its execution.

The test is naturally severe when applied to a nation like France or Italy—the Italian history begins with 330 A.D. More successful are the volumes on "Yugoslavia" and "Baltic and Caucasian States," where it is not necessary to go so deeply into the past and where the history of a race or people is more consistent and easily told. The terrible story of these smaller countries, the successive conquests, oppression, and almost extermination of their inhabitants by their stronger neighbors, presents a lesson applicable in its warning to the present time. Mr. Longford, long a British consul and now emeritus professor of Japanese in London University, is wholly responsible for the volume on "Japan," and the gain in flow and consistency is notable, for he knows his subject and handles it in a readable manner, with certain personal qualities. In "British America" two competent writers—A. G. Bradley and W. S. Wallace—give a welcome summary of a history too little known in the United States, intimately concerned as we are in the development of mutual interests and prejudices.

Absolute impartiality cannot be expected in these compilations, so plainly British in their plan and scope, but more careful editing would have lessened a tendency to express opinions dubious in taste as well as improper from an historical standpoint. Napoleon III's venture in Mexico is stated to have been an attempt to "check the Teutonic Republic of the North and prevent the American continent from falling definitely under the commercial control of New York and the political influence of Washington," a statement indefinite and difficult to prove. Does Mr. Longford write history when he says: "A general arbitration treaty was under discussion between the governments of Great Britain and the United States, one of those fantastic chimeras of visionary apostles of universal peace which crop up at intervals in the world's history and always prove scraps of paper"; and when he speaks of the League *in re* Japan's membership in it: "But even if the League were not the illusory dream of benevolent optimists who are altogether out of place in this materialistic world, even if it had not been damned by the apostasy of its own father's country at its genesis . . ."? Mr. Bradley in "Canada" might better have expressed himself in a different manner: "King George [III] and his officials, once the war was over, had frankly accepted the position of losers and behaved with dignity and like gentlemen. It was left to the Americans, though winners, to do

the other thing . . . maintaining a consistently vindictive attitude till the War of 1812 taught it a crushing lesson." Great Britain as a teacher of manners under Perceval and Canning presents a rather ludicrous picture. Mr. Bradley's account of the War of 1812 is not unduly severe, but his language could be improved, and his carelessness in the spelling of familiar names is matched by his making Sims responsible for the Trent affair instead of Wilkes. The series of volumes will no doubt serve an immediate purpose, but it is wanting in permanent qualities.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD

An Eager Life

Lily Braun. By Julie Vogelstein. Berlin-Grunewald: Verlagsgesellschaft Hermann Klemm.

ALTHOUGH she quarreled continually with the leaders of the Social Democratic Party from the time of her public espousal of its cause in 1895 till she was practically read out of the party a dozen years later, Lily Braun wore the name of socialist with loving pride till the day of her death. Temperamentally she was an anarchist. Doctrinally she was cloudy, rhetorical, and contradictory. She no doubt exercised considerable influence on the paternalistic German legislation of the early years of the century; but for the most part she was an inspiration rather than a guide. The greater part of the attacks on her were certainly undeserved. If she was dishonest, her dishonesty was never shrewdness or malice, but the riotous imaginings of a grown-up child; if she was vain and dictatorial, her vanity was the rebound of her enthusiastic charity, and her imperiousness, which too often offended, only the active expression of it.

Her friend Julie Vogelstein has exercised remarkable self-restraint in limiting herself to this sober and quiet study of a feverish propagandist and a life which was one breathless sensation after another. Great-granddaughter of the ill-starred Jerome Bonaparte, granddaughter of Goethe's brilliant protégée Jenny von Pappenheim, daughter of General Hans von Kretschman, and herself a social butterfly for six or eight years from her debut, crushed for a few weeks by her father's downfall, but soon emerging as a buoyant and indefatigable wage-earner, careless ever thereafter of herself but a spendthrift for suffering society; married first to a deformed paralytic who had saved her from the Slough of Despond, and, after his early death, to the first Social Democrat to reach the Reichstag; a devoted wife and mother, but in her later years pooh-poohing the foolish and pernicious institution of marriage; a violent enemy of war, but, from the fall of 1914 till her death the next summer—death brought on by this strain, labor, and excitement—the most ardent and eloquent of those traveling speakers who kept German patriotism so long and marvelously aflame; sister of a notorious German spy who met her death on American soil; and with all her fiery apostleship, her prophesying, pleading, and quarreling, pouring out a stream of remarkable volumes, literary history, politics, romance, drama, imperfect but powerful; this remarkable life may some day be told brilliantly; here it is only sketched in its general outlines, and commented on moderately, with too much about Goethe and theories and too little about a life which was far less theory than white passion.

Lily Braun died heroically in harness, believing that Germany was winning the war. A letter of hers to her young son at the front, written at the Christmas season, assures him that he is fighting for peace on earth. The war is not won yet, because it was not fought for that end; but the long war in which it was merely the hottest and bitterest engagement, will be won when men and women in general become convinced, as was the generous author of "The Memoirs of a Socialist," that men and women, even in so short a life, are on this earth not to get but to give.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

Books in Brief

Looking After Joan. By John Palmer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

The announcement that Joan, unschooled in the accepted social defenses of women, is about to plunge into a flirtatious Paris colony of British officialdom should rouse the weary victim of commercialism from his veriest Sunday-afternoon boredom. Yet the book fails in its most important aspect, that is as a narrative, and the story, if not cheap, is at least no more than mediocre and uninspiring.

Black Bryony. By T. F. Powys. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

"Black Bryony" is a little bewildering. There are a number of rustic characters and scenes sketched in a subtly sophisticated manner and there is a lurid rural melodrama casually indicated as a plot thread, but the parts do not fuse and it is a little difficult to know just what the author is driving at. "Mr. Powys in Search of a Manner" we hazard as the best title for a book which is fine in spots but more freakish than impressive as a whole.

The Rover. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.

Too much has been said about "The Rover" already. A well-written mystery story, it is pleasant enough reading but hardly more significant than a detective yarn. Its tremendous success proves once again that a second-rate book within the mental means of everybody, but written by a famous author, is the publishers' one best bet.

Doomsland. By Shane Leslie. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

At the beginning "Doomsland" is a spacious background of Irish botany, ornithology, politics and religion, with a number of Orange figures sketched lightly in by way of justification for its being called a novel. The lines, suggested at first with so much restraint, are gradually filled in. The characters become more tangible and vitalized until, at the last, they are very forcible and dramatic realities. "Doomsland" is a carefully written cross-section of Irish thought, hope, and disappointment, descriptive, analytical, and at rare times whimsical. Its author has done what Irishmen are commonly thought to be racially incapable of doing: he has shown that he cares very deeply for the country of which he writes, and yet he has not taken sides.

The Constitution of the United States. An Historical Survey of Its Formation. By Robert Livingston Schuyler. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

A concise and eminently readable account of the origin, formation, and adoption of the Constitution and the establishment of the Federal Government under it, based on lectures given in 1921 at Cambridge University and the London School of Economics and Political Science. Its distinguishing features are its careful use of recent authorities, its avoidance of "Constitution worship," and its quiet setting aside of theories which still persist notwithstanding their proved lack of historical foundations.

My Garden of Memory. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

Mrs. Wiggin appraises her work modestly and her friendships generously; her impressions of life and of literature are alike suffused in the warm glow of a gracious temperament. As an autobiography this volume is continuously entertaining; what it lacks in depth it compensates for in breadth, and if its author appears to have gone through life with a minimum of self-searching, her success at least came with a minimum of self-assertion.

Souls in Hell. By John O'Neill. Nicholas L. Brown. \$2.50.

This novel possesses at least the merit of not being as lurid as its title; its other claims to distinction are not so readily discovered. The author has a theme which bends its neck ungracefully to the yoke of his imagination; with the best will in the world his progress is slow and creaking. As a "mystery of the unseen," it carries more elements of extravagance than of conviction.

Letters From a Distance. By Gilbert Cannan. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.50.

Knocking about in queer corners of the earth after the war, Mr. Cannan exposed his mind like a sensitized plate, and thus made a record—not alone of his own impressions—but of the shifting panorama of world bewilderment through which he passed. These papers are graceful in form and rich in observation; they reflect the irony and the despair of the times.

A House Full of People. By E. and M. Scharten Antink. Small, Maynard and Company. \$2.50.

Life has been shrewdly observed in this novel; the motley group of people sheltered under the roof of a Parisian rooming house emerges with color and distinctness. The talk is racy and the character drawing swift and competent—altogether a novel of more than ordinary power.

A Municipal Exploit in Music

By HENRIETTA STRAUS

IF our municipalities were given generally to adventures in the arts there would be no need for this article. But when such adventures are almost isolated instances they cannot be localized in value. For this reason an organization like the Baltimore Symphony takes on a certain national significance, for it is the first and, I believe, only municipally endowed and managed symphony orchestra in the country. Its history is doubly significant in that its entire existence has been the triumph of art over politics and that it was due originally to a concert manager, Frederick R. Huber, and to a politician, James H. Preston, the latter one time mayor of Baltimore.

In the autumn of 1915 these two got together and laid their plans. Mr. Huber offered his services as manager gratis for the first year. Mr. Preston engaged to extract from the city council an appropriation of \$7,000. It was a brave pledge on the part of the mayor. But then, what was such a pledge to one who had dared to have the streets of Baltimore paved? The miracle was somehow performed, and the orchestra became a fact. A conductor was found in Gustav Strube, head of the theory and composition department of the Peabody Conservatory, and for twenty-five years an assistant conductor of the Boston Symphony; and a concert-master located in Joan C. Van Hulsteyn, head of the violin department of the Peabody, and formerly concert-master of the Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris. As only \$1,500 and five or six rehearsals were allotted each performance, high-class symphonic men were out of the question, for the players were on no fixed salaries, but were paid by the performance and the rehearsal. And so the orchestra, numbering, the first year, fifty-three in all, had to be recruited from the Peabody faculty and from the various theater orchestras throughout the city.

The first concert took place in February, 1916, with Mabel Garrison, a native Baltimorean, as its soloist. This established its future policy, which has always been definitely constructive toward the community. Not only are local musicians encouraged as soloists but also as composers, the latter at times even being invited to conduct their works. There are no subscription and no free tickets; the prices range from fifteen to fifty cents. There were a few years, during the war, when the prices went up to a dollar, and attendance fell off in consequence; but now that the old scale has been resumed the orchestra plays to

sold-out houses. It initiated the plan of holding its final rehearsals at some high school, which the students could attend, free of charge, and which were always followed by explanatory talks on the program. And it has followed up this educational work by inaugurating this year, besides its regular series of eight concerts, a supplementary series of children's concerts, which have been indorsed by the Public School Association and which are prefaced by explanatory remarks by Mrs. Henrietta Baker Low, a member of the National Board of Music Supervisors. The program notes are written by a sixteen-year-old Baltimore boy named Richard Moses.

As is to be expected, an orchestra so dependent on the benevolence of city politicians has had many ups and downs. First, there was the question of its home. Its only logical one, the Lyric Theater, was in danger of being sold to commercial interests. After much agitation Mr. Otto H. Kahn, who owned the theater, generously waved aside these interests and gave Baltimore a chance to buy it for artistic purposes. And so a stock company was formed called the Lyric Company, and the hall was not only saved for the cause of music but is today on a lively paying basis. The next problem to be met was that of Baltimore's "blue laws," for it was found that the day most desirable for concerts was the one day forbidden, namely, Sunday. The city finally solved the problem by breaking its own ordinance, giving permission for concerts on the Sabbath, provided that no tickets were sold on that day.

The orchestra's greatest difficulty, however, is the uncertainty of its appropriations, for which it has to depend upon each succeeding administration. And it speaks well for both itself and its management that both have already successfully weathered three political changes. Moreover, through them all, Mr. Huber has not only remained Municipal Director of Music—as his title goes—but he has also gone ahead with his plans. The city now has a special budget for musical expenditures. These were in 1916 about \$30,000 to New York's \$24,600. This perhaps is not surprising considering that a New York manager computed recently that out of the ten million people who make up the population of New York and its surrounding territory only sixty thousand support its musical enterprises. Today Baltimore spends \$100,000 annually upon music. Under Mr. Huber's budget comes not only a park band of thirty-five men, but also a municipal band of like number, which plays almost nightly for sixteen weeks during the summer months in various parts of the city. And one summer it furnished the music for open-air street dancing which took place, under municipal supervision and instruction, in localities where there were large, open areas of asphalt paving. But this brought down the condemnation of Baltimore's ever watchful churches, and so the experiment was never repeated.

The possibilities evoked by such a budget are, of course, endless, and Mr. Huber is fairly driven by his visions. He would like to found a community orchestra, conducted on the principles of community singing. He would like to establish a manuscript society, for which he has already laid the foundation by the liberal local policy of his orchestra. And he would like to combine the activities of that orchestra with a municipal opera company. With this end in view, and to stimulate local interest, he has already arranged with a visiting opera company that for one night each week, during its spring season, the principal roles shall be taken by Baltimore singers. More than this he cannot do at present, because his orchestra is hampered by the impermanence and inadequacy of its support. But when our fine, endowed orchestras do as much for their respective communities, when they cease posing as the *objets d'art* of the musical world and abandon their roles of social stepping-stones, then perhaps we may develop from a nation of scattered music lovers to a music-loving nation. In the meantime it is interesting to note that the first step has been taken not by the new and progressive West, but by an old, conservative Eastern cultural center whose musical experience dates back to the eighteenth century.

Drama On Reality

AT the Neighborhood Playhouse, where every production is a model of both sensitiveness and scrupulousness, they are presenting Lenormand's "Time Is a Dream" and, since the play is short, it is preceded by a showing of the film that illustrates the Einstein theory of relativity. This film is a marvel of exposition and must bring home to the least mathematical some inkling of this vision that surveys the nature of things from the center of the universe and not from the parishes of earth. But it was curious, after this bracing experience, to witness the Lenormand play in which the terminology of relativity is used to bolster up and give a pseudo-scientific background to the old, old juggling with astral bodies and clairvoyance. If a play by Mr. Shipman would end at any moment in which any character showed a gleam of common sense, so would "Time Is a Dream" have been brought to a close if, at any moment, someone had sent for a physician. This wealthy young Dutchman who succumbs to the oppressive atmosphere of his native land and drowns himself because his betrothed has seen him do so in a prophetic vision is obviously a little mad. When he says that it is too late for him to flee to Java, my instinctive comment is: "Did no steamers sail? Couldn't he afford the passage? Was he too weak to travel? No. Then how could it be too late? And if it was a case of the inhibition of melancholia, the summoning of a psychiatrist was obviously the thing indicated." Let us not be put off with hocus-pocus and call it mystery. The universe, as the Einstein film shows is unthinkably mysterious; the brain reels, and the imagination shakes at these sidereal spaces and magnitudes which are themselves but shadows and symbols of still other vastnesses and these themselves but symbols of we know not what. Betelgeuse is ninety thousand times greater than the sun. Stand upon Betelgeuse and all things would assume shapes, sizes, speeds, temporal relations unheard of—unheard of and yet an organic part of the universal realities given to the mind. The wonder and the mystery is that a psychiatrist could probably have cured Lenormand's young Dutchman. Reality is mysterious, unfathomable, great. Clairvoyance is trivial, foolish, childish. There is no such thing.

These reflections bring me to what I have for some time been wanting to say about "The Miracle." In that gorgeous and beautiful pantomime there is a terrible discrepancy. The cathedral soars; so does Humperdinck's music; the masses surge as only the hand of Reinhardt can make them surge. And from all this visible and audible grandeur, from these rich ceremonies, there issues, though swathed in cloth of gold, a story and a notion of the most trivial kind. The Middle Age that dreamed this story did not know Betelgeuse. We do. It had no conception of the relativity of moral values. We have. Symbol and poetry do indeed hold the highest reality, the loftiest truth in fee. All that is transitory, we know, is a symbol, even as space and time and shape are now seen to be. But the poor little nun in the story can symbolize no truth to us. At least not in this story. There was no reason, except a superstitious and foolish one, why her love of life should have been crushed between walls and smothered in incense. Had the Virgin really liberated her and thus vindicated the claims of life and change and freedom and beauty, there might have arisen an action that could satisfy the rational mind. But the phantasmagoria of the Nun is one created by a sense of sin. She returns. The mercy of the Virgin was in permitting that return. The story has meaning, has poetry only if we can assume the mental outlook of the thirteenth century. Otherwise it has not any. And I was amazed at the attitude of the audience at "The Miracle" that seemed to be hushed and awestruck by this trivial fairy-tale. No, not even a fairy-tale.

For in the authentic folk-tales one usually finds some touch of that universal human nature that links all epochs, races, creeds. Not so here. What we find here is the moment of profoundest ignorance and superstition in the history of the West.

I shall be thought to be displaying an irreverent mind. Reverence should be wrung from one. I feel it for the fortitude that suffers ill and is unbowed, that fights injustice and is serene even in defeat, that faces desolateness and is unafraid, or the madness of superstition and does not lose the spirit of love. . . . But incense and a nun. . . . Or a young man who needed a doctor. . . . Reality is too noble to permit one to be put off with such claptrap. I think of someone hung up by the wrists in a noisome prison and not recanting his opinions; I think of Betelgeuse, and I turn from such fables as those of "Time Is a Dream" and "The Miracle" to things that matter.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

The French "Teapot Dome"

By HENRI MARTIN BARZUN

PUBLIC opinion in the United States has been so absorbed in the revelations of the naval-reserve oil leases that it has paid but scant attention to the simultaneous discovery, brought before the French Parliament, of a scandal quite equal in financial magnitude and similar in national consequences. Recent revelations, brought before the Chamber of Deputies through the persistent efforts of a Socialist representative from the liberated region of northern France, show that graft at public expense is carried on quite as scientifically as in the United States, and throw upon the government of the Bloc National a moral and political stigma which it will be difficult for the electorate to forget before the general elections of May 11.

At the very moment when M. Poincaré was putting through a general "supertax" of 20 per cent, destined to obtain four billions to counter-balance the drop of the franc, the Socialist opposition brought forth proofs that nearly 20 billion francs had been the booty of the plutocrats, the "reconstructors" of the North, since 1920. In vain did the opposition demand that the funds necessary to balance the budget and compensate for the low value of the franc be obtained from the profiteers. The nationalist majority could not see it in that light. The taxes required were voted, and then they contented themselves with passing a law providing for a reconsideration of all settlements made for war damages in excess of one million francs.

It is interesting to consider the vicious circle within which the present majority has revolved since the Ruhr invasion. In the name of reconstruction, the national budget has been swelled by 100 billions additional, placed to the pending account of the German reparations. It is, therefore, the French taxpayer and investor who has subscribed this amount. From this sum of 100 billions, one-fifth has been shamelessly grafted by profiteers, at the expense of the small claimants of the North. As the Ruhr invasion has caused the fall of the franc, it is again the taxpayer from whom the Bloc National demands 4 billions in taxes to effect the balance.

The invaded region of northern France constituted one-eleventh of the country's territory. One-fourth of the taxes were collected from it; it contained 160 steel mills, 55 coal

mines, 150 textile plants, 45 electric-power plants, 70 sugar and oil refineries. As for agricultural riches, these figures suffice: 15 billions in arable land and 3 billions in property destroyed on this land. To these wrecked industries and devastated land must be added 350,000 houses and buildings entirely or partially destroyed in the 3,256 communities evacuated before the invasion.

Moreover, if we mention the thousands of miles of roads, railroad lines, waterways, as well as local public works, we may begin to form an estimate of the desolation wrought in this district so fertile, so rich economically, so thickly populated. It is here that the "war sharks" since 1920 found a remarkable field for their activities. It was a second invasion: credit corporations, building and loan associations, raw material and contracting companies, created for the emergency, corrupting everything around them—public officials, local commissions, legal advisers, judges, experts.

At the outset, the 100 billions must have appeared barely sufficient, so great was

the enthusiasm of these reconstructors. The total amount of the claims soared in the clouds at about 146 billions. It was necessary to compress this sum within the limits of the credit voted by the nation. We must believe, however, that the master grafters found the sum ample for their needs, if we consider a few of the 446 most notable cases brought before the Chamber of Deputies during the recent revelations.

An investigation showed, in effect, that with the excess damages disbursed, groups of industrialists had been able to triple the working area of their plants, to build themselves mansions, country estates, chateaux with parks, seashore residences. In a certain file, an overestimate of 63 millions has been discovered; another claim amounting to 190 millions could have been reduced without trouble to 127. The file relating to an important firm, having already made more than 100 millions in war profits, revealed the

Premier Poincaré Resigns



By Boris Efimov in the Moscow Izvestia

An Original Somersault Successfully Performed

fraudulent accounting upon which it had established its damage claims.

A sugar refinery, bought for 335,000 francs in 1914, received 7 millions indemnity, having asked for 10; the same company received 3 millions for another factory purchased for 275,000, and finally 2 more millions for damages actually amounting to 540,000. The investigation and compilation of data offer a few edifying facts:

A director of claims, manufacturer of damage files, has been given six months in prison. Another has been condemned for "larceny in war damages."

Fourteen files were manufactured by an architect who was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, at present a fugitive from justice.

Two tons of files and documents, revealed by chance, had been left to rot in the yard of an administrative building; they have been submitted to expert examination.

Action on 13,000 cases had to be stopped by the investigation commission. Public officials were involved.

The destruction or disappearance of documents and files of *settled claims* cannot be estimated in figures.

Finally, the appointment of different local commissions of distribution has given rise to such abuses of power, collusions between attorneys for the claimant and members of the commissions that justice had to be set in motion in hundreds of towns and communities.

We can readily imagine how much political pressure the recipients of this graft exerted in order to prevent their unmasking. There is a notable case in which the relative of a former Minister of Reconstruction has been found involved. This particular file has proved to be full of surprises.

But the situation is in fact an indictment of a policy and of the majority, which so long compelled silence on this crime against the liberated regions.

"Is it true that the governments we have been following for three years with eyes shut have failed in their duty?" cried an indignant member of the Bloc. Indignation somewhat belated, as was that of the chairman of the investigating commission who, when confronted with proofs, reproached the Minister of Reconstruction for having refused his assistance.

Credit is due to two members of the Socialist Party, Messrs. Inghels and Ringuier, representatives from the liberated regions, spokesmen for the democracy of the small claimants, "whose damages were disputed to the penny, in order to be able to pay more liberally the master grafters." Mr. Inghels—the Thomas Walsh in the case—devoted four years to a lone investigation, despite the attacks, insults, supplications, and threats it brought him. He stuck to it, and, by five "interpellations" in the Chamber, from 1921 to 1923, he compelled the majority to listen to the overwhelming proofs which he had dug up.

"It is a lie," a member of the Cabinet once answered him. "You are joking," replied another one. The majority laughed, and the standing parliamentary committee said there were "no grounds for investigation."

But when the papers of the North and of Paris were moved, when they stuttered a few words about the truths which it was impossible longer to smother, the Minister of the Liberated Regions then declared before the Chamber that Mr. Inghels was "playing into the hands of Germany"—purely and simply.

And then, last March the committee, the majority, the Minister, and the Government *accepted* the law introduced

by the Socialists, "ordering the revision of war damages," but it was in order to kill it more easily. What did Mr. Inghels and his party ask? Immediate action upon the 446 important cases, so as to enable the Government to regain in three months, from the grafters, the 4 billions now demanded from the country in surtaxes.

What did the Bloc majority vote? Revision of all cases amounting to more than one million francs—a revision which will take several years, thus enabling the grafters to escape in the maze of the 25,000 cases to be examined.

After the failure of the law of 1920, which was to have revised the war contracts, and effected the restitution of hundreds of millions by the profiteers, no one will entertain any illusion about the fate of this new law. But the scandal of this destructive reconstruction is not over. The Senate has not yet spoken; neither has the nation now going to the polls.

Russia's Budget

THE *International Press Correspondence* prints in its issue of March 20 an article describing the budget estimates for 1923-1924 of the Union of Soviet Republics:

The estimates of the Soviet Union for the current economic year could not, as had been planned, be submitted in final form to the Second Soviet Congress of the Union which ended a short time ago. The necessity of solving complicated questions, of which not the least was that of the relation of the budgets of the individual republics to the total budget of the Union, led to a certain delay in the work, and this will have to be dealt with by a special commission which has been appointed by the Soviet Congress. The main outlines of the budget are, however, already fixed, and the published figures are regarded as an important symptom of the financial recovery of the Soviet republics, not only by the Soviet press, but also by the press of our opponents.

In its outward form the new budget represents an advance over the previous ones. While individual items of last year's estimates were entered in the complicated Goods Ruble reckoning, the new estimates are brought together on the basis of a stable currency, that is, the chervonetz. The grand total amounts to 1,709 million gold rubles, against 1,346 gold rubles, or about 25 per cent more than last year.

Fundamental progress in comparison to last year is visible from two points of view, namely, financial and class. As regards the financial aspect, both the absolute as well as the relative raising of the normal state income is to be emphasized. The income derived from taxes shows an increase from 378 to 498, the income from the productive state industries from 48 to 141, that from transport from 376 to 598, and posts and telegraphs from 25 to 39 million gold rubles. On the other hand, the making use of extraordinary sources for the covering of the deficit is, both in its totality as well as in its composition, much more favorable than last year. The credit operations are about double those of the year 1922-1923, that is, 253 instead of 129 million; on the other hand, the sum that is to be covered by the issuance of notes is only 180 million, which is 10 per cent of the total budget, as compared with 30 per cent of the total budget last year.

From the class point of view, the progress of this year's budget over that of last year consists chiefly in the composition of the revenue from taxation. Although the Soviet Government is endeavoring in every way, in the interest of financial restoration, to achieve a budget without a deficit, it did not fail to use the first opportunity of lightening the load of the proletarian and small peasant classes and the poor classes in general. The consumer's tax upon articles of general use, and before all on salt, sugar, and petroleum, was considerably reduced this year in spite of the financial difficulties which still exist.

ECONOMIC PRIZES

Twenty-first year

IN order to arouse an interest in the study of topics relating to commerce and industry, to stimulate those who have a college training to consider the problems of a business career, and to aid in constructive economic thinking, a committee composed of

Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago, Chairman

Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University

Dr. Edwin F. Gay, New York

Hon. Theodore E. Burton, Washington, and

Professor Wesley C. Mitchell, Columbia University

has been enabled, through the generosity of Hart Schaffner & Marx of Chicago, to offer in 1925 prizes for the best studies in the economic field to certain classes of contestants

CLASSES A AND B

Class A includes any residents of the United States or Canada, without restriction; the possession of a degree is not required of any contestant in this class, nor is any age limit set. Class B includes only those who, at the time the papers are sent in, are undergraduates of any American college. Attention is expressly called to the rule that a competitor is not confined to topics proposed in the announcements of this committee, but any other subject chosen must first be approved by it. As suggestions, a few questions are here given:

- 1 *The Effects of Excessive Issues of Inconvertible Paper Money on Social Classes*
- 2 *The Theory and Practice of a Minimum Wage Law*
- 3 *The Economic Effect of a Tax on Inheritance*
- 4 *The Problem of Controlling Immigration Into the United States*
- 5 *Unemployment Insurance by Industries*
- 6 *The Issue of Tax-Exempt Securities in a Country Having a Progressive Income Tax*

A First Prize of One Thousand Dollars and

A Second Prize of Five Hundred Dollars

are offered to contestants in Class A

A First Prize of Three Hundred Dollars and

A Second Prize of Two Hundred Dollars

are offered to contestants in Class B. The committee reserves to itself the right to award the two prizes of \$1000 and \$500 of Class A to undergraduates in Class B, if the merits of the papers demand it. The winner of a prize shall not receive the amount designated until he has prepared his manuscript for the printer to the satisfaction of the committee.

The ownership of the copyright of studies to which the right to print has been awarded will vest in the donors, and it is expected that, without precluding the use of these papers as theses for higher degrees, they will cause them to be issued in some permanent form.

Competitors are advised that the studies should be thorough, expressed in good English, and, although not limited as to length, they should not be needlessly expanded. They should be inscribed with an assumed name, the class in which they are presented, and accompanied by a sealed envelope giving the real name and address of the competitor, together with any degrees or distinctions already obtained. No paper is eligible which shall have been printed or published in a form to disclose the identity of the author before the award shall have been made. If the competitor is in Class B, the sealed envelope should contain the name of the institution in which he is studying. The papers should be sent on or before June 1, 1925, to

J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN, ESQ.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO

The progressive restoration of industry and transport also finds expression in the budget. For the first time since the revolution, industry appears as an asset with about 25 million gold rubles on the credit side. The subsidizing of industry has been considerably decreased.

The state support of coal mining is 16 instead of 32, that of the metal industry 25 instead of 39.5, while the transport deficit is between 30 and 40 instead of 140 (all in millions of gold rubles). The naphtha production, which last year required a subsidy of 25 million gold rubles, will this year cover its own expenses. Important progress has been made in the forestry department, where the profits have increased from 15 million to 45 million gold rubles, which is already half of the pre-war surplus.

We give below a condensed statement of the chief items of the estimates. The figures in parentheses are the corresponding figures for last year:

INCOME		In millions of gold rubles	
Taxes	498	(378)	
State industries (with exception of posts and transport)	141	(48)	
Transport	598	(376)	
Posts and telegraph	39	(25)	
Credit operations	253	(129)	
Note issue	180	(390)	
	1,709	(1,346)	
EXPENDITURE		Per cent of total budget	
Transport, post, and telegraph..	670	(542)	39 (38.49)
Army	313	(226)	18.3 (16.05)
People's commissariats	420	(371)	24.7 (26.35)
Industry	69	(116)	4.0 (8.24)
Agriculture	47	(66)	2.7 (4.69)
Electrification	39	(24)	2.3 (1.70)
Cooperatives	20	(9)	1.1 (0.64)
Treasury operations (amortization of loans, etc.)	130	(54)	7.9 (3.84)

Contributors to This Issue

CHARLES WARREN is a lawyer who was an assistant attorney general of the United States, 1914-1918, in the Administration of Woodrow Wilson. His work on "The Supreme Court in United States History," issued in 1922, received the Pulitzer prize for the best historical writing published in that year.

HARLOW SHAPLEY, director of the Harvard Observatory, is one of the foremost astronomers of the United States.

ALEXANDER STEWART, who led the pacifist revolt at the Indianapolis conference of the Student Volunteer Missionary movement, is now secretary of the Fellowship of Youth for Peace.

FRITZ KUMMER is editor of the *Metallarbeiter Zeitung*, official organ of the German Metal Workers' Union, which, with its circulation of 1,500,000 copies weekly, is probably the largest labor paper in the world. For twenty years he worked as a machinist and journalist in various foreign countries, and edited a daily newspaper in Germany before assuming his present post.

HENRI MARTIN BARZUN, sometime lecturer on French civilization at Lehigh University, has been since 1918 editor of the French Press Bureau in New York.

National Bureau of Information and Education

15 East Fortieth Street New York, N. Y.

TO READERS OF THE NATION:

As a result of joint conferences held in Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, Denver, and elsewhere, it was agreed to call a National Farmer-Labor-Progressive Convention in the Twin Cities on June 17 next, to nominate new party Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates.

This Convention is pledged to the Abolition of Special Privilege, and the conferees designated as their platform: (a) public ownership of railroads; (b) control of money and credit by the people, through government and cooperative banks; (c) public control of natural resources; (d) preservation of civil rights guaranteed by the Constitution; (e) prevention of judicial abuses.

We will appreciate your filling in your answers to the questions following and returning to the above headquarters.

Returns received from *Nation* readers to date are as follows: La Follette 166, Borah 118, Norris 114, Amos Pinchot 52, Wheeler 49, Brookhart 48, Shipstead 26, Frazier 25, Murdock 19, Ladd 6, Hopkins 5, Senator Walsh of Montana 3, Underwood 2, Owen 2, James Harvey Robinson 1, Charles Beard 1, Justice Brandeis 1, Senator Reed 1, Gifford Pinchot 1, and "A Socialist" 1. FRANK A. PATTISON, Chairman.

ELECTION QUESTIONNAIRE

1. In view of the admitted corruption, lack of principle, subservience to special privilege, and practical identity of the Republican and Democratic Parties, as graphically illustrated in the recent Sugar, Oil, and Department of Justice scandals, do you favor a new political party?
2. Are you in general agreement with the national platform which has been adopted as the unanimous expression of the organizations affiliated in the new party movement?
3. Do you endorse the National Farmer-Labor-Progressive Convention called for June 17 in the Twin Cities?
4. Will you attend this Convention and serve as a delegate if selected?
5. Any local unit comprised of 25 people or more, who subscribe to this platform, is entitled to one delegate. Shall we send you a blank petition so that you can obtain the necessary signatures and qualify as a delegate?
6. Whom do you favor for President on the new party ticket? Indicate your choices by marking an X in each column.

First Second Third Fourth
Choice Choice Choice Choice

WILLIAM E. BORAH (IDAHO)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
SMITH W. BROOKHART (IOWA)....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
LYNN J. FRAZIER (N. D.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
I. A. H. HOPKINS (N. J.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
E. F. LADD (N. D.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE (WIS.)..	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
VICTOR MURDOCK (KAN.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
GEORGE W. NORRIS (NEB.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
F. A. PIKE (MINN.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
AMOS R. E. PINCHOT (N. Y.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
HENDRIK SHIPSTEAD (MINN.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
B. K. WHEELER (MONT.).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

ADDRESS

The Preliminary Convention expenses and the cost of this questionnaire will be considerable. If you are willing to accompany your reply with an appropriate contribution towards these expenses, it will be appreciated.

I enclose \$.....

NOTE: Senator Magnus Johnson does not appear on the above list only because his foreign birth makes him ineligible for the Presidential office.

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GERMANY'S VOTERS showed an unexpected political maturity, disappointing M. Poincaré. French nationalists had been predicting an overwhelming sweep to the Right in Germany, and expected it to provoke a similar trend in France. The German voters, however, seemed to understand the significance of their action. Even the Nationalist Party, which gained most ground in the election, did not dare, at the end, to come out flat-footedly against acceptance of the Dawes report. The fire-eating party of revenge headed by General Ludendorff will enter the new Reichstag only thirty strong. The fact that Ludendorff, Admiral Tirpitz, Prince Otto Bismarck, Count Westarp, and Count Reventlow, a variously assorted group of reactionaries, will sit in the new Reichstag, is unimportant; they cannot dominate it. The Socialists lost less than was expected, although their strength in the Reichstag dropped from 173 to 99; the Communists, rising from 18 to 61, took up part of the loss, and the rest went to the parties of the Right. The three Center parties lost some forty votes between them, but a republican majority remains. Enabling legislation for most of the Dawes measures can be passed, but the constitutional amendment required to transfer the railroads to private ownership is not sure of the necessary two-thirds majority. A Socialist-Center coalition is still possible; or a Nationalist-Center combination may replace it, in which case, back in their natural role of Opposition, the labor groups may regain their lost prestige.

BLAIR COAN has suddenly become a figure of national importance. With him a gentleman named George B. Lockwood leaps into the limelight. Lockwood is secretary of the Republican National Committee, and Coan is the man whom Lockwood hired, early in the days of the Washington investigations, to "get something on" Senators Wheeler and Walsh. Lockwood sent Coan to Denver for affidavits and then on to Montana for an indictment, "fixing him up," apparently, with the proper introductions. Coan got the indictment of Senator Wheeler, but if the Republican National Committee thinks that the American people will long permit that sort of blackmailing it is about as mistaken as politicians can be. Senator Wheeler will not be frightened off by an indictment, and the revelation of this indecent attempt to stop his investigation will only increase the public interest in it. Similarly, when Harry Daugherty resorts to court action to keep the Senate Committee from reading the telegrams he sent while in office, ordinary folks become suspicious—both of Harry Daugherty and of the courts. Honest men are not so afraid of the light. The new Attorney General has named an assistant to help Senator Wheeler force Harry Daugherty's brother Mel to reveal his secrets; if President Coolidge is looking about for a method of regaining popular esteem he might do worse than to volunteer some advice to Harry Daugherty and the Republican National Committee.

ABOUT THIS TIME a year ago a committee headed by Elbert H. Gary, president of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation, reported against abolishing the twelve-hour day in the industry, as it would necessitate raising prices by 15 per cent and would call for 60,000 additional employees whom it would be difficult or impossible to obtain. President Harding asked for a reconsideration of the question, and public sentiment expressed itself so unmistakably that experiments with the eight-hour day were begun last summer. Today the shorter day is in effect virtually throughout the plants of the United States Steel Corporation and almost as generally in independent establishments. There has been no increase in prices and no lack of labor. The workers have sustained some losses, because although their hourly rate of pay has been generally increased, it has not been raised to a point which makes the total earnings what they were before. In spite of this, the *Iron Age* recently made a survey from which it concluded that the change was giving "general satisfaction" among the workers and had increased efficiency at many plants. Now comes a report from the Steel Corporation showing that the first quarter of 1924 produced the largest net earnings of any similar period in time of peace in the company's history. In addition to the regular dividends, fifty cents extra was declared on the common stock. As a general rule what is right proves to be possible.

MUSCLE SHOALS! Henry Ford's desire to buy for a song, and control upon his own terms, the amazing possibilities of the water-power there has had at least one good effect: it has turned public thinking from the hazy glorification of superpower in general into consideration

of one important instance and the need of acting wisely in regard to it. *The Nation* is emphatically opposed to turning over Muscle Shoals to Mr. Ford on his terms, partly because those terms offer inadequate recompense and protection to the public, but still more because of a conviction that the country, while there is still time, ought to take steps to own and administer this vast new source of energy latent in water instead of permitting the growth of another anti-social and inefficient private monopoly such as now rules our coal fields. We commend to our readers and to Congress, therefore, the bill of Representative Keller of Minnesota, which provides for a Federal Public Service Commission of three members with full power to take over Muscle Shoals and other water-power, making fertilizer and furnishing electricity to the public at cost. The new body would supplant the existing Federal Power Commission. A bond issue of \$500,000,000 would be authorized to be used as needed by the new commission.

THERE is something pathetic as well as nationally humiliating in the sight of the Governor of one of our great States sentenced to ten years in prison and a fine of \$10,000. Warren T. McCray was never a notable figure in public life, but he had made money in business in Indiana, and in the present organization of our politics cash is necessary to run campaigns and keep parties alive. In return for it, Democrats and Republicans alike have long been accustomed to barter government places, the most distinguished and honorable going to the largest givers without any nice regard for their moral or intellectual qualifications. Why be surprised, therefore, if now and then we get a governor who is convicted on thirteen counts of using the mails to defraud; who, in the words of the judge who sentenced him, had violated hundreds of times the statutes he had sworn to uphold? Inevitably we shall have governors sent to jail from time to time—and deserving of it even oftener—until we put men in government offices because of what we think they can do for the public instead of what they have done for the political machines.

MUSSOLINI'S THUGGERY knows no diminution or decency. On the eve of the Italian elections, which the dictator was doubtless determined to win at any price, Giovanni Giglio, the Rome correspondent of the British Labor Party's *Daily Herald* and a contributor to *The Nation*, was expelled from the country without warning. Routed out of bed one morning, he was taken to police headquarters, where a government decree was read to him requiring that he leave Italy in twenty-four hours. As he tells the story:

This decree was passed at a cabinet meeting, upon the motion of Signor Mussolini. The reason given was public security. I asked the commissary if I could be granted twenty-four hours more to make the necessary arrangements, but he replied that I was to leave by the first train. I was forbidden to go home, and I was forced to wait at the police station until I could be escorted to the train. I was not allowed to get in touch with the British Embassy. I was only allowed to see my wife and ten-year-old son in the presence of the commissary. Before I left the commissary in my presence told the carabinieri that I was to be handcuffed if I tried at any point in the journey to speak English or communicate with anybody. . . . At the frontier station I was received with the greatest insolence by the Fascist in authority there, who told me "never to enter

Italian territory again." "The atmosphere of Italy is not good for people like you," the bully went on. "The Fascist stick rules here with absolute power."

MR. COOLIDGE IS APPLYING to Cuba the same policy in regard to arms as was inaugurated in connection with the revolution in Mexico. He is authorizing the sale of munitions to the Zayas Government, but putting an embargo on similar exports to the revolutionists. In spite of its pacific tendency, we are disturbed at this action, especially as it evinces the arrival of a fixed policy in Latin-American affairs. There is much to be said in favor of the exclusive manufacture and control of munitions of war by the governments of the world, and perhaps of restrictions on their sale to other countries. The monger of munitions is certainly a breeder of war, but if the trade is to be controlled, it ought to be done by a policy debated and enacted by Congress—not by a President's fiat. Since the war our Department of State has prevented loans to Latin America without its approval, and it has now adopted the same policy in regard to munitions. In other words, it defines what are "good" and what are "bad" governments, and makes or breaks them accordingly.

OF COURSE THE EXERCISE of a power like this sets us up as dictators of the Western Hemisphere and enables us to mold governments and policies in the interest of our imperialism and our capitalism. From diplomatic meddling we have passed to military interference in Santo Domingo, Haiti, Nicaragua, and finally Honduras. American sailors are still in Tegucigalpa, the capital of the latter republic, having been sent in last winter to "protect" our "interests." In spite of a reported agreement upon a provisional president by the revolutionary factions, conditions in Honduras are still chaotic, and are likely to offer a long-continuing excuse for the presence of our troops and our bossism. In fact, troops will probably be kept there until we have clamped a loan upon Honduras, and afterward to assure its payment.

NOT SINCE THEIR COMMON FIGHT for independence more than a century ago have the Latin-American republics felt, as they do now, that sentiment of solidarity upon which their life was founded. Their two representative heroes, Bolivar and San Martin, demonstrated that the independence of each of those republics was conditioned on the independence of its neighbors. To have restricted their efforts to the liberation of their native states would have been considered as narrow as if Washington had fought for the liberation merely of his native Virginia. The continental sentiment that has slumbered for a century amid hatred and fratricidal strife is again awakening. It is as if some obscure instinct was warning of a future in which there would be no independence unless there was solidarity. The five countries comprising the former Great Colombia—Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia—will celebrate in June the centennial of the battle of Ayacucho, victory in which was for the natives the closing chapter of their long fight with Spain. President Leguia of Peru has been sounding the other republics as to the possibilities of renewing Bolivar's negotiations at the Congress of Panama for the unification of the five states into one confederation. Treaties covering boundary disputes, commercial concessions, and navigation facilities may open the way to broader agreements.

"TO KNOW MEXICO is almost a moral obligation," writes Frank Tannenbaum in the special Mexican number of the *Survey Graphic*, which helps make the task easy. Of the many distinctive contributions by this magazine none exceeds this issue in richness and variety. Here speak Plutarco Elias Calles, probably Mexico's next President; José Vasconcelos, whose achievements as Secretary of Education in the Obregon Cabinet *The Nation* recently described; Manuel Gamio, Mexico's leading archaeologist and ethnologist; Ramón de Negri, the Secretary of Agriculture, under whose direction Mexico's tangled agrarian problems are moving toward a solution; Diego Rivera, Mexico's foremost painter and one of the great artists of our time; Dr. Atl, expert on Mexican arts and crafts; Felipe Carrillo, the martyred governor of Yucatan; Elena Landazuri, who has been called "the Jane Addams of Mexico;" and American missionaries and travelers add their word. The synthesis of these widely varied interpretations is that our neighbor, Mexico, is entering a new epoch; that a social, cultural, and spiritual renaissance has begun south of the Rio Grande which is of profound significance to the two American continents.

THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS, because it is a huge national organization engaged in practical politics, is wary about the issues it selects for attention and support. It can work for better babies; but it cannot work for fewer babies or even for more wisely spaced and distributed babies. It can stand for law enforcement and, in a fairly general way, for peace. It can be enormously useful in certain progressive fields. But no one need hope that it will be able to support a revolutionary feminist program or fight for a measure that might give offense to any large number of respectable middle-class women. All of which explains why the recent convention of the League at Buffalo refused to include birth control among the planks of its 1924 platform. Meanwhile a small group of women backed by an enormous, unorganized, inarticulate demand is fighting for the passage of the Vaile-Cummins bill at Washington, to lift the ban on birth-control information. It is a slow, desperate fight, chiefly because the great organizations of women do not dare to help, although a victory would mean infinitely more to their millions of members than to the valiant little band which is carrying on the fight.

IT IS DOUBTLESS EASIER to attack the Eighteenth Amendment before a Missouri Society dinner than anywhere in the State of Missouri itself, but we are ready, none the less, to credit Nicholas Murray Butler with courage and conviction in his recent vigorous attack on prohibition. The enforcement of the Volstead Act is a scandal, both where it succeeds and where it fails, and few public men have been found with enough gumption to say so. President Butler of Columbia University is one of the few. Another is Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania. Their similarity, however, stops almost at the point where it begins: President Butler would solve the problem by throwing the law out of the window; Governor Pinchot would throw out the official non-enforcers of the law. President Butler, it may be assumed, would keep the responsible authorities pretty nearly intact; Governor Pinchot would keep the law. Supporters of the Governor might say to the philosopher and university president: What sort of logic is this, any-

way; what sort of morals? If you tell your child not to eat candy and he goes right on eating it, are you going to solve the problem of law enforcement by telling him to go ahead and eat as much as he wants? And the supporters of the university president would answer: Are you going to tell your child not to eat candy and then pretend you have done the trick when you know that he is eating it on the sly and that other people are waxing fat off his deceit and dyspepsia? There is more to be said in the matter, but it is good, in any case, to have it discussed openly, with a refreshing lack of political hedging. We would be willing to go some distance with either or both in the general direction of lawful behavior and political honesty.

JANE ADDAMS, like Galileo, believes that the world does move. She has a right to believe it, for she has helped valiantly to make it move. In opening the Washington conference of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, of which she is really the founder as well as the international chairman, she reported impressively upon attempts, here and there in the midst of chaos and disorder, to live according to the principles of a new international order:

Austria has freely renounced a piece of Hungarian territory assigned her by the peace treaty; we recall the success in Holland of opposition to the proposed naval expansions; the decision of the British Government to abandon the construction of a naval base at Singapore; Gandhi has shown that a national movement for self-determination may be successfully conducted by moral energy ignoring brute force; the Conference on Naval Disarmament in Washington with its practical results; the withdrawal of the Japanese from the Chinese province of Shantung; the rising peace movement throughout the churches and theological schools; the "No More War" movement, rapidly increasing in so many countries; the peace resolutions of the International Education Conference held in San Francisco in 1923; the new note of decision in the peace committees connected with all women's organizations; the announcement of President Coolidge ten days ago that he contemplates calling a world conference for further limitation of armaments and the initiation of plans for the codification of international law.

FOUND AT LAST! The Baltimore *Evening Sun*, as our readers will recall, recently offered a prize for the solution of the perplexing problem, What is the difference between a Democrat and a Republican? Mrs. Esther Hollander won the prize. "A Republican," she explained, "is a person who thinks a Democratic administration is bad for business; a Democrat is a person who thinks a Republican administration is bad for business; both are right." It was to be assumed that the witty editors of the "Sunpaper" would award the prize to some such answer; the amazing fact is the unanimity of their readers. Some thousands are reported to have replied; of these 77 per cent discovered no difference whatever between the two great standard-bearers of the nation; 14 per cent painstakingly delved into history to prove that at least there had once been a distinction; and only 9 per cent boldly proclaimed belief in the existence of distinguishing-marks today. When Senator La Follette gets around to announcing his candidacy, he might take a hint from the spirited Marylanders and avoid the ancient hoodoo of third parties. Why not just call his new group the Second Party, and be done with the hoary myth of Democratic-Republican discord?

Submarines, World Court, or What?

IT is the same old, old story, whether you dwell in Washington, Tokio, London, or Timbuctoo. Whenever anyone talks disarmament there is always someone else to discover that the nation's navy, or army, is deficient in cruisers, or submarines, or javelins, or something. Poor old Admiral Coontz, commander-in-chief of the United States fleet, is deep in gloom because—as he sees it—the Panama maneuvers proved that the fleet was too slow and was short of aircraft carriers, submarine and destroyer tenders, modern submarines, and almost everything else. Admiral Coontz is shivering in his sea-boots for fear the British and the Japanese will outclass us. Worst of all, he finds, is our deficiency in submarines.

Japanese newspapers take time to reach the United States, but fortunately the British papers come more rapidly and can be read even by admirals. We suggest to Admiral Coontz that he put on his spectacles and read the accounts of a debate in the House of Commons on March 18. There he will find a speech after his own heart. Mr. Amery, sometime Tory First Lord of the Admiralty, told the House how unhappy he felt about the modest naval program of the Labor Party. The government estimates were £2,200,000 below those of the previous year, and still further below those which Mr. Amery would have regarded it as his duty to present had he still been in office. He would have spent five million pounds more for new cruisers; he would never have dreamed of abandoning the Singapore naval base, and he would have provided for more submarines. England had only 20 cruisers equipped for commerce destruction, he said, although the United States had 29 and Japan 28; she imperatively needed 18 new cruisers in the next two years. And England's submarine position was appalling. By 1929 she would have only 29 effective submarines, while the United States would have 122, Japan 73, and France 63. The poor man shivered as he thought of England's danger. Admiral Coontz would have sympathized with his every shudder.

Professional navy men, like professional army men, are always discovering danger, pointing to inadequacies, demanding more and ever more millions. It is a healthy antidote to these scares to read the newspapers of other countries and discover that their army and navy men are mongering the same scares. *The Nation* does not pretend to know whether Admiral Coontz is right in saying that America is short of submarines, or Mr. Amery in declaring that we are far ahead of England and Japan; but *The Nation* does know that in such matters it is never safe to heed "expert" advice. Ramsay MacDonald's reply to Mr. Amery was a masterpiece of calm common sense:

There must first be an allaying of international suspicions and anxieties such as exist today, and the construction of the naval base at Singapore would hamper the establishment of confidence and lay England's good faith open to suspicion. . . . This country has a short time in which it can rest secure that no war will overtake it within a certain limited number of years. We can use that time in developing military defenses, and thereby encourage others to do the same. Or we can keep our military forces as a nucleus only, and pursue other methods of security, such as agreements, good-will, and disarmament. The Government proposes to adopt the latter course. (Cheers.)

That, in our judgment, was sound statesmanship, and we hope that the American Congress will pay no more heed to the pitiful pictures painted by Admiral Coontz and his friends than Ramsay MacDonald paid to the unhappy Mr. Amery.

The real problem, of course, is how to move toward "agreements, good-will, and disarmament." A band of high-hearted crusaders have been preaching the World Court to the calloused ears of Senator Lodge and his associates on the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. We wish that we could join more wholeheartedly in their crusade. It seems to us that the peace-seeking forces which have concentrated their drive upon this issue have lost perspective.

We should like to see the United States participate in any effort to extend the scope of international arbitration. The fact that the Court is related to the League does not appal us; we know no better way at present available of selecting an international body of judges than through the Council and Assembly of the League. It is ridiculous to propose, as Mr. Lodge is reported to do, that the same individuals who compose the Council and Assembly should meet under another name to elect the judges. Once elected, the judges are utterly and absolutely independent—the politics of the League does not touch them, and their record of action, if slight, is to their credit. It is not their fault that important issues have not been submitted to them: that is the fault of the nations of the world. And it is precisely there that the insignificance of this issue of joining the Court appears. Until the peace advocates of this country are ready to couple their demand for adherence with a demand that the Court be given compulsory jurisdiction over all international disputes they are asking so little that their effort is almost wasted. There is a vast work of popular education to be done, and it should be done honestly. Americans berate the nations of Europe for their bellicosity, yet the very people who complain most loudly of the Europeans enact Japanese exclusion laws, cry for more destroyers and more submarines, and applaud American occupation of Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, and Honduras. Until this country is ready to submit its own acts to international discussion the world-court issue seems a little vague and platonic.

We have not dangerous frontiers, like France and Germany. Our capital is not within easy airplane flight of a possible enemy's air bases. It is harder for admirals and captains to scare us by beating upon their tom-toms. We should be the natural leaders of the world movement for compulsory arbitration, for disarmament, for the outlawry of war. There is so much popular sentiment behind the cry for disarmament that even President Coolidge felt it wise to suggest another disarmament conference if Europe accepts the Dawes plan. The Dawes plan is, in principle at least, accepted. There is a lull in Europe's alarms—the defeat of the alarmists in Germany's elections shows the existence of a moment of appeasement. The time is ripe—will not the people who have so earnestly argued the somewhat academic issue of the World Court demand, now that an immediate opportunity is at hand, that our Government seize it?

Philip Snowden's Triumph

PHILIP SNOWDEN scored, according to all the dispatches, a triumphant success in presenting in the House of Commons on April 29 the first Labor budget. Newspapers of all shades of opinion admit, on both sides of the ocean, that no British chancellor ever showed greater mastery of his subject or presented it in a clearer or more interesting manner. This despised pacifist, this man who opposed his country's policy all the time that it was at war, this radical socialist without either the banking or business training usually expected of a chancellor of the exchequer, this visionary idealist who actually believes that an end can be made to the kind of acquisitive society which has made such a mess of the world, showed that he could take the cards from conservatives and beat them at their own game. For one hour and three-quarters this crippled man leaned upon his crutches to make his appeal, all but collapsing at its end. He was assisted to his seat amid the cheers of all parties and it is in keeping with the finest English parliamentary traditions that some of the first words of congratulation came from the lips of Austen Chamberlain, a former chancellor, now in opposition. That is the British sporting spirit. You differ from a man, you may even call him traitor for a time, but when he does a magnificent job you congratulate him out loud on his personal achievement before you undertake to show wherein you think he erred in his facts or his proposals. We fancy that those cheers must have paid Philip Snowden for many a slight and insult, if so brave and noble a spirit needed reward for having been true to his conscience and the right.

But there is more to this budget than a personal triumph for Snowden. It is a long step back toward the historic policy of free trade from which England departed under the pressure of the war and of her debt burden, aggravated by the mistaken economics of Lloyd George and other compromisers. With one blow the Chancellor went far toward "freeing the breakfast table." The coffee, cocoa, and chicory duties are to be heavily cut; that on tea, the greatest of English beverages, is cut in half and a reduction of three halfpence a pound is made on sugar—something to make every Britisher sit up and take notice. Every one of the war duties imposed by Reginald McKenna goes by the board on August 1. Thus the protection camel, which had got its head and neck well into the British tent and would have got half its body in had Stanley Baldwin won the last election, is ejected down to his nose. Even the high tariffs on foreign motor cars are to go; Englishmen may be allowed to buy cheaper automobiles than their fellow-countrymen can produce. That, some will say, is an outrage: anybody who would help his fellow-citizens to obtain cheaper methods of transportation must be first cousin to a Bolshevik!

There is no denying the fact that the Labor Government will have hard sledding on that issue. Already they are being charged with wishing to add to the unemployment that they went into office to reduce. Indubitably the workmen in this and other industries will protest. But that is to be expected if you cleave to free-trade principles and deal with an industry that has been created by artificial support and kept alive by artificial heat. The onus is not on the legislator who prefers the welfare of multitudes to that of groups but upon those who made the original error. We

shall doubtless hear, too, that the budget is more one of expediency than of principle and there will probably be extremists in England to declare that there is no socialism in this budget, that it is a mere compromise, a sop to all classes to prolong the life of the Government and to win Liberal support. We are not much worried by that charge. It is sound reform policy, whether you call yourself Liberal, Labor, or Tory, to set your financial house in order and undo the glaring errors of your opponents. From any point of view that must commend itself as good business. There can certainly be no such far-reaching change as taking over the English coal mines unless the possibility of adequately financing them is present.

When one reads that in addition to all the other taxes to be cut the Socialist Chancellor proposes to do away with that upon excess profits which some of our politicians are eager to reimpose in this country, we can understand that the British business man must feel after reading this budget like a child who finds his Christmas stocking filled when he had expected nothing. As for the householder, he ought to be Snowden's friend for life because of the abolition of the hoary old inhabited-house tax, which has persisted for a century and a half, perhaps because nobody thought to do away with it. Truly Mr. Snowden has a right to claim that his budget is scientific, that it is reasonable and just, that it is aimed at no classes, and that it means a sturdy return to the only honest and sound fiscal policy for any country—free trade. We venture to prophesy that it will have an immediate and stimulating effect upon England's general economic situation, that it will speed her recovery from her present depression, and that it will be recognized for years to come as a great piece of statesmanship, wisely conceived, and executed with superb ability and superlative courage.

Fooling the Farmers

THE greatest American industry is the making and selling of gold bricks. Beside it the steel industry is a child and the cotton trade a babe in the crib. The gold-brick industry is a national one whose product enters every home in good times or in bad, but its sales campaigns are concentrated especially upon farmers and its boom periods are campaign years.

Heaven knows our farmers are this year, as perhaps never before, ready to grasp at anything which glitters. They were wholly deflated after the war, while the rest of industry had only part of the air let out of it, or none at all. Farmers are selling their produce, especially great staples like wheat and live stock, at about pre-war prices, while the levels of other commodities are more than 50 per cent higher. As we noted recently in these columns, more than 8½ per cent of the owner-farmers in fifteen corn- and wheat-growing States lost their farms between January, 1920, and March, 1923, while others to the proportion of 15 per cent were insolvent but held their land through the grace of their creditors. Farmers' banks have become the great landlords in the grain belt, the foreclosure of mortgages having made them the unwilling possessors of acres of land which they cannot rent or sell. A report made to Congress last March notes that in 1920, before agricultural depression set in, eight State banks failed.

By July 1, 1921, 100 State and 21 national banks had closed their doors. By July 1, 1922, the total was increased

by 85 State- and 9 national-bank failures, and 111 State and 16 national banks were added to the list in the next twelve months. Between July 1, 1923, and February, 1924, 367 State banks and 66 national banks have failed. There were more bank failures in the past seven months than in any preceding five-year period.

Assuredly the farmers need help. Early in the present session of Congress the Norris-Sinclair bill was introduced for their relief. It provided for a federal commission to build, buy, or lease grain elevators and storage warehouses, and to purchase and sell farm produce at home or abroad. In other words, it proposed a government market system to reduce the present unreasonable middlemen's profits between producer and consumer to the benefit of both the latter. This measure stood a good chance of passage until another, the McNary-Haugen bill, was shoved in front of it. The McNary-Haugen bill has the approval of Secretary Wallace of the Department of Agriculture, but President Coolidge is believed to be against it. The Federation of Farm Bureaus and the National Grange have indorsed it, but the more democratic and near-to-the-soil Farmers' National Council is in opposition. The McNary-Haugen bill will probably fail and is doubtless intended to do so by many of its sponsors. Its only effect will be to sidetrack and defeat the Norris-Sinclair bill, and thus preserve the profits of the agricultural middlemen. The McNary-Haugen bill is a gold brick intended to attract the farmers and give the impression that the politicians are doing something for them in a campaign year. The measure will be touted in the agricultural sections, but at last will probably be quietly dropped. There will be no McNary-Haugen law, no Norris-Sinclair law, no law at all for the farmer's relief. His gold brick will turn out to be worthless stone.

Should the McNary-Haugen bill by some chance become law, it would be harder than stone on the community at large. The bill provides that artificial prices be set on certain staples so as to make them bear the same relation to other prices as the average of farm prices from 1905 to 1914, inclusive, bore to general prices during that period. A commission is authorized to buy and sell farm produce to the extent necessary to maintain these prices at home, while the President is instructed to clap on tariff rates to a point that would prevent the entrance of foreign products in competition. The commission would dump all surplus agricultural produce abroad for whatever prices it would bring. In short, the McNary-Haugen bill proposes to subsidize the farmer at the expense of the consumer—to support an expensive hothouse industry out of the pockets of the general public. Even so, the farmer is just as much entitled to this kind of coddling as are the manufacturers protected by our existing tariff, and it is hypocritical and absurd for newspapers and politicians who support the Republican protective system to object to its extension to agriculture. But *The Nation* does not believe in subsidizing either manufacturers or farmers. The McNary-Haugen bill proposes to reinflate the farmer, whereas the actual need is to deflate all industry.

The farmer ought to have a government-directed market system such as the Norris-Sinclair bill proposes, and he ought to have the benefit both in buying and selling that free trade would bring. Give him a fair field by these means, and he will be able to live without artificial respiration. Diversified farming and cooperative organization are already giving some farm regions new life; what the farmers want is not more pap but less middlemen.

What Is a Park?

WHAT is a park? New York City is having one of its periodic brain-storms in regard to the proper use of its matchless Central Park—still a bit of unsubdued nature in the midst of man-ridden Manhattan Island. The Mayor and his friends are for introducing a "civic center," a "war memorial," and the like; others are for keeping them out. Similar controversies are going on in other cities. Perhaps it would help to begin by defining a park.

A child once defined salt as something that makes food taste bad when you leave it out. Similarly one might define a park as something that a city isn't. It should be the antithesis of and the antidote for the city. Geographically it should be as close to, and in character as far from, the city as possible. The best park is that which gives one most quickly and completely the illusion of having left the city miles away. Granting this, one can put his finger at once on some things which as far as possible should be kept out of a park: noise, hurry, buildings, business, and amusements such as the city itself offers. On the positive side one wants quiet, repose, trees, grass, water, sunshine, air. Too much artifice is the ruin of many parks: too many formal "drives," too many statues, too many "lawns" with warnings to keep off the grass. The Parisians, with their fine sense for such things, are especially successful with their small parks. There are not many walks and often not much grass. Instead there are great trees, with fine sand spread over the ground; one may wander at will or sit where he pleases.

Generally speaking, New York's Central Park has been well preserved and handled. The smaller parks have not all been as fortunate. The great mistake in Central Park was to admit the automobile, with its spirit of hurry and unrest, its danger to pedestrians and its vitiation of the air along the roadways. Some day when we are better civilized, when the automobile has ceased to have the right of way over everything else, this particular evil will be banished from Central Park. Band concerts may be legitimate, for they do begin and end, they cannot be heard in the home, and are really musical; but could anything be more deadly than the proposal to introduce radio entertainment by means of loud speakers into New York's small parks? The city about them contains plenty of such entertainment and far too much loud speaking.

Loud speaking! Yes, the city roars at us on every hand, and in every way. It is relief from its merciless overtones that we most want in our parks. As Matthew Arnold put it in his *Lines Written in Kensington Gardens* (that rare survival of nature in the midst of London brick):

Calm Soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar.

Children, lovers, and the aged—it is these that use most and most appreciate our parks. None of them belongs precisely to the city. Each one is living in his way a life apart from that of the throngs about him—the throngs preoccupied with making and spending money, mesmerized with the loud speaking (human and mechanical) of the age. Children, lovers, and the aged—all of us should belong, at least in spirit, to one of these classes. If we make and keep our parks for them we shall not go far wrong.

New Morals for Old Changes in Sex Relations

By ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS

THE other day I listened to a conversation on marriage and divorce between a well-known feminist, her daughter, and an Episcopal clergyman. The celibate cleric and the younger woman were in fair accord: the institution of marriage was invaluable to society and had to be protected. Let there be no divorce, said the cleric, on any ground, at least within the church; children should be cared for by both parents, divorce being sought only as an ultimate recourse, said the girl, who was two years married and had a son.

The feminist was bidding her time. Finally she said: "So much for the institution. What of the actual sex life? No divorce and continence or no divorce and intimacy with another?"

"The first, of course," said the cleric.

"Not at all; the second," said the girl. "And you, mother?"

"Oh, on the whole I'm for the brittle marriage as against the lax, the American way against the European. But most of all I am for tolerance in sex relations and for respecting privacy. Why not all kinds of relations for all kinds of persons? Just as there are now, but with respect or tolerance for the individual and without hypocrisy."

"Even if we did not agree," the cleric said later to the feminist, "we could talk about it as twenty years ago we could not. So much to the good."

"So much to the bad," said the girl's father, still later; "better for all of us the old reserve." The speaker was a lawyer with divorce cases in his practice.

Had we not here a mingling of currents from law, the church, feminism, and the younger generation which illustrates what divergency of attitude on sex and sex institutions or practices may exist today, even within the same cultural and local circle? Include circles of different education and locality and although the range of difference would be no larger the expressions of opinion would vary. Is the variation in opinion due to variation in experience or is it due to that contemporaneous lifting of the taboo on discussion which characterizes not only our talk about sex but about other interests as well? A remarkable and indisputable change of attitude, this release from verbal taboo, which often gives us a sense of change in general greater perhaps than the facts themselves warrant.

In the conversation I quoted the women were on the whole the radicals, the men on the whole the conservatives. This alignment was far from typical, I think, and yet in contemporaneous life, whether or not in opinion, women have been the exponents of cultural change in sex relations. The increase in the divorce rate, it seems probable, has been effected predominantly by women; about two-thirds of the total number of divorces are granted to women. (Of course the tradition that it is decent for the man to let the woman

get the divorce must not be ignored in this connection.) This increase in divorce may indicate a changing attitude toward the criteria of marriage on the part of women. Women may be demanding more of marriage than in the day when they had little to expect but marriage. In other words, marriage standards mount as marriage has other relations to compete with. At any rate in the talk of women

it seems to me that desire for integral satisfactions in marriage is more consciously or realistically expressed than ever before. Emotional and sexual appeasements are considered as well as social or economic advantage. What of

the part played by women in changes in sex relations outside marriage?

Unfortunately, we have no dependable statistics of prostitution, but whatever decrease there has been in prostitution, and opinion is that with the passing of segregated districts there has been a decrease, may be, on the whole, put down to women, if only indirectly through an increase in illicit relations. Illicit relations are not subject to statistics, but that there has been an increase in them in this country in this century will be generally accepted, likewise that in this, too, the increase is due to women, alike more willing to participate in such relations and more tolerant of them in others. Again those curious suits for alienation of affection appear to be brought against women as much as against men; and theories of seduction by men have long since been sounding archaic to our ears. Even on the screen, the great present vehicle of traditional manners and morals, although rape is always in order, seduction is infrequent. Seduction with its complement of marital honor has been rendered an anachronism, through women.

The theory of seduction is affiliated with the proprietary theory of woman and, needless to say, this general theory has been undergoing considerable change for several decades. Today women are not only not property, they are property holders, and property holding has become a significant factor in the social independence of women. Of this social independence, independence in mating is the most recent expression, more recent even than political independence, and less fully realized or accomplished. Indeed it would be rash to predict how this type of independence may be expected to come about; apart from the gesture, sometimes gay, sometimes merely comic, of keeping one's name in marriage, there is no conscious feminist movement, in this country at least, toward freedom in sex. The political emancipation of women came to us as a reflex from abroad, largely through England. Whatever the political effect of militancy in England, without the advertisement of the British suffragette American women would be voteless today. Quite likely the direction of emancipation in mating may be determined likewise from abroad, perhaps

This article is the second in The Nation's series on New Morals for Old. The first, Styles in Ethics, by Bertrand Russell, was printed in the issue of April 30. The next article will be Floyd Dell's discussion of Friendship Between the Sexes. The series will continue through the summer.

from innovating Scandinavia or from Soviet Russia, where the last legal word has been said on sex equality.

In the soviet laws on marriage and domestic relations there is no mention of suit for breach of promise or for alimony whereby woman proclaims herself a chattel, and according to the soviet code husband as well as wife is entitled to support if incapacitated for work. Incapacity for work is the sole condition which entitles either spouse to support. In other words, the Russian state has interested itself not in maintaining the proprietary theory of woman; but in providing for the care of man or woman in distress. Of such clear distinction American law is innocent. In American law the husband is still the provider and in this law lags but little behind current opinion, which holds that a married woman should work only when she has to. Dr. Herskowitz tells me that this American attitude is so well represented in the Negro population of Harlem that in gathering statistics of employment as soon as he learns the occupation of the husband he can predict whether or not the wife is at work. Low-paid employment for the husband means wage-earning by the wife, and highly paid employment means that the woman is not a wage-earner. Surveys in other parts of the country have shown the same condition. These surveys have been made among wage-earners, and concerned primarily with the margin of subsistence; but familiar enough is the record in other economic classes of the persuasion that marriage exempts a woman from industry or professional activity. The standing controversies about married women as school-teachers are fully documented instances. The Harvard prize play acted last year on Broadway hinged on the rigidity of the alternative of a man marrying and sacrificing his career or pursuing his career and sacrificing his love. There was not the faintest suggestion that the woman might contribute to the family income and so render marriage and career economically compatible. The young couple, to be sure, belonged to smart Suburbia, economically a conservative circle; but there was no indication in the play that the university intelligentsia did not hold to the theory of wifely parasitism, nor that audiences might question the theory. And I incline to think that few in those Broadway audiences, although drawn as they were from fairly composite circles, did question. Wifely parasitism is holding its own.

In less invidious terms, where income permits, the wife continues to be the consumer, the husband the producer. Conjugal partnership in production, familiar in Europe, remains by and large unfamiliar in this country. Outside of marriage, on the other hand, the last years have seen considerable lessening in our American forms of segregating the sexes. Not only has there been an increase of women in gainful occupations together with an increase of occupations open to women, but between men and women in business and in the professions relations are increasingly less restricted, influenced less by sex taboo. There is more co-operation, more good-will, more companionship.

Possibly this companionship between the sexes at large will have a reflex upon marriage, and marriage will become a more comprehensive partnership. The question of the married woman in gainful occupations is related, however, to a larger economic issue. Our capitalistic and competitive economy not only suffers parasites and drones, it compels them by reason of its inelasticity in providing for part-time labor. The whole workday or no work at all is the notice given to women who would be part-day homekeepers, either

in their child-bearing years or because of other family exigency, as well as to men who are aging or invalid. For this economic waste and loss to personal happiness and welfare there seems to be no promise of relief in prospect. Just the opposite, in fact, for women, since, given the increasing mechanization of housekeeping and the ramifying organization of hospital, nursery, and school, women at home may have a larger and larger part of the day on their hands and their functions become less and less significant. In this connection birth control has been for some time an important factor. As knowledge of contraception becomes surer and more widespread and births more spaced, even during her child-bearing period the home-staying woman will have less and less call on her vitality and energy.

Discussion of contraception has been active in the last decade or so; but curiously enough its significance aside from contributing to directly saner ways of life* has been little realized. Birth control makes possible such clear-cut distinctions between mating and parenthood that it might be expected to produce radical changes in theories of sex attitude or relationship, forcing the discard of many an argument for personal suppression for the good of children or the honor of the family, and forcing redefinition of concepts of honor and sincerity between the sexes. In such redefinition reciprocity in passion, emotional integrity, and mutual enhancement of life might share in the approval once confined to constancy, fidelity, and duty, virtues that are obviously suggested by the hit or miss system of mating and reproducing our social organization has favored. With little or no self-knowledge or knowledge of men, a girl often marries in order to find out how much she cares or whether or not she qualifies, and then when her experience has but begun she finds herself an expectant mother, and maternity begins to supersede other interests. She may become a parent without the assurance of being well-mated, if not, more tragically, with the certainty of being mismated. Advocates of the monogamous family would do well to consider how essential to an enduring union, at least in our society, experience in love may be, together with restraint from child-bearing before experience is achieved.

That neither such considerations nor other changes in the theory of sex morality have yet come to the fore in current discussion is perhaps because the technique of contraception is still in the experimental stage, perhaps because in popular consciousness the morality of contraception in itself is not fully established. How is it going to be established? I doubt if through rationalism or rationalistic propaganda. Social changes, we begin to know, are rarely due to deliberation, in any society. In our society they are due mainly to economic causes. Housing congestion in New York will in time affect birth-control legislation in Albany; and fear of an overpopulated world will drive church as well as state into a new attitude toward multiplying to the glory of God.

As in birth control so in other matters of sex intimacy the growth of cities and the complexity of our economy may be the more potent factors of change. In very large communities there is an ignorance of the personal relations of others, an inevitable ignoring which contributes unconsciously to tolerance toward experiment and variation in sex relations. Indifference to the private life of others is

* Dr. Ogburn informs me that his recent and still unpublished analysis of the census of 1920 shows that in localities where birth control is presumably practiced the marriage rate mounts. He states also that in the country at large there has been a higher marriage rate in the last census decade and that the age at marriage is earlier.

almost an exigency of our economic organization. Attention is directed to the efficiency of the personality encountered and away from the individual means taken to induce that efficiency. What difference does it make to an employer how clerk or stenographer lives after hours provided he or she is competent, alert, and responsive to the business need? In office or in factory one may be but a cog in the machine and yet left larger personal freedom than in a more independent job in a small place or than in a household. Out of such urban influences—negatively, of indifference, and positively, of attention to personality *per se*—come opportunities for personal freedom that will set men and

women to ordering their sex life to please themselves rather than to please society. That is, ordinary men and women; certain outstanding figures will have to continue to forego freedom. The President of the United States, presidents of banks or colleges, cinematograph stars, "society ladies," now and again a clergyman or a prize-fighter—all these will continue to be observed closely in their private life, and, like the gods and goddesses of other cultures or times, will have to conform to popular preconceptions of marriage or celibacy, chastity or libertinism. For them, as for other personages in folk-lore, individual adjustment or variation would be out of the picture.

Shall We Remake the Supreme Court?

II. The Practice of Other Countries

By CHARLES GROVE HAINES

(The Nation began last week this series on the United States Supreme Court with an article on *The Origin of Its Power*, by Charles Warren. The series will be concluded next week with *A Program for Reform*, by Beulah Amidon Ratliff, and by an editorial article expressing the views of The Nation.)

IT is difficult to compare the American practice of judicial review with similar features of other governments, for comparisons prove misleading in dealing with the rather unusual powers of courts to declare legislative enactments void. Differences in the evolution of government and of legal traditions render this practice markedly different when adopted under circumstances varying greatly from the conditions prevailing in America.

Among the features that modify provisions for judicial review of legislation, the first is the fact that under continental European systems of government, or those whose legal foundations have largely been based upon the influence and traditions of the Roman law, governmental authority emanates from and is guided largely by the executive and not by the legislature as in Anglo-American countries. Certain conditions naturally result from this fact, namely, the establishment of separate courts or councils to deal with controversies between individuals and public officers; the courts as a rule are not permitted or in practice do not follow strictly earlier precedents or decisions; the natural deference to the executive officers and a traditional non-contentious habit of mind resulting therefrom lead to the acceptance of the authority of administrative officers rather than to a frequent contesting of their authority; and, finally, provision is made for a "state of siege" to be declared by the executive at his discretion, or sometimes subject to the consent of a committee of Congress, when individual rights and guaranties may be completely subordinated to the executive power. Under the "state of siege" the civil authority is taken over by the army, military tribunals try offenses against public peace and order, homes can be searched, arms can be taken from the citizen, and public meetings can be prevented. The frequency of the establishment of this condition, particularly in Latin-American countries, militates strongly against well-defined checks upon executive or administrative powers. Martial law in Anglo-American countries, which is the only thing com-

parable to the "state of siege," is seldom resorted to and is commonly held in strict subjection to the civil authorities unless public necessity requires military action.

Again, judicial review of legislation can have relatively slight influence in countries where constitutions are frequently revised and are readily amendable. There has been a progressive tendency to make the amendment of constitutions easy and to revise them completely at frequent intervals. Such a condition leaves little room for judicial review of legislation to develop.

Finally, where countries adopt written constitutions, and either do not insert extensive bills of individual rights or guaranties or do not include general phrases such as due process of law or the equal protection of the laws, by which legislation is to be tested, judicial review again has little opportunity for growth. There is no basis for the courts to construe implied limitations on legislative and executive powers. Making due allowance for these differences the governments of the world may, with respect to judicial review of legislation, be roughly grouped into the following classes:

1. Governments in which the legislature interprets finally the fundamental law. Examples: England, with an unwritten constitution; Chile, France, Italy, and Switzerland, with written constitutions.

2. Governments in which the authority to interpret finally provisions of the constitution, and as a consequence to invalidate acts in conflict therewith, is implied as a necessary requirement to maintain the equilibrium between federal and state governments. Examples: United States, Australia, Canada, Brazil, and Argentina.

3. Governments in which the constitution grants authority to the courts to interpret the constitution and to prevent violations of its provisions. Examples: Colombia, Czecho-Slovakia, Honduras, Irish Free State, Portugal.

4. Governments in which the power is considered as belonging to the courts to review the acts of coordinate departments but in which the power has been exercised so infrequently as to have little significance. Examples: Greece, Norway, and South Africa prior to 1910.

In group one the English system of guaranteeing individual rights is unique. After the great charters of liberty such as Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, and the Petition

of Rights were issued in England and served to check the royal powers and prerogatives, a revolution occurred by which parliament became supreme and the king subordinate. After this change Coke's theory, proposed in the great conflict with James I, that reason and the common law as interpreted by the courts must be looked upon as superior to both the king and parliament, was discarded and by a gradual process parliamentary supremacy was established. Practically, then, since the beginning of the eighteenth century, the executive and legislative departments in England, under the designation King, Lords, and Commons, combine to legislate and to administer the laws. The judiciary and all other public authorities are bound to obey the mandates of parliament as the highest power of the state. In the words of an eminent jurist: "The corrective of the action of parliament as a human and fallible institution is not a legal corrective, lies not with the judiciary, but lies with parliament itself, acted upon by a fresh wave of public opinion, a higher sense of duty, a wider range of experience, or a broader perspective in the range of applied justice."

Parliamentary supremacy in England is modified to a considerable extent by what is known as the "rule of law." All officers are held strictly within the law as laid down by parliament, and the courts of England exercise an extensive review of the acts of public functionaries to see that they keep within the powers granted by law. Under this rule English courts recently held that not even the King in Council by executive order could take the property of a citizen during war time for military purposes without awarding just compensation for losses incurred. This practice of the courts, however, stops short whenever parliament expresses a clear and unequivocal mandate. For example, the courts of England decided that labor unions were corporations in the sense that they might be sued before the English courts. After an active campaign before the people and in parliament, an act was passed in effect reversing this decision; the courts thereafter were bound to follow and accept the act of parliament. But England has no written constitution, and it is generally believed that parliamentary supremacy is a natural result where no definite fundamental law has been formulated.

Chile, having modeled her government in certain respects after the English system, specially provides in the constitution that congress shall settle all questions as to the interpretation of the constitution.

A different plan of securing individual guaranties was developed in France, where a form of government and of legal principles was adopted, based, in large part, upon Roman principles and practices. Though a declaration of rights was framed in 1789, including most of the individual guaranties of the English charters, the method of securing these individual rights was placed on an altogether different basis. The same theory of separation of powers which was thought in America to require judicial review of legislative acts to preserve written constitutions and to protect individual rights was interpreted in France to forbid the judges from interfering in the exercise of legislative power and of preventing them from suspending the execution of laws. Owing to the resistance of the courts to executive orders and decrees prior to 1789, it was made an offense for a judge to interfere in the affairs of public administration. The result of these provisions and their interpretation is that France and certain other governments which are based to a large extent upon the French system of law expressly

prohibit the courts from refusing to execute laws duly made and promulgated. Though there are today many Frenchmen who favor some form of judicial review of legislative acts, in practice, the parliament of France is regarded as supreme. Most Frenchmen who favor the adoption of the principle of judicial review of legislation emphatically declare that they do not wish to adopt the American theory of the separation of powers, the American doctrine of affording protection to vested rights, the broad rule of reason as a requirement for legislative acts under the due-process clause, and other implied limitations which American judges have interpreted as restrictions upon the exercise of legislative powers.

This does not mean that private rights are without protection in France. The courts, as in England, enforcing the rules of law, exercise an extensive review of the actions of public officers in that they possess the authority of holding executive ordinances illegal and of annulling administrative acts either for an excess or misuse of power.

France, unlike England, has a written constitution. This constitution, which provides for only a part of the actual framework of government and includes nothing as to the protection of the rights and liberties of the individual, has seldom been amended since its enactment in 1875. France looks upon her constitution as a rigid document, whereas the Constitution of the United States is thought to be quite flexible. France is one of the chief examples of a government with a written constitution and legislative supremacy; that is, where the protection and guaranties of the constitution rest with the legislature itself, guided and tempered by public opinion as the source of legislative power and authority.

Austria, Germany, Italy, and Poland have followed France in denying to the courts the power to examine into the validity of laws. To this list could be added many other countries with written constitutions, such as Japan, Spain, and Sweden, in which it is taken for granted that the normal functions of courts do not include the power of examining into the validity of legislative acts. So common is this impression that unless such power is expressly granted to the courts, or is regarded as necessary to adjust federal relations, it is assumed that the functions of the courts are confined to the interpretation and application of the laws, and this does not include an examination of their validity.

A modification of the English and French systems was adopted in Switzerland, where since the Middle Ages some form of federal government has prevailed. In Switzerland the legislature has been regarded as supreme, and has in its power the final interpretation of the constitution. But in order to render a federal system effective and to adjust the relations between the nation and the cantons, the courts were given the authority to review the acts of the cantonal legislatures. The guaranty, then, of individual rights in Switzerland, as in France, rests with the legislative bodies as influenced and guided by the public sentiment of the nation. The legislature of Switzerland is the final interpreter of the constitution, subject only to a referendum by which such a decision may be changed. It is worthy of note that Switzerland with a federal form of government and a written constitution deliberately rejected the main feature of the American plan of judicial review after a careful study and report on the plan by a group of experts. Switzerland, having in large part adopted the French administrative system, provides for the protection of private rights

and individual guaranties on a basis similar to that of France.

The federal systems of Canada and Australia, among the governments in group two, carry the principle of judicial review of legislation one step farther than is done in Switzerland. The courts of these countries are regarded as having the right to review all legislative acts both of the state and of the central government in order to maintain the balance of powers as defined in the constitution. There is also in both of these countries judicial review of the acts of the provinces or of the states to see that these subordinate bodies do not overstep their jurisdiction; but judicial review of legislation in such countries as Canada and Australia has a narrow and limited application, for their constitutions contain few, if any, provisions guaranteeing individual rights and no general phrases such as due process of law, equal protection of the laws, or other language from which extensive implied limitations may be interpreted.

Citizens of Canada also take pride in the fact that their courts do not meddle with matters of economic or social policy, as did the Supreme Court of the United States in the *Lochner* or New York Bake-shop case, the Child Labor case, or the Minimum Wage case. Having no special provisions in the constitution for the protection of acquired or vested rights, corporations or citizens cannot appeal to the Canadian courts for the protection of such rights unless a branch of the government attempts to assert authority entirely beyond the scope of its jurisdiction. Rate-making, the control of public-service corporations, and most other economic or social affairs are regulated by Canadian legislatures or commissions established by these bodies, which act subject only to review by the legislative bodies themselves or an ultimate appeal to the electorate.

Certain South American countries such as Brazil and Argentina not only provide for the review by the courts of acts of the states which may be in conflict with national powers but also have accepted the American practice of declaring void the acts of coordinate branches of the government. The Brazilian courts, following the general purpose to adopt the American system as defined by Chief Justice Marshall, do not hesitate to declare void acts of the national congress. Eight acts have been held invalid since 1915. Though similar authority is exercised by the courts of Argentina, the power is used less frequently and, as compared with either Brazil or the United States, such decisions are exceptional. Similarly the provincial or state courts of Argentina have shown great reluctance in declaring acts invalid. This reluctance is thought to be due to the fact that the citizen, following Spanish traditions, prefers to abide by the law rather than to test its constitutionality. Another reason is thought to inhere in the greater authority accorded to and confidence in executive agencies which is characteristic of most Latin-American countries. The rather common practice in Brazil and Argentina of instituting by executive order the "state of siege," previously referred to, interfere with the development of traditions favorable to the establishment of effective individual guaranties. Moreover, the fact that the courts in South American countries follow the French practice of according comparatively little weight to precedents renders the basis for judicial review insecure and vacillating.

A somewhat limited form of judicial review of legislation has been devised in the writ of *amparo* used in the neighboring republic of Mexico. The original purpose of

the writ of *amparo* was designed so that the federal courts should aid every citizen in the preservation of the rights conceded by the constitution. In practice the application of the writ has been narrowed to the twenty-nine enumerated guaranties in the constitution, and laws will not be declared void unless one of these guaranties has been violated. The authority may not be used to pass on conflicts of jurisdiction, and suit can be brought only in an original action before the Supreme Court. Barring the difficulties which have militated against orderly judicial procedure in the determination of private rights in Mexico, it is obvious that legislative acts can seldom be held void under such a limited judicial review.

Among the governments in group three, in which the constitution grants authority to interpret the constitution and to declare acts in conflict therewith void, the courts in Colombia and Haiti seem to exercise the power so rarely as to have little effect on the course of public affairs. In other countries, such as Costa Rica, Cuba, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Venezuela, where Spanish-American traditions prevail, the exercise of such powers by courts cannot have results in any way comparable with judicial review in the United States. Czecho-Slovakia and Ireland have adopted the plan too recently to determine what form of judicial review may be adopted.

In comparing judicial review of legislation in the United States with this practice in other countries it should be noted that it is customary in almost all countries for the courts to exercise a limited control over the acts of corporations and subordinate units such as municipalities and similar public organizations. This control is usually referred to as declaring acts *ultra vires*, meaning that the acts of these subordinate corporations or public governmental bodies are void if they attempt to exercise powers beyond those which are expressly or by necessary implication granted to them. Furthermore, it is not uncommon for the courts to require that the acts of these subordinate bodies must be reasonable and to hold certain acts invalid if regarded as unfair or unreasonable.

Misunderstandings have resulted also from the failure to distinguish between review of legislation and judicial review of ordinances and of the acts of administrative and executive officers, which is common practice throughout the world. An extensive review of this character is exercised by the English courts under what is known as the "rule of law," to which reference has previously been made, and by review in France and other countries with similar political systems of all acts of executive and administrative officers.

Another basis for misunderstanding has arisen over the failure to distinguish between review over a central government from that over subordinate divisions such as states and provinces in federal systems of government. Where a federal government is established some agency must delimit the powers between the central and local governments. It has been quite common to place this delimitation of powers upon the courts, and in a number of federal systems the judiciary tests the validity of laws of the states or provinces to discover whether they are in accord with the fundamental written law. This is the practice in Switzerland, where the courts exercise such powers but are denied the greater authority of passing on the acts of coordinate bodies. Judicial review of subordinate divisions is established in Australia, in Canada, and in the new German constitution, and comprises the most important part of

judicial review in these countries. A similar review has been established in the federal systems of Brazil and Argentina. This type of judicial review needs to be distinguished very carefully from the attempt of the courts to pass on the acts of coordinate legislative bodies. It is in the latter field where the courts exercise their most important function in the review of legislation in the United States.

In the government of the United States the courts exercise, first, an extensive surveillance over the acts of subordinate units of government, such as cities and counties, both to keep local authorities within their jurisdictions and to test their acts as to fairness and reasonableness; second, all acts, orders, or rules of administrative and executive officers are subject to review by courts to see that they keep within the law and that their powers are not abused to the detriment of the lives, liberties, and property of individual citizens; third, another phase of judicial review in the United States inheres in the control exercised by the courts over acts of the States which are regarded as in conflict with the federal Constitution, treaties, laws, and regulations (this authority is exercised frequently both by State and federal courts); fourth, by far the most important part of judicial review in this country is the practice of courts, federal and State, of declaring void the acts of coordinate departments, such as the Supreme Court in invalidating acts of Congress, and the State supreme courts in invalidating acts of the State legislatures.

Of even greater significance than the adoption of all

four of the above phases of judicial review in the United States is the fact that much the larger part of the powers now exercised by the courts in reviewing legislation has resulted from the application to executive and legislative acts of judge-made concepts and restrictions. A considerable part of these restrictions has grown up in connection with the doctrines of vested rights and of implied limitations on legislative powers conceived as inherent in the American concept of free government. Free government, as understood elsewhere in the world, seldom requires the application of such judicial checks. But in the United States public sentiment in the main has approved the process of developing limits to legislative powers both by express provisions of written constitutions and by judge-made implied limitations.

It is in the exercise of this extraordinary power, not generally recognized as belonging to the functions of courts and not expressly provided in American written constitutions, that more than fifty acts of Congress have been nullified and from 1,500 to 2,000 acts of the States. It is the combination in this country of all four of these phases of judicial review, and of numerous additional express and implied restrictions on legislative and executive acts, which has given currency to the term "judicial supremacy," or as French commentators put it "government by judges," and that warrants the assertion that the United States is the prime example today in which a theoretically democratic political order is tempered and confined by a series of checks administered by an "aristocracy of the robe."

South Tyrol—Austria's Lost Province

By ROBERT DELL

(This is the first of a series of three articles on the situation in the South Tyrol. The next article will be on the Results of Fascist Rule.)

Bozen, March 20

OF the many violations by the Allied and Associated Powers of the conditions on which the armistice was concluded perhaps the annexation to Italy of German South Tyrol was the worst. It was not even supported by one of those shadowy historic or prehistoric claims by which some other annexations were excused. The Tyrol is and always has been German—it is indeed one of the oldest centers of German civilization—and there is no sort of racial or cultural difference between the Tyrolese living on the north of the Brenner and those living on the south. There is scarcely a Tyrolese living on one side of the Brenner Pass who has no family connections on the other. One brother of a family may live in Innsbruck, another in Bozen. It is true that the pre-war Austrian province—"die gefürstete Grafschaft von Tirol"—which stretched from the Bavarian to the old Italian frontier—from Kufstein in the north to Riva in the south—was not inhabited solely by Tyrolese. The Austrian census of 1910 showed that there were then in the Austrian territory south of the Brenner 363,413 Italians, 229,481 German Tyrolese, and 19,605 "Ladiner" speaking a dialect of Italian, also spoken in certain parts of Switzerland. These three nationalities were not, however, intermingled as different nationalities are in certain other parts of Europe, but were separated

into sharply defined geographical areas. The northern part of the old Austrian province—South Tyrol proper—contained in 1910 215,933 Germans and only 6,704 Italians as well as the 19,605 "Ladiner" who all lived in the valleys of the Dolomites, where there were only 581 Germans. The southern part—the Trentine—had 356,709 Italian inhabitants and only 13,550 German. In accordance with the principles professed by the Allied and Associated Powers and accepted by both sides as the conditions of the armistice, only the Trentine should have been annexed to Italy, or at most the Trentine and the region inhabited by "Ladiner." The majority of the latter, however, expressed the desire not to be annexed to Italy in an appeal addressed to the German Tyrolese in October, 1918, in which as "the oldest native population of the Tyrol" they claimed the right of self-determination. "We are," they said, "no Italians, we have at all times refused to be Italians, and we will not be Italians in the future."

To do the Italian Government justice it has never contested these facts or made any hypocritical pretense of reconciling the annexation of German South Tyrol with the Fourteen Points. It claimed and obtained the Brenner frontier solely on the ground that a "strategic frontier" was necessary to the safety of Italy, although in fact such a frontier would have been adequately secured by the annexation of the Trentine alone. A small piece on the extreme east of German South Tyrol was left to Austria and the rest of the southern Tyrolese were handed over to Italy like cattle in defiance alike of their sentiments and their eco-

conomic interests. It would have been no greater injustice to give the whole Tyrol to Italy, and that course would have inflicted less injury on the Tyrolese, for at least their unity would have been preserved.

The division of the Tyrol is, if possible, a greater crime against its inhabitants than its total annexation would have been, for it is the dismemberment of a living entity—of as perfect and as natural a political and economic unity as is to be found anywhere in the world. It has entailed both moral and material suffering. Families have been divided, some of their members becoming Italian citizens while the others remained Austrian. What must be unprecedented conditions have been produced by the provisions relating to the acquisition of Italian citizenship. Persons born and domiciled in the annexed territory became Italian citizens by right, unless they preferred to leave the territory, as many have. Persons domiciled in the territory but not born there could apply for Italian citizenship, but the application could be refused. On the other hand, all persons under eighteen born of parents domiciled in the territory were obliged to become Italian citizens. The consequence is that in some cases the father has been refused Italian citizenship and his children have been forced to become Italians. A typical case is that of a doctor born in Innsbruck who has practiced in Brixen for thirty years. He was refused Italian citizenship and was recently expelled from South Tyrol, so that he is obliged to begin life over again, while his two sons have become Italian citizens *ipso facto* and are actually doing their period of military service in the Italian army.

In some cases people have been granted Italian citizenship and subsequently deprived of it and expelled on the ground that they had proved themselves unworthy of the honor—which means of course that they had joined in political action distasteful to the Italian authorities. The worst cases of all are those of certain old Austrian officials who were given Italian citizenship and kept in their places after the annexation and have now been turned into the street. Being Italian citizens they have no longer any claim on the Austrian Government, and some of them are starving. Expulsions have taken place at forty-eight hours' notice. One such case—also a typical one—is that of a Tyrolese born in North Tyrol who had lived in Bozen for years and who had to sell his house and all the belongings that he could not take with him at a heavy loss. In other cases applications for Italian citizenship are left for an indefinite period without a reply. Meanwhile the applicant is kept under observation and is liable to be expelled if he does anything of which the Italian authorities disapprove. Austrian citizens owning property in the annexed territory but not possessing the necessary qualifications for acquiring Italian citizenship as a right have had their property confiscated under Article 249 (a) of the Treaty of St. Germain. Commercial men with places of business on both sides of the Brenner have now a frontier and a tariff wall between their two business houses and cannot go from one to the other without an Italian visa, which means, if they live in North Tyrol, that they must not offend the Italian authorities.

The natural economic consequences of the annexation are serious for South Tyrol, whose chief industries are wine and fruit-growing and tourists. South Tyrol produces on an average about 400,000 hectoliters (nearly 9,000,000 gallons) of wine a year and the production of fruit is very

large. Of the wine about one-fourth is grown on the hill-sides and is of the best quality; that grown in the valleys is inferior. As the most southern part of Austria South Tyrol had an advantageous position and the chief markets for its wine and fruit were Austria and Germany, although the best qualities of wine and the choicest early fruits were also sent to Switzerland and elsewhere. As the most northern part of Italy, which has all the wine and fruit that it needs and more, South Tyrol is in a very disadvantageous position. There is no market for its produce in Italy and the Austrian market is now cut off by a tariff wall. The import duties on wine both in Germany and Austria are so high that the South Tyrolese producer can sell in these countries only at a price that does not give him a profit. The export trade of the cheaper wines is thus seriously diminished and prices are so low that it no longer pays to grow them and the vineyards in the valleys are beginning to go out of cultivation. This is also to some extent the case with fruit. The Trentine is suffering in this way as well as German South Tyrol. An Italian peasant in the Trentine said to a friend of mine recently that the bad of the Austrian times was better than the good of the Italian. As for the port of Trieste, it is ruined by the competition of Venice. Once prosperous and flourishing, because it was the only important Austrian port, it is now as an Italian port superfluous and decadent.

Since the economic factor is the most important in human affairs, even the Irredentists of the Trentine may begin to regret their victory if they find that it has changed their economic conditions for the worse. At least the rulers of Italy should do their best to compensate the inhabitants of the annexed territory for the inevitable economic disadvantages of the annexation and to diminish those disadvantages as far as possible, but they seem rather to be aggravating them by vexatious regulations and interference. For example, pressure is unofficially used to compel North Tyrolese firms with branches in South Tyrol to dismiss from the latter their North Tyrolese employees, whom they may find it difficult to replace. In the case of licensed trades—hotels, inns, and bathing establishments—interference has gone much further. By a decree of the prefect of the province of Trent "not more than 5 per cent of the entire personnel (director, cashiers, waiters, servants, porters, boots, interpreters, cooks, guides, etc.) may be foreigners," and failure to comply with the decree will be punished by the loss of the license. Although this law came into force at the beginning of last November I understand that it is not yet strictly applied. Should it be enforced, it will inflict serious injury on one of the most important industries of South Tyrol. Visitors from every country flock to Bozen, Gries, Meran, Cortina d'Ampezzo, and the many other tourist resorts in South Tyrol, and it is essential that the hotel employees should be able to speak foreign languages. It is equally essential that they should be well trained and competent. If the South Tyrolese hotels are compelled to dismiss a large proportion of their staffs, they cannot fill their places at a moment's notice with Tyrolese peasants. Moreover, some of the hotels are open only during a particular season and their employees go elsewhere for the rest of the year. On the Italian Riviera about 40 per cent of the hotel employees are foreigners, yet no such regulation as that imposed on South Tyrol has been made for the rest of Italy. If it were made, the Italian hotel-keepers would soon protest, for the regulation is impracticable.

Injunctions Don't Make Dresses

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

DAILY for eight weeks the picket-lines have formed in the clothing district of downtown Chicago; have been broken repeatedly by injunctions, policemen, and thugs; and have formed again. Slowly, back and forth in a short space, in all kinds of weather, the pickets march. Twelve hundred strikers are still out; 90 per cent are girls and women. They are a determined lot; it takes high courage to go on the line when you know that you may be beaten or have your wrists twisted by burly men in uniform or out of it, and then be thrown into a small cell without medical attention.

Only fragments of the real story get to the great newspaper-reading public. The arrests of pickets, the oratory of the State's attorney are detailed, but the regular daily papers never portray the actual causes behind the conflict. They tell that so many pickets were fined or sentenced to jail for violating Judge Denis E. Sullivan's injunction against picketing, but they never explain why hundreds of strikers persist in defying that injunction day after day.

Back of the happenings in the dressmakers' strike are long-existent grievances—they complain of hours too long at tedious work which wearies eye and body; dissatisfaction with wages which, earned during seven or eight months in a seasonal trade, must be spread across a whole year; unsanitary conditions in many garment shops; and the thing known as the "American plan."

At first 2,500 quit their jobs, but about 1,300 have returned to work under union conditions in eighty-one shops which have agreed to the workers' demands. These are mostly small shops. There are two other groups, which are battling aggressively against the union. One comprises five big employing corporations which had a gentlemen's agreement with the union in 1919-1921, then broke off relations, and which have operated open shops ever since. This group uses what the unionists term a "yellow dog" contract, which provides that the employee must never even discuss unionism with anybody while she has her job. In the second group are about twenty-five employers who have conducted union shops for six years, but who are ambitious to deal individually with the workers in the future.

Sponsored by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, the dressmakers struck at the beginning of the busy season. They demanded the right to organize, a 40-hour week instead of 44 hours, 10 per cent increases in wages for piece workers and specified flat increases for those paid by the week, unemployment insurance with the workers paying to the insurance fund 1 per cent of their wages and the employers the equivalent of 2 per cent, establishment of workable arbitration machinery, separate toilets and wash-rooms for women and men, rest-rooms for emergencies, and shop-floors swept daily and scrubbed weekly.

There are five divisions of work to be considered: cutting, operating (using a sewing machine), draping (pinning a dress together on a dummy figure), finishing (hand work, putting on snappers, buttons, and trimming), and pressing. Cutters were paid \$39.50 a week—they ask \$43; drapers, who received \$23, want \$29; finishers, whose wage was \$18, demand \$24. Operators, doing piece-work, were paid on a theoretical minimum basis of 85 cents per hour, with each

operator expected to sew an agreed-upon number of garments every 60 minutes—as large a number as the employer could get the union's price committee to agree to. On expensive garments, on which the manufacturer reaped a handsome profit, it was possible to run the rate up to \$1 an hour and sometimes more, but in small shops where cheap garments were made, the rate often was pushed below 85 cents, so the strikers declare.

Under the old agreement, wherever it existed, the employer had the privilege of discharging any worker during the first week of employment without specifying a cause; after that he could not dismiss any one without an adequate reason. But that tenet was frequently violated. And the agreement called for settlement of all job disputes within twenty-four hours, but the thing seldom worked out that way—for instance, in argument as to a unionist's right to a given job.

When the dressmakers walked out, the employers brought in a limited number of strike-breakers from St. Louis, while numerous others were recruited locally. But the picket lines turned many of them back, shaming them away. On the third day, Judge Sullivan issued his injunction, based on the Illinois anti-picketing law forbidding the union and everybody else from picketing or congregating near the premises of the complainants; from addressing any of the strike-breakers as "scabs" or applying any other epithets to them; and from attempting to induce any persons from entering into or continuing in the employment of the complainants, by means of threats, intimidation, force, violence, or coercion.

To enforce this injunction, about 125 policemen were placed on duty in the strike zone, six blocks square—plus numerous individuals in plain clothes known as "Crowe's men," these being from the State's attorney's office; and uncounted thugs hired by the dress manufacturers.

But the officers didn't wait for the strikers to use threats, intimidation, violence, or coercion, according to dependable eye-witnesses. Arrests of pickets on disorderly-conduct charges had begun before the injunction was issued. And as the strike continued, with the open-shop employers getting little production while orders from the trade were going to other cities, the police and the plain-clothes men brought hard-handed methods into play.

There have been about 750 arrests in eight weeks; 525 of these, it is estimated, were made by "Crowe's men." Some of the girls arrested were brutally beaten, and complaint has repeatedly been made that these girls were crowded into small unsanitary cells, and were kept there for hours without being booked. As a general rule, the men prosecuted before Judge Sullivan for defying his injunction were sentenced to fifty days in jail and fined from \$200 to \$450. The girls were sentenced to serve from five to forty-five days in jail and were fined from \$25 to \$350. A few were only fined. All convicted have appealed their cases and given bail. Others brought into court have demanded jury trials and gained postponements.

One advantage possessed by the strikers is that they have an energetic and fearless daily newspaper devoting extensive space to the conflict—the *Daily Worker*, established

here in January by the Workers Party. Fragments from the news as delineated by the *Daily Worker* give a picture of the situation from the strikers' point of view.

Sarah Zelinsky was arrested at the request of a newspaper photographer so that he could get a good flash of a girl hustled into the patrol wagon.

Sophie Altschuler was beaten so severely by Officer 3181 that she has been under the constant care of a physician ever since. . . . Sophie lay on the hard bench of the cell from 4:30 p.m. till after 6 p.m. without being able to get even a bit of water to bathe her head. . . . Carrie Siever says that the policeman who arrested her and Sophie . . . told the officer in charge of the patrol to tell the matron . . . not to book Sophie and Carrie till after six o'clock. . . . Carrie called the attention of the matron to Sophie's condition. The matron said, after looking at Sophie through the bars of the cell, "Oh, she's all right. The skin has not been broken." The matron refused to call a doctor in spite of the fact that there was a city physician on the next floor. . . .

When he (Officer 3181) saw her (Sophie) brought into the hall Friday night he began to swear and curse at her. . . . He began twisting her arms and fingers. Sophie tried to defend herself. This infuriated him the more. He then took her head in the crook of his arm and squeezed it. He threw her to the floor and Sophie fainted. . . .

Rose Trimtz, Freda Ashkamezy, and Louise Huhm were slugged on West Adams Street. The *Worker* reports:

The girls were on the picket line in front of the Francine Frock Company's when four company gangsters rushed out at them with drawn straps flying. Mercilessly assailing the girls with their straps they shouted curses and threats. Several big policemen stood by complacently while the unprovoked assault was going on and made no effort to interfere, until—a girl wrested the strap away from her assailant and began thrashing him. . . . Then the police marched to the aid of the sluggers and arrested the girls.

Two committees have conferred with Mayor Dever about the strike—one a group of four from a committee of 15 appointed by the Chicago Federation of Labor, the other a citizens' committee headed by Father Frederic Seidenberg of Loyola University. In these conferences it developed that the police had no orders to protect strikers. The mayor was urged by the labor group to have the activity of the police confined to enforcing the law, so that further brutality to unionists might be prevented. Dever expressed the belief that State's Attorney Crowe's men and not the uniformed city police were doing the rough work in the strike zone. Three days later the citizens' committee read to the mayor a report made by observers from Hull House. These observers declared that the uniformed men, "Crowe's men," and private detectives alike, with few exceptions, "use profane, abusive, and obscene language in the presence of and addressed to women; . . . threaten strikers with violence and arrest; . . . violently handle passersby with no provocation and without arresting them; . . . arrest persons indiscriminately on the charge of disorderly conduct; and are often unable to state what constituted the disorderliness."

"The uniformed officers act largely under orders from the State's attorney's men," the Hull House observers continued, "and both groups act directly or indirectly under orders from the struck employers."

They recorded Arthur Weiss, one of these employers, as "giving orders in very strong language to officers in uniform and in plain clothes at Market and Jackson Streets,

more than a block from his shop. They obeyed his orders and referred to him as 'the Boss.'"

One girl had been arrested (on March 7) and Officer No. 3181 was heard to remark, "Let's get some more in so we can fill the wagon." At 4:30 he roughly arrested three girls. When asked why he answered, "They were walking three abreast." . . .

Five days after Mayor Dever had expressed implicit confidence in the integrity of the city police, the charge that Sophie Altschuler had been beaten by Officer 3181 was published. The accused officer has made no demand for a retraction of the charge, but is quoted as saying that the girl attacked him and that he acted in self-defense. Miss Altschuler was in bed for four days after being let out of jail on bond.

There was a call for mass-picketing at a meeting of the Chicago Federation of Labor when the strike had been going three weeks. It upset the federation's tranquillity. John J. Johnstone of the Painters' Union sounded the call, declaring the local central body was bound by the tenets of the America Federation of Labor to support the fight against the Sullivan injunction. John Fitzpatrick, president, answered that no such action could be taken without invitation from the striking union. Anton Johannsen, chairman of the committee of 15, declared this invitation had already been officially extended. Johannsen reminded the meeting that the A. F. of L. in its 1914 convention at Philadelphia proclaimed that union men must ignore injunctions completely and should go to jail if necessary in defiance of writs against their freedom. And in 1916, it was pointed out, the A. F. of L., in convention at Baltimore, declared:

We recommend that any injunction dealing with the relationship of employer and employee . . . be wholly and absolutely treated as usurpation and disregarded, let the consequences be what they may. . . . Kings could be and were disobeyed, and sometimes deposed. In cases of this kind judges must be disobeyed, and should be impeached.

But the Chicago federation chose to help the strikers by raising money instead of reinforcing their picket lines.

Judge Sullivan was swung into office again at the last judicial election in the face of his well-known unfriendly attitude toward labor. Lack of vision on the part of the officials of organized labor in Chicago is blamed for Sullivan's reelection. Obviously the labor officials made a tactical error when they failed to put a labor ticket into the field with all the backing at their command. Instead they contented themselves with calling for the defeat of "enemies" and the rewarding of "friends" on the old party tickets.

Contributors to This Issue

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS is widely known as an anthropologist and writer.

CHARLES GROVE HAINES is a professor in the School of Law, University of Texas, who has made a special study of the judicial review of legislative acts as it exists among the various nations. He has published a number of books, including "The Conflict Over Judicial Powers in the United States to 1870" and "The American Doctrine of Judicial Supremacy."

ROBERT DELL is *The Nation's* correspondent in Central Europe. He has lately spent several months in South Tyrol investigating conditions under Italian rule.

National Public Opinion

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THIS country is widely and frequently supposed to be a country of great mental uniformity and of highly standardized sets of ideas and feelings. "Sheep, my dear fellow, sheep," is what a distinguished Englishman is supposed to have remarked to a fellow-Englishman while contemplating in 1916 our passion for neutrality in the Great War and while predicting our approaching and subsequent equal passion for belligerency in it.

It is also observed that women's styles of dress are spread with extraordinary rapidity from coast to coast and from the largest cities to the smallest hamlets, producing among us long ago the well-known, even if slightly extravagant, remark that in the United States the "jay town" has almost disappeared. It is further asserted that the newspaper telegraph wires, the newspaper syndicated features, running simultaneously in multitudes of newspapers in metropolitan communities and in the capitals of countries, together now with the radio, distributing its messages to the pure Irish or Boston and to the pure English of the fastnesses of the Alleghenies alike, have brought it about that the same thoughts dwell in all minds in this country from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sun-kissed orange groves of southern California.

It is a theory to which this political writer pays a deferential homage, since it is widely held and since in politics a theory widely held should never be treated with discourtesy. On the other hand, however, this writer, in recent travels in the region between the valley of the Missouri and the valley of the Hudson, has been led to defend the thesis that in spite of all resemblances between Americans and sheep, and in spite of standardized patterns for women's clothes, and in spite of universal telegraph wires and of universalized newspaper daily and Sunday features, and in spite even of the educating and harmonizing influence of the radio, the amount of misapprehension and of misunderstanding and of variety and diversity of views and sentiments between region and region and between district and district in this country is enough to fill the beholder both with sympathy and with admiration for the politicians at Washington who have to manage, and who do manage, to bring the country ultimately to some sort of moderately united and moderately satisfying action.

In the valley of the Missouri it is for the most part thought to be simply preposterous that Al Smith of New York should even bother to have delegates in the Democratic National Convention. A similar view is entertained in many parts of the South. People in such regions largely refuse to believe that the effort put forth on behalf of Al Smith is serious. They think that there is a joke in it, a catch in it, somewhere.

In Britain J. Ramsay MacDonald can find a constituency, at need, in almost any geographical region of the island. In this country Mr. Al Smith would wander a long time in the States west of the Mississippi before his indubitable personal charms and high public capacities would win him a governorship; and in the region south of the Potomac he might pursue that governorship all the rest of his life and still find it eluding him.

To the dries and to the anti-Catholics of certain large areas of this country the state of mind of New York, in spite of the radio, is an inscrutable mystery. Also, and again in spite of the radio, the superstition that George Brennan, Democratic boss of Illinois, is a malignant machine monster pining to devour and to destroy the uprising democracy of a progressive people can, and does, continue unabated within a few hundred miles of Chicago on the other side of the Mississippi.

In Nebraska no conservative Republican, no matter how conservative he may be, and no matter how ardently he may admire the Esch-Cummins Railroad Transportation Law, is likely to dare to express that admiration while running for office unless he has the courage of Ajax, and he seldom has it. In New Jersey few constituents would stay awake to listen to any candidate who was denouncing the Esch-Cummins Transportation Law, although at that very moment, if his words were carried by radio to the banks of the river Platte, he might keep most of the population of Nebraska awake and thrilled almost all night long.

In Vermont it is virtually not known that the Federal Reserve System is an immense national menace which must be subdued and harnessed in the interests of the plain people before the plain people can be safe in their little properties. In Minnesota, however, the merest child can lisp the iniquities of the Federal Reserve System and can tell the pundits of Wall Street about the beauty and about the necessity of a popular control of the streams and currents of bank credit.

Kansas City is in quite a hubbub in its commercial circles on the subject of railroad consolidation. It is a great national subject in Kansas City. In Wisconsin, where the La Follette progressive Republican organization makes conscientious lists of all great national subjects to be settled by the informed will of an intelligent national electorate, the subject of railroad consolidation is not perceived as a vital issue.

When the Democratic National Convention meets in June Al Smith will thrill the hearts of a large block of delegates, almost all of whom will come from States on or near the Atlantic seaboard. Meanwhile William Gibbs McAdoo will thrill the hearts of another large block of delegates, the overwhelming majority of whom will come from south of the Potomac and west of the Mississippi. It will not be simply a conflict between two men. It will be a conflict between two diverse—and not only diverse but also bitterly hostile—sets of sectional ideas and ideals, ranging all the way from liquor to freight rates on agricultural products.

Any Englishman who thinks that this is a country of uniform sentiments need only take Calvin Coolidge's place for a moment and travel to New York and deliver a speech there which will make the welkin ring on the theme of personal liberty and of religious freedom and then wait to see what will happen in the little dry, anti-Catholic towns of Indiana.

He will then know precisely why an American presidential tradition of vagueness has accumulated almost into a tradition of presidential total blankness of speech except on topics where utterance has become unavoidable.

The reason is that this country is so far from being uniform in its political notions and is, in fact, so sectionally various that only a transcendent genius can have the top of popularity in certain parts of the country without at the same time falling to the bottom of popularity in certain other parts of it. Presidents, then, who are not transcendent geniuses walk cautiously along at neither the top nor the bottom anywhere; and variety of views in the country produces mediocrity of views in the White House.

In the Driftway

TWO women are engaged in suing a firm of famous hair-dressers because after treatment the hair of one turned pink and of the other yellow. The Drifter will not attempt to determine the merits of the cases in question; there are matters which he knows enough to let alone. But he feels competent to examine another aspect of the situation: namely, the absurd convention that hair or skin should be one of only few colors. Why should not hair be pink, or yellow, or purple, or green? Why should the Caucasian integument remain conventionally whitish with conventional touches of pink or red? Why should the pink or red grow or be applied always at the same spots? Why not, for example, pure white cheeks and a bright red forehead? Why not a dark blue nose?

THERE are certain tribes whom we like to call less civilized than ourselves who do not consider these questions rhetorical. To them red and white bands painted on a brown arm, or blue stripes diagonally on a broad back seem quite de rigueur. Perhaps in self-defense the pale Aryans have decided that to be beautiful means to imitate nature as closely as possible. Thus when the cheek's red fades they paint it the same old color; when age brings gray hairs, dye restores them to their natural brown: a proper enough proceeding perhaps, although uninteresting, if this were really imitating nature. On the contrary, however, nature plays a thousand variations on the conventional pink and white. The Drifter has seen faces which, with a little help, would have glowed orange, or pale green, or quince yellow. Instead of encouraging these fascinating differences their owners have whitewashed them down the middle and daubed red on the sides. Or else have left them alone, a dull drab putty color, which is perhaps even worse.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is not sure whether more credit or blame should be awarded the female sex in these matters. They are the ones who try to maintain a "natural" beauty by the use of artificial methods, and though they might be applauded for the attempt to change their colors at all, they have helped immeasurably to foster monotony. Men, on the other hand, have, altogether mistakenly, assumed that it was better to let well enough alone. The Drifter earnestly trusts that these words of his will inspire a few brave souls to experiment. Paint is cheap and the surface to be covered at first need not be large. Gradually, when the custom of brightly colored skin and hair spreads, as it undoubtedly will, clothing will cease to be necessary or interesting and the cost of coloration will increase. Unfortunately, the Drifter is very much occupied at present, or he would be only too happy to start the fashion himself.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Another Victim of the Newspapers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The newspaper reports of the "Allinson incident" were from beginning to end utterly misleading. So also were the syndicated press reports of the statement which I made to my congregation on March 30. I am very sure that you would not intentionally be unjust to anyone, but in your issue of April 9 you misrepresented the position for which I, and to a very large extent my church, have been standing. My statement concerning the inadvisability of inviting Mr. Allinson to speak under the auspices of the Epworth League was made, not because he was a conscientious objector who had served a term at Leavenworth but because I had been led by Dean Wigmore to believe that he had been guilty of disloyal conduct while a sworn officer of the State Department abroad. Dean Wigmore, during the war, was Judge Advocate and chief assistant to General Crowder. He wrote me that he was personally cognizant of Mr. Allinson's record. I now have a letter from the Department of State which disproves Dean Wigmore's assertion, and have given publicity to this letter.

I have told my congregation that "whatever attitude the state may feel obliged to take toward the 'conscientious objector,' the Christian church ought not to make more difficult his already terribly difficult path," and added that the church "ought never again in her official capacity to bless war."

Evanston, Illinois, April 14

ERNEST F. TITTLE

Sky-Songs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The mail this morning brought me from the offices of *The Nation* a marked copy of Art and the Camera cut from *The Nation* of April 16. Coincidentally I received a copy of the April *Arts*. It is most amusing how very divergent are the reactions of Mr. Craven and those of Virgil Barker, the associate editor of the *Arts*. Mr. Barker says:

Can a photograph be a work of art? An entire number of that unperiodical periodical entitled *Manuscripts* was devoted to a symposium of that question. And all those words by all those writers, whether for or against, are turned into empty chatter by the wordless sky-songs of Alfred Stieglitz. To one individual they came as a revelation—a call to adventure, an enlargement of experience, a spiritual release. A perceiving soul has trapped sublimity in a machine and on sheets of paper a hand's breadth wide has fixed immensity.

In the number of *Manuscripts* referred to, Mr. Craven is one of the contributors. As for Mr. Barker, to whom the tiny "sky-songs" (they are not "photographs of clouds") came as a revelation, perhaps it will be of interest to your readers to know that they also came as revelations—to many hundreds of painters, sculptors, poets, writers, laymen, women and men, quite as sensitive, quite as critical as Mr. Craven. Among those agreeing with Virgil Barker are: Lachaise, Marin, Dove, Demuth, O'Keeffe, Ben Benn, Coomaraswamy, Eilshemius, Bel-Geddes, De Zayas, Varèse, Ernest Bloch, Halpert, Ornstein, Gilbert Cannan, Sherwood Anderson, Zona Gale, Professor Ehrenfest (of the triumvirate Einstein-Lorentz-Ehrenfest), now lecturing in this country, and many more.

I have a letter before me from Gilbert Cannan: "... I have grave doubts about the Woolworth Tower but none about your photographs. ..." In a letter from Leo Stein (December 4, 1922), he writes: "Your kind of photography seems to me essentially nearer the best of painting, the Giorgiones, the Rubens, the Renoirs—not of course in aspect but in spirit—than any contemporary painting that I know."

Incidentally I might quote Willard Huntington Wright in his "Creative Will" (Art and the Individual, page 246):

The emotionally limited critic denies the inherent existence of aesthetic beauty in a work unless he is personally capable of reacting to it and at the same time questions the sincerity of the man who responds as the result of a more highly developed sensitivity. For the meagerly equipped the science of aesthetics is useless: it is without the substantiation of emotional experience.

I have seen Mr. Craven stand before paintings as well as before photographs and I have every reason to feel that he belongs to the class of "critics" alluded to by Mr. Wright. As for his knowledge of photography in its significant sense I know it to be negligible—even if he may be the proud possessor of a Brownie.

New York, April 20

ALFRED STIEGLITZ

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Just so often along comes the "Wonder Man"—he who puts us crooked—pardon—straight of course—at the cross roads—follow his pointing and you'll leave Worry behind—if you would want to hook up with worry again—assume you've been led astray—come back and you'll find your friend—Worry there awaiting you

Monuments—huge monuments
to him—of him

at every cross road—with a push button—out comes an arm pointing—pointing the way—

Along came my friend Alfred Stieglitz—he was met with a bucket full of cold storage stuff always kept on tap—he says he heard shouts of glee back in the bushes—he got it for photography's sake or Art's sake or Creative Will's sake

They are all three nice sounding Academic terms

Some of it spills like this

"Unusual selections beautifully printed"

—there we agree—

In one instance he addresses them as "pictures"—why this flattering appraisal

too—the admission to a small amount of "creative thought"—this opening might lead some one to assume—a larger amount—

Seems to me selection covers quite a field—there can be a kind of selection

■ wh. of selection

and purpose of selection

Does he unwittingly give Stieglitz this privilege because when you haul in selection you're close to the tree of "Self expression"

One can follow discussions—admissions—convictions until one comes upon a stamp of self imposed finality like this "in the last analysis" then he himself proceeds to the putting of the stamp of "last analysis" on Stieglitz's work

So that one is forced to the term "Wonder man"

here's Something

Could it be that the work of Alfred Stieglitz wasn't seen by "Wonder man" after all

Cliffside, New Jersey, April 23

JOHN MARIN

Mr. Farrar Competes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I nominate to win your hundred dollar prize and decipher the Coolidge blah, Mr. Johnny Farrar of the eminent *Bookman*. In the current number of that publication, Mr. Farrar professes to find in the presidential style the same elements of nobility that distinguish Lincoln's speeches and the Bible.

If this be prose, I am, Sir,

Yours for poetry,

New York, May 1

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

The Son

By ROBERT WOLFE

When Jesus was a child, did people say,
"Oh, yes, I talked that way when I was young"?
Did Joseph storm and Mary maybe pray
Repentance for his keen irreverent tongue?
And all the bearded elders of the land,
Did they not urge diplomacy and tact,
And tell Him one could make a *stronger* stand
By not mistaking pleasing dreams for fact?

They must have wagged imposing Jewish chins
In such disapprobation of that youth
That all His playmates shuddered at His sins,
While one gray crony—laying down the truth,
Predicted God would punish Him and send
The gallows, or the cross, or some bad end.

Books

Pieces of Eight

Privateering and Piracy in the Colonial Period. Illustrative Documents. Edited by John Franklin Jameson. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

AS indicated in the subtitle, we have here a collection of documents rather than a narrative history; but it is a "source-book" of quite unusual interest. There are indeed many documents of a legal or official character—a letter of marque, vice-admiralty commissions, extracts from court records, and the like; but a large part of the book is taken up with narratives of a less formal kind. Even the strictly legal documents often have a surprisingly "human" quality. The collection is remarkable also because of the extraordinary range and variety of the sources from which the material is drawn. Comparatively few of the documents here published have been printed before and these few are sometimes scarcely more accessible to most readers than if they were still in manuscript.

The special student of colonial history will find here new light on many aspects of seafaring life in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; on war-time commerce, legitimate and illicit; on the life of the ordinary seaman and his business relations with master and owner; on complicated international rivalries and relationships. The footnotes, prepared with the closest attention to details but enlivened by an occasional bit of dry humor and without a touch of pedantry, offer the reader who wishes to go further keys to a great mass of interesting and comparatively unused material.

It will be a pity, however, if this book is left entirely to the historical specialist. No reader with a taste for the literature of adventure can afford to miss these records of the freebooters and their victims. Some of the famous pirates like Bonnet and Teach (alias Blackbeard) come in only for brief mention or not at all, but there is new light on Captain Kidd and his scarcely less famous contemporary, Every. There are other personages, too, whose names are likely to stick in the memory of the reader. Here he will meet Captain Sawkins, the idol of his fellow-buccaneers, who, when peace came in 1679, turned easily, like so many others, from privateering to piracy. Called on by the Spanish Governor of Panama to show his commission, he answered that "we would . . . bring our Commissions on the muzzles of our Guns, at which time, he should read them as plain as the flame of Gunpowder could make them." "Legible, no doubt," our editor remarks, "but not legal." When the Governor challenged him to a fight on the

shore, the doughty captain returned "this answer, that in case he would bring out one hundred thousand pieces of eight he would meete him with one hundred men against his, to fight him for the money, or elce resolved to die in that Place." One is hardly surprised that the governor "refused so to doe." With all his recklessness, Sawkins was something of a stickler for Sabbath observance and on one occasion threw his men's dice overboard, "finding them in use on the said day."

Quite up to the best standards of melodrama was Bartholomew Roberts with his "rich crimson Damask Wastcoate, and Breeches, a red Feather in his Hat, and a Gold Chain Ten Times round his Neck," whose men scorned "to be hung up in Gibbets a Sundrying as Kidd and Bradish's Company did." Before they would surrender, they would "put fire with one of their Pistols to their Powder, and go all merrily to Hell together."

In the eighteenth century, Boston, with its royal governors, was less hospitable to pirates than its neighbors in Rhode Island who had a bad reputation in this respect; but the citizens of the old Puritan capital did not altogether miss the spectacular and tragic aspects of the business. It was from Boston that Kidd was sent to England for trial and a few years later came the trial and execution of John Quelch and his fellow-pirates, noted with the keenest interest by Samuel Sewall and Cotton Mather. While the prisoners were awaiting execution, "Sermons were preached in their Hearing every day. . . . And nothing was left, that could be done for their Good."

The longest single document in the collection is the journal of the Newport privateer, *Revenge*, taken from the papers presented to the Massachusetts Historical Society by Charles Eliot Norton. The *Revenge* under Captain Benjamin Norton sailed in 1741 from Newport and New York to cruise against the Spaniards in the West Indies. The journal is in the main a business-like record of such matters as the recruiting of the crew, the shares of officers and men in the proceeds of the voyage, the taking and disposition of prizes, and other typical incidents of a privateering cruise. Even this record, however, has its picturesque items, like this one under date of October 1: "Brave Living with Our People. Punch Everyday, which makes them dream strange things which foretells Great Success in our Cruize, they dream of nothing but Mad Bulls, Spaniards and bagg of Gold."

The temptation to quote further must be resisted.

EVARTS B. GREENE

Twilight of the Vikings

In the Grip of Life. A Play. By Knut Hamsun. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.75.

Children of the Age. By Knut Hamsun. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

IT is not as difficult as it might at first seem to reconcile the delicate sensuality of some of Hamsun's books with what appears to be the almost savage robustness of others. The man who rejoiced in the primitive vigor of unlettered pioneers and seemed to celebrate that animal vitality which does not even comprehend its own emotions is indeed the same aging wanderer who rambled over the scenes of his youth and dwelt with gentle melancholy upon the memories of past gallantry, for in both are to be found the romanticist who is the essential Hamsun. Though he may present himself in the guise of a preacher or moralist he is a poet, and when he pleads for a return to the simple virtues and a life close to the soil it is the poet who speaks. An illiterate peasant is a picturesque figure, but a half-educated clerk is not, and this fact more than any other explains his championship of the primitive. Himself of peasant stock, he grew up in a society where an indigenous peasant

culture flourished in an almost feudal society. Within his own lifetime almost, patriarchal life gave way to provincial democracy, the products of peasant handicraft were supplanted by factory gewgaws, and the fisherboy turned into clerk or parson. All of his sensibilities and his essentially civilized admiration for the primitive rebelled against the change, and he made himself into a moralist in order that he might try to save the picturesqueness of the past which appealed to his poet's heart. In those of his books in which he himself appears we see him as he is—sensitive nearly to the point of being neurotic and almost an aesthete in his cherishing of sensations and experiences for their own sake; in "Growth of the Soil" we have not the record of the doings of a simple spirit but the desires of a very complex one. It is not so much a desire to live the simple life as to watch and describe those who do.

For a writer who, in spite of the apparent objectivity of some of his works, is as intensely personal as Hamsun the drama is not the happiest form. When he can neither speak for himself nor insinuate into the texture of the narrative his own point of view his work loses much of its most characteristic flavor. Hence "In the Grip of Life" is not one of his most important works although it deals with a favorite theme—the hopeless uselessness of age when the warmth of passion, which to a romanticist gives life its meaning, is drawing irresistibly away. "Children of the Age," on the other hand, is perhaps the best of his books to be translated since "Growth of the Soil," and it is in a sense a companion piece, for it is the situation in reverse.

The book tells the story of the downfall of a great family. The first Willitz Holmsen had laid the foundations of Segelfoss Manor on a solid basis of money and land; the second had added refinement and, without exactly sacrificing reality, had stretched out in the direction of culture and refinement; while the third, the hero of the story, completely loses his grip upon the soil and has only pride, culture, and helplessness to take the place of energy, power, and resource. Partly because of the exhaustion of his race and partly because of the current of the age, typified in an industrial adventurer who comes to start a mill in sight of the ancient manor, he can do nothing except shut himself up in physical and spiritual isolation. His lands slip away until in the end there is only a whirling manufacturing town where once there was a complete feudal unit, and the hardy peasants turn into vulgar "hands" or "rise" to be clerks and provincial parsons. Leaving the moral of the tale aside, it is magnificently done and a perfect whole. The solemn grandeur of the remote self-sufficient community, the gradual encroachment of the tawdry vulgarity of factory and commerce, and the character of the unhappy lord of the manor, who is driven back more and more upon himself until he is estranged even from his wife, are all projected by an extraordinarily powerful imagination, and, touched as they are by the constantly but unobtrusively hinted scorn of the writer, they not only tell the story but produce exactly the effect which he desired—a sort of twilight of the gods. All the fair old things seem to be passing away, virtue is going out of man, and an irresistible tide of noisy vulgarity is sweeping the earth.

The power of imagination and the subtlety of the character-drawing make it easy to forget Hamsun the moralist and Hamsun the unconscious aesthete. Indeed it is hard to remember them, and perhaps it is not worth while to quarrel with either, but one thing may be said. Those of us who are, quite without regret, children of our age realize that the adventure upon which we and our times have embarked, sweeping away old societies and old cultures as well as old ideas, is still only an adventure. We know that the society which our age has built lacks much which other times and societies have had, that the factory is less comely than the castle, and that the cocky underclerk has less of dignity than the peasant rooted in the soil. It may be, indeed, that in attempting to substitute prosaic

fact for charming legend and the vulgar bustle of democracy for the decorum of ordered subserviency we have created a permanently ugly world. But we have not lost hope. Far as we have gone astray, we have done these things quite sincerely in the names of truth and justice and we are not sure but that, ultimately, they will produce a society from which the artist will not wish to turn away.

J. W. KRUTCH

The American Game

The Great Game of Politics. By Frank R. Kent. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.50.

There is a man in your neighborhood who knows your name, your business, the amount of your income . . . and a good many other things that you consider quite personal . . . That man is your Precinct Boss. He knows all about you. . . . But Frank R. Kent of the *Baltimore Sun* knows all about him.

AND, after perusing Mr. Kent's engaging account of precinct, ward, and State bosses, the reader will be inclined to agree with the announcement of the book that he does speak from a rather more intimate acquaintance with the ways of a politician with a constituency than most of the rest of us can claim.

Nor does he stop at discovering the puppeteer himself, but displays how his tricks are done, what makes the marionettes—candidates and voters—perform so automatically at the ends of their leading-strings. Press agents and campaign contributors, candidates and lobbyists, legislators and executive officials are directed by the coach in the dugout, out of sight of the applauding multitude—the electorate. Each plays his part in the "game" that seems so very real, a part skilfully prepared and closely synchronized. Only rarely does teamwork break down; very generally the game is played off with a precision that is the despair of the professional coaches in other sports.

Mr. Kent speaks from a quarter-century of experience in journalism which probably brings the non-professional closer to the realities of politics than any other kind of work. He is not afraid to say what he thinks and writes with quite refreshing frankness of the motives, methods, and machinations of politicians. His book is not, and is not meant to be, a history of politics in America or a dissertation on the metaphysics of the state. But, as a straightforward account of actual conditions written from the "outside," from a rich background of "inside" information and observation of our political life, it fills a conspicuous gap in our *materia politica*. To some it will come as exposure, to others as an indictment; there will be many both in and out of college classrooms (it should do about equal service within and without the walls of Academe) who will derive perhaps some profit and certainly much enjoyment from its reading. Would that Mr. Kent could append a symposium in a future edition of the opinions of the book of Calvin Coolidge, Mayor Curley of Boston, H. J. Ford of Princeton, Mr. Anderson, late of the Anti-Saloon League, and Charles F. Murphy!

PHILLIPS BRADLEY

In St. Stephen's Chapel

The Journal of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, from the Beginning of the Long Parliament to the Opening of the Trial of the Earl of Strafford. Edited by Wallace Notestein. Yale University Press. \$7.

THE Historical Department of Yale University deserves the gratitude of every student and reader of English history for including among its historical publications this volume containing the journal of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, dating from the beginning of the Long Parliament to the opening of the trial of the Earl of Strafford, November, 1640, to March, 1641. Mr. Notestein has done a model piece of editing, and, though the

volume is a portly one, the type is clear, the paper light, and the volume attractive and easy to use.

Mr. Notestein has given us for the first time in printed form the most important part of what is probably the most remarkable private journal of any parliament in any century of English history, one which deals with months of revolutionary legislative and judicial activities, the most serious ever entered upon within the same short period of time by any reforming parliamentary body. D'Ewes was himself a member of this parliament and recorded what he heard from day to day, adding also abstracts of his own speeches. He was scrupulously painstaking and accurate and, having in mind the writing of a history himself, he made his record for the especial benefit of historians. Reading what he has set down—here supplemented by footnote enlargements from the diaries of other observers—one gets an intimate knowledge of the course of events, a familiarity with the appearance, manners, and mentality of men whose names are well known—such as Pym, Hampden, Cromwell, Strode, Holles, and the like—and a sense of nearness to things as they actually happened, which no amount of reading of Rushworth, Whitelocke, and Clarendon, among the contemporary writers, or of Carlyle, Forster, or Gardiner, among the modern historians, can possibly give. There are scores of such vivid scenes as the following:

The Lords being sett in ther roabes and the king come, the Speaker was twice or thrice called for. Being placed at the reule, I standing alsoe next, the king spake to this effect; . . . As we weere in the midst of this dispute Thomas Earle of Strafford Lieutenant of Ireland came in a barge to the Upper Howse from the Tower; and divers ranne to the East window of the Howse who, with those that sat by looked out at the said windowes, opened them, and others went with some noise and tumult out of the Howse soe as wee weere almost whollie interrupted: which made us call the Speaker to the Chaire againe and the mace was laid on the table, and the Clark came againe into his chaire; . . . Mr. Cromwell stood upp next and said, Hee knew noe reason of these suppositions and inferences which the gentlemen had made that last spoke; upon this divers interrupted him and called him to the barre. Mr. Pymme and Mr. Hollis therupon spake to the orders of the Howse that if the gentleman had said anie thing that might offend, hee might explaine himself in his place. I alsoe spake to the orders of the Howse; and shewed that I had been often readie to speake against the frequent calling of men to the barre in this Howse upon triviall occasions. For to call a member to the barre heere is the highest and most supreme censure wee can exercise within these walls.

Out of their settings these extracts lose some of their force, but taken as a whole they transport us, as if by magic, into the midst of events transacted in St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, during those exciting months of 1640-41, when a body of grimly determined men came together to be, as Pym said, "of another temper than they were the last parliament," and of a mind not only "to sweep the house clean below, but to pull down all the cobwebs which hung in the top and corners, that they might not breed dust and so make a foul house hereafter."

CHARLES M. ANDREWS

Highbrow Ku Kluxism

Ethics and Some Modern World Problems. By William McDougall. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

IT is all very simple. There are two systems of Ethics: the Universal and the National. (The capitals are Mr. McDougall's.) The first is exemplified in such world religions as Christianity, Buddhism, and Islam; the second, in modern times *par excellence* by pre-war Germany. Out of the conflict between the two has come much of progress and culture, but more of social danger. Moslem civilization deteriorated because it was too universal; European civilization has so far escaped that fate because it was imperfectly Christian. Germany, however,

was led to her doom by National Ethics, "unsoftened, unrestrained by an admixture of Universal Ethics."

Mr. McDougall's chief fear is Universal Ethics, which he sees embodied in the Christian gospels, democracy and socialism. The biological effect of these forces unchecked will be disastrous since they will result in a deterioration of the human stock by the overbreeding of inferior races, nations, and classes at the expense of the superior. It is therefore mistaken ethics for the superior nation or class not to assert itself. In the long run such assertion makes for eugenic progress. "Our goal . . . must be the enduring and highest happiness of the greatest number." Emphasize the "enduring," and Nordic supremacy (the idea though not the phrase is the author's) and the capitalist system can be justified to those who benefit by them. And of these elect McDougall is the prophet.

As a matter of practical organization we should be governed by a responsible aristocracy. Nations (which are the true social units rather than individuals or classes) must be preserved, but as members of a society of nations. Only the literate—and the test for literacy should be high—should be enfranchised citizens. Between them and the illiterate intermarriage should be illegal. Children of the illiterate on passing an educational test may graduate into a probationary class where after twenty years of satisfactory conduct they may be admitted into the rights and duties of full citizens.

Let us hasten to add that McDougall's aristocratic republic, unlike Plato's, sees no necessity for a communistic standard of plain living for the rulers lest they be tempted to use power for their own advantage. On the contrary, he is deeply exercised lest high wages should cause "our bacteriologists to become bricklayers."

This brief statement does less than justice to the absurd simplifications and downright falsehoods of Mr. McDougall's historical interpretations. Germany only was responsible for the war, and Germany was misled solely by an excess of National Ethics. Burma is what she is, modern Moslem culture is what it is, because of Universal Ethics. Climatic and economic conditions and the inadequacies of universal religions as far apart as Buddhism and Mohammedanism are not considered. Great Britain, which had not "drifted so far down the slope toward ultra-democracy as had the United States," delayed not a single day in coming to the rescue, not of her imperial interests, but of "international morality," while America hesitated three years, during which the noble aristocrats tried to get the backward democracy into action.

Such a book as this hardly deserves serious review except that the reputation of the author, his plausible style, and his skill in pseudo-scientific statement make it a welcome defense to all the hoary old prejudices and outworn modes of economic organization that menace the peace of the world. McDougall in this book is the Imperial Wizard for a more or less highbrow Ku Klux Klan. Significantly, his book was first delivered in the form of lectures at Northwestern University. Despite the aberrations of a few pacifists there, he must feel that on the whole his seed fell on needy but fertile soil.

NORMAN THOMAS

Lloyd Osbourne's Portrait of R. L. S.

An Intimate Portrait of R. L. S. By Lloyd Osbourne. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

A QUARTER of a century has gone by since the withdrawal by Mrs. Stevenson of the material placed in the hands of Sidney Colvin for a biography of her famous husband, with Mr. Colvin's dilatoriness as the chief explanation of her action. After her son, Lloyd Osbourne, had suggested that he would himself write the Life—and to this Mr. Colvin strenuously and successfully objected—and after Mr. Colvin stated that he might

feel obliged to write, at a later date, the Life of Stevenson that he had in mind (but which still remains unwritten), the alteration found its solution in the biography written by Mr. Balfour under the supervision of Mrs. Stevenson. Since that time a misleading picture of Robert Louis Stevenson—constantly more misleading through an accretion of uncritical adulation—has been allowed to form in the mind of the public. The major responsibility for the Stevenson myth rests on Mrs. Stevenson, who suppressed hundreds of his biographically illuminating poems; who insisted on the elimination of significant facts, the veiling of personal characteristics, and a misrepresentation of Stevenson's general attitude toward art and life—altogether, a course of action that Stevenson himself would be the first to resent.

In the papers originally published in magazine form, and now, thirty years after Stevenson's death, brought forward as a separate volume, Mr. Osbourne has done what should have been done long ago. In the portrait that he gives of R. L. S. there is not a single line that could ever have given any offense to anyone not interested in the suppression of a true portrayal.

Stevenson is shown at various ages from twenty-eight on, and in various places he visited and in which he lived during the long journey in search of happiness and health. His charm, his playfulness, his courage, his wit are set forth, as are also his vanity, his moods of discouragement, and his whims. Nor does Mr. Osbourne disguise Stevenson's attitude toward the limitations imposed on his art by Victorian England, or hide the propensity of R. L. S. in the direction of colorful swearing. He significantly quotes Stevenson as saying: "A child should learn to judge people and discount human frailty and weakness. I have no patience with this fairy-tale training that makes ignorance a virtue." Mr. Osbourne speaks (and this is decidedly admirable) of his own idolizing of the poet Henley, the man who most fearlessly attacked the Stevenson myth in its incipency. He shows himself willing in this "intimate portrait" to depict, not the "seraph in chocolate," but Stevenson himself, as he was with all his faults and all his virtues.

The main limitation of Mr. Osbourne's engaging book is one inherent in the circumstances. Quite obviously to the initiated, there are some things that Mr. Osbourne cannot be expected to relate. When (*Scribner's*, October, 1895) he wrote Mr. Stevenson's *Home Life at Vailima*; when (*Century*, July, 1899, and March, 1902) his sister wrote Stevenson in Samoa and In Samoa with Stevenson, they both dealt almost exclusively with the life of the Samoans and only in comparatively insignificant manner with Stevenson himself during this most important period as his life drew darkly toward its close. Mr. Osbourne now gives some vivid sketches of Stevenson's last years; but a fuller picture must yet be undertaken by a less circumscribed pen. All this does not lessen the obligation of students of Stevenson's character, and of all other broad-minded admirers of that lovable author, toward Mr. Osbourne for having (even at so late a date) produced a book well worth writing and very well written indeed.

GEORGE S. HELLMAN

Tales

The Cathedral Folk. By Nicolai Lyeskov. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

LYESKOV'S forte was the short story. There are several stories woven into the woof of this novel and they are beyond doubt the bright spots in "an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." The dwarf's tale, especially, might be chosen for its pithy irony and luminous simplicity as a masterpiece of the shorter fiction form. But these coral reefs in a dead sea are no more acceptable from Lyeskov than from Richard Wagner. Wagner at least took his dull recitative

seriously, but Lyeskov is quite aware of the humdrum inadequacy of his incidents.

For exactly two hundred pages his attitude toward the action and the characters of the novel is that of an indulgent adult who amusedly watches and listens to the obvious pranks and prattle of very small children. He knows that there is no significance, direct or implied, in these actions; he feels that they are not even essentially humorous, though there is humor in the contraposition of actors and deeds. This superior, patronizing attitude is communicated to the reader only too well, so that when Lyeskov finally introduces his operabouffe villain and his undeniably earnest tragedy, serious consideration of the denouement is utterly impossible. We can only continue to smile at the agitation of Lilliputian minds; the sympathetic mood has been sardonically dispelled.

It's a pity. For beneath the raillery, beneath the conscious dullness lies as appreciative a consideration of the inadequacy of Main Street life as anything written in Russian or English. The diary of the Archpriest Tuberozoff is a unique study of intellectual sclerosis and the portrait of Deacon Akhilla can hang beside Sancho Panza in the gallery of fiction.

The diary redeems in a measure the first half of the book; what follows is the novel. There Father Tuberozoff finds his task and his martyrdom. When he says "Life is ended and living has begun," as he departs to face those who would accuse him of heresy, he means that the bestial routine of sleeping, eating, and working sinks beneath notice and care while a great spiritual adventure now animates and motivates his existence. The phrase may be made a stencil for the man who finds his fight late in life.

In dealing with the struggles of the archpriest and the deacon, Lyeskov seems to be stricken with remorse at his earlier levity and insouciance. He is guilty of obvious sentimentality. All else one might forgive, but not this saccharine artificiality.

JOHAN J. SMILTENKO

Books in Brief

The Thousand and First Night. By Grant Overton. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

What it is that lifts romantic fiction out of mere pattern and endows it with the sinews of reality has never been reduced to formula. One finds it in a novel, or one hopes to find it. In this instance, one hopes to find it. Mr. Overton has assembled the mechanism of high adventure, and set it spinning with skill—but it follows the pattern. The story revolves wheels within wheels—a story within a story—but no spell is cast; one has been entertained, but not transported.

Cherry-Stones. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

Unpretentious, uninspired verse by an unoriginal novelist.

The Best Poems of 1923. Edited by L. A. G. Strong. Small, Maynard and Company. \$2.

Mr. Strong is an interesting poet, and he has chosen interesting poems from a year's output in England and America. But unless he intends to repeat his performance annually over a considerable period the present labor is wasted. Nothing could more invite the attack of time than the title which he has given to his small volume, and nothing is surer than that eighty-eight poets are too many for anything except a periodical largess of laurel.

Van Tassel and Big Bill. By Henry H. Curran. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

There is a very definite moral to Mr. Curran's collection of stories, threaded upon the career of the young Van Tassel: "We need our best men in government, not in business." His

locale is the back room of the district club, the potent corner saloon, and the devious streets of Greenwich Village, as well as the campaign platforms and the assembly rooms of City Hall. His young hero is, as Mr. Curran is, a member of an old New York family, who has an itch for politics. The game, as Mr. Curran depicts it, is a series of favors, with an eye to votes, and a succession of red-light processions. Mr. Curran's pictures of New York City politics are almost as transient and casual as the day's news.

The Bookman Anthology of Essays. Edited by John Farrar. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

A literary custard of Doranic essays, with Broun for spice, Mencken for tartness, Lyon Phelps and Burton Rascoe for solidity, and Oliver Herford for leavening. Sketches ranging from the dignified ponderous to the sparkingly droll: the devious literary researches of Jack Dempsey, Academician; a polyanic defense of Harold Bell Wright, the Righteous; a pathetic glimpse of O. Henry, Homer of the Four Million, who would a playwriting go; the chuckling history of the Almost Illegal Santa Claus. One page diverting, the next anthologically dull.

Written in Friendship. By Gerald Cumberland. Brentano's. \$2.50.

Mr. Cumberland has sprinkled ink on the tailcoat of nearly everyone who writes, composes, or acts in the British Isles. He is an indefatigable interviewer and will match opinions—heads I win, tails you lose—with anybody who gives him the slightest opportunity. It gives him much pleasure to stick pins in poses, although it must be said that he beams and berates with equal zest. All of this book is interesting; the chapters in which he dwells upon his own experiences in the writing game are perhaps most valuable.

Eye and Ear in Opera

By PITTS SANBORN

THE success of the past season's production at the Metropolitan Opera House of Massenet's early and extremely spectacular opera "Le Roi de Lahore" might serve as excuse for a debate on the relative importance of the eye and the ear in the enjoyment of opera. The implied conflict would in this case be more acute if Massenet's music were downright bad. That it is not. It is harmless music; negligible, so far as controversy goes, except for the one famous air of Scindia, "Promesse de mon avenir," which soars well above the general level of the score. But, in spite of this one number, the opera would never interest anybody in this year of grace, either as music or as drama, were it not for the prodigal splendor of the scenery and costumes, so lavishly provided by the Russian painter, Boris Anisfeld. Crowds have flocked to the Metropolitan for the sheer visual pleasure of seeing an India of earth beneath and heaven above as Mr. Anisfeld in all the glory of his riotous imagination conceives and depicts it.

Now, I hold no brief here for the paramount rights in opera of either eye or ear. I would only point out that each may be truly served without prejudice to the other. To obtain spectacle in the opera house that is not "Aïda" or "Le Prophète" or "Tannhäuser," or even "Die Zauberflöte," "Oberon," or "Boris Godounoff," it isn't necessary to disturb the innocent slumber of a departed worthy like "Le Roi de Lahore" that served its purpose in its day and earned an inalienable right to the repose everlasting. The canny impresario might perfectly well unlock the door on the teeming treasure house of eighteenth-century opera before Mozart. There he would find, for instance, Handel, Rameau, and Gluck to provide delectation for the ear while he himself looked out for the sumptuous dressing of such of their operas as afford illimitable opportunities for scenery, costumes, and pageantry.

"Gluck, of course," the opera-going Thomas might reply, recalling past Metropolitan efforts with "Orfeo," "Armide," and "Iphigenia in Tauris," "but surely not Handel and Rameau!"

Now, nobody would dream of denying that Handel's Italian operas are mines of musical inspiration, but it took the post-war Germans to seize on that reservoir of riches and work it. The reviving of operas by Handel has these last years become a veritable rage in Germany. "Giulio Cesare," "Rodelinda," and "Ottone" are three that have been brought back after nearly two centuries of disuse, and they all afford large scope to scene-painter and costumer, as well as to singers the most accomplished. "Tamerlano," with its solemn pageant of the death of the Emperor Bajazet, likewise calls for revival, and so does "Rinaldo" (identical as to subject with the "Armide" of Gluck), boasting its crusader hero, the magic garden of its enchantress heroine, and that air beloved of all contraltos and their hearers, "Lascia ch' io pianga."

In Handel's own day "Rinaldo" was an open sesame to the fancy of the scenic furnisher. We have Addison's complaint in the *Spectator* that the wild birds with which Armida's garden was stocked flew straight for the candles, snuffing them out, and brought further dismay to an astonished audience by seeking nests within the curling invitation of its wigs! It was in "Rodelinda" (the heroine of this work is an abandoned Lombard queen) that Francesca Cuzzoni (whose prima donna warfare with La Faustina was destined to become historic) effected her London debut, and, in the words of Rockstro,

"created so extraordinary a *furor* in this charming opera that the brown silk gown, trimmed with silver, in which she performed the part of the heroine, led the fashion of the season." Indeed, all London crowded to see and copy La Cuzzoni's frock. Of course it was fashioned in the smartest mode of 1725, not according to the speculative possibilities of royal dressing in the shadowy region of a legendary Lombard past.

Here and now the Handel operas might best be staged and costumed in imitation of the fashions that prevailed in Handel's time. I, for one, would frown upon a rigorously contemporaneous costuming for the operas of Gluck (there one encounters an essential and determining difference in the musical style and feeling), but when the Paris Opéra five years or so ago revived the "Castor et Pollux" of Rameau, those heavenly twins stepped forth in all the trappings of great gentlemen of the court of Louis XV, and their dames, like stately frigates of the battle line, swam the stage majestically in billowy sail of well-hooped petticoats and under mountains of overtopping peruke. And it was all just right. The "Armide" of Gluck invites likewise to spectacle without end, though here the realms should approach pure fantasy, anchored but lightly to place or time.

The whole subject, however, is a big one, and an enticing field for study and reflection on the part of anybody who really cares. I should merely like here to suggest for next winter's opera season one sure road toward a region where ear and eye together may find profit and delight.

LECTURES and DEBATES

Farewell Lecture

by
BERTRAND RUSSELL

subject

"How to Be Free and Happy"

AT COOPER UNION, WED. EVE., May 28, at 8:15

NORMAN HAPGOOD, Chairman.

Farewell Committee Headed by

REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES and HEYWOOD BROWN

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IDEA**
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**AMERICA
ENGLAND
and
FRANCE?**

RESOLVED: That the Soviet form of government is applicable to Western civilization

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MR. NEARING, Affirmative

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International Relations Section

Reaction in Poland

By L. T.

POLAND is nominally a democratic republic. Her constitution provides for freedom of speech, press, and assemblage. By the clauses of the Versailles Treaty, Poland was bound to respect the rights of the national minorities on her territory. In reality Poland presents a picture of reaction comparable only to Horthy's Hungary in its ruthless persecution of any expression of opinion which is contrary to the taste of the ruling caste. The outside world has so far gained little knowledge of what is going on behind the screen of paper guaranties embodied in a constitution which seems to be designed for foreign consumption rather than for domestic application.

Following is a brief summary of news items from several organs of the Polish radical press from which may be gleaned an idea of the actual state of affairs in that country. The wrath of the ruling group is turned chiefly against Communists and everything which may be associated with the Communist movement. The Communist Party is completely outlawed. The adherence to communist ideals is an offense punishable by four years of hard labor. But sentences to longer terms are not uncommon, and the time spent in prison prior to the trial is not included in the sentence. As a rule offenders accused of belonging to the Communist Party are kept in prison without trial for a year and more.

However, the offense of communism is only too often a pretext for the persecution of labor organizations maintaining a legal existence in accordance with the laws of the state. Prior to the elections to the Polish Diet in November, 1923, an organization of workers and poor peasants was formed known under the name of the Alliance of the Proletariat of City and Country. This organization participated in the election campaign on a platform which contained nothing contrary to the constitution and the existing laws. Yet the executive committees of the alliance were disbanded by the authorities and most of their members were jailed. The meetings of the organization were brutally broken up by the police and its followers were maltreated and incessantly terrorized. The persecutions did not come to an end with the election campaign. When, despite all handicaps, the Alliance of the Proletariat of City and Country succeeded in electing two members (Kruklikovsky and Lancucki) to the Diet, the police avenged itself on many of the active members of the organization by arresting them and sentencing them to long prison terms. A news item in a Polish newspaper runs:

On October 18 in the district court in Lodz the following persons were tried and sentenced for belonging to the Alliance of the Proletariat of City and Country and for participation in the May Day demonstration: Teofil Miller, Stefan Dombrowski, Antoni Kubera, and Kazimierz KLIKAUER to three years' hard labor; Maksymilian FURNIASKI, Stanislaw CZWORKA, Genevieve CZECH, and Stanislaw FIDYK to two years' hard labor.

A wave of indiscriminate arrests and persecutions swept the whole country after the explosion in the Warsaw citadel in October, 1923. The following brief account of these arrests, dated Warsaw, November, 1923, was sent to a Polish radical newspaper published in Chicago:

... After the explosion in the Warsaw citadel on October 13 the Ministry of Internal Affairs issued a tele-

graphic order to all subordinate authorities in the provinces to arrest all persons suspected of communism or of sympathies with the ideals of communism. As a result wholesale searchings and arrests were made throughout the territory of the state.

In Warsaw 350 persons were arrested. Almost all had to be set free after a day or two, and only ten were turned over to the investigating authorities. Among those arrested were all prominent labor-union officials suspected of communistic convictions. Many labor-union offices were closed down, and most of them, such as the unions of the metal workers, textile workers, clerks, wood workers, tobacco workers, unskilled laborers, and the Jewish labor unions of the metal workers, wood workers, and bakers have not been opened since.

In Lodz 100 persons were arrested. Among these were all labor leaders known to the police, mostly candidates to the Diet and to the city council, and union officials. ... To Lodz were also brought the workers arrested in the nearby towns of Tomaszow, Zdunska Wola, Zgierz, Pabianice, etc., and some even from such distant parts as Radomsk and Kielce. Most of those arrested were eventually set free. Fifteen persons were detained.

In the Dombrowo Basin (Zaglembie) 189 were arrested, among them a number of members of the managing boards of the trade unions, members of the mine committees and cooperatives. These prisoners were taken to distant parts of Poland.

In Upper Silesia 120 were arrested, among them a number of members of the legally existing Communist Party, and many union workers and members of the mine committees. ... Most of those arrested are still in prison.

In Cracow 23 persons were arrested. After a few days most of them were set free; 4 were detained. On October 14 23 persons in the Dombrowo basin, 24 from Chrzanow, 9 from Biala, and 50 from Ludlin were arrested and brought to Cracow.

In Posen 12 persons were arrested. Since these persons, in spite of the existing law, were not turned over to the investigating authorities after a detention of 24 hours, they declared a hunger strike. The police authorities threatened to break the strike by force. ... However, when all attempts of the police failed, the persons arrested were turned over to the judicial investigator, who set them free. The hunger strike continued for six days. ...

In Eastern Galicia the total number arrested amounted to 300. In Lemberg 100 persons were arrested. Among them were the secretary of the Alliance of the Proletariat of City and Country, the responsible editors of the *Tribuna Robotnicza*, *Zemla i Volia*, *Nova Kultura*, *Volia Naroda*, *Zhishn*, several members of the central council of the Ukrainian Social-Democratic Party, the managing board of the union of leather workers, and others.

The newspapers named above were suspended for several weeks. ...

The office of the Alliance of the Proletariat of City and Country in Lemberg was closed down, as well as the office of the Ukrainian educational labor association Volia, and the branches of the library in the name of Ivan Franko in Lemberg, Drohobycz, Stanislawow, Kolomea, and Ternopol. ...

The total arrested on the territory of Poland during the days of October 13 to 15 amounted to 2,000.

A sinister feature of the ruling Polish reaction is the gross maltreatment of political prisoners. The question of the beatings inflicted on prisoners was taken up at a joint meeting of all labor organizations and parties in Lemberg

on February 26, 1924. A committee was elected to present to the government the following facts:

In October, 1922, the sub-commissary Kajdan brutally beat the student Ivan Pohuba, who brought in a complaint before the office of the state's attorney. The investigation, however, has not so far been made.

In the prison at Jachowicz Street the student Theodor Jacura was severely beaten. The case is at present before the criminal investigation office.

Last year the prisoners Peter Tymeczka and Stefan Kociuba were beaten so badly that the first became deaf.

During the current year the prisoners Brecher and Reiss have been tortured in jail.

In the prison at the Jachowicz Street the prisoner Green was tortured and beaten. They pounded his head against the wall and in this manner forced a confession out of him.

Officer Szczerkowski tortured the prisoners Apfelsuss and Karczmar in an inhuman manner.

The mysterious details accompanying the death of Olga Bessarabowa prove that the conditions prevailing in the police jails and prisons are such as to demand a searching investigation and the punishment of those guilty in applying the method of beating and torturing.

The memorandum concludes:

In the name of the whole working class of the city of Lemberg, without difference of nationality or party adherence, the Trade Council enters its most vigorous protest against the methods of beating practiced by the state police, and demands of the governor (1) to use every means to punish the functionaries guilty of beatings; (2) to come to an understanding with the minister of the interior in the matter of issuing a peremptory order to the police to observe strictly Article 98 of the constitution; (3) to prohibit the examination of prisoners at night when the orgies of beatings usually take place. . . .

Cases where prisoners have died or disappeared under unexplained circumstances have come to the public notice. But particular excitement was created by the mysterious death of the Ukrainian teacher Olga Bessarabowa in a Lemberg prison.

Olga Bessarabowa, widow of a soldier who fell on the Italian front during the World War, was arrested at her home by the Lemberg police on February 9, 1924. The police maintain that Olga Bessarabowa was a Communist, and was suspected of having done spy service for a neighboring state. Five days later she was found hanged in her prison cell. The police said it was suicide. But it was noticeable that the name of the "suicide" was given wrongly in the newspapers (it was announced that Julia Baraska had hanged herself) and that for several days the food sent in for her by the members of her family was still taken. Obviously it was desired to prevent her relatives from getting news of her death too soon and from desiring to be present at the post-mortem examination of the body.

But at the post-mortem examination it became evident that the "suicide" had been cruelly tortured before her death. Her whole body was covered with blue-red stripes, there were also violet abscesses on it, which the professor making the examination cut from the body to show to his audience as a "rare and typical compound." Then the body was buried in an unknown spot.

The case of Bessarabowa was brought before the Polish Diet by the Communist deputies Krulikovsky and Lancucki.

On February 27, 1924, an interpellation was made by the deputies Krulikovsky and Lancucki concerning the treatment of prisoners in the prison of Kattowitz. The interpellation was based on a letter sent by the political

prisoners of the Kattowitz prison. After enumerating a number of cases of maltreatment of prisoners and persecutions by the prison officials the letter concludes:

This is only an insignificant part of the terrible reality which we, as prisoners, cannot see as a whole. Prisoners who have been kept here for several years are silent in fear of torture. On December 15, 1923, a delegate of the ministry of justice visited the prison in company with the procurator. . . . When we repeated our complaints and demands the delegate laughed and explained that "a prison is not a hotel." . . . It is equally useless to complain either to the superintendent . . . or the inspector of the prison.

Conditions in the Cracow prisons are described in the Cracow *Naprzod* as follows:

In the main building of the prison 900 prisoners are cramped in 80 small cells. . . . In the main prison at Senate Street, which has space for 400, there are more than 900 prisoners interned. There are cells where thirty prisoners are placed in a space computed for five, so that at night they can sleep only in a sitting position. In cell No. 50 for minors there are more than sixty boys who literally have no place to sleep. . . . Many cells have no windows nor any ventilation. Political prisoners are put in cells together with criminals. . . .

The persecutions of the labor movement are especially manifest in annexed territories. An interpellation in the Diet brought in by Deputy Prystupa on February 18, 1924, dwells at some length upon the persecution of Ukrainian Socialists in eastern Galicia.

Wherever workers or peasants are trying to organize for their common struggle for the betterment of their hard life, immediately the police interfere and under various pretexts and in various ways disband the workers' and peasants' socialist groups, educational institutions, and trade unions.

As an instance of the attitude of the authorities, the interpellation cites a decision of the judge in Rava Ruska, where six peasants, members of the peasant council of the Ukrainian Social-Democratic Party, were sentenced to thirty days in prison for the alleged participation of women in a meeting of the group. The interpellation continues:

The Ukrainian Social-Democratic Party is thirty years old, but neither under the Austrian authorities nor during the rule of the Czar's army has it been more viciously persecuted than at the present time.

A lengthy report from Warsaw, dated February, 1924, gives the following account of conditions in the eastern territories of Poland:

The White Russian and Ukrainian peasant is literally deprived of every right. He is deprived not only of his right of free speech, assemblage, etc., but he has not the least guaranty of the inviolability of his person. . . . Constant searchings, arrests, beatings are the daily bread of the non-Polish population in the eastern provinces.

It is not infrequent for the White Russian and Ukrainian village to be visited by punitive expeditions. . . .

The schools and the press in the eastern provinces are rigorously persecuted. The White Russian newspapers in Vilna were all suspended. Editors were thrown in jail under ridiculous pretexts. Thus the editor of *Ukrainian Life*, Mikita Matienko, has been sentenced to seven months' imprisonment for possessing a few copies of the *Proletarskaya Pravda*. . . .

Ukrainian and White Russian schools are under constant oppression. Recently, before New Year's the school authorities of the Lemberg district closed down fourteen

Ukrainian schools in eastern Galicia maintained by the private funds of the Ukrainian public. . . .

The Ukrainian and White Russian population is compelled, under threat, to send its children to Polish schools. . . .

The position of the radical press is no better. Confiscations of papers are almost a daily occurrence. Practically each issue of the following papers is subjected to confiscation: *Trybuna Robotnicza*, organ of the Alliance of the Proletariat of City and Country (appears three times a week in Lemberg); *Plug*, a weekly appearing in Cracow and devoted to the interests of the peasant population; a number of "one-day" papers appearing in Warsaw every week under different names; the daily *Vpered* and the weekly *Zemlia in Volia*, organs of the Ukrainian Social-Democratic Party in Lemberg, are either confiscated or appear disfigured by the censor. Also the Ukrainian monthly *New Culture* is frequently confiscated. The organ of the Polish Socialist Party, *Dziennik Ludowy* in Lemberg, was confiscated twenty-two times during the latter part of 1923, the Cracow *Naprzod* nine times. The *Gazeta Robotnicza* in Kattowitz was confiscated three times. Other papers which have been confiscated or mutilated by the censor are: *Ognisko*, organ of the typographical union in Lemberg; *Robotnik*, organ of the Polish Socialist Party; *Yugendweker*, organ of the Jewish socialist youth, and a number of the "one-day" papers and labor posters and announcements. Even two bourgeois papers, the *Express Poranny* and the *Kuryer*, were confiscated for printing the information that the authorities are trying "to quell the investigation in the case of the . . . Fascist organization known as the Vigilance of Polish Patriots."

On January 10, 1924, the editor of the *Kultura Robotnicza*, Jan Hempel, in Warsaw, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in a fortress for printing an article on May Day with quotations from the Communist Manifesto by Marx and Engels. In Grodno the editor of a workers' periodical, *Kozelnik*, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, not counting the thirteen months spent in prison prior to the trial, for publishing the platform of the Alliance of the Proletariat of City and Country. The editor of the radical peasant weekly *Plug* in Cracow, Szeronkiewicz, was sentenced to ten years' hard labor, and the members of his staff to from two to four years each. These facts do not include the many petty persecutions and handicaps which are put in the way of the radical and labor press in their daily struggle for existence.

Credit Where Credit Is Due

Credit for the vivid articles on Gandhi and the Akalis, by C. F. Andrews, reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian* in the International Relations Section for April 23, 1924, should have been given to the *New York World*. The *World* holds the American rights to the *Guardian* News Service, but generously grants to *The Nation* permission to republish.

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FOR ALL THAT THE PRESIDENT has defeated Hiram Johnson in his own State and is carrying one uncontested primary after another things are not going well with him. He has been badly defeated in several votes on the tax measure; he has wobbled dreadfully on the Japanese-exclusion issue; Senator Lodge has thrown overboard his leadership in the World Court proposal; he faces defeat on the bonus; and the charges that he entered into a compact with Henry Ford as to Muscle Shoals will not down. In addition, Mr. Coolidge has selected his wealthy Boston backer, William M. Butler, to head his campaign as chairman of the Republican National Committee—a move which shows less than his usual sagacity, for the election will be won or lost in the West and not in New England, and the West has never liked Eastern political domination as little as it does now. Mr. Butler knows neither the West nor its leaders. One thing is plain, as Senator Norris charged in the Senate on May 6: Calvin Coolidge is playing politics, good or bad, in the White House every day on every issue that presents itself. It is a melancholy spectacle and ought of itself to insure his defeat.

TO RUN WITH THE HARES and hunt with the hounds is always a dangerous procedure. Senator Hiram Johnson may not be conscious that he has done so, but his failure to enlist the enthusiastic support of the progressive cohorts who backed him in 1912 and 1920 shows that he no

longer carries conviction with the liberal forces which once hailed him as a champion. Now his candidacy has ended in a fizzle and there is talk of his resigning from the Senate. Hopeless as his campaign for the Presidency was from the beginning, his defeat in his own State is nothing less than tragic. That is plainly another manifestation of the unhappy conservatism of the hordes from the East and Middle West who are now calling southern California home—it was that section which defeated the Senator. Whatever may be said of Hiram Johnson the services he rendered to California as governor ought never to be forgotten by those who profited by his labors at Sacramento. They certainly entitled him to the vote of his own State. In Indiana, too, there is obscurantism a plenty. The overwhelming success of the Ku Klux candidate, the present Secretary of State, in defeating four other candidates in the governorship primary has only one redeeming feature—it smashes the present Republican machine so long and so carefully engineered by Senator Watson. But what does it avail to unhorse one set of bosses to seat another?

OUR CONDOLENCES to the "World's Greatest Newspaper"! The *Chicago Tribune* has illustrated once more the truth that newspaper circulation and influence are not synonymous. It set out to defeat Governor Small, but though it has repeatedly boasted of its political power and though it reiterated its belief in the certainty of his defeat, Governor Small carried the primary by a huge majority. More than that, the *Tribune* championed the cause of Senator McCormick, brother of one of its chief owners, and the Senator lost in the primaries to former Governor Deneen. There are competent observers who lay the responsibility for the Senator's defeat squarely on the *Tribune's* doorstep. It is vociferously "wet"; hence not even the Senator's vote for the Volstead Act saved him from the opposition of the "drys." The *Tribune* ought to feel badly about that because Senator McCormick, with his knowledge of foreign affairs, could ill be spared from the Senate just now. He was one of the first senators to denounce the Versailles Treaty and has kept up a most valuable fire upon Poincaré's vicious policies; from the beginning he has been irreconcilable on the League of Nations. We are the happier to express our sense of the loss his going means for the Senate because we so frequently differ from him on other matters, notably our Caribbean policies. The *Tribune*, sooner or later, will learn that for all its wealth and circulation it wholly fails to understand the moods, the spirit, and the unrest of the masses who purchase it.

WE CANNOT DISMISS Senator Oddie's complaints against the Veterans' Bureau as easily as does President Coolidge, who is sure that there is nothing the matter with it simply because specific evils have not been laid before him. Senator Oddie, it should be recalled, was one of the investigating committee which recently revealed the unspeakable orgy of graft and incompetence in the bureau under Colonel Forbes, treated in an article in *The Nation* of March 5. The senatorial committee reported much improvement under the present director, General

Hines, but the legislative program that it recommended has not yet been carried out, and it was emphatic in declaring that any effort to reorganize the bureau would fail unless the new head got rid of "a substantial number of the men whom he inherited from his predecessor." Perhaps Senator Oddie goes too far in insisting that the six assistant directors should be "ousted forthwith" as also "every official brought over from the War Risk Insurance Bureau": but morale sank so low in the Forbes regime that it is hard to see how any leader during that period can develop a right attitude now, even if not personally corrupt. We must have in the Veterans' Bureau a friendly and helpful spirit in place of a policy which, as Senator Oddie puts it, presumes "a majority of ex-service men to be dishonest."

WILLIAM J. BURNS has resigned at last. The Wheeler-Brookhart committee, if it has not yet succeeded in putting Daugherty and Burns in jail, has richly justified itself in forcing the retirement of these two misfits from public office. Their failure to prosecute the big criminals and their winking at lesser graft was no worse than their constant persecution of innocent foreigners, whom they denounced, evidence or no evidence, as "Reds." Burns was, after all, probably more of a braggart and less of a confidence-man than Daugherty—his boasts of a dozen different fake solutions of the Wall Street explosion will be recalled—but he was an intimate collaborator in much of Daugherty's dirty work. He named "Ned" McLean as a special agent, and let him use the department code for personal purposes when McLean was attempting to conceal the Fall bribery. His last appearance as a witness before the Wheeler-Brookhart committee was most significant. He confessed that he had detectives shadow witnesses hostile to Daugherty, and that he, Daugherty, and George B. Lockwood, Secretary of the Republican National Committee, met at night in Daugherty's apartment before Lockwood sent Blair Coan to Montana to arrange Senator Wheeler's indictment. After that he conferred repeatedly with Coan. At Daugherty's request he sent an agent to "look into" Senator Wheeler's record, i. e., to "get something" on him. Under the rule of these men the Department of Justice became a department of injustice and it will take all Harlan Stone's energy to clean out their tracks.

ORGANIZED RELIGION may be as conservative and as completely a part of the profit system as Upton Sinclair would have us believe, but at least it has its borers from within. The Y. W. C. A., meeting recently in New York, was forced by the younger members to move to let down its orthodox evangelical bars and admit to equal membership Unitarians, Catholics, and all other persons who profess any variety of Christian faith. These young liberals also took their elders to task for discussing endless organizational detail and ignoring the fundamental problems of the day. At the same time a strong group representing the Methodist Federation for Social Service has submitted to the Quadrennial General Conference a thoroughly radical and flat-footed program calling upon the church to fight for the abolition of the economic and other causes of war, to refuse its blessing or aid for any war, to work for industrial justice and the elimination of unearned income. The Methodist women fought vigorously for equality in the church and finally won the limited right

to be ordained as local preachers. Thus the fabric of conservatism gradually crumbles.

APPARENTLY THE CHIEF BENEFICIARIES of the McNary-Haugen bill would be the growers of wheat (the price of which it would raise from \$1 a bushel to about \$1.50) and of hogs (the rate on which at the farm it would advance from 7 cents a pound to about 11.5 cents). The cost would fall upon the community in general, including the great body of farmers who are engaged in other—and economically profitable—kinds of agriculture. In other words, the measure would be a tax upon the very kinds of farming best calculated to survive and into which our unprofitable acres ought to be turned. Moreover, there would be many beneficiaries other than farmers. Owners of elevators, merchants, millers, and speculators—with wheat on hand—would be enriched, while Representative Voight of Wisconsin estimates that the Big Five meat-packers would receive a gift of possibly \$200,000,000. Finally, every middleman would pyramid the subsidy to the farmer—just as was done in the period of rising prices occasioned by the war—until profiteers had mulcted the consumer of many times the amount going to the toiler on the land.

GENUINE PROGRESS has been made toward fair dealing with the Philippines in the bill that has been reported to the House of Representatives by its Committee on Insular Affairs. The original proposal for a wait of thirty years, with a plebiscite in the islands at the end of that time on the question of independence, has been abandoned in favor of an unqualified promise to set the Philippines free at the end of twenty years. In the meanwhile a larger measure of autonomy than exists at present is provided for. In addition to the legislature the Governor would be elected by the islanders instead of appointed by the President. The only limitations of complete self-government would lie with a resident commissioner who upon authorization of the President could annul legislation or call American troops into action. The existing Jones law pledges us to free the Philippines whenever a "stable government" is established. As that condition seems to be already met, twenty years is too long to wait to fulfil our promise. Even so, the Fairfield bill is a welcome change from the subterfuges and evasions that have too long surrounded the issue.

WHY IS IT THAT EXPLORERS seem invariably to develop a lively, direct literary style which should put to shame the professional writers who feebly attempt to praise their exploits? Every time one tries to tell of some blood-chilling adventure in the Arctic or the jungle, on the high seas or the higher Himalayas, one discovers that the object of admiration has already uttered the last perfect word on the subject. The members of the Everest expeditions have put their strain and defeat and humor and valiant persistence into volumes of easy narrative. Every sailor who drifts about the Indian Ocean in a small boat makes a sturdy saga of his experience as soon as he reaches land. And here is Major Frederick L. Martin, commander of the United States Army Air Squadron, who, with his companion Sergeant A. L. Harvey, was wrecked in the fog flying head-on against an icy Alaskan peak, who crawled out alive and walked for seven days through dense mist, blinding snow, endless wind—to final safety and warmth and food.

Major Martin tells his adventures with vivid detail and yet with the decent restraint that marks the style of all explorers. And in common with his kind he describes food, when he reaches that ultimate climax of his story, with a rich and poetic gusto. The meals that adventurers eat when at last they reach port or the base camp or the first settlement! A gorgeous anthology might be made of them if only the compiler could be trusted to keep his own pen out of the soup. Sometimes we wonder with a little anxiety what will happen to the writing profession when the people who do all the things in the world realize that they can tell their own stories.

ONE IS IMPRESSED anew on reading the account of the Pulitzer awards by the kind of tests of excellence applied: "meritorious public service," "moral purpose," "public good," "commendable cause." Such requirements would seem sufficiently hampering in journalism, already burdened with too much editorializing of the news, but to demand that a novel qualify as American by exhibiting the "highest standard of American manners and manhood" is to make possible an award to "The Able McLaughlins" in a year which saw the publication of "A Lost Lady," "Bunk," and "Jennifer Lorn." The play to be honored must raise "the standard of good morals, good taste, and good manners," and the biography must teach "patriotism and unselfish service to the people." Only history and poetry may be judged purely on their merits. A few years, even a few months, after the awards have been made the intelligent public will have forgotten the moral interpretation as a key to the problem and will remember only such facts as that in 1918 Willa Cather wrote "My Antonia," but in the same year Booth Tarkington was awarded the Pulitzer prize for "The Magnificent Ambersons." With all respect to Mr. Pulitzer's will, to judge works of art by the 100-per-cent nature of the service they render is, after all, to court indifference to the verdict.

THE LITERARY CHESSBOARD shifts. Stuart P. Sherman, most intelligent and independent of the conservative critics (and an old contributor to *The Nation*), is leaving the University of Illinois to direct the new literary magazine which the New York *Herald-Tribune* will launch in the autumn, and takes with him as associate editor Irita Van Doren, literary editor of *The Nation*. Mark Van Doren, assistant professor of English at Columbia University, author of "Henry David Thoreau—A Critical Study" and "The Poetry of John Dryden," and poetry critic of *The Nation* for several years past, will fill the gap created by Irita Van Doren's departure. Meanwhile, other changes are imminent. Henry Seidel Canby who, with his associates William Rose Benét and Amy Loveman, has made the *Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post* the leading American magazine devoted solely to books, has followed the course which has seemed inevitable ever since Cyrus Curtis added the New York paper to his list of publications—Mr. Canby has resigned. In these days of unprecedented interest in good literature it is hard to believe that he can remain without a medium. Even if under another name, the urbane spirit of the *Literary Review* must surely live on. There can never be too many good critical reviews, and *The Nation*, as a sort of 59-year-old great-uncle of the modern brood, welcomes each new arrival with enthusiasm.

The French Revolution—1924

FRANCE IS HER OLD SELF again. By an overwhelming sweep which none of the political wiseacres foresaw she has turned upon the bellicose Poincaré and replaced his war chamber—62 per cent of whose members were ex-soldiers—with an old-time republican, anti-clerical, pacific, near-socialist majority.

It was the provinces which did it. Foreign observers—and even many French observers—are always deceived by Paris. Paris is Paris—more important to France than Washington to America, Berlin to Germany, or even London to Great Britain—but after all Paris is not France. France is still a peasant country, a land of lovingly tilled small acres and of little villages. The peasants and tradesmen of the small cities turned against Poincaré and his saber-rattling policy; and they turned not to revolutionary communism but to the same generous, warm-hearted, and rather vague leaders and parties to which they had turned after the revelations of the Dreyfus affair and in the days before the war when Poincaré and Barthou were forcing the Russian alliance and the three-year military-service law upon them. The Radical Socialists—who are, to be sure, neither very radical nor at all socialist—will be the dominant group in the new Chamber, and the Socialists will play as large a part as in that elected in the spring of 1914.

Even in France, then, the war is over. André Tardieu, who abused Poincaré for not being jingo enough; André Lefèvre, ex-Minister of War and arch-monger of stories of secret German armies; Georges Mandel, Clemenceau's right-hand man; Léon Daudet, royalist leader and ally of Poincaré; General Castelnau, and other fire-eating patriots went down to defeat, while Louis-Jean Malvy, who was exiled by Clemenceau for his mildness as Minister of the Interior, and André Marty, who hoisted the red flag over the French fleet in the Black Sea in 1919 and refused to fire on the Bolsheviks at Odessa, were triumphantly elected.

It is the old France come back—but one should not conclude too much from that. Edouard Herriot, the leader of the Radical Socialists, opposed the Ruhr policy before the troops actually marched across the Rhine, but once the die had been cast he said "My country, right or wrong"—like the French Socialists in 1914—and accepted the decision. When the policy had proved its barrenness he resumed his attacks, but many of his party broke ranks and voted for the policy of invasion. Indeed some of its members actually took office under Poincaré. Herriot, however, despite his history of vacillations and hesitations, has consistently demanded a policy of intimate collaboration with England, particularly with Ramsay MacDonald; he advocates acceptance *in toto* of the Dawes report; he has urged recognition of Russia. While it is still possible that enough of his party may bolt to give Poincaré a bare majority, it seems more likely that the political effect of such an election will be to swing members of Poincaré's army toward the left. Europe will breathe more easily if France puts into her premiership the man who concluded his program-speech on January 11 with these words:

Is it not the mission of republican France, without abandoning any of her rights, to realize the most beautiful phrase which ever rose above the clash of interests and passions: "Peace on earth; good-will toward men"?

Boss Murphy and Civic Progress

WE have caught ourselves wondering what two former editors of *The Nation*, Wendell Phillips Garrison and Edwin L. Godkin, would have thought had they lived long enough to take cognizance of the death of Boss Murphy of Tammany Hall. They would have seen leading men of whom one would never have expected it singing the praises of the Tammany ruler of New York. They would have seen a Governor who is a prominent candidate for the Presidency doing public honor to him by whose favor he rose. They would have been amazed at the mealy-mouthed press which passed over Mr. Murphy's death with scarce a word to remind the world what manner of man this was and what constituted his power. Godkin and Garrison called him one unfit "for decent political society"; "a man who cannot speak or write, who is not known to have a single political conviction, whose associations are low, and whose methods smell of corruption." Finally, they would have been amazed to see great throngs standing in the streets to view the funeral of one who held no office, who never contributed in any degree toward the spiritual or civic upbuilding of the city, whose power came solely from the headship of a private political body which has for years been held together by the "cohesive power of public plunder."

Naturally our distinguished predecessors, on viewing all this and on finding that there has been almost a total collapse of the good-government forces on behalf of which they struck such telling blows against Tammany Hall, would, if they were here today, be prone to say that all their work had gone for naught. Yet such a judgment would be mistaken. We do not deny the profound causes for discouragement which exist. We do not deny the almost hopeless odds against which those men battle who are still in office because of their devotion to the public welfare. We cannot conceal the fact, if we would, that, so far as the mayoralty is concerned, we are back where we were before 1894, when the election of Mayor William L. Strong ushered in what appeared to be a definite and lasting awakening of the citizenship. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that no Tammany boss was ever as secure as Charles Murphy when he died; nor that there is endless graft and inefficiency, and doubtless grave corruption, in many of the bureaus of the municipality. We cannot hide the sad truth that the anti-Tammany forces are utterly without leadership; that not one man whose voice can reach and move the multitude is today making front against government by and for Tammany Hall.

Yet this is only a partial picture of the situation of the metropolis. Certainly much that the reformers of 1890-1910 builded remains. No one viewing the city of today who did not know it in the eighties and early nineties is competent to judge of the progress that has been made—it is progress and not mere reaction. New York City was then outwardly and inwardly sordid. The era of its present beauty had hardly begun. Its streets were incredibly paved and incredibly filthy. Harlotry was in open and brazen possession of streets and avenues, paying toll to Tammany when it did not have to divide with some of the Republican politicians. Gambling abounded. The poor were plundered shamelessly in broad daylight. The courts, far worse than

today, were, in their lowest grade, nothing but institutions to punish the unfortunate and plunder the hapless victims of misgovernment who were brought before them. The magistrates were as corrupt, as criminal, as ignorant as most of those whom they judged. Pull, political influence, and the power of money reigned supreme. The Health Department was an incompetent monstrosity. The Department of Charities was a cesspool, the prisons and hospitals a stench in the nostrils of decent folk. There are amazing differences between the social service of the city in 1890 and that of 1924, while the Health Department of New York today, even under Mayor Hylan, is a scientific organization of merit. More than that, where all offices were once filled by the bosses, today, under the civil-service rules, office-holders are measurably secure from spite, revenge, and partisan attacks.

We are conscious, of course, that much of this improvement lies in externals; that underneath there are still infinite wrongs, waste, extravagance, thieving; that in the broad aspect of affairs we are far, far from the millennium. People are still exploited. If commercialized vice has largely disappeared, other evils exist. Betting is not a waning, but a waxing evil. True, civic franchises are no longer sold to the highest bidder; nor is the power of the corrupt corporation managers what it used to be. Tammany itself is cleaner—if by any act of Murphy's, then all credit to him. Prohibition has robbed it of the saloons that were its headquarters on every block. Such vicious gangs as it fostered in many quarters of the city, which did not stop at murder, no longer exist. The Hall's coffers no longer overflow with the earnings of prostitutes. Things have changed and changed markedly for the better. Life is no longer deliberately made harder for the masses by those servants of the public who served only in order to enrich themselves. Even if we had to admit that all this improvement lies in external things we should still be grateful.

As it is, the emphasis has shifted, and Murphy was wise enough to let it shift, to see that the old ways of obtaining plunder no longer held. It is a more refined and polite system which obtains. The blackjack has yielded to deft argument and cynical persuasion. Under Murphy's leadership the coffers were filled, but from other sources. He governed his cohorts amazingly to their satisfaction. He was a despot against whom no one had dreamed for a decade of revolting. He never allowed himself to be tripped, as did Croker. He early took the only proper role for a boss of this character: he padlocked his lips, gave virtually no interviews, and made no speeches. He was even more taciturn than Calvin Coolidge, and like our President he, the ex-barkeeper, built up a reputation for wisdom and profundity by saying as little as possible. Undoubtedly he was a popular boss; and undoubtedly he reached the human side of multitudes; to endless "heelers," workers, and friends he appeared of utmost probity and of absolute dependability.

Yet the system he headed was the same corrupt one which has for generations degraded New York, and today makes possible a rule of favor and favoritism; which puts politics into the schools and the Police Department, and saddles upon the city an Enright and a Hylan; which ham-

strings real progress, plays into the hands of the transportation companies by making of the Board of Estimate a group of quarreling marionettes, and keeps the whole level of New York political life low indeed, as witness the absolute failure of the citizenship of the greatest city to play

any role whatsoever in House or Senate. Let no one be deceived. Government by Tammany Hall remains a crime against the American democracy. As long as it survives it menaces every municipal government under the Stars and Stripes.

Courts or People—Which Shall Rule?

IN this issue of *The Nation* appears the last of a series of three articles upon the position of the Supreme Court of the United States in our government. During late years the court has announced decisions reviewing the constitutionality of statutes, both State and federal, in increasingly important legislative fields. The question presented by this growth of judicial supremacy becomes ever more pressing.

In the first article of the series Mr. Warren makes a powerful historical case for the position that the framers of the federal Constitution intended that the Supreme Court should have the power of passing upon the constitutionality of legislation. While it may be doubted whether the Constitutional Convention would have so empowered the court had it understood the full extent of the power of judicial review which has since been exercised, nevertheless Mr. Warren's historical evidence seems persuasive that such a power was intended and that it has not been "usurped" by the Supreme Court.

The fundamental considerations, however, are not whether the Supreme Court's authority was intended in 1789 but whether, as now used, it is a desirable power for the court to have, and what would be the consequence of limiting or abolishing it. Mr. Warren suggests that to take from the Supreme Court the power to pass upon the constitutionality of legislation would destroy our federal form of government. We doubt if it would mean so much, but certainly to take away that power from the court would accomplish a basic change in our form of government—the elaborate system of checks and balances provided by the Constitution would be superseded by a legislature to all intents and purposes supreme. This seems to us a desirable change. The whole trend of government during the past century has been away from the system of checks and balances, and toward a centralizing of responsibility. The English system of parliamentary government by a supreme legislative body with an executive ministry directly responsible to it and through it to the people has had far more imitators than has our cumbrously checked and balanced system. This fact may come as a shock to those who have regarded the separation of powers and a supreme judiciary as essential to civilization, but that it is a fact cannot be doubted by anyone who has read Professor Haines's study in our last issue.

We are familiar with the arguments against the English system. It is said that the supreme legislative body is subject to the whims of transitory popular passion, that it gives to the majority the power to tyrannize over minority groups, and that it lacks the protection to individual liberty and to private property which is found in a bill of rights supported by judicial review. Well, so far as the Bill of Rights goes, we have always felt that Hamilton was close to the truth when, writing in "The Federalist" of liberty of the press, he said:

Its security, whatever fine declarations may be inserted in any constitution respecting it, must altogether de-

pend on public opinion, and on the general spirit of the people, and of the government. And here after all, as is intimated upon another occasion, must we seek for the one solid basis of all our rights.

The constitutional guaranties of individual liberty and private property are indeed worth precisely what their popular support makes them worth, and no more. If the spirit of the people is against the maintenance of the provisions of a bill of rights, those provisions will fail. If it is for their preservation, such a bill of rights needs no Supreme Court to protect it. It is doubtless true that if Congress were supreme it would make many mistakes. So, we believe, does the Supreme Court. Congress will continue to reflect majority sentiment, as the court has often reflected minority prejudices, and there is no assurance that public questions will be decided wisely, merely because they are decided by majority vote or by a few black-gowned judges. None of us is very wise. But such little wisdom in government as has been developed has come from the opportunity to shoulder responsibility, to make mistakes, and to profit by the disagreeable experiences to which those errors have led.

The abrogation of the supremacy of the Supreme Court is not a change which should be brought about alone. If Congress is to be made supreme, it should be made more quickly responsive to popular will, and the likelihood of deadlock between the Capitol and the White House ought to be lessened. The executive power should be placed in the hands of a ministry responsible to Congress, which can compel a change of administration by a withdrawal of its support in much the same way that the government of England changes hands.

Unfortunately so drastic a change in our governmental system, desirable as we believe it to be, is probably not realizable at the present time. The historic American method of political reform—in striking contrast to our industrial technique—is to tinker with what we have rather than scrap it in favor of something entirely new. Thus we must probably move indirectly and by a series of steps toward the supremacy of the legislative power. Senator La Follette proposes a constitutional amendment providing that Congress, by a two-thirds vote, should be able to reenact and validate any of its legislation overthrown by the Supreme Court. Senator Borah and others are in favor of a change requiring the concurrence of seven of the nine justices of the Supreme Court in order to declare an act of Congress invalid. In this issue of *The Nation* Beulah Amidon Ratliff advocates the latter plan, except that she favors a concurrence of seven justices to overthrow State laws and a unanimous judgment to nullify congressional legislation. She argues also that a constitutional amendment is not necessary to accomplish this; that it could be done merely by an act of Congress. In spite of the authorities cited, we doubt whether Congress was intended to have power to circumscribe the Supreme Court's appellate juris-

diction in the manner which she suggests. In any case we surmise that if such an act of Congress were presented to the Supreme Court that body would refuse to cut off its own head and would promptly hold the law unconstitutional. Moreover, the mere limitation of the majority of the Supreme Court needed to declare a law unconstitutional seems to us to miss the heart of the issue. Such a reform might result only in the appointment of fewer Holmeses and Brandeises to the supreme bench.

Still, even if unsuccessful, the passage of a law such as Mrs. Ratliff proposes might provide a good beginning for

a campaign to restrict the power of the Supreme Court. If it proves necessary—and we think it will—to amend the Constitution, then we would prefer the La Follette plan to any of the others, as giving a result more nearly in line with the principle involved and more commensurate with the time and effort required. The issue ought to be faced squarely and understandingly by the American people, and we believe that until the voters insist upon the supremacy of their will, and that of their representatives, there can be no development of modern and progressive democracy in the United States.

Historians and the Truth

THREE cheers for Harry Elmer Barnes! Not only is he an extraordinarily incisive writer, a sound deliverer into the truth of history without fear or favor; he has dared to handle delinquent members of his craft without gloves. By doing so he has violated one of the most firmly established traditions of the historical set. If you are a historian the first canon is to say nothing unkind about any co-worker in your field lest thirty years later that become a stumbling block to your rising to the presidency of the American Historical Association. Professor Barnes correctly says that if he had conformed to the Rotarian urbanity "which characterizes the public conduct and expression of the majority of eminent and respectable American historians" he would have "violently cursed the book privately among intimate friends, and then maintained a dignified and immaculate silence in public." Now he has gone and done it, and if he is not an historical pariah hereafter we shall be astonished.

Mr. Barnes's offense is a brilliant review written by him for the *New Republic*, in which he told the truth about Charles Downer Hazen's new edition of his "Europe Since 1815." In that review he characterized as "worse than bunk" Professor Hazen's book and Professor E. R. Turner's "Europe Since 1789"—dangerously unparliamentary language for a scholar to use if it were not the truth. Returning to the attack, he charges that books like these "will pervert the information and stultify the intelligence of many thousands of the best young minds of the country." This indictment is due to the fact that in his new edition Professor Hazen has not changed one word in the chapter on the origins of the war which he wrote in 1916. Since that date an enormous mass of evidence as to the causes of the war and the events which led up to the catastrophe has appeared. Any fair-minded person studying this evidence must share Mr. Barnes's conclusion that one must revise one's opinion as to the causes of the war and the part that the Germans played in bringing it on. This does not mean, as *The Nation* has repeatedly set forth, that one must accept the prevalent German view that Germany was merely an innocent victim and herself guiltless. Far from it. But the researches of men like Mr. Barnes and Professor Sidney B. Fay, not to mention many others, and the exposures of E. D. Morel and Frederick Bausman make it necessary for any unbiased person to discard once and for all the idea that Germany was the sole criminal and that her moves in July and August, 1914, were the expression of a deliberate intention to subjugate the liberties of the world. That, in the light of the documents which were surveyed in *The Nation* for October 11, 1922, is nonsense.

We have no desire today to thresh anew this old straw. History is rewriting itself, or rather honest historians are rewriting it, because the facts are coming out, and when some future revolution opens the archives of England—we had hoped that the Labor Government would have done it before this—and those of France to the light of day we may see still more astounding revelations. What we delight to celebrate today is Professor Barnes's smashing of the taboo laid upon historians not to criticize one another. We wish that there were a chance that his challenge to his craft to bring Professors Hazen and Turner "to judgment before the bar of professional historical opinion," might be taken up; in our judgment that would be the best thing that has ever happened to the teaching of history in America. If the American Historical Association were worth its salt it would set the wheels in motion without further delay.

What could demonstrate better the need of such a shaking up as this would give the whole body of historical scholars in America than a phrase used by Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard University in his comment upon another article by Mr. Barnes, *Assessing the Blame for the World War*, in the *May Current History*? This article, a magnificent summary of the new evidence, was considered too dangerous to appear in that magazine without a comment by a member of its board of associates. The task was assigned to Mr. Hart. This is the conclusion to which he comes: "The subject is too involved, the underlying race and language antipathies are too strong, the confusion of relations in Eastern Europe too complex to make *any review of printed testimony a safe basis for changing an opinion which was forged by the fires of war*" [italics ours]!

What a confession for an historian and an ex-president of the American Historical Association! What right has an historian to permit any opinion to be forged by the fires, the passions, the bitternesses, the hatreds of war? If he indulges himself in that sort of thing at all, he ought to purge his soul of it the minute he returns to the land of rationality. He ought to be the very first one to thank Providence for any new evidence, particularly documentary evidence, which would go to establish the truth which every true historian is sworn by the solemnest oath of scholarship to establish and uphold. No man or woman in America who is interested in the facts as to the war should fail to read this article of Professor Barnes. No scholar who refuses to consider the evidence therein, modifying the popular conceptions of 1914-19, is worthy to continue to teach.

Dawes and the Diplomats

By GEORGE GLASGOW

London, April 26

THE triangular game of reparations, as played by Berlin, Paris, and London, was restarted on April 9 when the experts presented their report to the Reparation Commission. The report had been delayed for the transparent reason that the French experts were attempting the difficult problem of reconciling the political principles of M. Poincaré with the practical economics of making Germany pay. During the week-end of March 22 to 24 the British experts, Mr. R. McKenna, Sir Robert Kindersley, and Sir Josiah Stamp, came to London to explain the reasons for the delay, and on Monday, March 24, the French Ambassador in London called on Mr. MacDonald.

Officially the visit of the three British experts was a private affair and had nothing to do with reparations; for the experts had been appointed by the Reparation Commission, and it was to the Reparation Commission that they had to report. Privately, however, they did as much while in London as ever they could have done officially. They were mainly responsible for the visit of the French Ambassador to the British Prime Minister which took place on March 24. Most of the talking on that day was done by the French Ambassador. The result was so far satisfactory that the British experts returned to Paris that same evening, and the experts proceeded to draft their report.

The French Ambassador had received his instructions from M. Poincaré and therefore had to repeat what he had been saying since January, 1922, except that he raised in a more categorical fashion than before the suggestion that the problem of French security could be solved only by the conclusion of an Anglo-French defensive treaty made for perpetuity to replace the Anglo-American-French pact of guaranty which had fallen through for lack of American ratification. He was, however, enabled to learn that the British plan was of a wholly different kind. In his letter of February 21 to M. Poincaré, Mr. MacDonald strongly hinted that the way to security lay through the League of Nations, possibly through the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance, possibly through a special scheme of demilitarization and neutralization of the Rhineland under a League guaranty. The French Ambassador was also enabled to report to M. Poincaré that in the British view a new factor had entered into the situation. The present British Government makes a cardinal point of the necessity of German and Russian membership of the League as a preliminary to any possibility of settlement. Since Mr. MacDonald wrote his letter of February 21 to M. Poincaré he has had it impressed on him by the competent German quarters in London that no German Government will ever accept any arrangement for the Rhineland which goes beyond the stipulations of the Treaty of Versailles, and that Germany will not at present join the League unless some definite prospect of a seat on the Council is held out to her.

While, therefore, the French Ambassador agreed that the experts might as well finish their job, he had a dispatch to send to the Quai d'Orsay of such importance that M. Poincaré indulged in one of his periodic resignations. He resigned on a side issue on March 26, two days after

the MacDonald-St. Aulaire conversation. As the British Government affected to take no interest in the event, he was quickly induced to form another government, which, though it included M. Loucheur, had in no way changed its complexion. As had been the case when M. Poincaré last resigned (on May 24, 1923) his sojourn in the wilderness lasted only a few hours.

On April 9 the experts delivered their report to the Reparation Commission. The report was a long and complicated plan for balancing Germany's budget, stabilizing the mark, recovering the capital that had left Germany, and in short putting Germany into a position where she could reasonably be expected to pay, and could be made to pay, reparations. That was all. Committee No. 1, which had been presided over by General Dawes, and on which had sat Sir Robert Kindersley and Sir Josiah Stamp, expressly stated that its business had been "business" in the technical sense and not politics, and that the questions of political as opposed to economic guaranties, as well as of military sanctions, were outside its competence. The report of that committee was a double document of 124 foolscap pages of print in English and French. The second committee's report, which was concerned only with the means of estimating the amount of Germany's exported capital and bringing it back to Germany, was a document of only fifteen pages.

It was the Dawes Committee's report which naturally monopolized attention. Unlike previous expert schemes it not only prescribed a schedule of annual payments, but indicated in detail the sources from which the money should be raised and the method by which it should be handed over. A thumb-nail sketch of the recommendations follows:

1. Germany should revert to the position of an economic unit (in other words, the Ruhr should be evacuated);

2. She should pledge certain revenues as security for payment, the standard annuities being paid partly from budget revenues, partly from (a) railway bonds, (b) industrial debentures, (c) taxes on tobacco, alcohol, sugar, beer, and customs duties;

3. There should be a partial moratorium for the four years to 1928-1929 during which Germany should pay annuities rising from £50 millions to £87½ millions; by the end of that period the payments should reach the standard rate of £125 millions (2½ milliard gold marks) with variable addition calculated on an "index of prosperity";

4. There should be a reparations loan of 800 million gold marks (£40 millions);

5. A new bank of issue or a reorganized Reichsbank should create a gold currency and withdraw the paper circulation;

6. Germany's wealth abroad is estimated at £400 millions.

The important question is how far can the scheme be made the starting-point for renewed negotiations between the Allies and Germany. The experts were ruled out from considering the political issues, and it is precisely those issues that matter most.

For instance:

1. The First Committee of Experts declare that although political and military conditions are outside their

scope, yet if and when their economic plan comes into operation two conditions must be observed by the Allied Governments; namely, (a) if any military organization exists it must not impede the free exercise of economic activities; (b) there shall be no foreign economic control or interference other than that proposed by the plan. Now the question is what happens to M. Poincaré's oft-reiterated protestation that the French will never let go of the Ruhr "pledge" except in proportion as Germany pays?

2. Another question is, How can the condition of stability and confidence, as stipulated for in the report, be achieved unless and until Germany's total indebtedness is fixed? The experts have not considered the question of Germany's total liability, and therefore the assumption on which the report is based is that the May, 1921, total still stands as the amount of the Allied demand. Yet that figure has been condemned as an impossible one by both American and British experts, and even French experts have admitted it to be too high.

3. Next there is the question of French demands. M. Poincaré has never abandoned his claim that France must receive a net total of 26 milliard gold marks (£1,300 millions); that is to say, that if she has to pay her debts to Great Britain and America the total of 26 milliards must be increased accordingly. Now, the British White Paper of last August conclusively showed that this French demand is considerably in excess of her share of 52 per cent of the May, 1921, schedule.

4. The experts' plan involves an international loan of 800 million gold marks (£40 millions). It goes without saying that this loan would have to be largely raised in London. The experts further confirm the principle that the loan would be used partly to help Germany to meet essential treaty purposes during the years 1924 and 1925; in other words, 52 per cent of that portion of it earmarked for such a purpose would go through Berlin to Paris. Now, unless there is some satisfactory settlement of the question of the French debt there can be little prospect of British money becoming available for an international loan for Germany, which in the circumstances would be tantamount to a further British loan to France.

5. Assuming the satisfactory arrangement of the political problems above mentioned, there would have to be some assurance that France would not again in any contingency take separate measures against Germany, such as the occupation of the Ruhr.

6. Finally, there is the question of the Ruhr expenses and proceeds, if any. Are the proceeds, which are now represented in Paris as being abundant, to be credited to the Reparation Commission's account?

In a word, the experts' work was the least important part of the problem, although the fact of America's participation, unofficial as it was, in that work had the effect of adding moral weight to the argument for a reasonable settlement. How important and how delicate were the political, as contrasted with the expert, difficulties was shown within forty-eight hours of the presentation of the report. The French press, on the obvious inspiration of the Quai d'Orsay, began to speculate on the introduction of modifications into the experts' scheme and on the elaboration of additional measures of control.

The anxiety which was thereby created in British and American quarters was due to the reflection that as matters stand, and as a result of the withdrawal of the United

States from official participation in Allied affairs, a Franco-Belgian bloc on the Reparation Commission, backed by the French chairman's casting vote, can carry anything it likes. The withdrawal of America has left France with the whip hand in the Reparation Commission. The remaining delegates are four—the British, the French, the Belgian, and the Italian. Even assuming that the Italian delegate votes with the British, there is an equal bloc on the other side, for Belgium always takes her cue from France; and the matter is therefore decided by the casting vote of the chairman, who happens to be the French delegate. That the chairman should always be French is again America's responsibility. It was provided by the treaty that at the first meeting of the Reparation Commission a chairman should be appointed. As the commission sat in Paris, it was a matter of courtesy that the first chairman elected should be the French delegate. The chairman is appointed for a year, after which his successor is appointed, but the actual chairman is eligible for reelection, and the Franco-Belgian bloc is of course in favor of retaining the French chairman indefinitely. It is obvious, therefore, why any French move toward tampering with the experts' recommendations was a cause for anxiety. When the experts drew up their report, there was some friction over an important point which finally the British and American experts succeeded in carrying. It was that the experts' recommendations should either be accepted and applied as a whole by the Reparation Commission or should be rejected as a whole. The French experts in the end agreed to the incorporation of the following clause which duly appeared in the text of the report:

In the first place we regard our report as an indivisible whole. It is not possible, in our opinion, to achieve any success by selecting certain of our recommendations for adoption and rejecting the others, and we would desire to accept no responsibility for the results of such a procedure nor for undue delay in giving execution to our plan.

But within forty-eight hours of its presentation French quarters began to explore the prospect of modifications of the scheme in two important directions. They raised the novel cry of a progressive economic evacuation of the Ruhr. This was palpably designed as a challenge to that clause of the report which declared:

It is our duty to point out clearly that our forecasts are based on the assumption that [Germany's] economic activity will be unhampered and unaffected by any foreign organization other than the controls here provided.

That clause clearly implied the necessity of an evacuation of the Ruhr by the French. "Yes," in effect answered the French, "we will put an end to the military occupation of the Ruhr, but we shall not evacuate economically except in proportion as Germany pays"; thereby adapting the notorious formula. As a further refinement French semi-official quarters exercised their well-known flair for a bargain by suggesting that the French military evacuation of the Ruhr should be paid for by a British cancellation of the French debt! The main point, however, was that the major French suggestion, that of substituting a formula of progressive economic evacuation for one of military evacuation, was directly opposed to the recommendations of the experts. At the same time the same French quarters speculated on the devising of additional measures of control over and above those enumerated in the experts' scheme, therein again violating the express recommendations of the experts.

Shall We Remake the Supreme Court?

III. May Congress Limit the Supreme Court?

By BEULAH AMIDON RATLIFF

(This is the concluding article in a series of three on the Supreme Court. The first, on *The Origin of Its Power*, by Charles Warren, appeared in the issue of May 7, and the second, on *The Practice of Other Countries*, by Charles Grove Haines, was printed last week. An editorial article on the question will be found on page 575 of this issue.)

THE recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, declaring the minimum-wage law of the District of Columbia unconstitutional and imperiling the minimum-wage laws of the several States, has brought sharply to the attention of the country the increasing power of the Supreme Court over national and State legislation. A storm of protest has followed the minimum-wage decision, and a number of plans have been suggested for limiting the power of the Supreme Court to declare laws unconstitutional.

Senator Borah has introduced a bill into Congress which seeks to correct the familiar evil of the five-to-four decision, by which one justice of the court overturns the work of State legislators or of Congress. Senator Borah's bill would do away with this "one-man rule" by requiring the concurrence of seven justices to declare a statute unconstitutional.

Large business interests are, of course, enthusiastic defenders of the "sanctity" of the Supreme Court, as the power of the court to declare laws unconstitutional is more often a benefit to conservatism than to progress. These sources embody the chief opposition to any limitation of the power of the court, because it is increasingly apparent that unless the Supreme Court's power can be limited in this field the extremely slow and difficult process of constitutional amendment is the only way to secure legislation tending to modify in any way the economic *status quo*. The federal income-tax law, the federal child-labor law, and the minimum-wage law are only three of the factors leading to this conclusion, so discouraging to liberals, so extremely gratifying to reactionaries.

In the case of Senator Borah's proposal, as in the case of many similar suggestions, the favorite tool of the opposition is the "constitutionality" of the measure in question. "The Constitution vests the judicial power of the United States in a Supreme Court," this facile argument runs; "therefore Congress has no right to tell the Supreme Court, or any other court, how it shall exercise its judicial function."

The cases to which the jurisdiction of federal courts extends are specified in the first paragraph of Section 2, Article III, of the Constitution. The second paragraph of the same section divides the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court into two classes. It reads:

In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those in which a State shall be a party the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases before mentioned the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make.

That is, the original jurisdiction of the Supreme Court is conferred by the Constitution itself. It cannot be taken away or limited by Congress. As to this jurisdiction, the Constitution is "self-executing," to use the legal phrase. But the appellate jurisdiction of the court, under which it derives its power to declare laws unconstitutional, does not come into use until Congress speaks, and as soon as Congress speaks its word becomes the exclusive guidance of the court's power.

Ellsworth of Connecticut had a prominent part in framing Article III of the Constitution, establishing the judicial department. He was also a member of the Senate in the first Congress and chairman of the committee that drafted the Judiciary Act of 1789, which still serves as the basis of our whole federal judicial system and practice. In 1793 he was appointed Chief Justice by President Washington, and wrote the opinion in the leading authority on this subject, *Wiscart vs. Douchy*, 3 Dallas 321, 327. In that opinion he held:

Original jurisdiction, however, is confined to ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those cases in which a State shall be a party. In all other cases only an appellate jurisdiction is given to the court; and even the appellate jurisdiction is likewise qualified; inasmuch as it is given "with such exceptions and under such regulations as Congress shall make." Here, then, is the only ground on which we can exercise an appellate jurisdiction.

This doctrine has obtained for a hundred and twenty years, and was clearly and concisely restated not long ago by Mr. Justice Gray in *American Construction Co. vs. Jacksonville Railway Co.*, 148 U. S. 372, 378 (unanimous decision): "This Court, therefore, as it has always held, can exercise no appellate jurisdiction except in the cases, *and in the manner and form*, defined and prescribed by Congress." (Italics mine.)

The same theory is developed by all the leading textbooks on constitutional law. For example, in Section 1773, Story on the Constitution, we read:

The appellate powers of the Supreme Court are not given by the Judicial Act. They are given by the Constitution. But they are limited and regulated by that act and other acts on the subject. And where a rule is provided, all persons will agree that it cannot be departed from.

Clearly, then, the only part of the judicial power that is beyond the control of Congress is the original jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, expressly defined by the Constitution. It has been held by the Supreme Court itself from the earliest times that Congress has plenary power over the Supreme Court in all matters falling within its appellate jurisdiction. This power has often been used by Congress to "regulate" the limits of the Supreme Court's appellate jurisdiction, within the bounds set by the Constitution. Perhaps the most famous example of this type of regulation is the notable case, *Ex Parte McCordle*, 7 Wall. 506. Under an act passed in 1867 the court was given jurisdiction to review writs of habeas corpus in certain cases. In the carrying out of the reconstruction program

it was found that the court had rendered a decision under this act which was embarrassing to the Federal Government. A reargument had been granted. While this was pending Congress repealed the act of 1867 which gave the court its jurisdiction over writs of habeas corpus. Counsel for the prisoner urged with vehemence that the only purpose of Congress was to prevent the court's pronouncing of judgment in a case which it had fairly heard and was about to decide. These facts were clearly shown in the debates in Congress. Nevertheless the Supreme Court declared that its power in the matter was ended, and that it no longer had any jurisdiction except to dismiss the appeal.

But the authority thus to confer and deny appellate jurisdiction, within the limits set by the Constitution, is only one phase of the congressional power to regulate the Supreme Court.

Marshall's definition of the power to regulate interstate commerce reads: "The power to regulate interstate commerce is the power to prescribe the rule by which the commerce is to be governed." (9 Wheaton 195.) Mr. Justice Gray applied this definition to the regulation of the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court in the case cited above when he said that the appellate jurisdiction can be exercised only "in the manner and form defined and prescribed by Congress."

That is, Congress not only can confer and deny the appellate jurisdiction of the court, but it can also make the rules under which the Supreme Court may exercise that jurisdiction. This is not "telling the court how it shall decide its cases." It is the application of the express power of Congress to fix the rules under which the Supreme Court shall decide the cases carried to it on appeal.

Many able lawyers contend that the power to declare laws unconstitutional is a pure usurpation on the part of the courts. The decision in *Marberry vs. Madison* was rendered a century and a quarter ago. The practice which was then inaugurated has since been followed by the courts and greatly increased. It has had the tacit approval of the American people long enough to make any argument that it is "pure usurpation" academic and unwise. Whether it was the actual intention of the framers of the federal Constitution to confer the power is no longer important. But it is important to know that the power can be defined and limited by Congress, just as any other power under the appellate jurisdiction of the court is subject to congressional regulation.

All students of government recognize a wide difference between the power to declare a national law unconstitutional and the same power to nullify a State law. Congress is a coordinate branch of the same government as the court. The one is bound by its oath to uphold the Constitution in law-making, the same as is the other in law-construing. In the case of States the power is necessary to defend the national welfare against State selfishness and to protect national authority against State nullification. This basic difference exists not only as a matter of theory but as a matter of practice. In no country having a written constitution except ours does the power of courts to declare a national law void exist, though the power to nullify State or provincial law is generally recognized and practiced. Mr. Justice Holmes pointed out this difference in an address in New York City when he said that he did not think the nation would have been destroyed if the

power to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional had never been exercised, but he did think the Constitution and the Union would have been destroyed by the centrifugal force of State selfishness if the power to declare State laws unconstitutional had not been asserted and practiced.

The fundamental difference thus pointed out justifies a difference in the limitation of the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional and the same power to nullify a State law.

The rule that the Supreme Court has always professed to follow in passing upon the constitutionality of laws is that where reasonable doubt exists the statute shall stand. The five-to-four decision is, on its face, an infringement of this rule, for, where four of the learned judges disagree with the other five, everybody except possibly lawyers and judges can see only ground for scoffing at the conflict between the court's profession and practice. The fact that one man may abolish the law established by the people, in State legislatures or Congress, smacks more of absolute monarchy than of democracy. The seven-to-two decision would help lift the matter of a statute's constitutionality out of these cloudy realms of "reasonable doubt."

But Senator Borah's measure touches only one phase of the evil with which it deals. The whole subject of the right of our courts to review State and federal laws needs to be overhauled and set in order. The power has been so ramified and extended that the lengths to which the courts go in declaring laws unconstitutional is a constant source of public exasperation. To secure the passage of a law on any subject has become a questionable relief, because it is impossible to foretell what the courts will do with that law. And by the constant destruction of law the Supreme Court is destroying respect for law, because the court itself shows so little respect for the laws which the people's representatives from time to time attempt to establish.

This outline for federal legislation, some features of which have already been suggested by Senator La Follette, is submitted as a proper and adequate limitation of the power of the federal courts to declare laws unconstitutional:

1. When a suit in a federal court involves the question of the constitutionality of a law, either State or federal, the suit should be heard by three judges, not only on the question of whether a preliminary injunction shall be issued during the pendency of the suit as now provided by the Clayton Act, but the same judges should hear the evidence and enter the final decree in the case. Such cases should have priority over all other litigation. The choice of judges to try them should not be left to the Senior Circuit judge, as at present, but should be made by three Circuit judges, or by two Circuit judges and the justice of the Supreme Court assigned to the circuit. Unless the three judges hearing the suit are unanimous in holding the law unconstitutional, its enforcement should not be enjoined.

2. An appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States should be allowed in all such suits. The time for taking the appeal should be limited; and provision should be made for giving such suits priority over all other litigation. If irreparable injury would result from the enforcement of the law during the pendency of the appeal, the three judges hearing the suit should have power to suspend its enforcement until the appeal is decided. Such relief should, however, be so conditioned as to secure to parties all rights

granted by the law unless it is finally held to be unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

3. To declare a State law unconstitutional, at least seven of the judges of the Supreme Court hearing the appeal should concur in the decision. To declare a federal law unconstitutional, all the judges should concur in the decision.

In brief, then, the Supreme Court derives its appellate jurisdiction from the Constitution, but "with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make." Defining the power to regulate interstate com-

merce, Marshall said it was the power to make rules for the carrying on of that commerce. So here the power to regulate the jurisdiction to declare laws unconstitutional is the power to fix the rule for the exercise of such jurisdiction. From the decision in the *Marberry* case to the present time the Supreme Court has held that a law ought not to be declared unconstitutional unless its conflict with the Constitution is so plain as to leave no room for doubt. The remedy outlined above simply gives a practical rule for ascertaining when such conflict is in fact free from reasonable doubt.

Fascist Rule in South Tyrol

By ROBERT DELL

(This is the second of a series of three articles on the situation in South Tyrol. The first was South Tyrol—Austria's Lost Province. The concluding article, to appear next week, will describe the terror in South Tyrol.)

Bozen, March 27

THE present regime in South Tyrol dates from the advent of the Fascisti to power in Italy. On the day of the armistice, November 11, 1918, Lieutenant Colonel Pecori-Giraldi, commanding the Italian forces at Trent, issued a proclamation to the German population of South Tyrol in which he undertook on behalf of the Italian Government that their own schools, institutions, and organizations should be preserved. The Italian state, he said, taking its stand on the principles of freedom and justice, would know how to treat its citizens of other nationalities with equity and affection. In German-speaking places German would be an official language as well as Italian and, whereas the Austrian monarchy had oppressed the Italian inhabitants of the province, "Italy, the great and united nation, where complete freedom of thought and speech reigns," would "concede to her fellow-citizens of other nationalities the maintenance of their own schools, their own institutions, and their own organizations." This undertaking was on the whole respected by the successive Italian governments until Duke Mussolini came into power. The German inhabitants of South Tyrol were given the same just and liberal treatment as had long been given to the French-speaking inhabitants of Italian Savoy and they were beginning to be, if not reconciled, at least resigned to their new conditions. A commission of the League of Nations that investigated the treatment of minorities in the various European countries was able to report that they were better treated in Italy than anywhere else, although Italy had signed no minorities treaty. Duke Mussolini and his followers have changed all that. They have flagrantly violated the solemn undertaking given to the South Tyrolese on November 11, 1918, and the system now in force in South Tyrol is a gross breach of faith. It is also a manifestation of nationalist stupidity. Whereas, I have said, the Germans in South Tyrol were beginning to be resigned to their fate, they are now bitterly discontented and Italy is likely to have on her northern frontier a permanently hostile population. That can hardly be to her advantage. The adoption of the present policy after the satisfactory experience of the results of a liberal and tolerant policy in Italian Savoy is another example of the inability of most human beings to learn by experience. The treat-

ment of German South Tyrol by the Fascist Government is deplored by all the best Italians, particularly by the old Italian inhabitants of South Tyrol, who are for the most part as indignant at it as their German fellow-citizens.

There seem to be a good many illusions in other countries about the Italian Fascisti, whom many people appear to regard as the saviors of society from bolshevism. In fact about 10 per cent of the Fascists are sincere believers in Fascist doctrines, about 40 per cent are *arrivistes* who obtain places and emoluments by their adhesion to the party, and the remaining 50 per cent are drawn from the criminal classes. Many of the latter first attached themselves to the Communists in the hope of profiting by possible disorders and then transferred their allegiance to Mussolini because they thought with reason that they would thus have more opportunities of plunder. A landowner in South Tyrol told me that a couple of years ago he caught a gentleman in a black shirt in the act of stealing his wood. When he remonstrated the thief calmly replied that he was a Fascist and, if he were not allowed to take the wood, he would return with fifty of his comrades and burn down the owner's house. The Fascist movement was accompanied by a large amount of ordinary crime without any political excuse and, such was the intimidation exercised by the Fascisti, that it was useless for the victims to seek legal redress. Now that Mussolini is in power he objects to the criminal propensities of a large number of his disciples whose energies are no longer tolerated, with the result that they are extremely discontented.

South Tyrol made its first acquaintance with the Fascist movement on April 24, 1922. On that day a non-political procession in Tyrolese costume took place in Bozen. A band of Fascists fired on the procession without the smallest provocation and killed a school-teacher called Franz Innerhofer. This abominable crime went unpunished and was followed by a series of outrages which, as in the rest of Italy, were tolerated by the Government then in power and by the local Italian authorities. In October, 1922, the Fascisti occupied the principal school in Bozen, drove out the German teachers and their pupils, and established an Italian school in the building. On the same day they occupied the Town Hall and expelled the mayor and the municipal council. After Duke Mussolini became dictator legal oppression was substituted for violence in South Tyrol, but last August the Bozen Trade Union House was seized by the Fascisti who still occupy it.

The Fascist policy in regard to South Tyrol was defined

by the Fascist Senator, Ettore Tolomei, in a speech in the Bozen Stadttheater on June 15, 1923. His program of thirty-one points was officially declared by the sub-prefect of Bozen to be that of the Government and much of it has now been carried out. The aim of Fascist policy is gradually to eliminate the German language, to suppress the local Tyrolese customs and culture, and forcibly to Italianize the German inhabitants. Senator Tolomei proposed that all German inhabitants should be compelled to take Italian surnames. This measure has not yet been adopted, but Italian names have been given to every town and village in South Tyrol and only the Italian name may be officially used or printed on picture post cards. In some cases the old German name is put up in railway stations as well as the official Italian name of the place, but these cases are in a minority. For example, when one expects to arrive at Innischen, the frontier station on the line from Frankensfeste ("Fortezza") to Vienna, one finds oneself at "San Candido." The names of well-known places such as Bozen and Meran had always Italian equivalents. In Italian Bozen was called Bolzano and Meran Merano, just as London is called Londres in French. But the vast majority of the new Italian names are grotesque fabrications often bearing no relation to the original German name. This attempt to suppress historical place names is an outrage on good taste. At present it is not succeeding. Even the railway officials use the German names in most cases and do not know what one means if one uses the Italian ones. It is now a criminal offense to use the names "Südtirol, Deutschsüdtirol, Tiroler," and the like or any designation for the South Tyrol and its inhabitants other than "Alto Adige" and "Atesino," or their alleged German equivalents, "Hochetsch" and "Etschlander," which are in fact Italian inventions. Names of streets are put up in both languages, but many street names have been changed and Bozen now has a Via Vittore Emmanuele III and a Via Regina Helena.

No language but Italian may be used in the transactions, of local authorities or public bodies, although a German translation may be appended. Letters from a public body to a private person may be in German "provided they do not relate to documents addressed to officials, public offices, or legal bodies, or to the interests of a third person." Parishes in certain districts with less than 2,000 inhabitants may provisionally be exempted from this law until October 1 of this year, but not for longer. Since in the vast majority of South Tyrolese parishes nobody knows any language but German the law will be difficult of application, but it is being made an excuse for importing Italian officials from other parts of Italy. One of Senator Tolomei's proposals was that every parish in South Tyrol should be forced to have an Italian municipal secretary and this measure is being gradually carried out. In the great majority of cases the Italian officials are entirely ignorant of the only language understood by the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants. In places like Bozen and Meran, which have in the summer a large number of Italian visitors, Italian was always spoken to some extent in hotels and shops, but perhaps not more than English. The number of people in Bozen shops able to speak English is surprising. During the last five years many people have learned Italian and probably it is now spoken to some extent by from 25 to 30 per cent of the German population. But in the greater part of German South Tyrol German is the only language understood by the inhabitants. It will be understood how impos-

sible a situation the introduction of Italian officials has created. The obligatory use of Italian for all official and legal documents has thrown the administration into confusion and the archives of the law courts and the public authorities are in a state of chaos.

A knowledge of Italian is now required of all government officials and employees, including those of the post office and railways. A certain number of the former Austrian officials have been retained on condition that they learned Italian and provided they were natives of South Tyrol, but Senator Tolomei demanded that all the native Tyrolese officials should be transferred to other parts of Italy, and the Tyrolese fear that this measure is likely to be adopted. Meanwhile a large number of Italians have been introduced in the railway and postal services. Even the workmen employed on the railways seem to be mostly Italians, and in some cases the railway refreshment rooms have been taken away from their former Tyrolese managers and handed over to Italians. All the notices relating to registered letters, etc., sent by the post office to private individuals are in Italian, so that the majority of the inhabitants cannot understand them. Laws and decrees are published exclusively in Italian without a German translation, so that they are incomprehensible to nine-tenths of the population. Moreover, when Italian laws are extended to the new province or Austrian laws repealed, the Government does not take the trouble to publish the fact, so that even jurists do not know what laws are or are not in force. All manifestos, posters, catalogues, time tables, and every kind of printed announcement, addressed to the public even by private individuals, as well as all permanent signs and inscriptions, must be in Italian, but a German translation may be appended "in those parishes in which instruction in the elementary schools is not yet solely Italian." Permanent inscriptions of historical interest or artistic value and those on gravestones or of a religious nature which are already in existence are exempted from this law. In future, however, when a German inhabitant of South Tyrol dies, his relatives must put an Italian inscription on his gravestone. I should think that this law must be unparalleled in any other country.

Night Rider

By ROLFE HUMPHRIES

What starts the trouble neither of us knows
But we are both unhappy when your mood
Turns hard and dumb as stone, puts on a hood
And gown of sullen black, gets up and goes
Horseback through shadows far more dark than those
Where we are lying still. I think you should
Either avoid that hostile gloomy wood
Or take me with you. Are we friends, or foes?

"Oh, I don't know, don't know. Sometimes I fear
That our adroit devices miss the mark
Because we are so much too subtle. Maybe
Some very simple scheme would keep me here
As comforted as any little baby
Gulping his drink of water in the dark."

A Defense of Cowardice

By LLEWELYN POWYS

IN a certain country in olden times it was the custom to bind a coward between two wattled hurdles and cast him into the mire to be trodden under foot by all brave men. The custom has an especial interest for me because I have been for long convinced that had I lived in those rude days I would have suffered under it. None more surely. From the earliest years of my childhood I have been aware, metaphorically speaking, of the presence of a white feather in my bonnet. In my less shameless days I used to try to pretend that it was otherwise, but always with small profit.

In my life of nearly twoscore years I have been afraid of every mishap that can overtake a man in earth, air, and water. I have been afraid of swimming, afraid of riding, afraid of shooting, afraid of fighting. I have been afraid of being bitten and afraid of being scratched, afraid of being butted and afraid of being pecked. A tetchy peahen defending her seven mottled eggs has before now driven me pell-mell out of a shrubbery, a churlish pig-bucket rat out of a cow house, and a lambing ewe, with but a slight show of ill-nature, out of a straw-littered fold. Indeed, in the case of almost every animal I have a natural preference for the tail view.

When I go to the theater I always observe carefully where the nearest exit is situated. If I hear a shot fired in the street I immediately have an eye for the most accessible ice man's cellar. It would be impossible that it should be otherwise. I was born a coward, a craven, a poltroon, a man with a lily liver, and one like enough to disgrace both his race and his country.

This being as it is I find that my sympathies incline toward creatures of my own kidney. In the outer darkness of Africa I was conscious of feeling a very definite tenderness toward hyenas, toward these slouching neurotic hermaphrodites who because of their highly developed sense of self-preservation have become a general laughing-stock. Let the shaggy-maned lions go stalking never so boldly across the open plains, causing the whole veldt to resound with their noisy roarings, I would still find my softer feelings reserved for these queer, square-jowled henchmen of theirs, whom I knew to be shifting from shadow to shadow, in agonized apprehension lest through some unforeseen accident their own striped hides might come by a bump or pinch. And with birds my sentiment was the same. How much preferable to me was the egret to the eagle, the heron to the hawk!

The fact is this business of physical courage is much overrated. There is little or nothing in it—a mere survival from primitive times, when it was necessary for the herd “to jolly” one of their number into an imprudent action. To set any high value on courage is the most utter barbarism. Such an attitude has no relevance to the present day. It is out of date, obsolete, and had best be relegated to a dubious past when the shedding of blood was still regarded as the best way of ending disputes. Let us examine the matter more closely. These brave men, these “regular fellows,” who do not know fear—how insupportable they are as companions! Without wit or whimsy they go marching through life oblivious of all delicate values. They do not even understand the art of conversation. Nobody save

General Pershing could tolerate them for a moment. But on a bitter winter night when all is cold and desolate outside, when the ice floes bear and boom and crack, let me have a good honest coward at my side in the inner parlor where all is safe. How naturally understanding he is, how sophisticated! One can say anything to him and anything is forgiven. There is no moral strain. One knows that nothing is expected of one, save to show a clean pair of heels in the case of danger.

I like to witness little scenes of cowardice. I like to see people betray the amiability of their natures and their love of life by climbing trees, hesitating behind doors, or in any other way hurrying to cover from the jolts and jars of the world. Personally I would not give a dry rush for these brave bastards. It is on account of such loggerheads that wars continue. If cowards were no longer a distinguished minority, then we would, indeed, have a League of Nations! This infantile tendency of the human race to applaud courage has been responsible for the worst pages in our history. There are many other virtues of far more value than this tinkling theatrical one. In any community worthy of being called civilized fine manners would surely be esteemed more. Badgers are brave, but good luck to them! What do they know of irony and supersubtle innuendoes?

How fortunate, how happy would that planet be upon which no brave man had ever been born! Indeed, I should like to rid the earth of all brave men, to organize a great rebellion of cowards so that on some dark St. Bartholomew's night we might suddenly by treachery, by hitting below the belt, and stabbing in the back, rid the round world of all these vigorous mischief-makers. It would go hard, but in this way we would indeed make the world safe for cowards. The mere suggestion of any derring-do in our children would then be regarded with the most serious misgiving. By such lapses was not Europe all but brought to perdition? Indeed, in so sensitive, so highly refined a Utopia whose chief recreations would be love-making, drinking wine, and fortunate companionship any kind of intrepidity could only have a pernicious influence. In such a state a valiant man would be anathema, an accursed one, a cow with a crooked horn. Honor would only be done to these others, to these gentle beings whose propitiatory manner would keep the commonwealth out of all trouble.

Well do I recollect during the fateful August of 1914 feeling, as I read the paper on a sunny English terrace, nothing but amazement that the German rank and file should sacrifice their lives at the rate they did before Liège. The correspondent described them as “squealing like hares” as they were mown down by the Belgian guns. It seemed to me then, as the peacock butterflies flitted from the phloxes to the hot gravel and as the yellow-abdomened wasps drunken with the juice of golden pippins struggled from one cave of sweetness to another in the down-trodden grass on the other side of the orchard-railing, that such behavior represented the utmost folly, the utmost immorality. Had they nothing better to do with their lives than to become food for cannon? “Mortal men, mortal men!” They would have been spending their time better surely in the paddocks of their homes picking up Taunton Blacks.

And yet, God knows, I suppose that most of them were unwilling enough for the sake of glory to have their intestines riddled with bullets. It was the men behind the lines who had contrived to get them into the scrape. And those boys who went "over the top" so exultantly—where are they now? Who thinks of them? Who remembers them?

British imperialists, French chauvinists, American patriots—these are the people whose presence in the world forms the real obstruction against any civilized progress. If British jerry-sneaks, French dung-hill cocks, American yellow-streaks got together, *then* there might be some hope. For let these devilish brave men understand once and for all that it is only possible for cowards to be heroic.

In the Driftway

IN these days when new magazines and newspapers—or combinations of newspapers—are bursting forth on every twig, the Drifter feels that his own favorite sheet has been a bit neglected. He has heard Mr. Munsey say that the day of the small family newspaper is past; that publishing has become a great industry in which only men with millions of dollars and acres of land and thousands of employees can hope to compete, and he has noted that the next edition of his favorite paper is to be 130 copies and its staff is composed of eight energetic young men who are editors, reporters, feature writers, copy-men, press boys, typesetters, and distributors all at once. Not to keep his readers in suspense any longer, the paper in question is the *Watching News*, and it is produced by juvenile talent only at Bound Brook, New Jersey.

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THE first items in this week's issue are, properly enough, entitled "News About People." Under this caption various bits of interesting information are assembled, perhaps the most beguiling being the following subtle note: "Joan Mason had a birthday party Wednesday afternoon. She was 2 years old and had 3 guests. It was a dandy little party." What Senator could more delicately patronize his Congressman; what captain of industry could express more kindly and yet more crushingly the scorn of the aged, established, and successful for the young and green? Under "Dog News" the items are a little mixed: "Borow's New Dog's name is Timmy and he is full of mischief and fun. . . . A flicker has a nest in the top of the telephone pole by Dr. Robinson's." The young editor evidently wished to introduce a new note in natural history, but with becoming modesty refrained from calling attention to his theory, which a more mature naturalist would undoubtedly have sought to publish dully under some such title as "A Study of the Similarity of Mammalia and Aves, with special stress on the Dog and the Flicker, compiled with Notes and Tables." The item under "School News" is brief and to the point: "We are very sorry that school begins on Monday." But what reticence and deep suffering those few words hold; and how many lurid pages would have been devoted to their like in an ordinary daily!

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POLITICS are treated in the manner they deserve. Under the head Who Is President? the following dialogue appears: "'Who is that man, Mother?' asked one of our small sisters. 'That is Mr. Cooley, Herbert Cooley's Fa-

ther.' 'Oh, Is he the President then?'" This irresistible bit is not labeled "Joke" as the real jokes are; the young editors mean it to be taken seriously as it should be. But do they write an editorial on the astonishing ignorance of the electorate or the failure of the voter to appreciate the blessings of government by even so much as remembering the name of the chief executive? They do not. They leave such superfluities to older though not better men. They understand that what is left unsaid is more important than what is said. They grasp the fundamentals of life and treat them briefly, succinctly, and as kindly as possible. They present to their readers news of the day arranged in orderly columns and unaccompanied by advertising, pictures, documents, or pseudo-scientific rules for living. They are, in short, publishing the only newspaper the Drifter has ever seen. It is a tribute to their courage, but what a sad commentary on the great public that only 130 persons are sufficiently astute rightly to value them.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Haiti Today

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A cruise to the West Indies and the Caribbean Sea gave me an opportunity to stop at Haiti. Although my stay was a brief one I was fortified with letters of introduction and was able to get much information as to what is going on in that most unhappy country. The Haitian Government practically does not exist; to all intents and purposes government in Haiti consists of Commissioner Russell, by whose will the country is ruled. Martial law prevails; the marines are everywhere, and their heavy drinking and brutality are much complained of. A marine recently killed an unoffending Haitian in an effort to take the latter's mule from him. It is easy to see that Americans are hated. As the tender from the steamer brought us to the shore everyone was struck by the sullen, hostile expression of the black faces staring at us from the wharf. The difference was marked between this reception and the friendliness of the natives of Jamaica. The latter, though very poor, seemed cheerful, alert, and contented under British rule, as the color line is not drawn sharply there. Race discrimination and a more crass and brutal exploitation exist under our auspices than under the Union Jack.

The expenses of our occupation are bleeding the Haitians to death. As I and my Haitian companions motored through Port au Prince we passed handsome villas, closed and deserted, their owners reduced to such financial straits that they can no longer afford to keep their homes open. "Persons who in America are nothing and nobody become great personages in Haiti; they live in luxury at our expense and lord it over us," said my cicerone with much feeling. American officers and their wives were passing briskly in fine motors while along every mountain road under the furious tropical sun came trudging troops of women and girls bearing great burdens on their heads and leading tiny donkeys with frail legs like match sticks and sharp thin little bodies laden with huge pack saddles and panniers. The contrast between the prosperous air of the occupationists and the misery of the inhabitants is painful. I saw some of the most "raggedy" men I have ever beheld in the varied course of my travels, whose clothing was a mere network of shreds revealing large expanses of bare, black skin. The mass of the people is of a primitive Negro type. The educated class is very highly educated, with a French culture which they do not want to have superseded by American culture, no matter how determined Americans may be to impose it on them. "While Haiti is a Negro civilization it has nevertheless a civilization

of its own, Negro and French, which we should be permitted to develop in our way, not subject to outside interference." This is the frank way they put it.

But the Americans have made little attempt to bring the Haitians culture of any kind. The occupation is for purposes of exploitation, not for education. Not much of the money wrung from Haiti is spent on her people or for her benefit. There are no public libraries, but through private native enterprise at Port au Prince funds are being collected bit by bit and a small building is going up. We visited the convent and the nuns' school for girls and the seminary where the boys are educated and noted the cleanliness, especially of the former, and then went to the schools maintained by the Government (American Occupation) and saw the frowziness and general dilapidation.

The Haitians say that Americans are accustomed to claim all public enterprises as having been put through by them, including those that the Haitians themselves built long before the forces of the United States arrived. The marine who showed us over the prison, which is a combined jail, insane asylum, and poorhouse, told us that this had been erected by the Americans. I consider myself somewhat of an authority on prisons, as I served two prison sentences for picketing the White House during the suffrage agitation, and while the prison at Port au Prince, as far as could be judged by a hasty inspection, seemed to be in good condition, I was disgusted to see a marine on guard in the midst of the women's quarters, and to hear that there is no matron in charge, only a nurse. It is dangerous to put men in authority over women prisoners—especially young American soldiers so far away from home influences over colored women. My visit to the prison was prompted by a desire to interview M. Jolibois, the Haitian editor of the *Courrier Haitien*, and one of six journalists kept in jail for no other offense than having ventured to criticize the marines, the occupation, and the (Russell) Government. These journalists have been in detention for four months awaiting trial. When I inquired of the marine who was showing us over the prison why the accused were not brought to trial he said that was the fault of the Haitian law. When I asked how that could be, since Haiti was under martial law, he replied: "Martial law has been suspended." "He lies," was the *sotto voce* comment of the accompanying Haitian.

These journalists are held *incomunicado*; I could not see them even for a moment. They are kept in an inner court and are put out of their cells every morning at six o'clock, to be left all day in the broiling sun without hats or any kind of shelter. Two of them have already been made ill by it. Food from their homes is sent them, but before they are permitted to eat it it is examined to ascertain if letters or communications are concealed in it, and this examination is made by the guards running their fingers through it.

I left Haiti with a profound feeling of grief and mortification that such things should be done in the name of liberty and our country.

Haverford, Pennsylvania, March 5

MARY WINSOR

The Complete History of America

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following is, as nearly as I can remember it, an extemporaneous speech given on the subject of immigration in a county contest of high schools at Kiowa, Kansas, by a freshman lad in short pants. Read it and consider yourself squelched. I only wish I had it verbatim:

Immigration began when Columbus discovered America. No efforts were made to stop immigration in the United States until about 1890. Then Grover Cleveland, who was President for two terms, seen that something must be done to stop immigration if this country was to

keep from falling. So he passed a law stopping immigration, but did not enforce it very much.

At present there are two sides in America. There are the Protestants, who are white and believe that the white people ought to rule America. Then there is the Roman church, which is mostly foreigners, who belong to the darker races, chiefly the brown race.

Fighting for the white race and against the foreigners we have the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. They want to prevent the Roman church from getting the upper hand. They see that something must be done about immigration to keep the U. S. from falling. Fighting against the Klan we have the Knights of Columbus, who are trying to get the Roman church and the foreigners to rule this country.

Hardiner, Kansas, April 21

ARTHUR WEDDEL

Secretary Work at Taos

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Did Dr. Hubert Work, Secretary of the Interior, come to the Taos pueblo last Good Friday as "an apostle of health to the trachoma- or tuberculosis-stricken Indians"?

Or did he come to take a crack at those American artists in Taos who signed en masse the protest against the first Bursum bill?

At all events the Taos Indians had worked hard all day to make their roads passable for the advent of Secretary Work, Indian Commissioner Burke, and other notables representing the Great White Father. The old men of the council were gathered together to do honor to their visitors, to hear the white man's wisdom and present their own. Then up rose Secretary Work, and through his interpreter advised the council of old men not to let the Indians on any account have anything to do with artists. This was not for the reason that artists might infect them with trachoma. No. The artists were to be kept away from the pueblo, and not visited in their studios, because the artists desired the Indians to be half-animals, and to be kept half-animals, so that the artists might make thousands of dollars yearly out of them by painting their pictures. The artists would advise them not to be white men, not to wear citizens' clothes, not to cut their hair, for thus the artists could keep them in subjection and grow rich upon them as their self-styled friends.

When the spokesman of the Indians, Señor Juan José Archuleta, rose to respond to the Secretary's speech, and to present the views of his people, he was commanded to sit down, as the commissioner and his party had heard enough and were on their way.

A signed statement of these facts was then made by Señor Archuleta and Señor Juan Mirabal, Lieutenant-Governor of the Pueblo, and corroborated by two white men who had heard the Secretary's words in English.

Now it may be that the Taos colony of artists occasionally sell their pictures, and it undoubtedly is true that they admire the Indian most when he dresses as an Indian, wears his hair as an Indian, and otherwise preserves the ancient customs of his race. They do not want to see his dances abolished, nor his hair cut by a barber, nor himself garbed in blue denim overalls working in the road gang. They prefer to pay, and they do pay, the Indians who pose as models a return which attracts the Indian away from overalls and the road gang; or the attraction may be partly that the artists like the Indians as human beings and the Indians also find the artists human. In any case I submit to the eminent Secretary two suggestions: that jumping on the artists does not get one very far with trachoma or tuberculosis; and that the Indians themselves would like a chance to make a speech to the Secretary of the Interior.

Taos, New Mexico, April 22

WALTER UFER

Not a Peace Plan But a Peace Policy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Hegel was right when he said that the only lesson of history is that men learn nothing from history. If he were living today he might add that consistent thinking about human relations ceased in August, 1914. Upon any other theory it would be difficult to account for the fact that among the numerous proposals that have recently been made to keep the world from slipping over the brink so little attention has been given to the propagation of a principle that all enlightened political reformers from Adam Smith down to the World War have vigorously proclaimed as an indispensable condition to international peace—free trade. This is all the more remarkable since the liberals, who haltingly yielded to the clamor for war, justified their action on the ground that the principle of freedom was in danger of being overthrown.

Why, then, has a liberal program not been adopted by a single great state except England—and that only recently, under Ramsay MacDonald? To ascribe the failure solely or even primarily to great economic interests is simplifying the problem beyond recognition and diverting our effort from the only sphere of action in which a solution is possible; for in no popular government is peace determined by the privileged few; its last affinity must be in the will of the majority.

That the real terms of the problem are not generally understood is evident from the writings and public utterances of the great majority of the advocates of the League of Nations. They seldom fail to miss the point; they assume that our preponderant weight, added to those states which are now members of the League, would force a recalcitrant minority to submit to the arbitrament of courts and the rule of law quite regardless of the fact that the Treaty of Versailles, of which the Covenant is a part, is the law of Europe and that that law runs counter to the economic currents and interests that flow between states. The fundamental error in such a position lies in the assumption that obedience to law is peace.

But how is peace to be established and maintained? There is but one way: There must be, on the part of the public and those who have direct control of foreign policies, an agreement upon guiding principles in the conduct of both domestic and foreign affairs. We must remember that national interests are controlled—so far as control is possible—through a domestic policy, and international interests through a foreign policy. Of course, at many points the two merge. Thus the tariff law of one state affects every foreign state in the matter of trade. Likewise laws relating to immigration or national defense, coming solely within the jurisdiction of domestic policy, are, from their very nature, of vital concern to foreign states. Our immigration laws regarding the admission of Japanese are an outstanding illustration.

Foreign problems under normal conditions usually arise and are disposed of one at a time, and, as they usually affect only particular interests, the general public is not aroused to the seriousness of the situation. It is so easy to appeal to patriotism, national interest, or national honor, or to make it appear that the foreign state against which an offensive policy is directed is the aggressor that the public seldom sees the real issue. Newspapers take the issue up where the diplomat lays it down, and it is soon made to appear that there is a conflict of interests whereas it is really a conflict between two theories of control. To state the idea more directly, war is a conflict between domestic and foreign policy, in other words, between national and international conceptions; and the reconciliation of these two ideas constitutes the whole problem of peace.

But the reconciliation of ideas or policies is not a question of mechanism or alliances at all. It is simply the application of the Golden Rule to international affairs. And if such a conception seems too idealistic for the practical statesman, it may

be pointed out that Ramsay MacDonald is actually putting it into practice today in England with the result that in the brief period of his premiership he has already accomplished more for world peace than all the chancelleries of Europe and America combined have accomplished since the signing of the armistice. Not till nations come to realize that even within their own jurisdictions certain powers, though legally recognized, should not be exercised to the injury of a foreign state, will any advance be made toward a better world. The man who puts up a spite fence on his own lot to interfere with the view of his neighbor because the law permits it may be doing more to provoke a quarrel than the man who commits an act of trespass which is forbidden by law. A protective tariff which shuts out goods manufactured in foreign countries and thus prevents thousands of foreign working men from pursuing an occupation adapted to their ability and environment may do infinitely more to injure a foreign state than is done by a violation of its neutrality.

One of the chief difficulties in achieving and preserving the peace of the world lies in the fact that war is the cumulative result of a series of events scattered over a period of years before the outbreak of hostilities, and of unfriendly foreign policies adopted long before the currents of hate consume men's reason because of some overt act like the sinking of the Maine or the murder of an archduke. Some means must therefore be devised by which nations shall come to realize that conducting a foreign policy wisely and patriotically is not driving a sharp bargain with another state but winning its everlasting friendship. Not in a "plan" to prevent war, devised when its wrath is upon us, nor in a mechanism designed to compel obedience to law in the future can an enduring peace be established, but in a policy looking toward the removal of all restraints upon trade and commerce between states, and in the creation of a free spirit out of which law and justice shall flow.

Oberlin, Ohio, May 3

KARL F. GEISER

The Kidnapping of Bergdoll

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read in your issue of February 27 an editorial paragraph calling the attempt to "kidnap" Bergdoll "a peculiarly outrageous bit of lawlessness" and calling it also "the invasion of a friendly country to kidnap Bergdoll." Your paragraph then goes on to say:

One has only to consider what the uproar would have been had the conditions been reversed—had Germans sought to free one of their compatriots interned in this country—to realize the enormity of this crime.

I must admit I am speechless before this absurd attempt to draw anything like a parallel. Bergdoll is not interned in Germany; he fled from America and is, therefore, a fugitive from justice, not an internee. What is more, to draw anything like an analogy between the Americans going to the little town on the Rhine where Bergdoll lives and attempting to kidnap him and Germans in America attempting to free one of their interned compatriots during the war is out of the question, and belongs in a journal of hysterical rather than sober, liberal thought. There is no similarity between the case cited and the case of what you call reversed conditions. You cannot help Germany by defending the malodorous escape of Bergdoll. His case is one that disgusts all Americans, and I am fairly certain that his being hailed as a hero by the people of the town where he resides is rather because these poor people need his money, which he is said to distribute very liberally, than because they think him worthy of esteem.

I am sorry to find things like this in *The Nation* just because I admire *The Nation* so much. I enjoy reading it, but I do not enjoy such flights of illogic as the paragraph above.

Paris, March 23

A. WALTER KRAMER

Taxing the Rich

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I want to bring to your attention a matter which I think might be referred to Senator Couzens's committee. About two years ago in conversation with a leading Boston lawyer known for his activities as a lobbyist in Washington I was informed that he had just "put over" the Treasury Department a tax remission to the amount of about \$800,000 in behalf of a large corporation here which he did not name. The plea which was made by him and accepted by the Department was that although the concern had made profits involving such taxes for a year recently passed they had not yet paid them, and now business was so bad that if the Government demanded settlement they would be obliged to close down and thus throw out of employment a large number of hands. I suggested that he meant to tell me that the payment had been deferred, but he assured me with great pride that he had had it remitted entirely. I expressed surprise that the Department should remit taxes on any plea, especially this one, and he assured me that it was authorized to do so under the law and that it was ordinary practice.

He indicated that he had a similar service performed for many other clients and that there was a regular channel of influential lobbyists in Washington who carried these things through. He said: "If you know where to go and how to work it and if your claim is big enough you can get away with it."

I suggested that I was hard up and asked him to plead to the Treasury Department that I would throw my servants out of employment and stop work myself unless the Government remitted my \$800 income tax. He thought I was talking like a fool.

Newton, Massachusetts, May 1

PRESCOTT WARREN

Contributors to This Issue

GEORGE GLASGOW is a British journalist, formerly on the editorial staff of the *New Europe*. At present he writes the section on foreign affairs for the *Contemporary Review* (London), and acts as correspondent of the *London Observer*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and is a regular contributor to *L'Europe Nouvelle*, *Prager Presse*, and the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna.

BEULAH AMIDON RATLIFF is a daughter of United States Judge Charles F. Amidon and, through association with him, has developed a lively interest in the reform of the courts. She contributed the article on Mississippi to *The Nation's* State series.

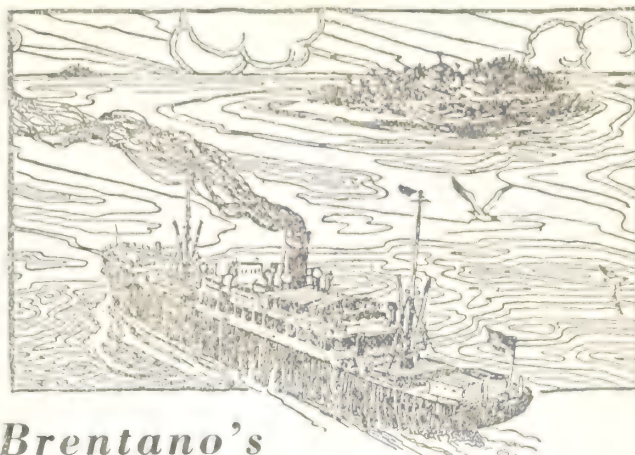
LLEWELYN POWYS is the author of "Ebony and Ivory" and other volumes of essays and stories.

BORIS STERN has recently returned after a year's study of the German labor movement.

HELEN BUCKLER, who has been a member of the staff of *The Nation*, has just left for Europe to attend conferences growing out of the recent Washington congress of the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom.

DAVID LILIENTHAL is a Chicago attorney who has specialized in law relating to labor disputes.

MARY BEARD has recently returned from her second long visit in Asia, where she became much interested in the international relations and domestic politics of the countries of the Far East.



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BOOKSELLERS TO THE WORLD

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NEW YORK CITY

Bishop Brown's Bad Book

Bishop William Montgomery Brown has been officially summoned to appear before a Court of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Cleveland, Ohio, on May 27, 1924, to be tried for the twenty-three outrageous heresies embodied in his book entitled

Communism and Christianity

In reply to his summons Bishop Brown says in part: "My heresy does not consist in rejecting the theology of the Christian interpretation of redemptive religion but in emptying it of its traditional supernaturalism and filling it with scientific naturalism. In this way I still hold to the Gods of the Old and New Testaments, but I empty them of their Mosaism and Paulinism and refill them with Darwinism and Marxism."

A copy of "Communism and Christianity," 224 pages, now in its 150th thousand, together with a copy of "Heresy," a magazine about the trial, revealing the bankruptcy of Orthodoxy, will be mailed for 25 cents.

Bradford-Brown Educational Company, Inc.,
Publishers, Galion, Ohio.

Books

Idealism and Despair

Waste. By Robert Herrick. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

OF all the critics of American life, none is less hopeful than Mr. Herrick. Though Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, and their innumerable followers may indulge a more reckless scorn, the very exuberance of their condemnation reveals plainly enough a confidence that they are fighting on the winning side, whereas Mr. Herrick lacks all their buoyance and seems chilled to the bone. Others, perhaps, have kept up their spirits with exultant mockery or with dreams of a more comely society, but he has stuck quite simply to the task which he set himself long ago and has continued, coldly, seriously, and without enthusiasm, to analyze the conditions of success in the business and professional world. Last year, it is true, "Homely Lilla" seemed in some ways to mark a new departure, but in "Waste" he returns to the pattern of his most important previous work, to the story, that is, of a young man who begins with a determination to achieve something great or at least honorable in life but who is gradually either absorbed into the vast money-making machine or is destroyed by it. This new novel reveals him as, if possible, more hopeless than he was when he told the same story before, as an idealist who believes that American prosperity has rotted American character to the core and who sees any possible remedy far away.

Mr. Herrick's standards, austere and simple, apply to less subtle and intangible things than do those of many of his fellow-critics. Others have charged against our civilization a lack of grace, imagination, and beauty; they have bewailed and belabored the absence of urbanity, artistic productivity, and intellectual interests; but Mr. Herrick is too much occupied with more fundamental things to find time to concern himself, except incidentally, with the graces. He would, one imagines, be content to assume that mere provinciality would in a healthy community work its own cure, but he usually brings his hero face to face with fundamental meanness and simple dishonesty. While others have discussed our culture he has, quite wisely perhaps, confined himself largely to our business because that, though less colorful, is with us more fundamental, and because he is evidently convinced that it is useless to criticize the flower of our civilization unless we understand its roots. He sees us after a century and a half of national existence still crude, materialistic, and ugly not because we have neglected art and culture, but because we have complacently accepted greed as the sole motive for, and chicanery as the method of, the industry and business upon which our civilization is founded.

The *Memoirs of an American Citizen* might stand as the generic title of his most important books, for he has shown a whole series of young men starting at the bottom (as a good American is supposed to do) but speedily discovering that the arts by which one rises are not industry, honesty, or skill but trickery and corruption. Architects, engineers, and lawyers lose out, while the prizes go to those who are willing to "play the game" by pulling social and political wires, by engaging in questionable financial operations, by plundering national resources, or, at least, by leaguering themselves with those who do. As long, he seems to say, as financial reward is the only accepted standard of achievement and as long as this reward goes not to those who serve or create but to those who manipulate, it is useless to complain that our civilization lacks grace. The cynical phrase "business is business" excuses all things, and there is no hope for a nation in which the escutcheons of the only aristocracy which it recognizes bear that motto. Of the statesman, the soldier, the doctor, the priest, and the artist it has always been at least expected that he should work for something besides personal profit. But America has accepted

Business, the one profession which has always been assumed to be completely materialistic and selfish, as the only important calling.

Mr. Herrick's chill despair has blighted to some extent his work. There is no more intelligent student of national life than he, and no one who has described from a fuller knowledge or in a more concrete manner typical examples of the working of our system. But grace of style he certainly has not, and his stories move with a heavy tread because they are told by a man who, in the bitterness of his disillusion, has lost all enthusiasm and is sustained only by an intellectual love of integrity and a cold hatred of its opposite. In the present book, the story of an engineer who fails because he is more interested in engineering than in water-power grabbing, the only flashes of real passion occur when Mr. Herrick's fierce misogyny comes into play. Woman, subtly and remorselessly asserting her claim upon man by "giving herself into his keeping" and then refusing to recognize any success except tangible wealth and power, he sees as the channel through which the great Goddess of Getting On asserts her power over even those few who might otherwise have escaped her. In this book, as in others, when he describes a woman's tightening grip he fairly burns, but in most of the other incidents the book moves one only as a relentlessly thorough and concrete analysis can move. "Waste" is not particularly easy to read and yet it deserves to be read, for nowhere else can be found a more thorough study of a problem which must be solved.

J. W. KRUTCH

The American Judiciary

The American Judge. By Andrew A. Bruce. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

THE proper function of the judge in our experiment in government is today a matter of controversy. Events of recent months bring this out strikingly: the storm of protest over the Supreme Court's "veto" of the child-labor and minimum-wage laws; the great popular condemnation of the Wilkerson injunction against the striking shopmen; the public indignation over the use of contempt-of-court powers in the Craig and Michaelson cases.

Although the need for popular discussion of this problem of the judges is obvious, little has been written for the layman on one of our most important and our least comprehended fundamental questions of political practice. If for no other reason than the surprising scarcity of such material, this book by a former chief justice of the North Dakota Supreme Court is an important one.

Judge Bruce's book treats of two distinct phases of this field of inquiry. The first is that of essentially practical problems: the unreasonable cost of litigation, the confusion and obscurity in the decisional law, the excessive burdens borne by the appellate courts, the archaic state of criminal procedure, the dilemma of a judge depending on political support yet unable conscientiously to seek aid from potential litigants. When Judge Bruce writes of such matters he is clear and he is convincing. His presentation is, it is true, popular and oversimplified; nevertheless, it is admirably adapted to the lay audience to which it is directed.

The second part of the discussion is a consideration of more fundamental problems, such as the desirability of our judicial control over legislation; the regulation, through the equity courts, of industrial relations; an appointive compared with an elective judiciary; the courts' interpretation of the right of free speech and free press, and the like. But here, unfortunately, the author's preconceptions and training render impossible the impersonal, scientific analysis the subject requires. For instance, his discussion of government by injunction in labor disputes, or of the judicial "veto" of social legislation, proceeds from premises of right and wrong. His con-

clusion that the courts, and rarely the legislatures, are the bulwark of a democratic commonwealth is predicated upon irrelevant oratory and the most amazing errors of fact. The issue, of course, is not one of abstract right or wrong, and the reasoning must be closely woven, resting upon empirical data, and not upon a denunciation of "self-styled friends of the people," labor leaders (e.g., p. 131), "sociologists and political-science teachers" who are, to quote some of Judge Bruce's typically temperate and judicial language, "insanely bolshevistic"!

The author's conclusions accurately mirror his social ideals. To him, a society is at its zenith when it is, above all, stable. He is first of all a defender of things as they are, a high priest in the court of Koshchei. There must be, to this type of mind, "respect" for the law and "reverence" for the judges, regardless of the respectability of either. (Only a few months ago the late unlamented Mr. Daugherty, then chief officer of the law, was singing encomiums on the "reverence" due the law and all its administrators.) There is, argued Judge Bruce, an "only too prevalent tendency . . . to condemn the actions of all who are in authority." With such preconceptions and such reasoning his conclusions on the problem of the courts are of little value in a field which calls for a scientific mind and a judicious temperament.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

W. H. Hudson in the Flesh

W. H. Hudson. *A Portrait*. By Morley Roberts. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

ABOUT Hudson the writer there has begun to be—at least among those who know his books—very little doubt. Of his fiction, "The Purple Land" and "El Ombú" will probably survive "Green Mansions," in spite of popular preferences just now. "Far Away and Long Ago" will continue to seem one of the most beautiful of British autobiographies. "The Naturalist in La Plata," "Idle Days in Patagonia," "Nature in Downland," "Hampshire Days," "A Shepherd's Life," and "A Hind in Richmond Park" will long be classics in that form which Gilbert White invented but which Hudson developed in the direction of his own more pungent genius. As collections of essays these last volumes mean much to English prose; as pictures of South America and England, and as records of that endlessly exciting world of fact which men call Nature, they are more precious than can at present be told. Simple as they are, and closely as they adhere to the plain truth as Hudson met it on his solitary walks, they come nearer to some kind of supernature than anything in "Green Mansions," which set out to be a romance of another world. As a writer Hudson performed that rare enough feat of reading his own temperament into nature and thereby rendering it both more important and more true.

It is rarely if ever profitable to make distinctions between a man and his books. In the case of Hudson it is particularly futile to do so, for it always has been obvious that the reticent, austere naturalist lived most fully in his books—perhaps lived only there. Readers with a modicum of imagination have been aware from the first that Hudson was in no ordinary sense a happy man; that he attained such genial moments as he had among wild, natural forces—men and women of villages, balls of thistledown on wide plains, birds in forests or over lonely fields. He was restless and ill-tempered in cities; he meant exactly what he said when he identified himself in "Hampshire Days" with the prehistoric men whom he imagined to be sitting on their mounds at twilight and looking with "their dark, pale, furious faces" toward the little modern races which had supplanted them. So there was no news of magnitude to be expected from a book written about Hudson by a man who had known him intimately for forty years.

Mr. Roberts has little indeed to tell. Not only was Hudson uncommunicative about his past; in the present "there was

something in his character which forbade him to abandon his soul to others." For some reason he could not be got at—except in his books, and the world has those. Mr. Roberts is utterly unable to say anything concerning the first forty years which cannot be found in "Far Away and Long Ago" and "Idle Days in Patagonia." He met Hudson in London in 1880; Hudson was already married; he was poor, and continued poor; he wrote books from 1885 until his death, in 1921; there is nothing more of really major importance. Certain details, to be sure, are not unwelcome. Hudson was twenty-nine when he came to England, and it was always England chiefly that he loved. His wife was fifteen years his senior; was fat and did not understand his work; yet for a long while took in boarders or gave music-lessons to support him while he wrote articles that did not sell. He was six foot three; had large features and large extremities; had a sense of humor but was often savage; lacked manners; loved singing, and when his wife lost her voice made Mr. Roberts take her place; suffered from boyhood with a weak heart; was insatiably curious; resented the passage of the years so fiercely that he never told his age and apparently never gave a thought to time that had been put away; exacted much from his friends; was most comfortable in the small houses of poor and interesting people; wrote thousands of letters, but before his death called most of them in and destroyed them because he wanted no biography of himself. Many of these things, however, might have been true of other men. None of them "explains" the quality of vision or the power of pen which made Hudson the writer that he was. Unfortunately, those cannot be explained.

MARK VAN DOREN

Chickens That Hatched

My Crystal Ball. By Elisabeth Marbury. Boni and Liveright. \$3.

AFTER the perfumed draughts of Mayfair autobiographies, and the almost Pasadena sweetness and light of most American ladies with pen in hand, it is salt wind in mid-ocean to have a female open a book about herself with "Three of the earliest episodes in my life are distinctly associated with cowardice, gluttony, and mendacity." Elisabeth Marbury in "My Crystal Ball" does not thereafter proceed to give a Pepysian account of high crime and brazen adventure, but she does unfold a record of sixty-seven years' energetic participation in the business, social, and artistic life of Europe and America, in which there is no anemic paragraph. We meet her at the age of six stealing bananas from her father's store-room and getting stomach-ache. She hands us at the age of sixty-seven a polemic against prohibition and a bouquet of philosophical saws, catholic counterpart to the advisings of that worldly Quaker, Benjamin Franklin. And as she hurries off to consult with Eugene O'Neill about his latest play and catch the train for Washington to help wangle the Democratic National Convention for New York she seems to have twenty years ahead of her as racy, as varied, and as energetic as her past.

The most interesting character in her book is Elisabeth Marbury herself. She wastes very little time in talk. Certainly no time at all in the feminist plaint that a man's world is difficult to do business in. The way to be free is to be free. When she wanted things, she went after them. I suspect that often Miss Marbury has sat tight and waited for the other fellow in a deal to come across, but I do not believe she has languished a minute in the role of the quiescent lady waiting for the world to bring her flowers.

At twenty-five she was reading "Sesame and Lilies" beside the incubator she kept in the small hall bedroom of the family dwelling in Irving Place. She counted her chickens, but they hatched. She took prizes at poultry shows. She made a little money. She began meeting people, meeting everybody: Lily Langtry and Gambetta, Oscar Wilde and Frances Hodgson Bur-

nett, Clyde Fitch and Marie Corelli, Charles Murphy and Mrs. Humphry Ward—everybody from P. T. Barnum to George Eliot. She became a play-broker, a business woman of the theaters, a promoter and patron and producer. She crowds her canvas so as she writes of her career that she makes a sort of hoi-polloi of the elect she describes, but her colors are bright. Her story is a revelation of a woman who wanted power rather than love, and went after it.

ERNESTINE EVANS

The Casualness of Things

The Black Dog and Other Stories. By A. E. Coppard. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

A. E. COPPARD has made an idiom for himself out of the homely and the familiar. His Simple Simon sees "a fine young girl . . . smiling at him; the plait of her hair was as thick as a rope of onions and as shining with the glint in it." He has the secret of giving us companionable human beings: his are the sort of people who can sit long hours in a country pub and who are made meditative by the sight of "a wren cockering itself in a bush." And when he is at his best he can write like this:

Elsewhere in this emptiness even a bush will have its name, and an old stone becomes a track mark. Upon the soft tufts and among the triumphant furze live a few despised birds: chats and finches and that blithe screamer the lark, but above all, like veins upon the down's broad breast, you can perceive the run-way of a hare.

Mr. Coppard leaves the Saxon scene now and again; when he does he shows himself clever and ingenious, but he shows, too, that the exotic is not for him. When he writes about Kilsheelan, or about the country that the beautiful Flaune lived in we know that he is just romancing. The second of these two scenes is particularly empty; it is in a Lord Dunsany sort of country where there are "birds of a rare kind; the flame-winged antillomeneus and kriiffs with green eyes." The story of the man from Kilsheelan is in a near-Irish idiom and very cleverly indeed does Coppard handle his post-Synge speech:

"Listen, you," said Christine. "There's two upstart men in the house now, seeking you and the other. There's trouble and damage on the head of it. From the asylum they are. To the police they have been to put an embargo o. the reward, and sorra a sixpence you'll receive of the fifty pounds of it: to the expenses of the asylum it must go, they say."

Perhaps it is because the writer has to concern himself overmuch with an idiom that is not native to him that the interest of this particular narrative is somewhat dissipated.

A. E. Coppard has realized what literary value there is in the casual. It is true that in one of his stories a tiger devours a man, and in another we have an ending that shows a poor man dreaming that he has been liberated from prison for a day and is able to attend his son's funeral. But casualness is the real note of his stories. The Hon. Gerald Loughlin makes up his mind to miss the train that is already a little late and becomes involved in the happenings that center round "The Black Dog." At the end of the story "he has not forgotten, but he cannot endure the thought of that countryside—to be far from the madding crowd is to be mad indeed." In the second story, poor Bollington "walked out of the hotel just as I was and left her there," and so left a wife who was under the impression that she was leaving him. Then there is young Simpkins, who goes to collect a debt owed to his father and who is left with a lovely ballet girl in his arms. In the last, the story about Finkle, who throws away three out of his four bananas, Mr. Coppard, perhaps, permits himself to be just too casual.

What the author of "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me" gives us in "The Black Dog" is a prime lot of yarns, but yarns by a

well-equipped and sophisticated writer. The story that gives title to the collection is not about any haunting or sinister black dog: the Black Dog of the book is a public house in an English village, a public house that is the background for a drama worked out between the beautiful and subtle Orianda Crabbe, her casual inn-keeping father, the bewildered and tragic Lizzie, and the not too adventurous Gerald Loughlin. It is a very good story, indeed, a story memorable for the sight it gives us of the cool and beautiful, but somewhat tarnished Orianda.

In most of these eighteen stories there is a character that is firmly held and firmly brought across to us. After Orianda Crabbe there is Simple Simon, who lived lonely in the depth of a forest, and who said he would go seeking the sweet of heaven, for what was there in the mortal world to detain him? He meets a scholar, who gives him a coat to look decent in, with the scholar's own sins—unbeknownst to him—left in a wallet of sowskin in a secret pocket in it. Then there is John Pettigrove, who was district registrar in Tull and who gave his devotion to a handsome lady who was for a while near him. There is a church in this story that has about it "the indulgent dimness under trees, and the tower with its unmoving clock, the very delicacy of solitude," and there is a wood that has "deep in the heart of it all . . . a lovely open space covered with the greenest grass and a hawthorn tree in the middle of that." At the end of it there are men digging a grave on "a summer's day so everlastingly beautiful that it was incredible anyone should be dead." It is the sort of a story Thomas Hardy might write if he could ever bring himself to think with lightness upon the casualness of things.

PADRAIC COLUM

One-Night Stands

Red Bear or Yellow Dragon. By Marguerite E. Harrison. George H. Doran Company. \$3.

IF Marguerite Harrison had made her "Red Bear or Yellow Dragon" a pure adventure story, showing just how far she, alone and armed only with a typewriter, could stalk strange Eastern game, it would have carried an unmistakable appeal; that is, provided she had adhered more closely to her own adventure instead of wandering off so much to assail people who are not relevant to the main theme; provided she had broadcast fewer and less malicious bits of sheer gossip en route. We would have accepted her own portrait for the frontispiece and the numerous personal illustrations that succeed it as part and parcel of a unified tale.

Of course the individual required some excuse for her adventure, some acknowledged object, in order to win the right-of-way here, there, and everywhere, and it is the excuse Mrs. Harrison chose which spoils her tale. She made her goal too comprehensive. Her exploits are consequently as mild as their object is magnificent. To be specific. Hearing that "the Far East is in the grip of two new world forces"—Russia and Japan—Mrs. Harrison sailed the seas to "pick up the loose ends of the story and grasp the inner meaning of their movements." "Asia, the eternal sphinx, was devising new riddles for the West to guess" and, determined to overcome every obstacle and danger, she went forth to guess them and indeed to make of her answers "a political weather chart" for folks back home.

Mrs. Harrison knew in advance what the riddles were. She lists them on her first page.

What were the actual reactions to the decisions of the Washington Conference? What was the real attitude of Japan toward naval disarmament? What were the new movements and tendencies that would influence the shaping of Japan's future internal and external policies? How far could the agreements of the Powers with regard to the Far East be carried out without reckoning with the Rus-

sian Bear? What was the extent of Soviet influence in Mongolia? To what extent had Red propaganda taken root among the Yellow peoples? What had happened in Korea since the abortive revolution of 1919? Was the chaos in China more apparent than real? What was the real significance of the Pan-Asiatic movement?

To find solutions for these mighty riddles, Mrs. Harrison explored for many months. But how? She interviewed all sorts of people, visited temples, went to a tea house with an all-foreign company, drank ceremonial tea, saw the drama, lived for a time with legation folk in that "whispering gallery of the world," Peking, got the idea in Shanghai that the Chinese are thinking about extra-territoriality, and then journeyed by boat, wagonette, tarantás, into the storm center of Eastern politics, Mongolia. She slept in izbas. She barely escaped hungry wolves. She was arrested and spent weary days in prison.

The solutions of the riddles are finally offered us in 296 pages, which

do not pretend to be a serious analysis of Far Eastern problems. They are a record almost day by day of my own experiences, together with bits of information gathered here and there, descriptions of what I actually saw at first hand, first hand conversations and gossip, sometimes second hand. . . . Intimate glimpses into the lives of Ah Foo, Ivan, and Suzuki, not dry facts about our neighbors on the other side of the Pacific are what we need to make us realize that their problems are our own as well.

It is a dauntless adventurer indeed who thinks that intimate glimpses into the lives of the great or the near-great can be obtained in one-night stands or in single interviews. Mrs. Harrison's lines about the head of the Japanese Federation of Labor show the way she overcame all obstacles:

Organized labor was decidedly weak in Japan but I was very anxious to get an idea of its aims and its extent; so one day I went to call on Mr. Suzuki Bundji, the trades union leader. A few years ago Bundji was constantly persecuted and pursued by the government, but later it changed its tactics with regard to the labor problem and it made a sort of Samuel Gompers of Bundji who was consequently despised by the real laborites as a traitor. I found him an exceedingly fat, smug, self-satisfied little man, full of high-sounding phrases, but obviously insincere, and I could readily believe all the things I heard about him.

That is all. There are no "dry facts" as to why the government changed its tactics with regard to the labor problem and the significance of that change nor is any help given on the dry fact as to who constitute the "real laborites." "Suzuki is fat"; but so is Buddha. Suzuki smiles; but so does the Sphinx. Mrs. Harrison doesn't even recognize the smile on the Sphinx when she encounters it.

The newspapers, the woman movement, and other social forces in Japan Mrs. Harrison dismisses as lightly and as innocently as the labor movement. Otherwise dry facts would have got in the way of personal judgments and hearsay. They would have held her longer in camp. They would have postponed the joy of the open road. But she frankly forestalls all criticism of her work. "I offer no apology," says she.

MARY BEARD

Books in Brief

Cane. By Jean Toomer. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

This series of sketches which waver between the short story and the prose poem is sometimes maddeningly difficult to read, because every sentence which one attempts to treat as prose falls into a marked if irregular rhythm, while the next, which one has decided to treat as verse, remains unmistakable prose—but it is worth the effort required. The sketches describe incidents in the life of the modern Negro in the midst of an alien and hostile civilization and they have an emotional tone,

mystic, wailing, and melancholy, which is obviously a real expression of a racial spirit never made fully articulate except in music.

Dog and Duck. By Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Mr. Machen discusses in a gravely beautiful style the old English game of dog and duck, May-day customs, the obnoxious futility of liberalism, and other such subjects of interest to the Chestertonian conservative and the members of the cakes-and-ale school of modern Catholicism. "The two most extravagant and improbable books in the world," he says for example, "are Euclid and the Arabian Nights; but of the two by far the most improbable and extravagant is Euclid." It is not possible for anyone to fail to admire Mr. Machen as a stylist, but only minds with his own peculiar twist will receive from him intense pleasure.

Poems. By J. E. Spingarn. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

The collected verse of a liberal critic and an established scholar. The results of almost twenty-five years of effort in poetry might have been richer and more varied; but Mr. Spingarn's urge has steadily been toward freedom and beauty, and his work, if somewhat thin, has an impressive integrity.

What the Butler Winked At. By Eric Horne. Thomas Seltzer. \$3.

A most amusing and at the same time an enlightening account of life Belowstairs, with a piquant "inside" on the habits of those Above. The grave, slightly illiterate style is humorous as Daisy Ashford's was humorous. And from this composite of details which strive to make a reality of what to most of us is still romance is built up a more subtle picture: the aspect and attitudes of a mind in livery.

You Too. By Roger Burlingame. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

Art, love, and business; one of the eternal triangles. In this case, as in so many, business and love are in league against art. The struggle is set forth in the best American-fiction style, with vigor, color, and humor as the keynotes. The treatment is crisp, if not profound; the characters real, though strangely immature. The most novel feature of the story is that it treats marriage neither as a goal nor a point of departure, but as a relationship to be entered with a realization of crisis, and to continue indefinitely, however unstable its equilibrium. The book aims to be epic; it succeeds in being highly readable.

Other People's Lives. By Henry Albert Phillips. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

This analysis of Suburbia deals with material more common to the stage than to the novel. It reads like a digest of the hundred most successful first-year comedies. And it displays the same mixture of semi-farcical event and pseudo-psychic interest which makes these so popular a means of killing time. The characters are shallow, hackneyed, and inconsequential; the book is—to scale.

The Sin-Eater's Hallowe'en. A Fantasy in One Act and Two Scenes. By Francis Neilson. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50.

A fantasy indeed. The important figures of the Peace Conference gather at a lonely inn, steal sandwiches from one another, mistake Uncle Sam for the waiter, and find the Hermit of Doorn the least aggressive war-lord among their whole number. The play turns ingeniously on an old custom of eating Dead-Cakes to absolve the sins of the departed, but the symbolism lacks all subtlety and is leavened with so little reality that it topples of its own weight.

The Gay Ones. By Charles Hansen Towne. The Century Company. \$2.

Jaded Long Island flappers of both sexes carry on a grim,

hysterical search for unplumbed pleasures. All real interest in this feverish social program soon fades, alike for flappers and reader. The few conclusions which the author draws are quite accurate, but so general and obvious in character as to add little to what has already been said about the modern high-speed dilettante.

Sonnets and Verse. By Hilaire Belloc. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.75.

Mr. Belloc's collected poems, as enthusiastic as they ever were, and quite as shallow.

Drama The Trend

THESE studies of Mr. Dukes are fragmentary. They are evidently passages lifted from reviews of single plays. They contain many sentences very keen-edged in meaning and felicitous in phrasing but not likely to convey much to one who has not a fairly intimate acquaintance with the subject under discussion. What is remarkable about Mr. Dukes's little book is the fine catholicity of his appreciations. He has an apt word to say, this British reviewer, on O'Neill, Richman, Wildrac, Kaiser, Elmer Rice, Capek, Pirandello, Toller, and Unruh. What is strange is that he treats Hauptmann, Shaw, Schnitzler, Porto-Riche as forerunners of these very latest groups of realists, comedians, expressionists, poets and historians, which, on some obscure principle of division, he has established.

The grouping attempted by Mr. Dukes does not conceal the fact that there is nothing new in the drama of our day except that technique of speed and subjectivity which, inspired partly by Strindberg, partly by Wedekind, goes under the name of expressionism. And what is equally clear is that this new genre is essentially unproductive. This barrenness will appear so soon as we compare the rise of expressionism with the rise of realism and naturalism in the drama. No sooner had Antoine founded his Théâtre Libre than solid and profoundly interesting works began to appear. Hervieu, Brieux, Porto-Riche, Ancy, Donnay, and many others came forward. The plays of all these playwrights were not permanent in value. But they all had life, vigor, pertinence. Similarly the Freie Bühne of Berlin produced not only Hauptmann. The contemporary Viennese movement did not produce only Schnitzler. But from Halbe and Hirschfeld and Frau Bernstein to Schönherr the realistic or naturalistic movement had in it the principle of life, of a rich and abundant life.

It was not otherwise with the neo-romantic reaction against the "bitter plays," as Rostand called them, of the Northern school. There was Rostand himself; there was Maeterlinck; there was Richepin; there were the Irish dramatists; there were Hofmannsthal and Hardt and Stucken and Volmoeller and Greiner and Eulenberg. And occasionally there was an isolated drama truly in the grand style, like Richard Beer-Hoffmann's "Der Graf von Charolais" which, significantly enough, they are reviving with marked success in Vienna now. Here as in the naturalistic movement there was life.

One may say, of course, that the war robbed the drama of creative vigor, of creative abundance. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that the "youngest drama," as Mr. Dukes calls it, has the mark, the very fatal mark of barrenness. Mr. Dukes himself still talks of "From Morn to Midnight," of Unruh's "Ein Geschlecht," and is glad to add to these, as I, too, have been, the American examples: "The Hairy Ape," "The Adding Machine." This does not, to be sure, tell the whole story. Mr. Dukes does not know Paul Kornfeld, nor Hans Johst, nor the later things of Hasenclever. He does not, above

all, know Franz Werfel. But the works of these men, too—and Werfel is a great poet—have little or no dramatic vitality. Drama, after all, must have spiritual resonance of some sort, directness of appeal, by whatever method achieved. Runes, riddles, pictures, lyrics, tirades, symbols—these have no dramatic effectiveness, no dramatic force and life. And this tenuous, wavering, fundamentally feeble breath flickers also in the chief new playwrights of the Latin peoples—Claudel and Pirandello. We seem to have entered into a period of masks. The strong voice of the drama has been subdued to the gentle chanting of maskers under a dim and ceremonial light.

Prophecy is proverbially foolish and futile. To define the essential character of the present situation may be helpful at least to this extent: it may persuade some gifted playwright to believe that both excellence and fame are today within the reach of him who, liberating himself from the subtleties and symbolisms, the half-lights and half-tones of the hour, lets the eternal voice of man acting and suffering and thus speaking—not hinting or murmuring—arise once more upon those boards which, as Schiller said long ago, are meant to signify and body forth the world.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

LECTURES and DEBATES

Farewell Lecture

by
BERTRAND RUSSELL

subject

"How to Be Free and Happy"

AT COOPER UNION, WED. EVE., May 28, at 8:15
NORMAN HAPGOOD, Chairman.

Farewell Committee Headed by

REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES and HEYWOOD BROWN

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June 1: Gerhart Hauptmann June 4: John Dewey
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Affirmative: WILL DURANT

Chairman:

Negative: HARRY WATON

HARRY DANA

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The
DEBATE
of the
Day!

BERTRAND
RUSSELL

VERSUS

SCOTT

NEARING

Chairman

SAMUEL UTERMAYER

SUBJECT:

Can the
SOVIET
IDEA
take hold of
AMERICA
ENGLAND
and
FRANCE?

RESOLVED: That the Soviet form of government is applicable to Western civilization

MR. RUSSELL, Negative

MR. NEARING, Affirmative

Sunday, May 25th, 1924, at 3 P.M.

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or by mail and in person at offices of

The League for Public Discussion

500 Fifth Ave., New York Longacre 10435-6384

The Youngest Drama. Studies of Fifty Dramatists. By Ashley Dukes. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel and Company. \$2.50.

International Relations Section

The Decline of German Labor

By BORIS STERN

IN the smoke of battle between the government printing presses and the mark, the German working class suffered a terrific blow. Trapped in the maze of zeros the individual workman could not for a moment turn his eyes away from his daily cares to see what was happening immediately outside his family circle, to his union or the labor movement as a whole. There were, of course, some who profited from this abnormal situation. In spite of the constant fall of the mark a rapid move in buying his necessities was often sufficient to recompense a worker for the losses he suffered in getting paid in paper marks. Everyone who could only spare his millions or billions and later trillions of marks for a day or so to acquire some foreign currency did so.

But this abnormal condition was suddenly brought to a stop. The stabilization of the mark in the last days of November, as a result of the introduction of the rentenmark and the decision of the Government to give up printing more paper notes, the introduction of the gold-mark reckoning in the retail businesses and in the payment of wages brought the mass of German workmen and salaried employees face to face with the naked reality. The high nervous tension of the days of the falling mark is disappearing from their faces. They know today—if they still have jobs—how much they are getting for their work and what they can do with it.

It seems to be the fate of Germany to present the world with the most curious economic phenomena—this time, a combination of a depreciating currency with a rapidly grow-

ing unemployment problem. The number of unemployed in Germany began to rise at the end of July, just when the mark experienced the first really tremendous fall—one gold mark in July was on the average worth 33,000 paper marks, while the August average value was 585,000 paper marks. The paper mark experienced the following sensational drops:

- 1 gold mark in August was worth 585,000 paper marks.
- 1 gold mark in September was worth 15 million paper marks.
- 1 gold mark in October was worth 5 billion paper marks.
- 1 gold mark in November was worth over 1 trillion paper marks.

Since November the paper mark has, in general, been stabilized at one trillion paper marks to one gold mark. Meanwhile, the number of unemployed jumped from 6.3 per cent, according to the government reports in August, to 9.9 per cent of the same basis in September, 19.1 per cent in October, and 23.4 per cent in November. The government figures are based upon the registered membership of the three big trade-union organizations, Socialist, Catholic, and Hirsch-Dunker, including the mass of the German industrial workers. The figures for various industries in January, 1924, were:

Industry	Trade-Union Membership (Round Figures)	Per Cent (Unemployed)	Per Cent (Part Time)
Metal	1,352,000	27.1	60.2
Textile	687,000	9.4	16.4
Building Trades....	496,000	71.1	8.5
Transportation	437,000	18.5	13.5
Woodworkers	383,000	21.9	17.0
Foodstuffs	240,000	14.4	8.9
Leather	199,000	13.7	18.0
Clothing	166,000	20.8	10.5
Stone and Marble...	128,000	43.8	14.6
Printing	108,000	21.4	14.2
Bookbinding	63,000	27.6	30.9
Other industries together	1,000,000	23.2	20.6
Total	5,259,000	26.5	

With such a rate of unemployment what are the conditions of those workers who have been lucky enough to retain their jobs? What are their wages and hours of work?

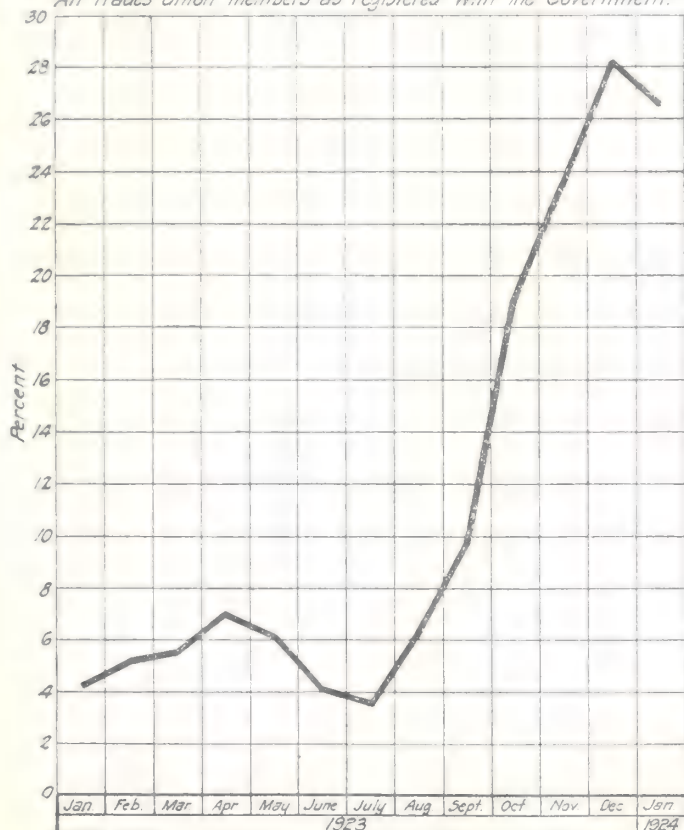
In the printing industry the wages were put on a gold-mark basis on November 9. In the agreement signed on that date and covering the entire country the wages were set for the week of November 10-16 at 25 gold marks, 72.72 per cent of the pre-war wage, and for the period of November 17-December 31 at 27 gold marks per week, or 78.53 per cent of the pre-war wage. This is the wage of a first-class printer, and includes the highest payment to which a married man with a wife and two minor children is entitled. In the chemical industry a skilled first-class worker in Berlin received in the period of November 21-December 11 a wage of 24.96 gold marks per week, 78.53 per cent of his pre-war wage, and an unskilled factory laborer received 22.80 gold marks per week, or more than 90 per cent of the wage he received prior to the war.

In the Berlin metal industry a skilled first-class worker was being paid on December last at the rate of 31.44 gold marks for a 48-hour week, or 77 per cent of the pre-war wage, and the unskilled worker received precisely the same proportion of his pre-war wage of 30.52 gold marks. On January 3, 1924, the wage agreement was suddenly broken

UNEMPLOYMENT PERCENTAGE IN GERMANY

1923-1924

All trades union members as registered with the Government.



up by the Association of the Metal Employers of Greater Berlin, and more than 150,000 metal workers were thrown out of their shops because of the refusal of their union to agree to a 14 per cent all-around cut in their wages. The newly appointed government arbitrator for the city of Berlin immediately invited the representatives of the two sides for a conference in his office, but the employers refused to recognize his authority because of his political and trade-union affiliations. (He was a Socialist and had belonged to the Metal Workers' Union.) The new agreement finally signed calls for a reduction of from 4 to 5 per cent instead of the 14 per cent demanded.

The Government too has gone over to a gold-mark basis of remunerating its employees and officials. The employees are put on a weekly wage of 24 gold marks for the skilled workers, 64.06 per cent of their pre-war earnings, and 20.64 gold marks for the unskilled workers, 65.9 per cent of the pre-war wage. Higher officials receive up to 78.04 per cent of their former salaries.

Although the earnings of the great majority of the German workers and salaried employees thus average 25 to 35 per cent below their pre-war standard, and this does not take note of the general 10 per cent employment tax deducted at the source of income, the prices of foodstuffs and other immediate necessities in February were still above their 1913-1914 level and this in spite of the sensational drop in the last day of November and in the first week of December. Retail prices seem to have stabilized somewhat as follows:

Article	Price 1913-1914 Average	Price Month of Feb. 4, 1924 Gold Mark	Per Cent of 1913-1914 Average
Black bread, per lb. (500 grams)	.14	.14	100
Beef	.88	1.10	125
Potatoes	.04	.04	100
Lard	.70	.80	114
Butter	1.35	2.50	190
Margarine	.90	.75	83
Rice	.25	.24	96
Sugar	.22	.44	200
Eggs (each)	.09	.20	220
Milk, per liter	.24	.33	138
Laur. lry soap (bar)	.25	.30	120
Haircut	.25	.80	320
Car fare	.10	.15	150

Rents alone were still on a paper-mark basis and far below the 1913-1914 average. But on February 1 gold-mark rents were introduced, beginning a rate of 28 per cent of the pre-war basis, to be followed by monthly increases of 5 per cent until in a little over a year the full pre-war rents will be reestablished.

The employers naturally find this a favorable moment to attack the eight-hour day.* They had never really reconciled themselves to it; the 1922 report of the United Employers' Associations of Germany maintained that unless the eight-hour day was abandoned Germany would never be able to rise from the chaos into which it had been plunged by the revolution.

Hugo Stinnes said on November 9, 1922:

I do not regard the eight-hour day merely as a question with which the working class alone is concerned, but as a problem upon which the entire industry and with it all Germany is at stake. I believe that the leaders of the unions will soon realize that if the workers are to make a

living . . . they will have to work more, two hours more per day.

His prophecy has come true. The German working class is now living in a state of misery and starvation and is no longer in a position to defend itself against the attack of the employers. The eight-hour day is rapidly becoming a thing of the past in practice if not in theory. The Government has modified the eight-hour laws by decrees.

The spirit of cooperation between the employers and the union-organized workers represented in the Joint councils (Arbeitsgemeinschaften) has been completely thrown overboard. Full play is given to the frank and brutal methods of the class struggle of the pre-revolutionary days, so much so that wherever they see the slightest chance of success the employers refuse to recognize the unions and again make separate agreements with the individual workers.

Meanwhile, of course, the trade-union organizations have suffered by the fall of the mark and the poverty of their members. By last November the general offices of the Trade Union Federation, as well as the individual unions, were absolutely without funds, without a press, and, some might say, even without a membership. All the works-council papers, and some of the trade weeklies which had been in existence for thirty-five to forty years, had ceased to appear, while most of the others appeared irregularly, whenever the union could secure enough funds to put one issue across. The stabilization of the mark, however, has saved the unions—a new spirit begins to make itself felt within the ranks and among the leaders of the unions, a spirit of consolidation in preparation for the coming struggle. The press is beginning to reappear regularly, although in a very diminished form, mostly one sheet of about seven inches by ten. The general office in Berlin, although forced to discharge more than half its own employees, and to replace the *Correspondenzblatt* (a weekly which owes its birth to the big strikes of 1891), the *Betriebsrätezeitung*, the *Gewerkschaftliche Frauenzeitung*, and the irregular *Gewerkschaftliche Nachrichtendienst* by a single new weekly, the *Gewerkschaftszeitung*, has already issued the call to the mobilization. The eight-hour day has been lost, and the workers will have to make other concessions in their unequal struggle against reaction, but the trade unions remain, and with them remains the only element upon which a real democratic Germany can be built—if at all.

Women of All Lands, Unite!

By HELEN BUCKLER

ALTHOUGH members of the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom were heralded by certain superpatriots as "representatives of sovietism," and threatened with the surveillance of both the War Department and the Department of Justice, with an added hint of direct violent intervention on the part of the American Legion, nevertheless one hundred delegates, representing the internationally minded women of thirty-two countries, conducted their fourth biennial congress in Washington, D. C., the first week in May. Intolerance or even ridicule could be of but small moment to a group of women who had never counted expediency among their virtues and who first came together to cry out for peaceable ways when half the world was pooled in blood and passions ran even higher than they do in the backwaters of Washington today.

* In a subsequent issue we shall publish an account by Sylvia Kopald of the attack on the eight-hour day throughout Europe.

In 1915 there were fourteen countries, belligerent as well as neutral, represented in the International Congress of Women that met at the Hague, and two thousand persons attended the meetings. Resolutions embodying many of the principles afterwards expressed in the Fourteen Points were carried by special delegates to the governments of fourteen countries and forty-three private conferences were held with high officials.

This year, without the high pitch set by a dramatic background of active war and with the discouragement of a world armed again to the teeth, France still illegally in the Ruhr, the United States wantonly slapping Japan in the face, the Woman's International League met again "to find a way to reorganize international relations through the political and economic and spiritual forces which underlie all human endeavor." They did not, of course, in fourteen sessions and six public meetings completely envisage a new international order, and Dr. Williams of England pointed out that to do so would only be "to hang new chains on our necks."

Although some vitality was undoubtedly taken from the congress by an extended preliminary executive meeting and while most of the foreign delegates had talked themselves out during the week on board ship, still there was animated discussion—not of principle, for that had been settled long ago—but of method and next steps.

"We cannot condemn the violence and not the causes" stated the manifesto of aims and plan for work unanimously adopted by the congress. Moreover, "we devote ourselves to abolishing these causes. The first step toward this end must be to bring about the organization of economic life not for individual or class profit but for the highest possible development of every human being." Once more the congress declared for an international organization, based not on force but the welded moral opinion of the world, comprising all countries in genuine equality, working to protect minorities, improve conditions of labor, promote international education and health, the welfare of backward races, establishment of free trade, equitable distribution of food supplies and raw materials among the nations, and the total disarmament of its members.

It was indicative of the desire for practicability present in a large element of the congress that a hundred persons gathered one day in the interlude between sessions and again the next day and the next to discuss and compare the ways and means of labor banks, cooperative guilds, reduced taxation on buildings with corresponding increases on unimproved land, cooperative housing, trade unionism and employment, illness and endowment insurance in the United States and abroad.

The executive committee recommended and the congress accepted without discussion a rewording and clarification of the objects of the League:

The Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom aims at binding together women in every country who oppose all war and all preparation for war, whether offensive or defensive, international or civil. They believe in and work for complete and universal disarmament on land, on sea, and in the air; for the abolition of the hunger blockade and of the prostitution of science for destructive purposes; world organization for social, political, and economic cooperation; social, political, and economic equality for all without distinction of sex, race, class, and creed; moral disarmament through education in the spirit of human unity and through the establishment of social justice.

The United States Section considerably democratized its constitution and tied up the statement of its objects more specifically to those of the international organization. This was an abstract affair. When it came to passing a concrete resolution backing up the proposed equal-rights blanket amendment, a convinced majority was lacking. The women of the local section were much more willing to accept ideals and ultimate goals than "next steps"; there was a discouraging evidence that only a few United States members were politically and economically informed.

Numerous excellent resolutions were passed by both the United States Section and the International Congress, but perhaps the real keynote of the meeting should be found in Ellen Key's message: "I have no belief in resolutions of congresses, but I believe in martyrs, men and women moved by faith in their ideals." Of these the W. I. L. has a goodly number and in these lie its strength and perhaps the world's hope.

Unamuno

THE following protest against the exile of Don Miguel de Unamuno was recently issued by the Catalonian Cultural Committee of New York City:

What has been done by the military directorate in Spain has no precedents, even in Russian Czarism or Italian Fascism. Czarism never treated Tolstoi or Dostoevski as the Spanish General Primo de Rivera has treated the Spanish thinker Don Miguel de Unamuno.

Don Miguel de Unamuno is in Spain what Tolstoi was in Russia, what D'Annunzio is in Italy, Anatole France in France, Maeterlinck in Belgium, Bernard Shaw in England. He is the glory of the Spanish nation. Don Miguel de Unamuno has made Spanish culture famous. The depth and human understanding of his work remove it from the barriers of nations and the bonds of time. His work has been translated into all languages, and has been studied and discussed throughout the world. He has created power and beauty.

Don Miguel de Unamuno, professor of Greek at the University of Salamanca, and dean of it as well, has done a great work. This old university, which once rivaled the University of Paris and was the nucleus of the greatest culture of the Spanish Renaissance, was proud to have at its head the most important intellectual in Spain. Professor, novelist, teacher, critic, poet, the finest poet in Spain today, Señor Unamuno is furthermore the great agitator of modern Spanish and European life. His press campaigns, keen, able, and stimulating, found their response in the youth and life of Spain. It is for this reason that Don Miguel de Unamuno was removed from his post and taken to Fuerte Ventura, a small island lost in the Atlantic, where the excessively hot climate will soon destroy the health of the great writer.

General Primo de Rivera attempted to justify his absurd action by saying that Señor Unamuno was not fulfilling his duties at the university. But this is a lie and a base slander, because, according to the testimony of the entire faculty of the University of Salamanca, he is a model professor and dean. . . .

It must be frankly admitted that Don Miguel de Unamuno was exiled because he was an enemy. A pretext was sought. A letter from Miguel de Unamuno to Señor Solalinde, Spanish instructor in a North American university, fell into the hands of Señor Americo Castro, a well-known Spanish professor, who is living in New York, and that gentleman turned the letter over to the magazine *Nosotros* of Buenos Aires, which published it. In this letter Señor Unamuno, like every good Spaniard, spoke of the directorate in harsh terms. These terms, which are mild in comparison to those heard in Spain and

among groups of Spaniards abroad, and which give a mere shadow of the truth, were the cause of the sentence imposed.

In Spain the courageous intelligentsia have always been persecuted; all effective attempts at reform have always been suppressed by force. The high clergy, the nobility, the military caste, the monarchy are supported by the ignorance and poverty of the people. All that is really alive in Spain must face their opposition. . . . The Spanish military directorate, which poses as redeemer, is but the continuation of the history of Spain, black, reactionary, and ferocious.

Yet the directorate does not know what it has done in exiling Don Miguel de Unamuno. . . . The intellectuals throughout the world have taken up the cudgels, and the Unamuno case is becoming a repetition of the case of Ferrer, who was assassinated in Montjuich by the monarchical and clerical reaction in Spain. The manifesto of French intellectuals, signed by the best men of France, is only the first move of protest. The reaction will break out everywhere. . . .

The End of the Kiev Trial

THE recent trial of the members of the counter-revolutionary organization known as the Kiev branch of the Center of Action created much excitement outside of Russia owing to the interference of Premier Poincaré, who demanded clemency for a number of intellectuals involved in the trial. The Poincaré note was received with much resentment in the Soviet Republic. Among the protests voiced was the following statement by the defendants in the trial published in the Kiev press:

Upon learning of the Poincaré telegram which protests against the fate of some of us, we declare that, although depressed by the severe sentence, we recognize that any interference of a foreign government in the affairs of the republic is inadmissible. Our trial is exclusively a matter of the internal life of our union state and the final decision concerning our fate is up to the highest organs of our republic.

(Signed) CONSTANTIN VASSILENKO, NIKOLAI VASSILENKO, CHOLGANSKY, SMIRNOV, YAKOVLEV, ONISHCHENKO - PAVLIUK, CHEBAKOV, YEDINEVSKY, TOLPIGA, VINOGRADOVA, KAPOCINSKAYA LEONIDA and ZINAIDA, KUTZEVALOVA.

The sentence of all the accused was commuted and the trial referred to the Ukrainian supreme court in Kharkov.



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CALVIN COOLIDGE'S CHIEF HOPE of victory lies in the continuance of good times. But these are disappearing. The conditions in the textile trade are bad; those in the automobile business dubious. One of the largest carpet companies in Connecticut has shut down without notice, throwing 3,200 employees out of work. In the steel industry only 65 per cent of the plants are at work. Many of the Pennsylvania blast furnaces have shut down; a number of the Eastern iron mines have stopped work. In the Northwest the bank failures continue, among them a large trust company in St. Paul. Government reports show a distinct slackening all along the line. Unemployment is increasing and wages are falling, both in the agricultural districts and among large employers of out-door labor. In certain sections we are back to thirty cents an hour for unskilled workers. Now it may well be that we shall pass through another period of deflation of wages before reaching a normal basis, but that process does not spell success at the polls for the party holding office in Washington. The daily press is as silent as possible about this slackening, and the Coolidge Administration speaks not at all, in the hope that if not dwelt upon people will not realize its gravity. If he had dared talk of it, this dangerous condition of affairs would have given the President his best argument for his bonus veto. With business falling off and unemployment growing, Congress has no right to burden the government with further enormous expenditures. Finally, if Congress does not do something for the farmer Coolidge will have no show at all in the rural sections.

THE PASSAGE OF THE BONUS BILL over the President's veto is a grave economic and moral blunder. It will not give adequate compensation to the service men and it will place a serious financial burden upon the whole of the country. To our minds the veterans themselves will pay dearly for it. Yet there was a great popular demand for it, and it is the sovereign right of a democracy to blunder as often as it will. We have no doubt whatever that if the bonus had been submitted to a national referendum, as it should have been, it would have been voted by the country as a whole. The reasons for this support of the bonus we have frequently set forth. It grows out of genuine grievances in addition to the firm belief that the soldiers did not get a square deal in the matter of pay. The public knows that many of the disabled men have been outrageously treated, that the "solicitude of the nation" of which Mr. Coolidge spoke in his veto message has been anything but a genuine and honest solicitude. The public knows that the big profiteers have not been caught and that the big grafters have gone scot-free with all their plunder. Many feel that a country which contrary to its best traditions drafted millions of its men without regard to their wishes ought to be made to pay a great deal more than the bonus calls for. A desire to "get even" with the government has, therefore, played a part in the President's defeat. But he, too, did not help. His method of approach made few converts and infuriated many. He has no personal popularity in Washington to aid him. And so he has had to accept a severe drubbing, for all that he stood by his guns and was justified in his stand. We hope he will do as well on the issue of Japanese exclusion.

AFTER THIS EXHIBITION of President Coolidge's lack of ability to lead his own party—its leaders, Henry Cabot Lodge among them, deserted him to help overrule his veto when only three more votes were needed to sustain it—the folly of nominating him for the Presidency ought to be apparent to the veriest child. As the *New York World* rightly puts it, "he is to be nominated, but is neither feared, respected, nor obeyed, and the same forces which set up a puppet President in 1920 are at the same game in 1924." Never was there a more extraordinary spectacle in American political life. Mr. Coolidge has done nothing since he was in office to reveal him as more than the third-rate man he is. He has done nothing to purge our public life of the corruption revealed. On the contrary, he has sat silently while the forces of his Government have been used to assail those who wished to uncover the rottenness and cleanse our national good name. He has stood firm only on those things in which his masters, the big business men of the country, were profoundly interested—reduction of supertaxes and the killing of the bonus. A cynic might wish that Mr. Coolidge would be elected President for the satisfaction of seeing how disgusted with their puppet the business world would be long before his four years were up. Mr. Harding's Administration wound up in shame and disgrace. Mr. Coolidge's, we venture to prophesy, would be as discredited.

FOUR UNITED STATES SENATORS, after investigation and examination of the grand-jury records, have signed a report which "wholly exonerates Senator Burton K. Wheeler from any and all violation" of the law, and adds that "he observed at all times not only the letter but the spirit of the law." One member of the committee, the lame-duck Senator Sterling, made an equivocal separate report, but among the four signers was Senator McNary, as staunch an Administration supporter as the gentleman from South Dakota. Thus ends another chapter in one of the most barefaced political chicaneries in the history of the United States. Senator Wheeler began to investigate Mr. Daugherty. Thereupon Mr. Daugherty assembled in his apartment at night Mr. Burns, the goblin-chasing detective; Mr. Lockwood, secretary of the Republican National Committee; and Mr. Lockwood's henchman Blair Coan. Blair Coan was sent West, and persuaded a federal office-holder to ask a grand jury to indict Senator Wheeler on trumped-up evidence. The indictment was issued, and the newspapers which had been defending Daugherty and the Administration thereupon blackened Senator Wheeler's character with howls of glee. Senator Wheeler called the indictment a frame-up, and asked the Senate to investigate his acts. A committee, headed by Senator Borah, studied the grand-jury records, heard every witness who had anything to say, and now reports complete exoneration. Do the newspapers take back their editorial soot? Does the President, or the Department of Justice, or the Republican National Committee take steps to punish or even disavow those guilty of such barefaced fraud? Listen; they are as silent as the hills.

PHILIP GROSSMAN, the Chicago saloonkeeper who was sentenced to prison for contempt of court in violating an injunction restraining him from selling liquor, deserves to be behind the bars, as we say in another column. Mr. Coolidge was no doubt misled in pardoning him, but it is piling one mistake on another for Federal Judges James H. Wilkerson and George A. Carpenter to deny the Presidential right of clemency and commit Grossman to jail. The judges base their ruling on the ground that the President may pardon a person guilty of a crime, but that contempt of court is not a crime, and so the President may not exercise his powers in connection with it. That this ruling is inconsistent with previous practice would seem to be established by the recently uncontested action of the President in pardoning Comptroller Craig of New York City after he had been sentenced to jail for contempt by Judge Mayer.

MORE IMPORTANT than that it violates precedent is the fact that this ruling is another step in the assertion of judicial supremacy in the United States—an announcement that the courts need only fall back on contempt of court in order to make themselves supreme monarchs. Contempt of court is not a crime, say the judges, and therefore not pardonable. Exactly; but if it is not a crime, why should men be imprisoned for it and that merely on a judge's say-so? Of course the violation of a court order ought to be punishable, but it should be made a crime by statute, subject to a jury trial and the constitutional guaranty of "due process of law" which our judges are so eager to uphold when it concerns anyone but themselves. The power that judges exercise through contempt of court is a monstrous anachronism and a relic of sheer absolutism.

CAPTAIN PAXTON HIBBEN refuses to let the War Department tire him out in his fight for justice at its hands. The controversy arose a year ago after Captain Hibben was examined for promotion in the Reserve Corps. His promotion to the rank of major was recommended, but the War Department bureaucrats refused to follow such a course because they disliked Captain Hibben's opinions, especially his advocacy of the recognition of Soviet Russia. The War Department felt obliged to take some action, however, and so directed a board to inquire into his fitness for promotion. When Captain Hibben was allowed to appear before this board last autumn he discovered that it had already held two sessions, and he was not permitted to see the evidence which had been submitted against him by the War Department. Six months later he was told by the War Department that he might look over this evidence, but he discovered that important documents had been withdrawn.

MEANWHILE THE INVESTIGATING BOARD took no further action and the case slumbered until May 2, last, when the War Department dissolved the investigating board, at the same time authorizing a new one. The new board is directed to inquire not into the fitness of Captain Hibben for promotion but "to retain a commission in the Officers' Reserve Corps." It is ordered that Captain Hibben shall see all the evidence presented to this board but that no records shall be submitted that would be "against the public interest." Captain Hibben contends that the intention is to cover up the trail of underhand and oppressive espionage that has been employed against him, and in place of an irregular investigation conceived in hostility he demands a trial in the prescribed way—by a court of inquiry. We hope he will accept nothing less, and will not let his patience be exhausted by these attempts secretly to blacken the character of a man, followed by subterfuge and evasion when proof is demanded.

THERE IS A STIRRING in the church. War-time support of the business of killing has left many a pastor and layman uneasy. In all the denominations voices are being raised demanding that the church refuse ever again to bless war. A poll of Unitarian ministers (in which, to be sure, most of the ministers failed to vote) produced a slight majority in favor of a resolution refusing cooperation with governments waging war—an amazing result in a group which, once the vanguard, has latterly seemed to slumber in contented respectability. The Methodists have shown the most progressive front of any of the large denominations. Their Committee on the State of the Church actually reported to the Quadrennial Convention, by a vote of 76 to 37, an out-and-out pacifist resolution, refusing to admit that any war whatever could be righteous. The convention, however, could not quite bring itself to so daring a statement, and its final action will probably make exceptions for "wars of defense" and "wars in defense of humanity." But the ferment is working; and the number grows of those who admit the impossibility of such hair-splitting.

ELEVEN SUICIDES by gas poisoning on one day have resulted in Berlin's turning over to the Fire Department rather than to the ambulance service the duty of attending to these pitiful cases of despair. Those who kill

themselves daily in Germany are not social wrecks, nor outcasts, nor criminals. Many of them are people of refinement, education, and social position, who by reason of their age and loss of all financial reserves deliberately take their lives to avoid slow starvation or to relieve others of the burden of their support. The plight of the old people is terrible, indeed, for private means, insurance, and old-age pensions have all gone by the board. In Heidelberg, recently, a distinguished chemist killed himself because, being in the late sixties, he could obtain no employment. From Berlin comes a letter of appeal on behalf of a worthy couple sixty-eight years of age who are totally destitute and see nothing but starvation ahead of them. Everywhere one turns in Germany cases of this kind confront one, and yet one still hears doubts as to whether Germany really needs aid. Not only should America send three times the three millions which have been raised to date by General Allen's committee for the German children; it should be sending at least three millions for the destitute old people of Germany who spend their days wondering when they may die.

IF THE GODS ON OLYMPUS ever laughed they are laughing now. Over what? Why, over our new immigration law. Not over the Japanese exclusion, of course; they can only have tears for that shocking exhibition of lack of tolerance in the American nation. No, the Olympians are convulsed with mirth over the quotas to be admitted to the United States, for they recall how the heavens resounded only six years ago with abuse of the wicked "Huns," those savages who ought to have been exterminated as not fit for human association. They recall, too, what praises were sung to our beloved Allies and how we were united to them forever in indissoluble ties of love and affection welded by joint sacrifices and joint suffering in trench and on sea. That was 1918. Today, in 1924, we have passed a law allowing more than five times as many immigrants from Germany as from all the Allied countries together, excepting only England—from which country we will accept 62,558. From Germany we will admit 50,229, but from our beloved France we now permit to enter our confines *only 3,978 men and women*. For Italy, too, we bled, fought, and died, but of her sons we will take only 3,989 a year. As for Belgium, that heroic little country, only 609 of its people are to enter our country each twelve months. And this is called legislating with sanity, in accord with the true American spirit!

TO BE A MEMBER of the jury of recommendations for the Pulitzer prizes is to be one of the least important of men. The third vice-president of the Daughters of the American Revolution may have less authority, but her lack of it is not so conspicuous. The saddest feature of the Pulitzer business from the jurors' point of view is that some of them have taken their jobs seriously and have worked on them. William Lyon Phelps admits that he and his committee spent a busy winter attending plays in view of the advice that they would be expected to give in the spring. At the proper time the committee recommended to the Advisory Board that it award the Pulitzer dramatic prize to "The Show-Off." The Advisory Board (which has final authority, despite its name), not satisfied by this recommendation, disregarded it, awarded the prize to Hatcher Hughes's "Hell-Bent fer Heaven," and left the

jurors to discover the fact through the newspapers. A similar discourtesy occurred four years ago when a committee consisting of Robert Morss Lovett, Stuart P. Sherman, and Hamlin Garland was overruled in the award of the novel prize to "The Age of Innocence" after it had voted for "Main Street." The statement from Columbia that four out of the five recommendations made this year were ignored in the awards should convince the most public-spirited juror that he could use his time to better advantage at almost any other occupation. The real victim of the affair, however, is, ironically enough, the recipient of the award. Mr. Hughes, whom the Advisory Board sought to distinguish, must wish they had left him alone.

AS WILLIAM HARD suggests on another page of this issue, democracy lapses easily into tyranny. He cites as examples of this tendency the unwillingness of the majority in certain States to let individuals send their children to the sorts of schools they choose, and the eagerness of the majority to peep into the private ledgers of private citizens. But how much more blatant is the tyranny of democracy as it appears in the small commonwealth of Smith College, where certain students have recently been suspended for breaking, among others, the law which forbids them to smoke. Smoking is made a legal offense by the Smith students themselves; and breaking it becomes a form of sedition, a proof to the world that student government, or democracy, is itself a failure. Such is the solemn temper of the earnest self-governor. *The Nation* wants to believe in democracy—especially in student democracies—but it deplores their solemnity. Rules against smoking, rules against walking without hats, rules against speaking to young men on Sunday—one and all the rules that college students love to make to keep themselves in the paths of virtue—add mountains to our sum of skepticism; and the young women who smoke if they choose despite the rules that would pin propriety on them like a rose—well, they make us almost believe that some day college students and people generally will grow up enough to produce a form of "self-government" that does not belie its name.

MEMORIAL DAY is still the most solemn and impressive of our holidays, no richer in tradition than Thanksgiving Day or July 4, but without the paraphernalia of firecrackers and roast turkey that have obscured the meaning of those days of joy. But it is a pity that we should confine our respect on May 30 to death in war. Last year a group of Cincinnati citizens united in enlarging the significance of the day by scattering flowers on the graves of some of the unsung martyrs of peace. One of the speakers recalled William James's plea for a moral equivalent for war. Another read Horace Traubel's words:

We worship the destroyer. We despise or at least ignore the builder. . . . You look with awe upon a battlefield. Do you not look with as much awe upon a tunnel? Here is an honest battle. A battle with the rocks. . . . Here is a battle in which no brother takes up arms against a brother. Yet this battle, too, has its victims.

Should we not enlarge our Memorial Day so that instead of commemorating only the heroes of our wars it should include also the miners suffocated while digging our coal, the workers caught in our machinery, the everyday victims, no less truly conscripted, of peace?

A Cheerful and Promising Outlook

WE want all our readers to join with us in our satisfaction over the clearing international skies, the almost daily proofs that we are gaining headway against the forces which make for obscurantism and reaction, for international hatreds and wars. It is the extraordinary French political overturn which still gives us chief cause for rejoicing. For years we have maintained, in the face of the most caustic contradiction and criticism, that the Poincaré Government did not represent the heart and conscience of the bulk of the great French people; that if its policies were tolerated it was chiefly because the masses were without a press to express their views. We have never been able to feel that so brilliant and gifted a people would submit indefinitely to being the pawns of a government by and for their sordid big-business men of the type of those constituting the Comité des Forges. And behold, our faith is justified! More than that, we are, despite the wabbling of Herriot as to the Ruhr and the insincerities and opportunism of M. Briand, optimistic enough to believe that under the skilful leadership of Ramsay MacDonald a way will be found to build a bridge on which the French troops may march out of the Ruhr before many months have passed. Indeed, there is already a report that Poincaré is himself moving in that direction.

As for Mr. MacDonald's Government, what liberal editor could fail to be cheerful and optimistic as he watches the progress of that fateful administration so full of promise for all the world? Mr. Snowden's remarkable budget is slipping through the Commons article by article. It is admitted that the Conservative attacks upon it have broken down completely under Mr. Snowden's masterly handling of the situation. The vote of censure moved by the Tories was lost on a division by 317 votes to 252; the result is that the MacDonald Government is more firmly entrenched than at any time since it took office. In January, it will be remembered, our conservative newspapers were prophesying that the Labor Government would not last a month; it would be overthrown by dissensions from within, it would collapse by the withdrawal of Liberal support. Now, if it can win approval for its far-reaching housing proposals, the earliest time set for the fall of the Government is next September, and there are those who think that it will continue to control Great Britain until the next budget, nearly a year hence. More than that, the victory of the liberal forces in France is in reality a triumph for MacDonald. Had he thundered, had he rattled the saber, had he gone at Poincaré hammer and tongs, as some of the Conservatives would have liked him to do, he would have strengthened the hands of Poincaré, and possibly have prevented the welcome outcome of the election by rousing nationalist feeling. Once more a pacifist has shown that the pacifist way is in the highest degree the practical one. He took a great chance, but today the outlook for peace in Europe is far better than it has been at any time since the armistice.

In Germany, too, the situation is much better than could have been expected a little while ago. The rentenmark was ridiculed when it was brought out and declared to be a device that could not delay economic disaster for more than a few weeks. Some of our ablest financial ob-

servers thought that its force would be spent by March 15. It has held two months longer and is still holding Germany together, and meanwhile the elections have been as satisfactory as could be expected under the situation. We do not think that the Dawes Report is the ideal solution of the reparations problem, but we do believe that the prospect for some solution has never been so good. We do not believe that Poincaré had the slightest intention of really putting even the Dawes Report into effect. His successors are committed to doing so. With some kind of working agreement arrived at, and with the French troops out of the Ruhr, the chief argument of the German nationalists and militarists will fall to the ground. If Herriot and MacDonald play their cards correctly they can not only go far toward establishing economic sanity in Europe, they can fortify the German Republic as well. And the maintenance of that commonwealth is of the utmost importance to all who believe in that democracy we were supposed to have been fighting for. It is the greatest bulwark in Europe against the rising tide of Fascism.

Even in this country we cannot but believe from innumerable signs that the skies are beginning to clear. True, we still rank with Spain and Italy as one of the most reactionary countries in the world; true, we have just been guilty of a monstrous act of injustice against the Japanese and therefore against the spirit of our American democracy. True it is that we are facing the probable nomination of Calvin Coolidge for that great office for which he is so inadequately equipped. Yet, for all of Wall Street's satisfaction with him, we cannot but feel conscious of a rising ground-swell of protest throughout the country against both the old parties. It means something when a man like Warren Stone, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, declares that both the old parties are "drowning in oil" and that in his opinion the time has come for a general strike of Labor at the ballot box. The slackening of industry which has been marked in the last six weeks, and will be still more pronounced before the conventions have met and adjourned, is opening the eyes of many people to the meaning of the leaderless, programless drifting which we are experiencing in Washington. The continuing bank failures in the Northwest are more ominous than the Eastern press permits the public to know. They have their political significance. Privately, the Republican politicians in Washington do not hesitate to admit that they are utterly at sea and do not know how to take control again of the ship of state. No honest observer who travels through this country can fail to note the growing public restlessness, the increasing feeling that something is radically wrong in the body politic, or ignore the steadily increasing desire for a new party. If all the necessary leadership is not in sight that will appear before long. It is preposterous to believe that in America alone there is no hope of recovery from the black corruption, the degradation, and the reaction which stamp the World War as the worst investment this country ever made. Our revolution will come as surely as the sun rises, and it is quite possible that it will come as unexpectedly to the wisecracks of the daily press and to the politicians as came the turn-out of Poincaré in France.

Midsummer Madness

IT was in July, 1916, that the Black Tom explosion waked New York from its midnight slumbers and shattered its plate-glass windows. When the insurance agents checked up the losses they discovered that among the cargoes of explosives stored on that tiny bit of Jersey shore were munitions worth \$1,500,000 purchased by the Government of His Majesty, the Czar of all the Russias. In the course of time the American courts approved the claims of property-owners who lost by that explosion; in the course of time, also, the Czar of all the Russias was overthrown, and still later the Kerensky regime which followed was superseded by that of the Bolsheviks.

Now, eight years after the explosion, the claim of the "State of Russia" against the Lehigh Valley Railroad seems about to come to trial. Who is the "State of Russia"? One might think that it was the Soviet Government. In the courts of the United States it seems to be Mr. Serge Ughet. And who is Mr. Serge Ughet? He is the successor of Mr. Boris Bakhmeteff as legal representative of that Provisional Government of Russia which our Government so blithely recognized seven months before its fall in 1917, and to which we lent several millions of dollars which were expended, after its fall, in counter-revolutionary endeavors. In the eyes of our august and omniscient State Department Mr. Ughet appears to be the only recognizable Government of Russia, and it is possible that Mr. Ughet may accordingly win the \$1,500,000.

Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War under Mr. Wilson, wrote to Mr. Hughes as late as February, 1923, asking the following questions:

1. What is the present Government of Russia, and its name?
2. Has such Government been recognized by the United States?
3. What is the extent and nature of such recognition?

To these questions Mr. Hughes replied, with typical legalistic irrelevance, as follows:

I have to inform you that the so-called Provisional Government of Russia, which succeeded to authority upon the abdication of the Czar, was recognized by the Government of the United States on March 22, 1917. On July 5 of the same year Mr. Boris Bakhmeteff was received by the President as the Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the newly recognized Government.

Mr. Bakhmeteff continued to be recognized as the Ambassador of Russia to the United States until June 30, 1922. The custody of the property of the Russian Government in this country, for which Mr. Bakhmeteff had been responsible, was, after the date of his retirement, considered to vest in Mr. Serge Ughet, the financial attaché of the Russian Embassy, whose diplomatic status with this Government was not considered to be altered by the termination of the Ambassador's duties.

In answer specifically to your questions, I may say that the United States has not recognized any other Government in Russia since the fall of the Provisional Government to which reference is made above. The regime now functioning in Russia and known as the Soviet Regime has not been recognized by the United States.

And thus, in 1924, by virtue of the fact that Mr. Hughes still refuses to recognize Soviet Russia Mr. Serge Ughet is, in the eyes of our courts, the "State of Russia" and is suing

for \$1,500,000. On January 9, 1924, the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York reached the following conclusions of law:

1. The plaintiff, the State of Russia, still lives, and is a continuing entity in the contemplation of the law, and is the real party in interest in this action.
2. The plaintiff is entitled to maintain this action.
3. The said Serge Ughet, as financial attaché to the Russian Embassy in the United States, has had continuously since June 30, 1922, and has at the present time the capacity to prosecute on behalf of the plaintiff.

Of course there are further legal points to be settled, and before the courts have unraveled the infinite complications of the law Mr. Hughes may be ex-Secretary Hughes and another Administration may have recognized Russia. But for the present the case stands as an example of the folly of which officialdom is capable.

What a fool is the law, a cynic might say, contemplating the possibility that the courts would hand \$1,500,000 to a Russian propagandist nearly seven years after the Government which he represented had bitten the dust. What a fool is the State Department, another cynic might reply, meditating upon the fact that after seven years of stubborn triumph over all odds of foreign invasion and internal disruption the Soviet Government still stands unrecognized, even de facto, by the Government of the United States. And a still more cynical cynic, thinking of the \$1,500,000 that belongs of right to the Government recognized as such by the Russian people, but which may, by fiat of Charles E. Hughes, go to Serge Ughet, would say of the State Department, What a knave!

Another Newspaper Tragedy

THE order of the receiver of the *Minnesota Daily Star* to sell that hopeful development of labor journalism in Minneapolis to the highest bidder marks the end of another promising newspaper experiment.

Our readers will recall an article in the issue of June 6, 1923, entitled *A Newspaper with Six Thousand Owners*, in which the hope was expressed that the *Star* might be able to make money and save its soul, since the success of the *Star* would be of enormous moment to the cause of good journalism everywhere because of its democratic ownership. This hope has been disappointed, at the very moment when the organized industrial and agricultural workers of the Northwest are more than ever in need of a strong daily paper to give expression to the rising revolt on behalf of better political, social, and economic conditions. What is even more discouraging is the fact that this newspaper has failed not because of lack of opportunity, not because the odds against it were insuperable, but because of mistakes in management and dissensions within the staff and among its supporters.

It will be remembered that the *Star* was a by-product of the Nonpartisan League movement. Naturally, it incurred from the start the opposition of the big-business interests and, therefore, of the big advertisers. In addition, the newspaper field was already occupied by three well-established evening publications of large circulation. But it was enthusiastically financed by the sale of \$750,000 worth of stock to farmers and union laborers, and it grew rapidly in circulation and influence. Unfortunately, it was established in far too costly a plant, in an expensive build-

ing which was also to have been the headquarters of the Nonpartisan League. It soon became necessary to sell bonds and short-time notes to the extent of another \$300,000. Even this did not suffice. Rather than see the paper disappear its managers then compromised by modifying the radical policies of the paper so that it became more of a newspaper and less the crusading organ of an otherwise voiceless class in the community. Its advertising revenue increased in consequence; banks and department stores took note of its existence and found that it paid them to advertise in its columns. It had become safe and sound.

This fatal compromise, however, brought its own punishment with it, for the stockholders rose in revolt and elected a board of directors, a majority of whom were opposed to the editorial policies which the *Star* had been following. The revolt was highly creditable to the stockholders, who from the first were more interested in having a newspaper that would fight their battles aggressively than in receiving dividends on their stock. But this change came too late. At the first clash, the *Star's* affairs were thrown into court with the resultant receivership and order for sale. There being no purchaser at the first offering, the paper had perforce to be continued pending its renewed appearance on the auction block.

Discouraging as the failure of the *Minnesota Star* is, it does not discredit the possibility of the establishment of newspapers owned by groups. The success of the *Christian Science Monitor* bears directly upon this point. That journal has had able editors and able business managers, and is succeeding. The *Minnesota Star* would be triumphantly successful today, in our judgment, had it been placed in the hands of experienced journalists and been started on a more modest and inexpensive scale. The mistakes of its managers were largely those of inexperience, but Thomas Van Lear, the president of the *Star*, a former Socialist mayor of Minneapolis, was not strong enough, or sufficiently rooted in principle, to withstand the temptation to yield at certain points in the hope of establishing the newspaper on a permanent basis. He is not the only newspaper manager who has stooped to succeed in the hope of toning up his paper later and reverting to his ideals. When we in New York have witnessed the spectacle of one of the great business men of the country making a failure of a long-established daily newspaper because he put utterly inexperienced men in charge, it is obviously not fair to say that similar mistakes in the case of the *Minnesota Star* are peculiar to the labor press. Unfortunately, it is still widely believed in all classes of the community that anybody can run a newspaper, whether he be a politician or a professor, a book-man or a magazine publisher. The lesson of the *Minnesota Star* is clear: any similar experiment must be begun in a modest and simple way; it must stand or fall on principle. If it cannot succeed save by pandering to the interests it is there to oppose, it ought to suspend before large sums have been invested in it. But before it is started at all, experts should be picked, the necessary funds provided, and the ground surveyed so carefully in advance as to leave no reason for failure, save the refusal of its public to support the enterprise. The public existed in Minneapolis; multitudes wanted a different kind of newspaper, one that was honest and unbought, uncontrolled by the forces that in all our large communities are controlling the press and making for the downfall of American democracy. But the management failed.

The Majesty of the Law

CECILIA COONEY, the twenty-year-old bobbed-haired bandit, has begun a sentence of ten years in prison. And, if she reads the newspapers, she knows that Jules C. Rabiner, middle-aged stockbroker, who conducted a bucket-shop which lost his clients some half million dollars, was, after serving precisely eighty days of his three-year term, released by order of the Parole Commission. If she reads the papers she knows too that President Coolidge pardoned Philip Grossman, a Chicago saloonkeeper who had been sentenced to one year in jail for repeated violations of the law, although while he was supposed to be in jail he had continued selling whiskey without interruption.

The Parole Commission sent an investigator to call upon Mrs. Rabiner, who insisted that her husband was a man of good moral character, but more important was the fact that Mr. Rabiner had political influence. One of Mr. Daugherty's subordinates in the Department of Injustice arranged the record, including letters from United States senators and influential contributors to the Republican Party campaign funds, which induced Mr. Coolidge to crook his presidential fingers and sign Philip Grossman's pardon. Cecilia Cooney's life has already been investigated, but none of the facts in the record are such as induce presidents and politicians to sign pardons or paroles.

Cecilia Cooney was born in a basement; her father was a drunkard and her mother was illiterate. (Both were American-born citizens of North European stock.) At the age of four she slept on a heap of coal at night, and was sent out to beg by day. For four years she was in the care of the Children's Society; then she was returned to her parents, who stole her clothes and deserted her. For a time some of her seven brothers and sisters (her parents did not believe in birth control) sheltered her; but at sixteen her sister turned her out because of objection to her habit of bringing sailors home overnight. Thereupon Cecilia became a laundry-worker, and the testimony of her various employers is that she was a good and cheerful, if noisy, worker. At nineteen she began the career of hold-ups which terminated with the birth of her baby.

The judge gave Cecilia Cooney the maximum sentence. Her comment was: "I expected the limit and I got it. . . . I deserved what I got."

Did she? Cecilia stole. There is no doubt of it, and the law, with majestic equality, forbids rich and poor alike to steal. But Jules C. Rabiner differed from Cecilia chiefly in that he stole more; and Philip Grossman was as defiant of the majestic law. Rabiner and Grossman are back in jail because the newspapers forced reluctant officials to recall the parole and overrule the pardon; but they will never serve ten years in prison. They have influence; Cecilia has not. Ten years hence—seven years if she shows "good behavior"—a tired, thirty-year-old woman will step blinking out of the prison doors, and society will again offer her the protection of its equal laws.

Will Cecilia still bravely say that she deserved what she got? Will it have dawned upon many of us that the Calvin Coolidges, the judges and parole officers, the respectable citizens who call this the greatest country in the world, who resent criticism and want to clap agitators into jail, are more responsible for the fact that girls begin as beggars and conclude as bandits, than the bandits themselves?

The Jewish Babbitt

By BERTHA WALLERSTEIN

ANTI-SEMITISM makes strange bedfellows; such as Charles Hallinan, a thorough American liberal, with all the liberal's generous chivalry for oppressed nationalities—and Abraham Levy.

Abraham Levy is a relative of mine, and I do not know which of us regrets the fact more. "You see," he said to me in triumph when he read Mr. Hallinan's plea in *The Nation* for January 23 for a better appreciation of Jewish tradition among Jews and their liberal Gentile friends, "you see, even an outsider values the tradition of your race. But you do not. This younger generation!"

Abraham Levy has his troubles with the younger generation, as do the Pharisees of every race. If he agrees with them on any subject, his reasons are very different from theirs. For instance, he admires George Moore's "Brook Kerith." But to him the most perfect English prose of a century is as nothing compared to the fact that George Moore shows up Jesus as a fraud, in Abraham's opinion. Another favorite is Ludwig Lewisohn's "Upstream." "Here," says Abraham, "is a fine fellow, a 'modern,' but a fine fellow, who carries on the proud traditions of his race and suffers for it." Lewisohn's eloquent picture of the lonely man facing the mob with his back to the wall is to Abraham Levy merely a defense of his own mob loyalty, which happens to be Jewish instead of American.

Shakespeare wrote "The Merchant of Venice," according to Abraham, merely to work in the speech beginning: "Hath not a Jew eyes?" Galsworthy wrote "Loyalties" only to prove the glory of the Jewish loyalty as opposed to the cheapness of all the other loyalties in the play. When De Levis, after breaking his neck to get into aristocratic English society, found himself defeated, and took refuge in "I'm a Jew and I am proud of it!" Abraham Levy applauded. The point of the whole play was De Levis's pride in his race!

Abraham believes in revising the immigration laws so as to admit Jews. He is opposed to restriction because his motto is "Jews first!" precisely as your American jingo favors restriction because his motto is "America first!" Mere human rights are beside the point for the jingo Jew, as they are for the jingo American, or the jingo Briton, or the jingo Frenchman, or for any other jingo. Abraham is as thorough a jingo as any of them. Right or wrong, my race! He lives on as narrow a Main Street as Sam Clark. He is as rampantly Semitic as the Ku Klux Klan is Nordic. He is indeed a Grand Kleagle of the unofficial Jew Klux Klan.

To be sure, the Jew Klux Klan proceeds neither in secret nor with violence. Perhaps that is because it is not strong enough. Perhaps it is because it has thirty centuries of civilization behind it, to the Nordic's four. But thirty centuries are all too little to learn to appreciate the man who is different from you. The Jew Klux Klan does not wish to exterminate the Nordics, nor to drive them from America. To that extent it is more civilized than its Nordic prototype. But it guards its Jewish borders jealously from any invasion of foreign blood. It excommuni-

cates those of its sons who marry "outsiders." It frowns on those who associate with Gentiles. It employs, so far as possible, only Jews. It protests when Jews deal at Gentile stores. (To be sure, this is almost impossible in New York.) It laments the fact that its sons and daughters are "growing away from Judaism."

"He is a real Jew"—that is the highest praise that Abraham and his friends can give, precisely as Babbitt's highest praise is: "He is a 100 per cent American."

Among themselves intelligent Jews recognize the existence of the Jew Klux Klan. But they are unwilling to acknowledge it to their Gentile friends. Half of them react against it with considerable irritation, and ignore its existence, as they ignore the existence of the Jewish race. The other half are silent about it, outside Jewish circles at least, believing that they owe a loyal silence to their race. They refuse to wash soiled Jewish linen in public. In this they share the "inferiority complex" of all oppressed nationalities. Your intelligent Briton, your intelligent American, your intelligent Frenchman is willing enough to criticize his own nation, even in the hearing of foreigners. But your intelligent Jew is silent. He is inclined to leave the criticism of his race to the unintelligent, uncomprehending Gentile; in short, to the Babbitts. The Prophets were a conspicuous exception. If he is American, the Jew is quite willing to wash soiled American linen in public. If he is British, he is ready to criticize the British stand-patters. But as a rule he blandly continues the pretense that there is no soiled Jewish linen, no Jewish stand-patterdom, no Jewish Pharisism.

And in this Gentile liberals support him. Such criticism has been almost entirely absent from the series of discussions of the Jewish question appearing in *The Nation* over the names of Jews and Gentiles. The instinctive sympathy of the liberal for oppressed nationalities blinds him to their failings. He actually champions jingoism in the little nation while he deplores it in his own. In his zeal to see the other side, he stands up so straight that he bends backwards. In his breadth of mind he encourages narrowness in others. It is then that we have the paradox of Abraham Levy applauding Charles Hallinan.

Ten years ago this was a natural state of affairs. Czechs were then chafing under the Austrian yoke. Polish school-children were forbidden to use their own language. Only three years ago the Black and Tans were butchering and burning in Ireland. All liberal-minded people cried out in horror. They championed the Irishman, the Czech, the Pole, precisely as they champion the Jew today. They did not stop at demanding mere security of life and property for Irishman, Pole, and Czech. They demanded for them freedom for "national expression." They believed that the world was losing something precious in crushing the rich personalities of Ireland, Poland, and Bohemia.

American liberals were especially staunch in their defense of national minorities, because they were so close at hand. Madison Square Garden in those days housed demonstration after demonstration for Irish freedom, for Polish freedom, for Czech freedom. In smoky little New York

restaurants patriots met and plotted liberating coups d'état to take place in Warsaw, Dublin, Budapest, and Prague. And American liberals looked on and said: "Godspeed, brother!" Ten years ago the liberal was the knight errant, and every oppressed nationality was a beautiful maiden locked in the giant's dungeon. Ten years ago the issue was clear cut between giant strength and helpless virtue. The liberal might be forgiven his romantic view.

But today he ought to be wiser. A government elected by Irishmen jails Sinn Feiners. German school-children within Czecho-Slovakian boundaries are forced to speak an alien tongue. The Polish people pay taxes to support Polish militarism instead of Russian militarism. Free nationalism has given place to Fascism. Like Cleopatra in Shaw's play, the moment the small nation wins her queenly right to power, she snatches a whip and cries: "I want to beat somebody!"

Self-determination is realized, for some nations at least, and what is the result? The little fellow now shares with the big one the right to do wrong!

Perhaps that is not the least sacred of human rights. Surely the moral of our disillusionment is not that Ireland should be returned to Britain, Bohemia to Austria, Poland to Russia, Germany, and Austria. It is well that each should be responsible for her own salvation, and unable, if she fails to achieve it, to put the blame on the oppressor. But there is a moral here for the liberal. He has freed the beautiful shackled maiden and she turns out to be a churlish shrew. If she was beautiful ten years ago, she owed her beauty to the dim light of the dungeon. It is a poor beauty which cannot stand the strong light of freedom and responsibility.

The last ten years have cured the liberal of romancing about Poland and Ireland and the others. They ought to have cured him of romancing about all oppressed nationalities, including the Jews. *Not of defending, but of romancing.* Can you not demand mere human rights for the Jew, free access to universities, to employment, the right to hold office, to live where he pleases, to stop at any hotels he may choose, and, above all, security of life and property—can you not demand these simple things just because Jews are human beings without making a romance of the whole race? Can you not face the fact that Jews consist, for the most part, of Abraham Levys, and still find their rights as human beings worth fighting for? There is nothing pitiful, nothing romantic, nothing heroic about the Jew, as you will discover if you ever manage to strip him of his martyrdom, as you have stripped Poland and Ireland. It takes more than a dungeon to make a hero, just as it takes more than a garret to make an artist.

If liberals will face this fact about Jews they will do more than save themselves a rude shock, such as they suffered when they saw the principle of self-determination in action. They will help the Jew to recover from his "martyr complex," which really makes him a rather unpleasant person. His liberal friends have encouraged it, for the martyred Jew satisfies their craving for romance. So the Jew goes around the world, meeting rebuffs, as do most non-Jews as well, and saying to himself: "They snub me because I am a Jew." Rebuffs do not develop in him that doubt of his individual eligibility which serves to quell the unpleasant ego lurking in the best of men. He sees every rebuff as aimed at his Jewishness, never at his own private personality. In emphasizing the Jew's conscious-

ness of persecution, the liberal friend who holds his hand with a bedside manner is as much his enemy as the man who spits upon his Jewish gaberdine.

But, above all, the well-meant bedside manner of the liberal throws an unhealthy aura of heroism around the Jew. It is easy to be a hero in chains. The real test of the hero is to rise above prosperity. The Pole and the Irishman have failed the liberal there. And if we face the facts, we see that the Jew has done the same. The European Jew who fled from pogrom fires with his family, and found his way to a New York sweatshop, to rise to be a great clothing manufacturer, or perhaps a labor leader, is undeniably a romantic figure. His son goes to college and flourishes sporty ties and cheers the loudest on the football field. The clothing manufacturer's son no doubt drives his own car, and lives in a frat house, probably a Jewish frat house, but modeled exactly on the lines of the most exclusive frat house on the campus. The Jew can boast an heroic ancestry, as can nearly every American, for every boat from the Mayflower to the Olympic, which docked last week, has carried its carload of romance, of pioneers seeking their fortunes in a new land. The Cabots and the Hancocks are removed by ten generations from the same pioneer story which you can read in the Russian Jewish faces on Ellis Island today. But the second and third generations have lost the heroism with the hardships. They have not been big enough to rise above prosperity. They have settled comfortably into the smug upholstery of Jew Klux Klannery, just a little smuggler because they are championed by American liberals. To be sure, there is the Jewish liberal. He is more interested in the liberation of the Irishman, the Mexican, or the Negro than in the liberation of the Jew. In that he is like all liberals. He is a little resentful when Gentile liberals innocently assume that he is a staunch Jewish patriot. His resentment runs as true to liberal form as the Gentile's assumption. (Moreover, he knows the Jew Klux Klan, and the Gentile does not.) He is still more resentful when the Jew Klux Klan accuse him of being a traitor to his race. Not long ago two rabbis attacked a Jewish publisher for bringing out an excellent book, which they considered anti-Semitic. The publisher, who has done as much as any man to give good literature to the American public, and probably more than any other man to defend the freedom of American book publishing, replied that he published the book because it was good literature, regardless of its bearing on Jews and Judaism. Like all good liberals, he put loyalty to truth before loyalty to race or nation. He spoke for Jewish liberalism as he had already spoken for American liberalism.

The Jewish liberal holds precisely the same position in regard to the Jew Klux Klan that the American liberal holds in regard to the Ku Klux Klan. Yet he has been timid about declaring himself, naturally, perhaps, because he does not want to hit his own people when they are down. It is the Ku Kluxers in America, and the Fascisti all over Europe, who made the liberal Jew waver. It is the Ku Kluxers and the Fascisti who drive the liberal Gentile, without his knowing it, into the arms of the Jew Klux Klan. The issues are confused, but it is time that they were straightened out. It is time that liberals, Jew and Gentile alike, faced the reality that most Jews are Abraham Levys, just as most Americans are Babbitts, remembering all the while that the Declaration of Independence applies even to Abraham.

New Morals for Old

Can Men and Women Be Friends?

By FLOYD DELL

FRIENDSHIP between men and women is rather a new thing in the history of the world. Friendship depends upon equality and choice, and there has been very little of either in the relations of the sexes, up to the present. A woman does not choose her male relatives, nor is she according to archaic family laws their equal; motives other than personal choice might lead her to become a man's wife; wholly impersonal reasons might place her in the relationship of kept mistress. Only in her role of paramour was there any implication of free choice; and even here there was no full equality, not even of danger. None of these customary relationships of the past can be said to have fostered friendship between men and women. Doubtless it did exist, but under difficulties.

Family bonds, however, are being more and more relaxed, women are no longer the wards of their male relatives, and friendship with a father or brother is more than ever possible. Further, the free personal choice which marked only the romantic amours of the age of chivalry is now popularly regarded in America as essential to any decent marriage, while the possibility of divorce tends to make free choice something besides a mere youthful illusion. More than ever before, husbands and wives are friends.

At the same time the intensity of friendships between people of the same sex appears to be diminishing. This intensity, in its classic instances, as in Greece, we now regard as an artificial product, the result of the segregation of the sexes and the low social position of women. As women become free and equal with men such romantic intensity of emotion finds a more biologically appropriate expression. Friendships between people of the same sex must today compete on the one hand with romantic love and on the other with the more fascinating though often less enduring friendships which can now be enjoyed between men and women. Neglect of these latter opportunities is coming to be regarded as a kind of spiritual cowardice, or at least as a failure in enterprise.

The influences of the machine age, so destructive to fixed authoritarian relationships, appear to foster the growth of friendship between the sexes; so much so that we may expect it to become, in its further developments, a characteristic social feature of the age that lies immediately before us.

Friendship will become a more and more important aspect of marriage itself; but, except in the effects of its wider spread, this will hardly be a new thing—we have friendships between husbands and wives now. Nor will extra-marital friendships between men and women be precisely a new thing. What will be new, furnishing us with an interesting theme for sociological speculation, are the conventions which will gradually come into existence to give

social protection and dignity to extra-marital friendships.

Conventions are, doubtless, always rather ridiculous, inevitably a shackle upon the free motions of the soul, being imposed by fear. But it will be remembered that we, in America, with a vast amount of freedom of intersexual association, have thus far only begun to dispense with the locks and bars and whippings and chaperons which were the appurtenances of a physical segregation of the sexes; the vast paraphernalia of psychic segregation, including sexual taboos which hark back to the primeval darkness, are with us still. Our minds are habituated to unrea-

sonable fears in all matters concerning the relations of the sexes. For a long time, extra-marital friendships of men and women may be expected to be hedged about with elaborate and specific permissions, for the sake of keeping them under social control. Yet these conventions may be very convenient; and however irksome they may seem to the free spirits of a future day, they may still be such as would appear to us generously libertarian.

Today, in the absence of such conventions, it does not suffice that a man and woman, too well married to be afraid of extra-marital friendships, grant them to each other by private treaty; relatives, friends, and neighbors do not fail to be duly alarmed. Extra-marital friendship exists in an atmosphere of social suspicion which a few conventions would go far to alleviate.

As an example in a different field, the convention with regard to dancing may be adduced. If dancing were not a general custom, if it were the enlightened practice of an advanced few, how peculiar and suspicious would seem the desire of Mr. X and Mrs. Y to embrace each other to music; and how scandalized the neighbors would be to hear that they *did*! No one would rest until the pair had been driven into an elopement.

We build huge palaces for the kind of happy communion which dancing furnishes; we tend more and more to behave like civilized beings about the impulses which are thus given scope. We are less socially hospitable to the impulses of friendship between men and women.

In friendship there are many moods; but the universal rite of friendship is *talk*. Talk needs no palaces for its encouragement; it is not an expensive affair; it would seem to be well within the reach of all. Yet it isn't. For the talk of friendship requires privacy—though the privacy of a table for two in a crowded and noisy restaurant will suffice; and it requires time. Such talk does not readily adjust itself to the limitations of the dinner hour. It is a flower slow in unfolding; and it seems to come to its most perfect bloom only after midnight. But, unfortunately, not every restaurant keeps open all night. It is satisfied with two comfortable chairs; a table to lean elbows on is good,

In The Nation's series on New Morals for Old have already appeared articles by Bertrand Russell and Elsie Clews Parsons. The next article, to appear in the issue of June 11, will be Toward Monogamy, by Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

too; in winter an open fire, where friendly eyes may stare dreamily into the glowing coals—that is very good; hot or cold drinks according to the season, and a cigarette—these are almost the height of friendship's luxury. These seem not too much to ask. Yet the desire for privacy and uncounted hours of time together is, when considered from that point of view, scandalous in its implications; quite as much so as the desire of Mr. X and Mrs. Y to embrace each other to music. However, Mr. X and Mrs. Y do, under the aegis of a convention, indulge their desire and embrace each other to their heart's content with the full approval of civilized society; and it seems as though another convention might grow up, under the protection of which Mr. X and Mrs. Y might sit up and talk all night without its seeming queer of them.

Queer, at the least, it does seem nowadays, except under the conventions of courtship; friends who happen to be married to each other can of course talk comfortably in bed. These bare facts are sufficient to explain why so many men and women who really want to be friends and sit up all night occasionally and talk find it easy to believe that they are in love with each other. They find it all the easier to believe this, because friendship between the sexes is usually spiced with some degree of sexual attraction. But a degree of sexual attraction which might have kept a friendship forever sweet may prove unequal to the requirements of a more serious and intimate relationship. Disillusionment is the penalty, at the very least. Society could well afford to grant more freedom to friendship between men and women, and save the expense of a large number of broken hearts.

It is worth while to wonder if a good deal of "romance" is not, after all, friendship mistaking itself for something else; or rather, finding its only opportunity for expression in that mistake. Among civilized people, after the romance has ended, the friendship remains. It may perhaps have been worth while to imagine oneself in love, in order to enjoy a friendship; but it seems rather a wasteful proceeding.

Yet those who, taking a merely economical view of the situation, attempt to enjoy such friendships without becoming involved or involving others in such waste, may with some embarrassment discover—what Mrs. Grundy could have told them all along—that friendship and sexual romance may sometimes be difficult to relegate to previously determined boundaries. Friendship between the sexes may, if only for a moment, seem to demand the same tokens of sincerity as romantic love. Does not this fact threaten the traditional, jealousy-guarded dignity of marriage?

Perhaps it does. At present, in any conflict of claims between a marriage and a friendship, there is "nothing to arbitrate"; marriage has all the rights, friendship none. If the rights of friendship are to be at all considered and protected, marriage may have to yield something. It may not be good manners for husbands and wives to be jealous of the quite possible momentary exuberances of each other's friendships; it may be that such incidents will be regarded as being within the discretion of the persons immediately concerned, and not quite proper subjects for inquiry, speculation, or comment by anybody else.

And this might have an effect unsuspected by those whom such a prospect of liberty would most alarm today. When a moment's rashness does not necessarily imply red ruin and the breaking up of homes, when sex is freed to a

degree from the sense of overwhelming social consequences, it may well become a matter of more profound personal consequence; and with nothing to fear except the spoiling of their friendship, men and women in an ardent friendship may yet prefer talk to kisses.

"But what if they don't?" A complete answer to that question, from the Utopian point of view, would take us far afield from the subject of friendship; yet some further answer may seem to be required, if only by way of confessing to Mrs. Grundy that the problem is not so simple as it may seem. Well, then, out of many possibilities which the future holds, I offer this one for what it may be worth. Such friendships, let us agree, tend to merge insensibly into romantic sexual love. But if marriage may be conceived as yielding some of its traditional rights, extra-marital romance may well be called upon for similar concessions. The first thing that extra-marital romance might be asked to surrender would be its intolerable and fatuous airs of *holiness*. Yes, "holiness" is the word—a holiness all the more asserted by such extra-marital lovers because their relations are likely to be taken disrespectfully by a stupid world. Oh, unquestionably, if you ask them, never was any legal and conventional love so high and holy as this romantic passion of theirs! Its transcendental holiness calls for sacrifices. So they sacrifice themselves—and, incidentally, others—to it. Anything less, they feel, would be cowardly. They must not palter with these sacred emotions—not even by the exercise of their dormant sense of humor!—So it is today: but perhaps in a future where extra-marital romance is made room for with a tender and humorous courtesy, it may give up these preposterous and solemn airs, and actually learn to smile at its illusions—illusions which will still give the zest of ultimate danger to relationships of merely happy and light-hearted play. Thus life will continue to be interesting.

As for the talk of friendship, my Utopian speculations uncover for me no respect in which the thing itself can be improved upon. The circumstances can be made happier, the attitude of society can foster it; but the talk of friendship has already reached a splendid perfection beyond which my imagination is unable to soar. At its best it has, despite its personal aspect, an impersonal beauty; it is a poignant fulfilment of those profound impulses which we call curiosity and candor; it serves human needs as deep as those which poetry and music serve, and is in some sense an art like them. The art exists, and it remains only for the future to give it an adequate hospitality.

Islands

By LAURA BENÉT

Let islands be never discovered,
 Leave them to loneliness
 And loneliness again, unutterable:
 Enchanted wreckage of chaos
 Born of mystery burdened foam.
 Seek the far water
 When in sight of the tree tops,
 But never discover, O sailors!
 The secret of beauty the sea hides
 Is drowned in the finding.

Glass Walls

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THERE is much to be said for the proposal that all hotels should be ordered to have glass walls and glass partitions. They should also be ordered to be brilliantly illuminated throughout at all times.

Many evils happen in hotels. Poker games happen in hotels. So do conferences for dictating presidential nominations. Such evils—and numerous others which will readily occur to the reader—would be checked by the reform here indicated. Therefore this reform should be adopted.

Any reform which checks an evil should be adopted and enacted. The great aid to all evils is privacy. It has been said that God sees everything. If people only believed it they would be good. Now they are bad. Since therefore they do not believe that God is seeing them, it becomes necessary that their neighbors should see them—at all times.

Much progress recently has been made in this direction. People now are much more careful in their telegrams. They know now that almost any United States Senator on almost any senatorial committee is likely at any time to send to the telegraph companies for their telegrams. They know that their telegrams may at any time be read to the whole United States Senate. They therefore send better and fewer telegrams.

It will soon be provided that when any citizen writes a letter he shall file a carbon or duplicate of it at his local post office and that any neighbor may at any time read it. This reform will enormously and beneficently decrease the volume of the kind of correspondence that gets read in courtrooms in divorce cases. When men and women once realize that all their indiscreet amorous missives will be read by all the neighbors, they will not write them.

Thus an undoubted evil will be checked. The reform here proposed therefore must be, and will be, adopted.

Already the Senate has decreed that every citizen's income-tax return shall be open to be read by every other citizen. This reform is necessitated because some citizens dodge their taxes. In order to prevent some citizens from dodging their taxes, the private financial affairs of all other citizens must become public property. Good citizens may feel outraged, but bad citizens will be frustrated. Anything that frustrates any badness by any citizen is right. Therefore this reform is right.

Additionally it accomplishes a further diminishment of privacy and a further advancement of publicity in all things. The more publicity we have, the more perfectly we shall always do what the mass of our neighbors think we ought to do. This is undeniable. Therefore the case for the total abolishing of privacy is proved.

The State of Nebraska has abolished private judgment regarding the teaching of languages to children. It has decided that no father shall cause his child to learn a foreign language in a grade school. He may wish the child to learn it. The child may wish to learn it. The neighbors, however, as represented by the politicians in the legislature of Nebraska, have decided that the father shall not cause the child to learn it.

Theologians, after long study, once told us everything. Now the neighbors, after no study at all, tell us everything. Thus we move forward.

The theologians worked within limits. They thought there were some things which could not be ordered. St. Thomas Aquinas, greatest of the theologians, said that any law which goes counter to the natural rights given by God to man is no law but only "a species of force," deserving of no respect or obedience.

Thomas Jefferson, the freethinker, agreed with St. Thomas Aquinas. He was perhaps not so sure about God but he was perfectly sure about natural rights. He was willing to defend natural rights against majorities as well as against kings.

St. Thomas Aquinas, God, natural rights, and Thomas Jefferson lived a long time ago. They represented theories. Now we have "conservatives" and "progressives." They represent a struggle over facts.

The conservatives wish to maintain existing institutions. If they can pass laws impeding free speech against existing institutions, they love to do it. They ask: "Shall a man, by a right of free speech, interrupt the general welfare?" They crushingly answer: "No."

The progressives are different. They wish to modify existing institutions. They pass laws providing, for instance, that if the Post Office Department thinks I am using the mails to defraud the public, which must be protected, why, then, the Post Office Department can shut me out of the mails and destroy my business without judge or jury.

If I complain that my property has been taken from me without any genuine due process of law, the progressives ask: "What? Shall a man, by a right of property, interrupt progress and righteousness and the general welfare?" Crushingly they answer: "No."

Both progressives and conservatives are for the general welfare. They differ as to what the general welfare is. Equally, however, they are for it. The difference between them is that the conservatives will trample on human rights to get to the general welfare and the progressives will trample on the property rights of human beings to get to the general welfare.

It makes everything very simple. It makes it so much simpler than in the old days of human rights and property rights. Then you started with rights and sailed away and nobody could tell where you would arrive. That was not scientific. It led to adventures. It produced mishaps. It produced evils. Now everything is clear. Now all we have to do is to decide what the general welfare is and go there.

The general welfare is a fact. It can be decided. When the conservatives are in the majority, the general welfare is conservative. When the progressives are in the majority, the general welfare is progressive. Thus all doubt disappears. This is an age not of theories based on religion, but of certainties based on science.

Science is interpreted into the general welfare by legislatures. Legislatures are inspired by the neighbors back home. They know the thing that is my welfare today and

they know the different thing that is my welfare tomorrow. They are not trammelled by any theories of natural rights and their decisions are enforced by the police forces. All that stands in the way of a complete triumph of the general welfare is occasionally the courts.

Mr. Arthur F. Mullen of Omaha came down to Washington and argued against the Nebraska foreign-language grade-school law before the United States Supreme Court. He seemed to hold that if any one father in all Nebraska wanted his child to learn a foreign language, he had a natural and constitutional right to have him learn it if he could find a school to teach it to him.

The Supreme Court agreed with Mr. Mullen. It overthrew the will of the people of Nebraska and made it again possible for any one father in Nebraska to defy all the other fathers in Nebraska in the matter of the foreign languages to be known and spoken in his household. Oh, the shame of it.

Moreover, unless we arouse ourselves, the will of the people of Oregon and the general welfare of the State of Oregon will be similarly overthrown. In Oregon most fathers want to send their children to schools managed by politicians. So they have decided by law that no father in Oregon may send his child to any school managed by clergymen. They have decided by law that the privacy of private schools must go.

This law is likely to be voided and annulled by nine old men in Washington. The nine old men must be intimidated out of their wits and intentions. Mass meetings must be held. Letters must be written. If, as usual the nine old men refuse to be intimidated and do not even know that they are being intimidated then at last the only effective course in the circumstances must be taken.

A commission of young men, thoroughly versed in the materialistic conception of history, must be employed to go through the federal Constitution and strike out of it all allusions to all alleged natural rights.

Looking at the list of natural rights in the federal Constitution, and then looking at the contemporary majority, who could fail to abandon the list and trust to the majority?

The Constitution buttresses private judgment and privacy and a certain freedom to go wrong. The majority is for public judgment and publicity and a compulsion to go right. Therefore the majority is right.

Fortunately, in any case, the majority is gradually penetrating the Constitution with its scientific moralizing influence.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, depending upon the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution and upon the Volstead law, has decided that fruit juices must not be kept in the home after they have become intoxicating.

At that point of development somebody must eject those fruit juices from the home. Naturally the householder cannot be expected to do it. He will not deprive himself of the fruition of his fruits. Somebody else must do it. An inquirer, an investigator, an inspector must do it.

Commenting triumphantly on such an inspection, a Western judge remarked the other day that no longer was there any merit in the ancient legal maxim that a man's house is his castle. Such a maxim may have fitted the British subjects of a Tudor monarch four hundred years ago. It does not fit the citizens of this republic now. Their houses, their cellars, their pantries, their bottles must be

open on suspicion to any public official who may wish to examine them.

Other countries may try to socialize the economic means of production and distribution. That is wrong. That is radicalism. For us there has been reserved the nobler task of socializing our citizens' homes and private lives.

We will read their telegrams and their letters. We will pore over their income-tax returns. We will choose their children's schools. We will choose their children's studies. We will eliminate objectionable passages from their motion pictures and from their books. We will prevent them from gambling on horse races. We will prevent them from going to horse races. We will prevent them from going to prize-fights and also from looking at photographic reproductions of prize-fights. Either by laws or by mobs we will also choose their religions for them. The reason is clear. This country existed once to promote rights. Now it exists to prevent evils.

Rights interfere with checking evils. That is admitted. Therefore rights must go. That is happening. Privacy, the worst of all rights, and the root in fact of the maintenance of all rights, should now be taught a final lesson.

It has one great remaining citadel. That citadel is the hotel. Men leave their homes, where they are watched by their wives and by prohibition inspectors and by school inspectors and by the Ku Klux Klan, and they go to hotel rooms and play card games. They also, in hotel rooms, hold secret conferences (in which there are no representatives of the public) while they decide which candidate they will support for President or for sheriff. They also, in hotel rooms, are guilty of numerous other shameful scandals.

Large numbers of homes have been disrupted because of things which have happened in hotels. If all the walls and all the partitions of all hotels had been made of glass, these things would not have happened. Particularly would they not have happened if all rooms in all hotels, besides having glass walls and partitions, had been at all times brilliantly illuminated.

Therefore it is proved that all hotels should have glass walls and partitions and should be at all times brilliantly illuminated. Congress will provide that the glass shall not be wired glass but perfectly clear glass. To every hotel there will be assigned a municipal inspector, a county inspector, a State inspector, a federal inspector, and a League of Nations inspector. These inspectors will sit on the opposite side of the street in rocking-chairs and will look the hotel through at all times. All night long in all the thousands of hotels throughout this country the eyes of the public, through the walls here specified and under the lights here provided and by means of the inspectors here required, will be upon all wayfarers in interstate commerce.

These wayfarers are the only Americans not yet cornered and caught. This reform will catch them. They, too, will have to surrender to publicity and to morality; and as each of them sinks to sleep on his own little cot in his own little room, all by himself, he shall raise his right hand in salute to the inspectors on the other side of the street and he further by law shall recite the following meditation, which will be furnished on cards by the new Federal Department of Social Welfare:

"Fellow-citizens, who am I? I am a worm. You are one hundred and ten million worms. Your will, not mine, be done."

Fascist Terrorism in the Tyrol

By ROBERT DELL

(This is the concluding article of a series on the situation in South Tyrol. The first was South Tyrol—Austria's Lost Province, and the second Fascist Rule in South Tyrol.)

Bozen, April 5

THE Fascist laws under which South Tyrol is now suffering have all been enacted during the last twelve months by decrees of the prefect of the Province of Trent. This again is a flagrant violation of the assurance that the inhabitants of South Tyrol should be treated on an equality with other Italian citizens. In no other Italian province has the prefect such powers. Even local government has been to a great extent suppressed in South Tyrol. The municipal councils of Bozen, Meran, and the other towns of any size have been dissolved and their powers transferred to an Italian town commissioner, who as a rule cannot speak or understand a word of German. That is the case of the town commissioner of Bozen, who is, however, personally a very reasonable man and is lenient in his administration. The sub-prefect of Bozen and the questor, who has to do with the registration of foreigners, are also entirely ignorant of German. The sub-prefect speaks only Italian and a little bad French. He is an extreme Fascist and is personally unpopular, but the Italian officers and soldiers quartered in Bozen, who are not numerous, are much liked by the population, which agrees that they behave extremely well. I met the colonel commanding the carabinieri, who is a charming man and interferes with the people as little as possible. Even the sub-prefect, so far as I could learn, shows no unnecessary harshness in administering the decrees that he has to administer, but he has organized an elaborate system of espionage—no doubt acting under instructions—and inhabitants that have not been given Italian nationality live under the constant menace of expulsion at a moment's notice. As always happens in an arbitrary regime, denunciations are sometimes made out of personal spite. In one case a business man who had lived all his life in Bozen and had never taken any part in politics was denounced by an Italian who was jealous of him on account of a lady and was saved from expulsion only because he happened to know a prominent Fascist who intervened on his behalf. German inhabitants taking an active part in politics, particularly the members of the Deutsche Verband, are under continual police supervision, are tracked wherever they go, and dare not intrust to the post any letter dealing with political matters because all their letters are secretly opened. I had two conversations with the sub-prefect—not without some difficulty, as I do not speak Italian. I put to him the various facts that I had learned and he did not contest the accuracy of any of them. He merely asserted that most of the inhabitants of South Tyrol could speak Italian and were perfectly contented under Italian rule, and that the province had complete liberty. He seemed very much afraid of English and American public opinion and warned me—perhaps only half in earnest—that if I wrote anything disagreeable to the Italian Government he would have me turned back at the frontier if I again visited South Tyrol. I am taking the risk.

Fascism is a German product. Its real inventor was Herr Escherich, the "man" of Prince Rupert of Bavaria, who spent some time in Italy and gave Duke Mussolini all his ideas. The German Fascisti are much disconcerted by the conduct of their Italian brethren in South Tyrol and are torn between their German nationalist and their Fascist sympathies. They are in the habit of making excuses for Mussolini on the supposition that he does not know what is going on in South Tyrol and that the local Italian authorities are responsible for the treatment of the German Tyrolese. This theory cannot be reconciled with the facts. As I have said, the local authorities in South Tyrol are on the whole reasonable and moderate. Some of them, perhaps—for they are not all Fascisti—do not entirely approve of the policy that they are bound to carry out. In one case at least—that of the decree relating to the employment of foreigners in hotels—they have not insisted on a strict enforcement of the law, but they are only agents who have to obey instructions and administer the law, be it good or bad. They have no personal responsibility for the oppressive treatment of the German inhabitants, which is entirely due to the decrees of the prefect of Trent. The prefect acts under the instructions of the Italian Government.

Moreover, one of the worst decrees—that of October 1, 1923, relating to instruction in the elementary schools—is a royal decree applying to the whole of Italy and promulgated by the central Government, that is, by Mussolini himself. This decree makes Italian the sole language of instruction in all elementary schools throughout the kingdom, but the introduction of Italian in parishes where another tongue is usually spoken is to be gradual. This year the instruction is in Italian only in the first classes for the youngest children. Next year the use of Italian will be extended to the second classes, and so on annually until "in a number of years corresponding to that of the school classes Italian will be the language of instruction in all elementary and parish schools." The native language is to be taught in extra lessons out of the ordinary school hours and instruction in it will be obligatory for those children whose parents desire it. This means that the policy that has been so successful in Italian Savoy is now reversed and the French-speaking inhabitants of that province will no longer enjoy the right of having schools in their own language. French is, if possible, to be stamped out in Savoy like German in South Tyrol. The stupidity of this change is incredible. The French-speaking population of Savoy, which has hitherto been loyal and contented, will inevitably become discontented and hostile. In South Tyrol the decree must involve the dismissal of a large number of elementary teachers, the great majority of whom cannot speak Italian, and the appointment of Italian teachers in their place—that is probably one of its objects. There can be little doubt that the Italian Government intends sooner or later to deal in the same way with secondary and higher education. Already an attack is being made on the German secondary schools in South Tyrol, two of which, one for boys and the other for girls, have been suppressed in Bozen. On November 23 the Government promulgated another decree ordering that in all

those elementary classes that are taught in Italian, religious teaching must be given in the same language. This is an even heavier blow to the national and religious sentiment of the German Tyrolese, who are devout Catholics.

There are many other evidences of the design to stamp out the German language and culture in South Tyrol. Naturally there is no political liberty in the province, for there is none in Italy, but in South Tyrol the interference with freedom of speech is not restricted to political matters. Lectures on the works of Tyrolese poets and philosophers, such as Lutterotti and Peter Anich, have been prohibited and societies for the study of German language and literature suppressed. The prefect of Trent has ordered the removal from the schools of all pictures of the Tyrolese national heroes, Andreas Hofer, Haspinger, and Speckbacher—a particularly odious affront to popular sentiment. A parallel to it would be the compulsory removal of portraits of George Washington from the schools of an American State. Last September the prefect of Trent dissolved all Alpine clubs, unions, or sections not affiliated to the Italian Alpine Club and transferred their property to the latter, although the continued existence of the German Alpine clubs had been sanctioned by the Italian Government in a decree dated April 9, 1921. Senator Tolomei demanded the removal from the Walterplatz in Bozen of the statue of Walter von der Vogelweide, but this has not yet been done and it may be hoped that the Italian Government will refrain from so contemptible an outrage.

It is not the only breach of faith of which Mussolini and his servants have been guilty. They have now suddenly begun to confiscate the property of German citizens in South Tyrol—five years after the armistice! This confiscation is not authorized by Article 249 (a) of the Treaty of St. Germain, which refers only to the property of Austrian citizens, nor is it authorized by Article 297 (b) of the Treaty of Versailles, which refers to the property of "German nationals or companies controlled by them" within the territories, colonies, possessions, and protectorates of the Allied and Associated Powers, "including territories ceded to them by the present treaty." South Tyrol was ceded to Italy, not by the Treaty of Versailles but by the Treaty of St. Germain. The Italian Government asserts that the Reparation Commission in November, 1919, authorized the confiscation of German property in South Tyrol on the ground that such action was in accordance with the "spirit" of the peace treaties. If so, the Reparation Commission would have exceeded its powers. It has no sort of right to authorize a departure from the letter of the treaties. But in fact the decision was that of a subcommittee of the Reparation Commission, not of the commission itself, and, since it was not unanimous, it was of no effect, unanimity being required by the Treaty of Versailles for all interpretations of the provisions of the treaty concerning reparations. The present action of the Italian Government is, therefore, a violation of the peace treaties.

It is also, as has been said, a breach of faith. German owners of property in South Tyrol were at liberty to sell their real estate from the day of the armistice, November 11, 1918, until February 13, 1919, when they were prohibited by the Italian Government from selling it, and again from October 8, 1919, when the prohibition was withdrawn, until December 18, 1919, when it was again issued. Very few took advantage of these opportunities because they relied on the provisions of the peace treaties, but still more because

the Italian Government unofficially declared that it had no intention of confiscating their property. The case of German personal property is still worse. Its owners could have sold or removed it at any time up to December 22, 1921, when it was sequestrated by a decree of the Italian Government. They did not use this right because the Italian Government had given an official assurance that the personal property of German citizens in the new province should in no case be confiscated. In these circumstances the present proceedings are an infamy. A large number of the Germans concerned have taken legal action to contest the right of the Italian Government to confiscate their property. The action has not yet been decided, yet the Italian Government is proceeding with the confiscations, although common decency demands that it should suspend them pending the judgment. This is obviously a matter for the German Government, which should demand the reference of the matter to the Permanent Court of International Justice. But the present German Government, being anxious to curry favor with Mussolini and the Italian Fascisti, is doing nothing and the Germans in South Tyrol bitterly complain of the way in which they are being deserted by those whose duty it is to defend them.

The full iniquity of the conduct of the Italian Government in this matter will be made clear by a few examples:

1. Justizrat Thomson lives in the Villa Wendtland at Gries, which is the property of his wife, who inherited it from her father. The villa and all its contents were sequestrated on September 21, last, and valued at 1,921,779 lire.

2. Frau Maria Entleuthner, a widow aged 71, owns in Meran a modest house worth about 50,000 lire, where she lives. Her sole means of livelihood are the rent that she obtains from letting the greater part of the house and what her daughter earns by giving piano lessons. Her house and all her furniture, including the beds and the daughter's piano and music, have been confiscated. She must pay rent for a room in her own house or be put on the street. She was forbidden by the authorities to cut firewood from a tree in the garden and was obliged to go without fire, having no means to buy coal.

3. Adolf Pott, aged 75, suffering from pulmonary disease, lives with his wife, aged 73, who suffers from heart disease, in a house at Meran which he owns. He has no income except what he derives from letting most of the house. His house and all his furniture, including beds, have been confiscated.

4. Frau Anna Hofele, widow, with four children under age, owns a house in Meran which is her only possession. The house and its furniture have been confiscated.

5. Agnes Ostwald, paralyzed and bedridden, has had her house and furniture confiscated.

6. The Krämer family, consisting of five brothers and sister under age, own a house which is their sole property. It has been confiscated.

7. Frau Kötsche, widow, aged 70, has had all her property confiscated.

8. Johann Musgiller, living in Algund, has had his house and garden, which are his only possessions, confiscated.

9. Baroness Lydia Hofmann, aged 80 and paralyzed, was formerly wealthy, but now lives entirely on the proceeds of her house and land in Meran. They have been confiscated.

These are only specimen cases. There are many others. Perhaps this brutality will help the world to understand the Fascist mentality.

Books for Ambassadors

By CARL VAN DOREN

(*P. E. N.*, an organization of writers of all countries, has been holding in New York City its second international convention at which delegates from the foreign centers and from other American cities have gathered. We print below the words of the president of the American Center, at a dinner to the foreign delegates given on May 13.)

THE recent and present reputation of diplomacy is not so high as to encourage many of us to feel distressed at the hint that it might be improved upon or even at some points superseded. If, for instance, the works of Anatole France or Thomas Hardy or Gerhart Hauptmann or Maxim Gorki or Miguel Unamuno or Selma Lagerlöf or Benedetto Croce were the accredited representatives of their countries to all the foreign capitals, does any one seriously think that these countries would be represented to less advantage than they now are? Something of the sort, indeed, does happen whenever a great writer begins to have an influence beyond the borders of his own tongue and nation. But the spread of such influences has been left largely to chance, and no adequate mechanism has been developed whereby the finest seed of every nation might promptly be planted in all the soils ready to receive it.

This is a world in which vast forces slumber unused till some touch wakens them, or work destruction till some touch subdues them, to human usefulness. The heat of the sun and the rush of the winds and the throb of the tides are still in large measure wasted so far as the service of mankind is concerned. So, I am tempted to say, are the major emotions of the race incapable of their most precious functions till they have been civilized into words. The praise of silence as an evidence of strength is, after all, largely a form of sentimentalism. In this spirit the curled dandies of Rome patted the biceps of the sullen gladiators. Speech, however, is the faculty by which men have ceased to be brutes, leaving behind them, along with the fatal complacency of the oyster, his virtuous reticence. Certain primitive peoples have held that words, words themselves, are magic. And words are magic. They are flint to tinder, keys to locks, form to matter. And if this is true of words in general, how much more is it true of them when they are fitted with the inexplicable cunning of poets and orators to the subtle or beautiful or just ideas which would otherwise be hardly more useful, and hardly more verifiable, than sounds in a wilderness.

Words have a special magic for all who speak the special language to which they belong. Words have also a universal magic which may be translated into all languages. With it they carry across boundaries the riches discovered by many writers in many lands. They bring the news of strange beauties and fresh truths, thereby measurably enlarging every reader to something of cosmopolitan dimensions. And they have at the same time the different, but not actually contradictory, effect of drawing the most widely separated readers together by making them perceive how small are the essential differences between man and man. When the smallness of those differences has been genuinely perceived, there will no longer be room in the world for those obscene survivors of the ancient slime, hatreds and enmities and wars.

In the Driftway

THERE are evidently demons which infest old houses. They care little, however, for houses which are merely old; if they do not also show their age, the demons leave at once; and if you can find a house built about 1795, whose once-white clapboards lean ever so slightly to windward, whose green shutters hang awry on once-immaculate window sills, and whose shingled roof looks deceptively sound, you will also find the demons thick and hearty, leaning out of every window and door and beckoning the passer-by to enter. The strange thing about it is that so many passers-by accept this highly disadvantageous invitation. The Drifter has seen men and women of evidently sound mind, with no thought in the world of adding to the troubles which fate had already provided for them, go completely mad at the first sight of such a house. They prowl around the battered yard and stretch up to peer into the blank windows. They murmur that "this end really is perfectly good, and a little fixing would make the rest tight." They exclaim at sight of a bit of whittled wood or a carved mantel. The sight of a Dutch oven raises them to Heaven. And not content with merely looking and exclaiming and breathing loudly with joy, they turn to and buy the accursed place while the demons that inhabit it are howling with delight.

WITH this sort of madness the Drifter, of course, has no particular quarrel. But how the demons must rejoice when the purchasers begin their labors of "making the rest tight"! They are seen solemnly ripping out partitions to give more space here, and solemnly nailing them up to make another room there. They sandpaper old and peeling paint until their hands are sore. And the zeal with which they scrape wall-paper is encouraging to one who had thought that the taste for manual labor was going out. They do not complain if all their time and muscles are engaged, they do not mind spending all their money; when the house, at a cost of blood and treasure equal to at least one and one-half Spanish-American wars, is made sound and beautiful once more, the poor dupes, still led on by the untiring demons, turn to the barns and the chicken-house and the ice-house and the milk-house, and after toiling over them early and late they fill them with unprotesting beasts.

THERE is only one thing to be said for such an expenditure of energy and time: when the house is—not finished, for it never is—but comfortable and secure; when the barns contain a modest cow or two and a team fattened off one's own pasture; when the cucumbers that are sliced on the table are the same cucumbers that were hoed and weeded and picked with this hand—but there, the Drifter's imagination is running away with him. It is said, by those who have tried this experiment, that all these things afford an aesthetic satisfaction not procurable in any other way. The Drifter cannot speak for himself; he has never owned a cow or brought up a cucumber; he has never shingled his own roof or painted his own horse-barn a delirious red. Yet only a day or so ago he passed a house—not a new house, and yet really looking very sound; he was tempted; he would certainly have fallen if he had not chanced to see the crooked finger of a demon beckoning to him from a second-story window.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Who Pays?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A little leaflet is being spread broadcast which offers girls from thirteen to twenty prizes and a free trip to Washington for the best essays showing "Why a Young Man I Know Should Attend a Citizens' Military Training Camp." This offer, sponsored by the Women's Overseas Service League, ostensibly comes from them, though it is stated that essays will be submitted to the Military Training Camps Association and that they will give information.

As this little organization of women has only three hundred members in New England, only five thousand scattered over the whole country, and has not even a paid secretary, its offer to give a prize for the winning essay in every town, county, city, and State is surprising. One wonders how nurses and busy workers can furnish funds for such an ambitious undertaking.

It is said that several large organizations of women were first approached and turned down the proposal to sponsor action for any body of men who wanted to hide behind a woman's organization and not offend school boards and superintendents by enlisting schoolgirls in their propaganda. This very small organization finally welcomed the proposal and apparently will reap considerable advertising at no expense whatever to itself.

Boston, May 15

LUCIA AMES MEAD

Farmer-Labor—A Misalliance?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of March 19, and at various other times, I have noticed in your editorial columns references to what you presumably consider a desirable and natural eventuality—the creation of a national Farmer-Labor Party. It seems to me that in advocating such an alliance *The Nation* allows its zeal on behalf of the various underdogs of the world to overbalance its usual clear-sightedness.

Certainly there are no two groups more essentially dissimilar than the industrial laborer and the farmer. The agriculturist is above all a conservative; he is an employer of labor on a small scale, and by the nature of things he works long hours and pays very low wages. During boom periods in industry much of this cheap farm labor is drawn away from the farm to the factories, thus depriving the farmer of his help or forcing him to pay prohibitive wages. Also, periods of high wages in industry are usually periods of correspondingly high prices, and the farmer, with the rest of the general public, has to pay more for manufactured articles as a result of the high wages received by labor. Conversely, when prices of farm products rise, the effect is to increase the cost of living to the industrial workers in the cities. What helps the farmer is injurious to the laborer, and vice versa.

Ordinarily these two groups have nothing whatever in common; at the present they have but one thing in common, and that is discontent with the prevailing economic conditions. That both have some justification for such discontent goes without saying. But labor is in a chronic state of discontent, while the plight of the farmer is primarily a post-war condition. The strength of the Farmer-Labor Party and the Nonpartisan League and similar movements in the Northwest is the result of the wheat farmers allying themselves with the workers as a desperate means of relief from the sore straits they suddenly found themselves in after war-time prosperity—a sort of blind revolt. Such a coalescence, as of oil and water, cannot

be stable. A Farmer-Labor alliance (it would be an alliance not a party) might under certain conditions sweep the country; but sooner or later it would inevitably split into its component elements.

Even supposing that there was some common bond of union between them, a party in power composed of members of these classes would be sure to enact vicious class legislation, harmful to the interests of the general public. It is true that there is little to be hoped for from either of the old parties. No sane liberal could desire to continue the Harding-Coolidge "business administration" regime, with its corruption—and protection of corruption—rampant; and there is no reason to suppose that any sweeping change would result from a Democratic victory. Hence, a third party—not tagged with the label of any particular class or group—to which progressives of both parties and all decent and honorable voters who do not want to lose all faith in or respect for American government could rally, is the need of the hour. The disease is serious, but the remedy does not lie in class rule or class legislation.

Pittsburgh, March 17

HANSON LEWIS

Our Animal Life Menaced

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Du Pont-Nemours munition company of Wilmington, Delaware, has inaugurated a bird-killing contest under the pretense that crows kill young animals and rob birds' nests. As even crows are known by experts to be better than their reputation, one would like to know what right a private corporation has to make this onslaught upon the animal life of this country. For the list of the doomed is not limited to crows, but includes grackles, kingfishers, blackbirds, hawks, owls, snapping turtles, cats, and other animals.

The fur-bearing animals are passing. Our five million licensed gunners are hurrying every sort of game to a fatal end. Squirrels and prairie dogs are doomed. Even the eagle, American emblem, has recently been slain to the number of twenty-five thousand. And our cats, if we happen to possess any, have a price offered for their heads, so that rifles and shot may be sold to private individuals, since there is no prospect of immediate war! It is not enough that "flower lovers" are robbing the country of the little conifers of our hills, the ground-pine, laurel, holly, all the wild flowers of woodland and meadow; that automobilists mutilate trees and shrubs at this time of the year, bringing home flowering dogwood and wild azalea by the carload, only to be sent, faded, to the garbage-can in a day or two!

When the gunners inspired by the Du Pont-Nemours offer have annihilated hawks and owls, the majority of which are harmless, how will the farmer protect his grain fields from rodents? These birds are the guardians of the grain fields, the hawks being on duty by day, the owls by night. The crow has a bad name and to some extent deserves it. But the Government has tested the crow at considerable cost. Thousands of crow stomachs from all over the country have been examined by the biological survey; reports from various sources were solicited and the fact was revealed that at least half of the food of the crow consisted of insects.

There is another aspect of this crime against our country. What of the moral effect of such contests upon our young people? Instead of reverence for life, they are taught to destroy it; instead of indulging in healthful outdoor sports, they learn to look upon nature as a free-for-all arena for the slaughter of innocents! Are our legislators, our women voters, our teachers, and our ministers going to allow this outrage to go on?

Summit, New Jersey, May 7

COUNTRY WOMAN

The Last of the Politicals

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We wish to call to your attention some incidents which occurred recently and to give you certain information which was brought out during an interview held between the undersigned and Mr. James A. Finch, pardon attorney, in the Department of Justice.

Mr. Finch admitted frankly to our delegation, composed of a group of eleven women interested in free speech, that the Department of Justice had secured a long-term imprisonment in the penitentiary of a man named Fritz W. Bishoff through the activities of two of its men acting as *agents provocateurs*.

Our delegation called on Mr. Finch on May 6, to talk with him about the case of Nicholas S. Zogg, who was convicted in California in 1918, and has been in prison ever since. We asked why Zogg had not been given his liberty (he was accidentally not included among the I.W.W. prisoners granted an unconditional release by President Coolidge in December, 1923), when the President had commuted the twenty-five-year sentence of Fritz W. Bishoff, a German, sentenced in New Jersey in 1918, for attempting destruction of war munitions. Mr. Finch replied in substance that Bishoff was to be released and deported because he had actually not committed a crime; that he had been led by two of the Department's agents to express his readiness to perform an act of destruction of war munitions. These agents had incited the act of violence and then, anticipating the act, had apprehended and jailed their victim.

The objects of this letter are to call attention to the fact that the Department of Justice in this acknowledgment has admitted that it employs methods repugnant to the customs and traditions of America; and to the fact that Nicholas Zogg is still held in the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary under a repealed espionage act, while all other political prisoners, and even suspected German spies, have been freed. Zogg was sentenced to ten years under the espionage act and two years under the draft act for opposing enlistment and aiding "prisoners of conscience." He is sixty years old, is ill with tuberculosis, and has already served six years.

Haverford, Pennsylvania, May 8

LAVINIA L. DOCK
ELLEN WINSOR

An Appeal from Strasbourg University

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our work here at the university would be much easier if our libraries were not getting so poor in English and American publications. You will hardly believe it, though it is a fact, that the Germans had sadly neglected scientific productions hailing from both directions. Just to give one example. Our Poole's Index to Periodical Literature stops at 1902! And as those supplements are very hard to find at present and frightfully expensive for us, here we are, unable to ascertain what articles have been published for over twenty years on subjects which may interest us! Indeed I do not think that such a gap in the bibliographical equipment of any other of our universities of more than local importance could be found. I know that both at Lille and Lyons the work is on the shelves of the reference-room and much referred to.

I wonder if our friends in America could in any way help us to make up these deficiencies? I think they would be ready, if they knew the situation, to facilitate the acquisition of books, if not actually to give them. I have obtained special terms with some English publishers. Would not some American booksellers do the same? I would of course let our chief librarian know and every order would go through him.

ANDRE KOSZUL, Professor of the Faculty of Letters
Strasbourg, Alsace, May 2

Poems to Minna

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

I

An old gondola floats within your heart.
Its prows, like dark, prisoned rhythms,
Dispute the effervescence of its sides.
Vaporously stately, one dream stands
Within the boat and reprimands
A mandolin where pain lies stretched in strings

II

The backs of awakening mornings
Are cut by the edged feet of winds
And offer their wounds as sacrifice to the sun.
So do I rise to greet you.

The grief-turbaned night unfolds his arms
And scoops in stars, so that his thoughts
May wander with stolen eyes.
Such are my meditations on you.

III

The tint of your soul, like uncertain solitude,
Mingles with long curls of night's air,
And moonlight is born.
Gestures we cannot make
Weave shaking prisons for our hearts.
Life is less and more
Than the patch of moonlight placid near our feet.

IV

Your smile is like a wind
Juggling bits of color
And never letting them fall.
Happiness grows less heavy
On your face and almost
Changes to the aftermath of grief.

Books

Andrew Mellon's Ignorance

Taxation: The People's Business. By Andrew W. Mellon. The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

WHEN the day unhappily arrives for Secretary Mellon's grateful fellow-countrymen to erect a monument in his honor, they will undoubtedly carve a surtax on its east face and a tax-exempt security on its west. Pending that time, they will read with interest the excellent little book that he has written by fitting together a number of papers, and that the Macmillan Company has published in five days from the receipt of the manuscript. Mr. Mellon knows naught of economics, and less of the shifting and incidence of taxation. His book omits a large part of the relevant facts, its reasoning is bad, and its practical conclusions in general are dead wrong, but these flaws do not in the least detract from its excellence. For in it the Secretary of the Treasury, a successful banker, sets forth succinctly and simply the reasons why he honestly believes that the best way to make the United States prosperous is to take disproportionate taxes off wealthy business men. This gives those who disagree with the Secretary a chance to say why.

Mr. Mellon's limitations, which he shares with many other successful business men, are irrelevant to the main issue; yet his underlying assumptions must be understood by the reader who would grasp his argument. First, then, the United States is a land of equal opportunity, "which presupposes the right

of each man to enjoy the fruits of his labor [and capital, too, doubtless] after contributing his fair share to the support of the Government, which protects him and his property." Our country owes its greatness (entirely, it appears) to the unfettered spirit of business adventure, and one learns with gladness that "any man of energy and initiative in this country can get what he wants out of life." "The Government," we discover, "is just a business, and can and should be run on business principles," and taxation is solely a means of getting the necessary revenue to run that business with as little disturbance to private enterprise as possible. The Secretary has apparently never heard of the difference between taxes that can and those that cannot be shifted, for he tells us that "high taxes have always meant a high price level, for the taxes are paid, in a large measure, by consumers all over the country." Further: "No thoughtful person longer doubts that, irrespective of his income, he pays a part of the high surtaxes in the general high price level." Some of us must confess, then, to being thoughtless; for we are fairly satisfied that a graduated income tax stays put on the man who pays it. In a world where the old gold standard of Europe has crashed down in irretrievable disaster, as practically all competent monetary theorists now admit, the Secretary complacently approves our own better luck and suggests that Europe must follow our example—a fair indication, perhaps, of his real competence to deal with the problems of statesmanship that confront the modern finance minister.

One more preliminary, to illustrate the reasoning of the book:

Assuming that all inheritances, large and small, were taxed at 40 per cent, it would then be only two or three generations until private ownership of property would cease to exist. Since these taxes are used in the current operation of the Government, the result would be not that the Government had absorbed the wealth of the country, but that the wealth had been spent and none was left. [!]

Was ever more preposterous nonsense soberly set down on paper? In the Secretary's world do no generations work and create new wealth in the intervals between dying? Estates on the average are transmitted not oftener than once in thirty years. Let Mr. Mellon the banker call in a young man from one of his savings banks, and ask for a compound-interest table. He will discover that a depositor leaving a dollar in his bank today will get \$3.24 out of the bank in 1954. Let the luckless inheritor of \$10,000,000, then, pay over \$4,000,000 to a reckless and grasping government, and put the remaining \$6,000,000 into Mr. Mellon's savings bank with a good conscience and a cheerful heart. In thirty years three alone out of his six millions will have multiplied to ten, ready for fresh government exactions, and on the remaining three the wretched capitalist may meantime for that thirty years, quite without work, have enjoyed \$120,000 interest a year kindly handed over to him by Mr. Mellon's bank—and even so he will leave thirteen millions to his son against the ten he received from a provident father. But perhaps Mr. Mellon never heard of the productiveness of capital; for all we know, he may be a Marxian, and believe that labor is the sole source of value. Even so he need not quote "three generations from shirt-sleeve to"—piffle!

But to come to the main argument. High surtaxes crush the spirit of business adventure, and drive our cowed capitalists with broken spirits tamely to shift their funds into tax-exempt federal, State, and municipal securities, thus encouraging an orgy of governmental waste and starving productive, that is, profitable, private industry. All this is supported by indubitable figures showing the decline of revenues from the upper brackets of the surtaxes. To the uncritical mind, to which variety, it must be confessed, the Secretary appeals, the conclusion seems irresistible that there is nothing to do but reduce the wicked surtaxes to the sacred maximum of 25 per cent,

a figure apparently ordained of God at which good capitalists will put their good money into productive private enterprises and not shift it in discouragement and despair into unproductive and wasteful State and municipal undertakings like good roads and water and light plants and schools and such foolishness. The Secretary's evidence consists essentially in figures showing the progressive decline in the number of taxable incomes above \$300,000 from 1,296 in 1916 to 246 in 1921, and in their amount from \$993,000,000 to \$154,000,000, together with a statement from Henry Ford, and letters from Daniel Guggenheim and a dressmaker in Kentucky saying that the high surtaxes are discouraging them from further investment in business, not to speak of much assertion and some facts concerning the amount of tax-exempt securities outstanding, estimated at \$12,300,000,000, and increasing by about a billion a year since 1918.

Now, those who have followed the debate on Mr. Mellon's proposals, instead of simply listening to the chorus of praise in the Eastern newspapers, know that both his statements and his arguments have emerged from the fray pretty badly tattered. Of course, the incomes subject to surtax declined from 1916-17, the period of "war brides" and fabulous fortuitous profits, to 1921, a year of profound depression and speculative losses; but all indications are that the surtaxes will yield 50 per cent more in 1923 than in 1921. Of course there has been dodging of the high surtaxes, and as an army of venal lawyers has been put to work finding ways of legal evasion, plenty of holes in the tax law have been found. But how, in the name of common sense, if you cannot collect a surtax of 50 per cent, can you collect one of 25? To an untutored intelligence, the moral would seem to be to stop the holes in the tax, and the Secretary himself offers some excellent suggestions to that end.

But what of the starving of private business by capital going into tax-exempts? It is nonsense, and the facts show it clearly. True enough, issues of State and municipal securities for functions that suffered during the war have constituted since 1919 a distinctly larger proportion of all security issues than before the war, but the Secretary's own table shows that such issues fell from 28.7 per cent of the total in 1921 to 20.7 per cent in 1923. Such percentages, however, prove nothing. According to Mr. Mellon's own table, 1923 shows the largest issue of new corporate securities in our history, and 1922 was exceeded only by the wild year 1920, when the surtaxes stood at 65 per cent. Does this prove that capital is withdrawing into the tax-exempt field? 1923 was the greatest building year that we have ever known; the railroads disposed of a billion dollars in extensions; public utilities grew at a tremendous rate; automobile factories boomed. There was no difficulty in finding the necessary capital, and the present slackening of business suggests the ever-recurring disagreeable question whether during the boom period we have not overdone the business of producing new plant in private profit-making industries. The brute fact is that the damping down of the spirit of enterprise and the starvation of private business as a result of the surtaxes does not exist outside the fiery imagination of the Secretary and his claque. The whole structure of fact built up to support the dream crumbles upon examination.

What, then, remains? An instructive exhibit. Mr. Mellon honestly believes that the best way to make the United States prosperous is to give her big business men a free hand to make all the profits they can, paying meanwhile as light taxes as possible in running a government whose functions are to be limited to the protection of life and property. In that faith he has already got rid of the excess-profits taxes and has cut the surtaxes from their war maximum of 65 per cent. The big-business community in too large part is in the same medieval state of economic knowledge and fiscal theory that is set forth in the Secretary's book. But most intelligent theorists, and the body of responsible European statesmen as well, recognize

that, whether we realize it or not, taxation is, in fact, a mighty engine of economic and social policy, and that present-day conditions demand its use by men with eyes and minds wide open to its effects on the distribution as well as the production of wealth. Mr. Mellon is not such a man.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Admirable Anatole

On Life and Letters. By Anatole France. A translation by Bernard Miall. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.

THE journalism of a novelist, journalism already three decades old (the preface is dated 1892), but journalism that is also literature, and all as fresh as the bloom in the cheeks of the young virgin exhumed on the Appian Way, "who, by some prodigy of ancient magic, was lying uncorrupted in this faithful bed." Beauty is that magic preservative. These pages are drenched in it as the sea in the golden light of September. They are treasure galleons that sail ballasted with the bullion of learning, their hulls gleaming and glistening with flashes of wit.

M. France writes An Apology for Plagiarism: "A situation belongs not to him who was the first to discover it, but to him who has impressed it strongly upon the memory of mankind"; he rehabilitates the Emperor Julian, "He has afforded the world the unique spectacle of a tolerant fanatic"; reviewing Boissier's "The End of Paganism," he shows it to have been but the prelude to a new beginning—"The Church triumphant was vanquished by scholastic philosophy . . . and by this antique beauty that only slumbered when men thought it dead"; or he reconjures the enigmatic personality of Cleopatra, and her passions leave, as did the young girl of Pompeii, the imprint of their breast in the ashes of time.

Through this cunningly and richly woven tapestry of his scholarship run the golden threads of the Hellenist, gleaming with sudden beauty of phrase and glinting with flashes of irony. Does he write of Pascal? It is to remark:

He wrote a book which the perfection of art has made immortal. And he despised all the arts, even the art of writing, nor was there any sort of beauty which did not fill him with horror as a principle of concupiscence. A sick man, unable to sleep, he jotted down at night, on scraps of paper, notes for an apology for the Christian religion; and these notes, which were published after his death, and were regarded with suspicion by the Catholics, have for 200 years been the delight of freethinkers and skeptics.

And his irony plays smilingly about the venerable figure of the atheistic-pessimistic poetess, Mme Ackermann:

She broke with one who had been her friend from childhood because the poor lady, then more than sixty years of age, had one day when sitting by the fire passed the tongs to a very old gentleman with too sensual a manner! I was there when the thing happened. I remember we were speaking of Kant and the categorical imperative. For my part, I saw nothing that was not innocent in these two old people and the tongs. Nevertheless, the lady sitting by the fire was driven forth never to return.

In all this work, journalistic yet literature, one is aware of an old, an august, an immense tradition of learning, of style, and of high excellence. Even among English men of letters, more fastidious than ourselves, few write as well as this, and if they do they are promptly rated curiosities, "styl-ists." This high finish, this art, laborious yet always fresh and vivacious, is a thing to make the average writer of English look and feel like a schoolboy. Here is a volume, however humble in its own estate, which it would nevertheless be well for young American journalists to read and study. There is no reason why our newspapers and reviews should be written

so badly. All the art and resource of the novelist can be mustered into the service of journalism, and, in the great function of public instruction which has fallen like the prophet's mantle from literature to journalism, these resources should be so utilized.

Meanwhile, our journalistic writing, when it does not spring from an intellectual soil which is shallow and light, is likely to be heavy, portentous, and self-conscious. Where, even among pens of the rank supposably to be assigned to the admirable Anatole thirty-two years ago, have we one capable of tracing pages so strewn with cameo and medallion, so packed with epigram, fine feeling, acute discrimination, breadth of scholarship and depth of thought, all advanced with such conversational ease and matchless fluency, and irradiated by that smile of irony, lucid and tranquil, with just the suspicion of a mockery at corners of the grave mouth, but gray irids slightly brightened to a gleam of archness? "Again, M. Boissier exhibits an excessive disdain for the Manichaeans. He does not sufficiently consider that they were theologians." Fun is going on; the keenest of intellectual jokes. It is merely a question of whether we have the wit to enjoy them.

LUCIEN PRICE

The Freudian Drama

The Re-Creating of the Individual. By Beatrice M. Hinkle, M. D. A Study of Psychological Types and Their Relation to Psychoanalysis. With illustrations. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.

THE recognition is spreading that Freudian psychology has expanded well beyond its original prospect and aims to describe the life-orbit of the human psyche. Like other intellectual developments, such as the Darwinian, originating in the interests and problems of a pioneer, it has been extended to other and larger applications. Such shift of emphasis directs the germinal idea to a reach and import beyond the initial contribution. While the Darwinian foundations were catholic and stimulating to cooperative efforts, the Freudian beginnings were unfortunate in temper and content. The doctrines were crude and extravagant, following a trail that in many another pursuit had led to a swamp and not to *terra firma*. Dissensions arose among Freud's followers, once tardy recognition was accorded; the aggression of Freud, the offensive sexualizing of the mind's occupations, the menace to followers morbidly attracted added to the general suspicion. Psychoanalysis has yet to be saved from its unwise advocates. In such service Dr. Hinkle's volume is a promising aid.

Its inspiration goes back to 1910 and her initiation into psychoanalysis under the tutelage of Jung at Zurich. Dr. Hinkle is concerned with "dissolving the psychic inhibitions and strictures limiting mankind." The background is that of clinical experience; but the contribution is a psychological thesis. Jung's psychological types are accepted as fundamental: the extravert and the introvert. To these Dr. Hinkle adds two border classifications: the subjective extravert and the emotional introvert. The extravert is the more usual, normal, objective, simple. His contact with life is with things and actions.

The possible existence of any "other world" than that apprehended by the five senses is totally unknown to them [extraverts], and for "all inner problems," dissatisfactions concerned with one's material welfare, or "non-sense about other-worldness," they have no patience, and consider for all such ailments a liver pill is the remedy. These are the practical-minded individuals, hard-headed business men, scientists, and philosophers whose vision and understanding are limited to one dimension.

By contrast the introvert is more variable, less amenable to formulas, and as an emotional introvert becomes a candidate for neuroses. He is subjective and tender-minded as the extra-

vert is objective and tough-minded. He uses the feeling function freely for adaptation, gives attention to intuitions (or "hunches") and impressions, is moody, unstable, and personalized in attitude, perplexed by inner hesitations, entangled in introspective conflicts—all in varying shades and degrees. Nations exhibit similar contrasts; introverted Germany makes a mess of its objective policies, while extraverted England bungles through, confident, plastic, close to reality, avoiding didactic ideals and effusions. Lloyd George becomes the subjective extravert, dexterous, shifting—"an object lesson in the art of opportunism."

For Freud the human drama proceeds as a problem play—sexual in theme, incidents, motive. For Jung sex is in all truth dominant enough, and in his exposition of myths and phantasies is elaborated to depths or heights beyond Freud's ventures, but the individual emerges above sex; while for Adler the ego definitely determines the drama, though still as a "masculine protest," with the inferiority complex as the typical handicap. The will to power is recognized as a *leit-motiv*, and the mechanisms of scenes and episodes derive from the versatile urges to self-expression. Dr. Hinkle posits an upward trend toward a completer, richer ego as inherent in human striving. Man has an authentic urge for fulfilment, a prospective aim, a hope, an ambition, not merely an avoidance of regression to earlier stages of psychic life, a bare seeking of absolution from "unredeemed evil wishes," but a "hunger for individualization." This is the Hamlet of her drama of recreation—an introspective, sublimated, even neurotic Dane, yet one reflecting the forward urge of human potencies. "The neurotic will lead the way [to] inner morality and a stable transformation of instinct into higher psychic forms."

Freud's sexualized version of the human drama leads to "the monstrous crime of Oedipus," ever repeating itself in the neural temptation that is the heritage of the race. Less neurotically expressed, it becomes the menace of parental domination that fixes the attachment of son to mother, of daughter to father, and thwarts or twists the emergence of adolescent emancipation. It reaches from apron-strings to incest. Much of this interpretation Dr. Hinkle rejects for the cumulative reason that it limits the human plot, ignores the undeveloped psychology of the child, and is arbitrary and unfounded. The human drama is much more of a world-affair than a family-affair; biological and psychological moments and forces demand a broader rendering.

A characteristic application within Dr. Hinkle's program restores the psychic differences of sex, which over-reliance upon the findings of intelligence and scholastic tests had summarily minimized.

Woman's history is the story of an unending repression of her desire and effort to transcend instinct. . . . The greater firmness and integration of the ego function in man is the result of his age-long struggle to conquer the collective powers of nature and shape them to his will.

One may question whether a feminist loyalty has not unduly influenced the author's rendering of the eternal feminine while indorsing the central conclusion that men and women, rather than performers of this and that persuasion and predilection, constitute the *comédie humaine*. The artist is portrayed as a Freudian character. His function is posed as a non-biological creativeness, thus saddling a negation with a questionable analogy, such as leads to the typical Freudian misconception. A work of art is described as a product of "a psychic coitus between the *puer eternus* and the soul"—a formulation likely to rearouse the animus which Dr. Hinkle aims to dispel.

Dr. Hinkle's main theme is the re-creation of the individual by raising his potencies to a richer, more highly synthesized life. Healing is but freeing the psychic energies. The thesis is engaging. It uses the contrast of what man must outgrow, and through civilization has in a measure outgrown, to attain

an adequate view of life, as an encouragement of the forward urge to ego maximization. The conclusion doubtless posits a too high or too "highbrow" level of the urges, traits, occupations, and ambitions of the typically human exemplar. The common lot in the human drama proceeds more simply. Few live significantly. Happiness is supposed to dwell more congenially on the plains than on the heights; even though the days of advocacy of the simple life by exemplars of complexity is over. The vogue of psychoanalysis is itself a tribute to the pride in complexity (often an abnormal complication) by those yearning to "live their own lives." Posed at their extremes, the characters in the Freudian and the average human drama seem to refer to different orders of creatures. Yet the Freudian dramatist in his less extreme moods has made a real contribution to the motive sources of the human plot and action and to the comprehension of the staging of the human scene.

JOSEPH JASTROW

Elegy

Mirage. By Edgar Lee Masters. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

"MIRAGE" has not the fine epic sweep of "The Nuptial Flight," nor the exactness and closeness of characterization. But it tries for neither, being, in fact, a book of an entirely different mood and intention. It is, though not unhappily always well written, a poet's rather than a novelist's novel. Mr. Masters has the full equipment of the novelist and his book has story, character, even action. But what it expresses is the final vision about life of a poet who has searched in both books and experience, in love and landscape and activity, in observation of the devious ways of men, after the riddle of the painful earth. His conclusion, his final vision is in harmony with the conclusion about life to which other poets have also come. But he states it in a minor key, an elegiac mood. Once he must have shared, in its least ignoble aspect, the moral illusionism and cultural optimism so common in America, and his mind has never recovered from the hurt of finding these earlier hopes and faiths delusive. For what, in the end, he sees as the character of life is very much what Goethe saw. "If a soul learns all that it can from books and life, from error and suffering, what better consummation can it have?" That is, even in its wording, very close to the doctrine of Weimar. And so is this: "And if we never find our heart's delight, and never learn much, we have learned the secret of what it is to search." Only Goethe was contented with life as a spiritual adventure. Mr. Masters, forced to the same conclusion, is almost depressed.

The reason for this depression which is, in the actual story, the depression of Skeeters Kirby, lawyer, lover, man of letters, American, can perhaps be found in the concrete experiences that led Kirby to his conclusions, rather than in the character of the conclusions themselves. The men and women who surround Kirby, who form both his background and his fate, are a sorry lot. It is a world of dreary gaiety, joyless indulgence, a world quite without goodness of heart—I do not mean correctness of conduct—quite hard and shallow and therefore overwhelmingly dispiriting. I am not, of course, quarreling with Mr. Masters for showing us such a world and certainly not with Kirby for being driven by it into a depressed and moody philosophic nihilism. I am trying to show the inner coherence between the book's moods and conclusions and the world out of which it arises.

That world is shown with both breadth and precision. Becky Norris is a magnificent full-length portrait of an utterly detestable woman. The portrait is overwhelmingly true to life. She is weak except in selfishness, parsimonious except in the indulgence of her desires, false to the bone, a liar of that most dangerous kind which does not lie consciously but believes out of the mad arrogance of her parasitic nature that what she finds

convenient and profitable is also true. Poor Kirby, having set his heart on her and never able, apparently, to liberate himself by an act of moral vision, necessarily sickens in soul. And this feminine type runs through the book not only in the person of Becky Norris, but through the characters of her friends and through the implications of the philosophy of Bob Hayden and the story of the wretched Mitford. It would be a mistake, however, to call Mr. Masters a misogynist. The type he shows exists—a strange, poisonous fruit of a confused civilization. His story is description, invective, warning. As such, and also as a statement of a man's wisdom wrung from bitter experience, it has eloquence, significance, and power.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

An Early Idyll

The Prelude (Le Prélude). By Paul Gerdely. Paris: Librairie Stock.

THIS novel, by an author who is among the most popular of his country in verse, short story, and drama, makes a more serious claim than any of his other ventures. The fatal facility that so often betrays the French, that rendered Gerdely's poems, for all their subtlety, merely clever light verse, is restrained in "The Prelude," transfused into clear simplicity and delicacy. The straightforward narrative is pastoral in quality, surprisingly calm in the tumult of recent French fiction—the more unexpected because Gerdely is known as the subtle psychologist of love, and his finest analysis is demanded by the story.

"The Prelude" is the account, in retrospect, of the one adventure that preceded Henri's happy marriage. The lad, in a moment's rebellion on discovering that he was already being absorbed by the family of his friend Helene, broke away for a summer in the Alps alone. There he met and was won by another Helene, who seemed the goal of the search on which his questioning spirit had impelled him. In her arms, however, Henri discovered what Cabell, here, seems always to proclaim, that the dream woman ever eludes us, that the familiar flesh harbors a stranger. Helene, who is unhappily married, seems really to love him; but she bids him a regretful farewell, recognizing that her full measure of feeling is not returned when he shrinks from giving her a child. After a year of dimming memories, Henri is drawn back to the first Helene, with the conviction—realized in their later life—that they will grow in mutual love.

The sympathy that envelops this chaste idyll—for it is tenderly, chastely told—derives much of its depth from the author's earnestness. Gerdely is pursuing an idea through his story. It is an idea that reveals a seriousness of purpose in the youth of France (for Gerdely writes of its reception "Les jeunes gens sont complètement avec moi"): the thesis that love in a sensitive being involves the need of self-perpetuation, that men and women do not love until they desire a child by the beloved. This impulsion moves in Henri toward his wife; toward it "The Prelude" flows. Unclouded by the idea it embodies, however, the story is like the laughing surface of a sun-lit well in the depths of which smiles that beauty which is truth.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

Books in Brief

Temper. By Lawrence H. Conrad. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.

One by one, the industries which contemporary America holds nearest its heart come jauntily into the workshop of the novelist. Among the most recent to drop—perhaps one should say drop-forged—into fiction is the automobile factory. Mr.

Conrad provides a vivid background; his picture of modern industry is carefully documented and done with more than average intensity. Manifestly he has observed the scene with intelligence as well as sympathy.

On Strange Altars. By Paul Jordan-Smith. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.

The author of "Cables of Cobweb" leads the reader into his private literary chapel and points out his favorite shrines—James Joyce, Mark Twain, Rabelais, Samuel Butler, Casanova, and other outspoken ancients and moderns. His critical impressions are solidly, although at times a trifle elaborately, presented; his style, as well as his philosophy, seems to owe something to each of his favorites, but possibly this may simply be out of compliment to them.

The Hussy. By Boine Grainger. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

Here is another pot shot at the conventions—a novel which might be described in one of Floyd Dell's phrases as "a tactful discourse upon the morality of having lovers—in the continental sense." The author projects a distinctly tough-minded heroine, intent upon living her own life and embracing the new morality whenever convenient. Treated ironically, the story might have had stronger values—but doubtless less popular ones.

Rare Vanishing and Lost British Birds. Compiled from Notes by W. H. Hudson. By Linda Gardiner. With 25 Colored Plates by H. Gronvold. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$4.

A beautiful if melancholy book, based upon a pamphlet published by Hudson in 1894 but substantially enlarged by the addition of notes found among his papers. It is a quiet yet eloquent record of human stupidity, a peculiar irony residing in Hudson's judgment that among the three chief agencies of destruction—the sportsman, the gamekeeper, and the collector—the third is the most effective.

Visible and Invisible. By E. F. Benson. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

There is more horror than mystery in these tales of the psychic; in fact there is more mystery in working out the syntax of some of the author's explanatory sentences than in foretelling the solution of his problems. However, Mr. Benson has found a simple and effective formula with which, given a corpse or a medium or a strange footprint, he can concoct a story of required length and necessary number of thrills.

Tolstoi: the Teacher. By Charles-Baudouin. Authorized translation by Fred Rothwell. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

Those who fear that the disciples of Tolstoi will make him as distasteful as the Browning societies have made the poet cannot accuse M. Baudouin of adding to the great Russian's unpopularity. This is not another sentimental effusion about the ideal universe as it might be run by realizing the gospel of Tolstoi. It is a serious study in pedagogy especially designed to meet the needs of the child. M. Baudouin, who is an educator in his own right, interprets Tolstoi the humanist and practical man.

Drama

"June and the Paycock"

THE Abbey Theater, Dublin, is a somber little playhouse, rather bleak, and crude in equipment; yet it has brought to light some of the most notable works of modern dramatic art. The late John M. Synge, W. B. Yeats, Padraic Colum, Lady Gregory, Seumas O'Kelly, Lord Dunsany have sat in the stalls to watch their own premiers; while from it, a few seasons ago, issued the company which toured America with Lennox

Robinson's "The Whiteheaded Boy." I doubt, however, whether any piece has been seen at the Abbey finer than "June and the Paycock." The week of its production literary Dublin talked of little else. Mr. Yeats, Lennox Robinson, Æ were in agreement as to its high and impartial fidelity; and Lady Gregory (who, being one of the directors of the theater, had read "June" in manuscript) journeyed all the way from her home in the west of Ireland to see it performed. James Stephens said of the play that "it is plumped like an orange, full of sap." One of the local dramatic critics gave as his opinion: "Mr. O'Casey is the nearest approach to a genius we have had in Irish literature for the stage in a very considerable time."

And this "genius" is a bricklayer's assistant, plying his trade from day to day. He could not attend a tea in the green-room of the Abbey to which I was asked, because there wouldn't be time to wash the mortar off his hands and get into respectable garb. Sean O'Casey lives in a single room, furnished with a bed, a chair, a table, and a lamp. His passion is books. I learned what he did with his royalty receipts for the opening two weeks: got the cheque cashed immediately and went down to the second-hand bookshops along the quai, where he indulged in an orgy. As a child he begged in the streets for his food. Today he is able to eat only the plainest and most frugal fare, because his digestive organs have been ruined by starvation. Now that he is in the way of becoming famous, the attitude of his fellows in the bricklaying world has changed: they think him a snob. They do not know Sean O'Casey.

June, far from being a Grecian goddess, is a woman of the Dublin slums, so nicknamed because she chanced to have been born in June; "paycock" is simply dialect for the bird of gorgeous tail plumage. The fact that this is a play about Dublin life makes it in a sense unique. With depictions of peasant character and manners, patrons of the Abbey have grown very familiar. It was left to a hod-carrier to give them the capital—not Dublin's gay and intellectual side, to be sure, but a cross-section, marvelously real, of its slums. Mr. O'Casey, who understands the people about whom he writes, knocks out a wall, and we behold the living apartment of a two-room tenement flat inhabited by the Boyle family.

It is a barren domicile—not so very different from his own, I fancy; just a few wooden chairs, a rough table, crazy curtains at the windows, and the walls presenting various strata of paper, tattered in spots, patched in others. A poor fire smolders on the hearth, where we see a kettle for tea and a pan containing a solitary sausage. On the mantelpiece an alarm clock reposes face downward, that being the only position in which it will function as a clock. Before a picture of the Virgin a small light burns.

The plot is simple. At times one feels it to be non-existent, and yet there is a plot. The play is expertly, if not in all respects flawlessly, put together. Its story is woven about the tragic figure of Johnny Boyle, the young son of the house, who in 1916 was a Republican, taking part in the Easter Week uprising, where he lost an arm. Now he has become a Free Stater, and, shortly before the time in which the action begins (1922), has given some evidence against a former Republican comrade who, having failed to change his politics, is shot by soldiers of the Free State. Johnny cowers under an abject, disorganizing dread of the retribution he feels relentlessly closing in. The Republicans are on his track; he is a marked man. So long, he believes, as the little red flame is there before the Virgin's picture, harm cannot reach him. And in this superstition seems to reside a kind of terrible authenticity. The light burns on; but in the last act it flickers—it goes out. Two gunmen are at the door, their pistols leveled. Johnny Boyle is to go with them, no matter where or for what purpose. It is the end: another victim to the insatiate lust of civil warfare.

The author takes advantage, dramatically, of the death of

the young Republican, for which Johnny is indirectly responsible, bringing the bereaved mother, in the second act, to the door of the Boyle flat, where she pauses on her way to the grave. "It's a sad journey we're goin' on," sobs a woman who is with her, "but God is good, an' the Republic won't be always down." Scant consolation this, however, proves.

MRS. TANCRED. Ah, what good is that to me now? Whether they're up or down won't bring me darlin' son back from the grave.

NEIGHBOR. Still an' all, he died a noble death, an' we'll bury him like a king.

MRS. TANCRED. Ah, what's the pains I suffered bringin' him into the world to carry him to his cradle, to the pains I'm sufferin' now, carryin' him out o' the world to bring him to his grave? . . . Mother o' God, Mother o' God, have pity! O blessed Virgin, where were you when me darlin' son was riddled with bullets? . . . Sacred heart of the Crucified Jesus, take away our hearts o' stone . . . an' give us hearts o' flesh. . . . Take away this murderin' hate . . . an' give us Thine own eternal love!

It is a note of anguish destined to repetition, even in phrase; for although June Boyle, watching the funeral procession from a window, can mutter: "Maybe it's nearly time we had a little less respect for the dead, an' a little more respect for the livin'," yet, when her son's turn arrives, in a frenzy she lifts her hands to heaven and voices the same prayer: "Take away this murderin' hate . . . an' give us Thine own eternal love!" The words drop like burning tears of agony—an agony so awful that, sitting there in the desolate dark of the theater, the wind coldly shaking the exit doors, the witnesses' heart is torn with pain and compassion. The debacle, in its poignancy unbearable almost is yet keyed to the noble elevation of Greek tragedy which, throughout, visits Sean O'Casey's play with the distinguishing mark of greatness.

June is described, in the author's manuscript, as a woman of forty-five. "Her face has assumed that look which ultimately settles down upon the faces of the working class: a look of listless monotony and harassed anxiety, blending with an expression of mechanical resistance." It is she whose shoulders endure the weight of the household. Her son is shattered. Her husband will not work when he can possibly avoid it (though his mouth is full of brave talk). To Mary, the daughter, who has turned Socialist, June wearily replies:

Ah, wear whatever ribbon you like, girl, only don't be botherin' me. I don't know what a girl on strike wants to be wearin' a ribbon round her head for or silk stockin's on her legs either. It's wearin' them things that make the employers think they're givin' you too much money.

Yes, life for June is neither smooth nor sweet. Yet there is a snatch of pseudo good-fortune ahead; for a "will," purporting to leave to her husband, "Captain" Boyle, a snug sum of money, suddenly drops into the family lap. The facts behind that document are these: A certain school-teacher and amateur theosophist named Charlie Bentham (a man much higher in the social scale than the Boyles), has looked upon Mary and found her worthy his desire. By way of wooing—for in the Dublin slums it is not considered good form for a girl sunk in poverty to be courted by a man of affluence or position—Bentham represents himself as a legal ambassador authorized to handle the will (which he has fabricated). The Boyles are to be well off as soon as it becomes operative. Mary succumbs at once, throwing over a lover of her stratum, Jerry Devine.

Old Man Boyle, flushed with the wine of this unexpected windfall, borrows right and left from his neighbors, so that no time may be lost in beginning to enjoy the legacy. He orders clothes from a tailor. New furnishings turn the flat into a gaudy abode: one with difficulty recognizes the tenement living-room of former times when the curtain rises on the second act. Of course this eldorado lasts only long enough for Bentham to have his way with Mary and then, in the traditional fashion,

to depart on other adventures, leaving her with child. Nemesis is fiendishly thorough. Creditors descend. The tailor confiscates "Captain" Boyle's prized new suit (not paid for). Movers denude the flat of its grandeur. Johnny is snatched by Republicans to his death—this once more emphasizing the background of political chaos: of murder, destruction, the violence of an age drunk and mad.

And yet, curiously enough, plentifully equipped, too, is this grim play with comedy, which in essence seems more heart-breaking than the outcome itself. "Captain" Boyle is at all times a tragi-comic figure, portrayed as

a man of about sixty-five, stout, gray-haired. His neck is short, and his head looks like a stone ball such as one sometimes sees on top of a gate-post. His cheeks, reddish-purple, are puffed out, as if he were always repressing an almost irrepressible ejaculation. He carries himself with the upper part of his body slightly thrust forward. His walk is a slow inconsequential strut. His clothes are dingy, and he wears a faded seaman's cap with a glazed peak.

Boyle's title, "Captain," derives from his having once taken a trip in a collier from Dublin to Liverpool; but he likes to pose as a mighty man of the sea. We savor this legend in one of the dialogues between Boyle and his boon companion, "Joxer" Daly, whose face is "like a bundle of crinkled paper," whose eyes hold a cunning twinkle, and who has "a habit of constantly shrugging."

They sit together over the "Captain's" breakfast of sausage, while the voice of a coal vender is heard chanting outside in the street: "Blocks . . . coal blocks! Blocks . . . coal blocks!" This apparently starts a train of thought.

BOYLE. Them was days, Joxer, them was days! Nothin' was too hot or too heavy for me then. Sailin' from the Gulf o' Mexico to the Antarctic Ocean. I seen things—I seen things, Joxer—that no mortal man should speak about that knows his Cathecism. Often an' often, when I was fixed to th' wheel with a marlinspike, an' the win's blowin' fierce, an' the waves lashin' till you'd think every minute was goin' to be your last, an' it blowed an' blowed—blow is the *right* word, Joxer, but blowed is what the sailors use—

JOXER. Oh, it's a darlin' word, a daarin' word!

BOYLE. An' as it blowed an' blowed, I often looked up at the sky an' assed meself the question: What is the stars? What is the stars?

VOICE OF COAL VENDER. Any blocks, coal blocks! Blocks, coal blocks!

JOXER. Ah, that's the question, that's the question: What is the stars?

BOYLE. An' then, I'd have another look, an' I'd ass meself: What is the moon?

A wonderful scene, annihilating in its futility, its maudlin talk of stars and moon, with a coal vender crying his wares. It even held a sort of eerie beauty.

Then there is the joust in the second act, to celebrate the Boyles's turn of fortune. Impromptu songs are sung. Never to be forgotten is the duet from "Il Trovatore," between mother and daughter: full of tremolos and uncertainties; full of a pride on June's part and of a shy girlish confusion on Mary's—for Bentham is present, and she must do herself justice. Finally, the gramophone is turned on. And it is this hilarious scene which is broken by Mrs. Tancred, with her prayer to the heart of the Crucified Jesus.

Light and shade are extraordinarily crocheted. The play is veritable growth of the soil: complete, unsparing, and true—like the performance. Sara Allgood as June, Barry Fitzgerald as the "Captain," and F. J. McCormick as "Joxer," lifted their roles to a plain of creation, with art that never once showed threadbare. The Johnny of Arthur Shields was a finely studied characterization; and I have never seen a more exquisite bit of work in the theater than Eileen Crowe's picture of Mary singing before her lover.

After the smash-up, "Captain" Boyle goes out with "Joxer" to drown his sorrows. It is these two unspeakable old cronies, returned at night to a room bereft of all save a smoky lamp, who conclude the piece:

BOYLE. If th' worst comes to th' worst, I'll join . . . a flyin' column! I did me bit in Easter Week—had no business to be there . . . but Captain Boyle's Captain Boyle!

JOXER. Breathes there a man with soul so de—ad . . . this me—ow—n . . . me native . . . land!

BOYLE. Commandant Kelly . . . died in them arms, Joxer. "Tell me Volunteer butties," says he, "that I . . . died for . . . Ireland!"

JOXER. D'jever read Willy Reilly an' his *Own Colleen Bawn*?

BOYLE. I'm tellin' you, Joxer, th' whole worl's in a terrible state o' chassis!

JOXER. Ah . . . it's a darlin' book! A daarin' . . . book!

The curtain mercifully intervenes; one could endure no more.

EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL

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International Relations Section

Justice in the Field

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

FRANCE provides rich soil for the foreigner with a faculty for moral indignation but nonetheless a strange equilibrium of judgment has always existed, an equilibrium which may be unstable but which shows no present sign of collapsing, far less of turning into such adverse judgment as overwhelmed her neighbor on the east. How does France save herself? Is it by making reprobation, as she makes alimentation, a domestic affair? French reactions to injustice are instinctive and, on the whole, to be trusted. The "j'accuse" industry is self-supported. Any time there is a Dreyfus you can rely on a Zola or Labori. Where there is a General Headquarters, a Pierre-feu or Barbusse is not far away. In France "now-it-can-be-told" really means "now it will all be told."

A little brochure just reprinted by the Association Républicaine des Anciens Combattants, with a preface from the pen of the author of "Le Feu," is a case in point. As a sidelight on war-time psychology it seems worthy of notice before it passes into the limbo from which the historian of the future will have to disinter it. The pamphlet is a record of fourteen executions on the Western front, summarily inflicted by French soldiers on French soldiers, singly or en masse. The legality of all is dubious even according to the Draconian war code. To some of them the crowning joke of "rehabilitation," not to say the conferring of military decorations on the victims, has since been appended.

Take the case of the "affair of the Ravin de Fleury," which has a faintly reminiscent flavor. Probably owing to the fact that the two victims were of commissioned rank, the case was guardedly commented upon in military circles in Paris even before the armistice. Its sober presentment by Marianne Rauze now does not disturb an impression that the two lieutenants, Herduin and Milan, died as the result of a particularly inhuman interpretation of orders.

Both officers were company commanders in the 347th Regiment of Infantry, part of the 103rd Brigade, which, it appears, was sent into the front line near Thiaumont on June 3, 1916, with orders to occupy their sector until relieved on the 10th by the 49th Chasseurs à Pied. During the night of the 7th an unusually severe bombardment was opened on them, in the course of which communication with the right was cut off. The bombardment was a prelude to an attack the following day delivered by an entire German division. At the end of a hard day's fighting the colonel commanding the brigade had been killed, the battalion commandant taken prisoner, and the unit which the unfortunate officers commanded reduced to nineteen men. At eight o'clock Sub-Lieutenant Piol, wounded and sent to the rear, could write his wife: "It is eight. I am wounded and evacuated. Herduin is still fighting." By the time darkness had fallen, the French artillery, confident the trench had been captured, was bombarding it briskly from the rear, and German machine-guns were enfilading it on the right. Upon these two young men, neither of them professional soldiers, fell the responsibility of deciding whether to surrender, remain until the unit, now swollen by refugees to forty-one men, was annihilated, or to retreat, by the only

line still open, upon Verdun and Fleury. The command, it may be mentioned, had not been rationed for four days. A letter written by Herduin to his wife before the tragedy establishes this. Herduin decided for retreat. Before taking what was to prove a fatal decision, he got a message through to the colonel of the 293rd Infantry on his right, asking for instructions. By this officer he was provided with a *sauf-conduit* to Verdun.

The two officers, legitimately proud of having extricated their command, arrived at Fleury on the morning of June 11. They were met by Captain Delruelle, bearer of a letter from the higher command, which had apparently been given him sealed. Herduin and Milan were to be shot immediately. To letters of protest from all three officers arrived the laconic answer, "No observations. Immediate execution." Six hours later the two men who had held an isolated post for two days fell dead under the bullets of their own men. The execution was not only inhuman but absolutely illegal. A circular is in existence, dated April 29, 1916 (it is quoted by Marianne Rauze), calling the attention of general officers in the field to the abolition by previous decree of "courts martial" and the substitution of "conseils de guerre," one on each division, at which the accused are in all cases to be represented by counsel.

Supported by the justice of her cause, Mme Herduin undertook the rehabilitation of her martyred husband. The successive answers that reached her are worth quoting:

1. No right to a pension exists, Sub-Lieutenant Herduin having neither been killed in action nor died of wounds.
2. The corps archives do not permit of any details being given as to the nature of Sub-Lieutenant Herduin's death.
3. I have the honor to inform you that no record exists of any sentence upon your late husband.

Herduin, in short, cannot be rehabilitated because he has never legally been executed. Infinite are the resources of bureaucracy! A pension, it is true, was finally accorded to the stubborn widow.

"If we go forward we die; if we go back we die. It is best to go forward and die." Early in September, 1917, eight soldiers of the 327th Infantry had reason, for a few agonized hours, to appreciate the truth of the old Ashanti battle chant. In the thick of the retreat from Belgium they found themselves cut off from their comrades, who had fallen back "two or three hundred meters" in some disorder and under heavy fire, upon the 270th Regiment. The duty of so small a unit, isolated in the face of an advancing enemy, is nowhere clearly laid down. That the situation offers an opportunity for self-sacrifice cannot be denied. Nevertheless, it is a pardonable instinct with the average soldier to gravitate toward the direction in which he knows the headquarters of his corps have betaken themselves. The little group were seeking this when they had the misfortune to encounter a certain General Baudougourd. To a brief question they replied that they had heard the "sauve qui peut" and were falling back on the 270th. "Stay here, and I will go back with you," was the cold reply. Seven of the eight obeyed. The eighth, who owed his life to his disobedience, proceeded to rejoin his unit. He does not appear ever to have been molested for so doing. The others, more docile, stayed with their general and accom-

panied him to the rear during the night when the final retreat was operated. Their reveille next morning was a tragic one. An order for the immediate execution of all seven was delivered at six o'clock. Says Marcel Daniel in his report of the incident:

The officers commanding these unfortunate men, including Colonel Verzat, and their commandant, Richard d'Yvry, vainly besought mercy for the seven victims, who had on several occasions shown marked courage and coolness in action. They saw the general three times, exposing the iniquity, injustice, and contempt for human life contained in such an order. Their efforts were useless.

"Put us in the front line, but, for pity's sake, don't let us fall under French bullets!" cried Delsarte, one of the doomed men, when ordered for execution. The firing squad, composed, contrary to custom, of men from another corps, fired without taking aim. Two of the victims escaped immediate death. One, named Barbieux, died in an ambulance three days later. Another, Wattrelot, was allowed to rejoin his regiment after relating the affair to an officer who picked him up. Before falling eventually at Hebuterne he had received two citations for valor and the military medal.

During the bitter month of February, 1915, the imminence of danger (he was a member of the 60th Infantry, on duty at Belfort) seems to have affected Private Bercot less than the fragility of his trousers. In France to this day, when seams rip, buttons fly off at their first contact with button-holes, people shrug their shoulders and comment: *article de guerre*. Bercot's breeches were war articles of the first order.

In the French, as in other armies, a private soldier has a perfect right to carry legitimate complaints "higher up." But military authorities (and not in France alone) are apt to look with a jaundiced eye upon too literal an interpretation of the prerogative. Bercot made one *reclamation* for new trousers without result. A second met with no better fate. His journey to the front lines seems to have been largely punctuated with reclamations, all having reference to the unsatisfactory character of those important garments. At last, on February 11, a pair of trousers is supplied him. They have been just stripped from a corpse of some days' maturity and are stiff with blood. Details included in the frank French text must be omitted in English. Bercot refused to don the gruesome relic. Lieutenant Audie flourished a military manual in his face, and, that there might be no mistake, drew his attention to a line reading: "Refusal to obey in the presence of the enemy. Penalty: Death." Bercot laughed—the frank, hearty laugh of the French peasant faced with an incongruity. "Death! . . . A pair of pantaloons!" He was still laughing when a squad, with fixed bayonets, formed on his left and right. "About—march!" A court martial had been hastily assembled in a room of the Château de Fontenay. Within twelve hours Bercot is as dead as the comrade at whose bloodstained trousers his gorge had risen.

One is tempted to close "Les Crimes des Conseils de Guerre" with a sense of bitterness and even a little hate. Yet, as always, that strange suspension of judgment intervenes. If the crimes it chronicles were committed by Frenchmen on Frenchmen, no less French is their fearless exposure. The portent remains a portent when every allowance has been made for inaccuracy, class hatred, and exaggeration of rumor. Publication of such a book would

be impossible in any country where belief in freedom of speech was not an article of faith. Mohammedans refrain from destroying any scrap of writing for fear the name of Allah, hidden somewhere in the script, should perish with it. The French seem to have the same scruple where suppression of the printed word is in question. Somewhere or other, their history tells them, truth may lurk.

The Present Rulers of Germany

By BORIS STERN

THE year 1923 will go down in the history of Germany as a year of terrible hardship and bitter disillusionment, not only for the "working class," but also for the major part of the intellectual and middle classes. Whatever comfort and subsistence were left them by the inflation were taken away by the unemployment of a third of the industrial workers of the nation. But how did the agricultural class and the larger industrialists fare?

Since the war, and especially during the last year or two, the agricultural class in Germany has been growing stupendously rich. The rapid depreciation of the mark affected some of the more ignorant farmers unfavorably, because they could not easily rid themselves of the notion that "money" was "money," to be hoarded, but in time they too learned the worthlessness of the paper mark, and refused to have anything to do with it. The simplest method, of course, to avoid the law which made it compulsory to accept paper marks as a means of payment was to cease going to the city entirely and keep their products to themselves. The tales of the larger cities being absolutely without butter, milk, eggs, and other produce, while the farmers fed them to their pigs, are not legends but actual facts. And when a farmer brought something to the city he asked prices that sounded strange even to the ear of a German. One farmer arrived at a public market with two dozen eggs. When approached by eager women he nonchalantly announced: "One trillion apiece"—this at a time when the official rate of the dollar was 2.52 trillion marks, making his price about 40 cents for one egg. In his case the eggs were never sold; and only the police saved him from being lynched.

Since the introduction of the new gold-mark taxes the farmers have complained that they could not pay without being completely ruined. While in the office of a famous Berlin lawyer, an expert on taxation, I heard one of his farmer clients say that he could see no way whatsoever of raising the necessary cash for the tax. A few questions revealed the following situation. Prior to the war he was quite poor, with his land under mortgage. Now he has no more debts, as he paid off his mortgage with a sum which was even less than the fare he paid to get to the place of payment; he has built himself a spacious house, has improved the land, has bought machinery and increased his stock, although he has not enough liquid funds to pay the tax. As it is still impossible to borrow money for long terms except at exceedingly high interest rates and with clauses guaranteeing against losses from depreciation, the only means of payment left to the farmer was to sell some of his stock or other tangible goods—hence the cry of ruin. On the whole the farmers, small or large, thrived under inflation and today form the strongest and most reactionary group in Germany.

The problem of the industrial group in Germany is

more complicated. Aside from the buildings here and there added to their plants, there is little tangible evidence of prosperity. Still less can be found in the market value of their stocks, because of the hopeless tangle of gold-mark and paper-mark capitalization. But there are economic facts and incidents which cannot be camouflaged behind figures and which reveal how enormously this small group has profited.

Inflation at first brings with it, as a rule, high industrial activity. At no time was French industry so active as during the months of the falling franc. In the first stages of inflation the country seems actually to enjoy a period of prosperity. There is much buying and selling, a high rate of production, and little or no unemployment. Orders come in from foreign countries, which for a time at least are at a disadvantage in competing with a country which has a depreciating currency. Our Fordney-McCumber tariff was urged in part because of the underselling of American commodities by Germany, made possible by the fall of the mark in 1921 and 1922. But the working population and the middle class whose incomes are more or less permanently fixed suffer the consequences of inflation almost from the very start, and a country as a whole can hardly be called prosperous under such abnormal conditions.

In a country with a depreciated currency, however, prices lag behind the exchange, and the amount to be paid, by the time an order is completed, has lost much of its real value. These facts make it profitable for foreigners to buy in a country of a depreciating currency, but the *entrepreneur* can see to it that they do not cut into his profits. Wages, which still constitute the largest single element in the cost of production, and the raw materials purchased at home usually lag even further behind the exchange than does the price of the finished product; the difference in the lag goes to the producer in the form of profit. And a depreciation premium may be put upon the price beforehand, or the agreement may be made in terms of a stable foreign currency, or the papers could be discounted with a bank which, like the German Reichsbank, kept a rate of discount at 19 per cent per annum even at a time when the weekly depreciation of the mark was more than 100 per cent. German industrialists used all of the methods above mentioned: gold-mark contracts were introduced by the larger firms even before there was any danger that the mark would never recover, while it is well known that the 19 per cent discount policy of the Reichsbank was the chief cause of the fabulously growing wealth of the late Hugo Stinnes.

There were other sources of profits. In spite of the agreements with the trade unions to pay wages and salaries at least once a week, and later, as the fall of the mark became more and more accelerated, twice a week, this was seldom carried out. The easiest way to postpone the payment was to explain the lack of cash on hand by the failure of the banks to supply the necessary amounts of paper money. Hence, although the records were made out regularly once or twice a week, the actual payment of the wages took place three or four days, and at times a whole week, after the records were made, and no consideration was given to the change in the value of the mark during the interval. That the employers, however, were conscious of the gains will be seen from the following incident.

B. is a large locomotive plant located in a suburb of Berlin, employing about 6,000 wage workers and salaried employees. From October 15 the latter were supposed to

receive 50 per cent of their salaries in the newly issued stable money, *Goldanleihe* and *Dollarschatzanweisungen*, which the Government issued in denominations of \$5, \$2, \$1, and fractions of a dollar, guaranteed by the sum total of real U. S. dollars kept in the Reichsbank. (These were still in circulation in Germany in March.) The records of the salaries for the last two weeks in October were made out on October 30, when the dollar stood at 65 billion marks, and reckoned at this rate the envelopes called for a certain number of dollars each. The payment, however, was made on November 1, when the dollar already stood at 130 billion marks, and the workers were astounded to find in their envelopes exactly half of the number of dollars the records called for. The works council of the plant called a general meeting of all the salaried employees, and one member openly accused the firm of stealing half of the workers' money. A representative of the firm present at the meeting declared that no money has ever been taken out of the envelopes, but that it had long been the policy of the management when paying in stable currency (German or foreign) to pay at the rate of the day the payment was executed, and that this policy had now been applied to the workers also. Not a word was said about the previous payments in paper money at a rate less than half of the value of the mark on the day the payment was due.

Another source of big profits to the industrial group was the payment of government bills presented on the first of the month for services rendered during the previous month. This includes the post, the telephone and telegraph, and the railroads, which still belong to the Government. The Government allowed ten days of grace for payment. Just a few lines of simple arithmetic: On October 1 the dollar was worth 242 million marks; on October 10 it was worth 2.975 millions. Who obtained the difference?

The German industrial magnates paid small taxes to the Government for similar reasons. The time allowed between the fixing of the tax and its collection was sufficient to render the sum collected to fall to a mere fraction of the amount intended. Even more preposterous were the profits the employing class made from the taxes collected from their employees. All employees in Germany are required to pay a tax amounting to 10 per cent of their earnings, and this is collected at the source of income. The employers were authorized to deduct 10 per cent of the earnings of their employees every week or every month, but they turned it over to the Government only four times a year, when they paid their own taxes!

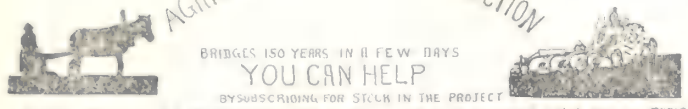
To conceal their profits which in spite of the juggling done in the capitalization by mixing together gold and paper mark accounts reached at times staggering figures, the employers were forced to resort to all kinds of subterfuges, of which the following is a very interesting sample.

The huge electrical plant which is an important part of the Stinnes trust kept its works running at full capacity, often even with overtime, all last autumn and winter. Every attempt of the workers to raise wages was, however, met with the argument that the plant was working at a loss. The management said it was forced to accept orders at prices which were not sufficient to cover the current expenses, and made the contracts only in order to provide work for their employees and not to let the costly machinery stand idle. The same arguments were used with the Government in order to cut down the taxes. The chairman of the works council of the plant, who is at the same time the representative of the workers at the company's board of directors and

as such entitled to access to the contracts of the firm, however, was struck by the fact that the majority of the contracts were made with a few companies located in Switzerland and in Holland, and that the prices made to these companies were lower than for other orders. His further inquiries revealed these to be a part of the electric concern in Berlin, operating as independent units. The commodities were forwarded to them at ridiculously low prices, and they in turn sold them at the usual foreign-market prices, retaining the difference outside of Germany. The method was devised to kill three birds with the same stone: to keep wages down, to cheat the Government out of taxes due and to agitate for still lower taxes, and, finally, to send its capital out of Germany to keep it secure in foreign banks.

But inflation, like everything else, came to an end, and the industrial group realized that with worn-out and antiquated machinery it would no longer be in a position to compete with foreign producers. Before investing new capital and making radical changes the employers wanted to clean the field and settle with labor. Wages were indeed already down to the barest minimum, but the eight-hour day conceded on November 15, 1918, remained. The ground was well prepared by propaganda in the press, and the Government aided, but the trade unions which during the worst days of inflation had lost almost all their funds, their press, and much of their membership, presented an unexpectedly stiff front. The eight-hour day was lost, however, although the unions were saved. The employers are for the present masters, and are not afraid to show it.

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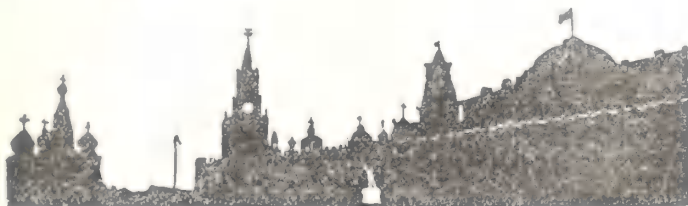
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Newton or Einstein?

EINSTEIN'S Theory of Relativity counter to Newton's Law of Gravitation does not seem to have been borne out by facts observed in a recent eclipse. Scientific and lay minds are divided.

Is Einstein wrong? Charles Lane Poor, Professor of Celestial Mechanics at Columbia, points out the errors of Einstein in the June issue of

THE FORUM

Edited by HENRY GODDARD LEACH

This is the negative side of a debate which is completed in the July Number with "The Triumphs of Einstein," by Archibald Henderson, Professor of Mathematics in The University of North Carolina, who, fresh from a personal interview with the German scientist, begins by saying with emphasis, "There are no errors of Einstein."

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DOSTOEVSKI

A series of intimate letters published in three instalments, with explanatory notes by Princess C. Radziwill, daughter of General Rzewuski. The author is revealed in characteristic moods of exaltation, dejection, and prophetic inspiration.

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The former Minister to Sweden gives a first-hand summary of Germany's present problems and impediments.

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An historic English jail makes an experiment in the spirit of the times.

TWO GATES TO ONE FAITH

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The Rector of Grace Church, New York, goes beneath the surface of the religious controversy.

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by A. Washington Pezet

The second article in a series on the reconstruction of politics.

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by Archibald Henderson

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Contributors to This Issue

BERTHA WALLERSTEIN has contributed articles to various publications.

FLOYD DELL is the author of several novels and collections of essays. His latest book, "Looking at Life," has just been published.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM, who with Ben Hecht edits the *Chicago Literary Times*, has published five volumes of verse and two novels.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, is professor of economics at Wellesley College.

EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL is an American journalist now in Europe. He contributed an article, *The New Irish Crisis*, to *The Nation* for April 16.

HENRY LONGAN STUART is a British journalist who wrote *An Englishman's View of the United States* in the volume "Civilization in the United States."

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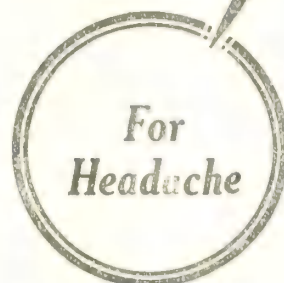
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THE BATTLE OF THE FRANC continues, and as in the World War American finance plays the decisive role. The franc was worth eight cents when Poincaré marched into the Ruhr; it fell, almost steadily, through the first fourteen months of that occupation until on March 8, 1924, it reached its bottom level of 3.42 cents. Then came the American intervention. J. P. Morgan and Co., acting with other international bankers, opened a \$100,000,000 credit to the Bank of France. It was a violent stimulant; the franc leaped upward. Millions must have been made by those on the inside; millions were lost by those who were caught short. Within six weeks the franc virtually doubled in value, touching 6.64 on May 6, just before the French elections. This was an enormous relief to the French consumer, for commodity prices, which had been rising, began to fall. By this action (together with the Dawes Report, which offered a new prospect of relief when the Ruhr policy had proved a failure) American finance probably saved Poincaré from utter rout in the election of May 11.

THE LIBERALS WON that election, although not overwhelmingly. On the day on which the electoral results were announced the franc dropped 46 points, and it continued dropping until, on May 20, it touched 5.24½. Then Premier Poincaré and his Finance Minister, together with the President, M. Millerand, took the extraordinary step of inviting Edouard Herriot and Paul Painlevé, the probable leaders of the next Ministry, to a conference on the financial situation. After the meeting a communiqué was issued, stating that "MM. Painlevé and Herriot declared their convictions that a rigorous equilibrium of the budget was an essential policy of any Government." The newspapers have hinted that the conference was prompted by the bankers, who had made their loan on condition that the budget be balanced and stringent taxes collected. The gloved hand of Wall Street was intervening to force the Liberals in France to follow the financial policy imposed upon their predecessors. While the franc was rising, a French rumor reports, the Bank of France not only regained every cent of the loan which had been thrown upon the market but made a clear profit of \$45,000,000; in checking the new drop it lost \$55,000,000. At any rate, whatever rumors and suspicions prove true or untrue, the drop has, for the present, stopped. But can it be permanently checked even with the aid of American finance? That will depend upon measures yet to be taken. Loans are only a sort of stimulant; unless France revises her fiscal and foreign policies the franc will fall lower than ever.

THE FISH BILL for the relief of German women and children having been smothered in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee by those three noble liberals and priceless humanitarians, Lodge, Wadsworth, and Pepper, after having been voted by the House, a new bill, Senate Bill 3262, has been introduced by Senator Howell authorizing a fifty-year loan of \$25,000,000, free of interest for the first ten years. All the money is to be spent in this country to the advantage of the American farmer. Such a bill ought to go through overnight if only for the sake of our agriculturists. It, too, has been referred to Senator Lodge's committee. Nothing but a clear-cut expression of public opinion will move these "hard-boiled" men. Once more we urge our readers to write to these Senators and to Mr. Howell, or directly to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The generosity and kindliness of America ought to drive this bill through before Congress adjourns.

THE TAX BILL HAS BEEN PASSED, and as we go to press the President is making up his mind whether to accept or reject it. We are willing to wager an automobile against a feather-duster that it will win the President's signature as easily as did the immigration bill, that Secretary Mellon will no more resign than did Secretary Hughes, and that, the great tax hocus-pocus over, all will go on as before. We have never been able to get excited about this tax struggle because we could not see that any principle was involved or any scientific tax-drafting. It has been the usual playing of politics, with Mr. Mellon seeking to favor the very wealthy, from whom his party

draws its sinews of war. Mr. Mellon's own abysmal ignorance of sound finance Mr. Mussey demonstrated in last week's *Nation*. That a good deal of the furor created in behalf of his plan—never was there more elaborate or more expensive propaganda for a measure pending before Congress—was bogus appears from the press dispatches when the compromise bill finally passed the House. The final obsequies of the Mellon bill, so the correspondents report, "were marked by no genuine effort to defend the discarded plan of the Treasury chief." Why should there have been? The whole procedure has been a humbug. Did not President Coolidge repeatedly let it be known he would never, never, never sign any bill but Mellon's? And will he not sign on the dotted line now? Even the Treasury assertions that the new bill and the bonus will result in a huge deficit next year are exploded. Washington now looks for a small surplus.

THE PRESIDENT'S SIGNATURE to the abominable immigration bill does not surprise us. A Grover Cleveland would have sent it back with a message to stir the country. Instead, Mr. Coolidge utters this incredible nonsense:

I gladly recognize that the enactment of this provision does not imply any change in our sentiment of admiration and cordial friendship for the Japanese people, a sentiment which has had and will continue to have abundant manifestation.

Then he declares that he would have vetoed the exclusion provision had it been embodied in a separate bill. At the same time he says "there is scarcely any ground for disagreement as to the result we want, but this method of securing it is unnecessary and deplorable at this time. . . ." Was there ever more muddle-headedness, or a baser attempt to straddle an issue, or a more obvious attempt to bamboozle a people? Even the argument that he must sign the bill because there must be some general immigration legislation falls to the ground. A man of real force and courage would have sent this bill back and, if it were not passed over his veto, would have kept Congress in session until it passed a decent measure. As it is, the bill strikes a deadly blow at the peace of the Pacific, imperils many of the gains of the Washington Conference, insults needlessly a proud, high-spirited people, and provides the excuse for a league of yellow peoples against the whites. The natural step now would be the withdrawal of every American missionary from China and Japan. For them to remain there would stamp us as guilty of the basest hypocrisy. "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Yes, but don't let him come near you!

ONCE MORE OUR MILITARISTS are at work. Admiral Fisk calls on America to make a religion of preparedness. Secretary Wilbur gives us the shocking news that we are inferior to Great Britain in our naval strength as permitted by the Washington naval treaty, just as if we had not been inferior to Great Britain in our navy from the day of the birth of the republic until this hour. Every effort is to be made to drive a bill through Congress to waste \$150,000,000 on eight new scout cruisers, six river gunboats, and the modernization of six battleships. At the very moment that some of our greatest church bodies are crying out at the very thought of war—the Presbyterians demanding its outlawry—the Government is to go on pouring out

public funds for a "defense" that is as foolish as it is war-provoking. This is the time for President Coolidge to call the disarmament conference which Congress is urging and which the British Government has declared for on condition that the United States will take the lead. It is not only a disarmament conference that we need. If President Coolidge desires to immortalize himself he will demand without loss of time a conference of the nations for the permanent outlawry of war by all civilized peoples.

A REDUCTION BY NINE-TENTHS in the size and activities of the Bureau of Investigation of the United States Department of Justice is recommended by John W. H. Crim, who was an agent in that service a good many years ago. Later he became an assistant to the Attorney General, resigning last December after two years in office. In a statement to the Senate committee which is investigating the Department of Justice Mr. Crim said that the Bureau of Investigation had been built from a small body of special agents, working under various United States attorneys, into a big service directed from Washington, costing the Government two and a half million dollars a year. It was expanded especially during the war and was made up largely of doubtful political appointees who, armed with a commission from the United States Government, had become a source of danger and corruption. Everything that we have learned about the bureau in recent years bears out this judgment. Palmer and Daugherty degraded the service into one for political propaganda, persecution, and espionage. The bureau's scares over phantom reds are notorious; more recently it has been discovered in the systematic practice of trying to head off investigation and prosecution by blackmail. It ought to be drastically cut down and limited to the strictly legal inquiries for which it was created.

ELBERT H. GARY'S boast that the steel industry prevented its nationalization during the war by threatening not to play if this were done has brought forth some plain speaking that he probably did not foresee. Mr. Gary said at a dinner of the American Iron and Steel Institute that when the War Industries Board suggested that the Government might have to take over the industry the reply was made: "You will never do it with the consent or approval of the owners of these properties, and you will be held responsible, morally at least." The issue was then laid before President Wilson, Mr. Gary said, and nothing more was heard of nationalization. To this Bernard M. Baruch, who was chairman of the War Industries Board, has replied in effect that the steel industry was engaged in such outrageous profiteering at the time America entered the European struggle, and showed so little willingness to subordinate profits to patriotism, that it was necessary to consider nationalization. One of the Allies had been charged 14 cents a pound for ship plates, and 4½ cents was demanded of the United States. The Government's technicians thought even the latter price much too high, and after nationalization of the industry had been broached this figure was finally reduced by about one-third. Apparently Mr. Baruch's contact with American business during the war left him with some doubt that making the world safe for democracy was its unique aim, for he reached the conclusion that if such an emergency arose again "money and materials" ought to be conscripted as well as men.

HOW NOT TO TREAT the immigrant was illustrated in a New York City police court the other day when a Greek was fined \$10 for sweeping rubbish into the street in front of a restaurant where he was employed. Presumably he was acting under instructions from his employer, who should have been the man to be arrested and fined, but assuming the punishment to be merited, one finds it impossible to swallow the gratuitous and absurd statement with which Magistrate George W. Simpson accompanied the fine. Learning that the Greek had been here five years without taking steps to become an American citizen His Honor remarked: "Any man who doesn't take out his first papers after one year should be sent back where he came from." Likewise, of course, Americans working for the Standard Oil Company in Colombia or for the United Fruit Company in Honduras who do not take steps to become Colombians or Hondurans within a year should be deported, while American missionaries in Turkey and newspaper correspondents in Germany who do not similarly decide to be Turks or Germans should be sent home by the first boat. While we are at the job of restricting the courts, ought we not to try to limit judicial twaddle?

DO AMERICANS any longer believe in the death penalty? Of the first 250 talesmen examined in order to select a jury for a murder case in Staten Island, New York, ninety-seven had to be excused because of their opposition to capital punishment in any circumstances. When sentiment in any community manifests itself so strongly against the enforcement of ancient standards it creates an important practical obstacle to the administration of justice which is worth considering along with the arguments in favor of eliminating the death penalty on other grounds. Not only are most of the best citizens now barred from acting as jurors in cases involving capital punishment, but many of those who serve have a subconscious revulsion to sending a fellow-man to his death that makes it difficult for them to vote for conviction even upon unimpeachable evidence. Many of the delays and miscarriages of justice of which we loudly complain are due to this cause. On the other hand, the innocent may well shudder at the prospect of intrusting their lives to a jury consisting solely of the thoughtless and the cruel. Are we to continue the death penalty until the only persons left to weigh the evidence in the most important of all judicial proceedings are savages or morons?

AMID TUMULTUOUS ENTHUSIASM, it is reported, the Methodist General Conference voted its anti-war resolutions. The glorification of war, these resolutions declare, must end; the cause of peace should be held dearer than party allegiance; the President should summon a new disarmament conference; the United States should enter the World Court; and a commission of twenty-five Methodists is to call a conference of the religious forces of the world to lead united Christianity in the fight against the evil of war. These are stirring words, after so many years in which religious conferences have dallied with discriminations between "good" wars and "bad" wars. The Presbyterians have, apparently, gone even further. A resolution pledging the Presbyterians to the "outlawing of war and to the hastening of the day when nations shall learn to war no more" passed the General Assembly unanimously, while an amendment

promising "the full support of members of the church to the nation should the nation become involved in war" was "overwhelmingly defeated." Times are changing indeed.

BUT STRONGER RESOLUTIONS than these would seem natural if men read their New Testaments more thoughtfully. These resolutions are little more than the well-intentioned statements of peace principles which every Christian church adopted before the war drove them askew. The Methodist resolutions were indeed a refusal to face the war issue four-square, because they came before the General Conference as a compromise after the stalwart resolution recommended by the Committee on the State of the Church had excited opposition. The rejected resolution explicitly refused the support of the church to any war. Elsewhere in this issue we print a part of the stirring appeal which Mr. Glenn Frank made to the Methodists. The church, he sees, must refuse to bless any war; it cannot afford to shade its condemnation with "weasel" exceptions for "wars of defense" and "righteous wars." We agree with him; but it is difficult to understand how a man who takes his religion seriously can say that and then suggest that what the church cannot do the state may do, and that a nation may be dragged into a war without chance of escape. If we are ever to get anywhere in the war against war men must cease to distinguish between religious duty and civic duty.

THE STUDENTS of the University of Chicago have nominated Senator La Follette as their candidate for President. The students of Oberlin have nominated Borah and Pinchot for President and Vice-President, and have adopted a liberal platform, described in a letter on another page of this issue. The students of the huge freshman class in Contemporary Civilization at Columbia University have voted by large majorities for government ownership of railroads, nationalization of mines, equal rights for women, conservation, the League of Nations—and, by a smaller margin, for amending the Volstead Act. Thus little shoots of free thought bravely raise their heads in the unfertile fields of American education, where the process of exterminating mental vigor goes on unabated.

THE NEW STUDENT publishes a summary of recent faculty dismissals which show how the inquisition against freedom proceeds. In spite of protests and demonstrations of resentment on the part of the student body, Professor Nussbaum, head of the history department at Temple University, has been dismissed. President Conwell's private secretary admits that Mr. Nussbaum's political views are too liberal. Percy Marks of Brown University, author of "The Plastic Age," has been dismissed, not, we are assured, because he wrote that frank discussion of modern undergraduate behavior but because of "a growing divergence of taste and ideals" between himself and the rest of the college. Professor Bale of Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa, has been dismissed. The reason has not been divulged, but his friends consider him "too live for the cemetery." Professors W. C. Casey and Watson Selva of James Milliken University at Decatur, Illinois, have been dismissed—and 400 students went on strike as a protest. It is something that there are men to speak their minds and risk their jobs; that the students are so far ahead of their governors is even more.

The Case for "Al" Smith

ALREADY the supporters of Governor Smith are claiming four hundred delegates for him in the Democratic National Convention. With each day they grow more confident of his nomination, not so much because of his own merits as because of the dearth of candidates and the necessity of concentrating on some one in order to defeat Mr. McAdoo. If Governor Cox had shown himself a brilliant and powerful personality, if John W. Davis were not politically unavailable, if Governor Sweet of Colorado were better known, if Senator Ralston were young—these ifs all play into Governor Smith's hands. Express your regret that he is so lacking in qualifications, in the breadth and stature hitherto deemed essential to the Presidency, and you are all but stumped by the question: "Well, if not 'Al,' who then?"

Let us then put the Governor under a friendly microscope. He is emphatically of and by the common people. Lincoln himself had no humbler origin. He is without pretense or affectation; he rejoices to pass for what he is. If his hat slips over one eye and his cigar tilts at an upward angle it is because he has always worn them thus, not a pose or desire to remind the masses that he is of them. Good humor, kindness, and honesty are stamped upon him. He rose through and by Tammany Hall, the most corrupt of political organizations, and has always played its loathsome politics, yet no one has ever questioned his personal rectitude. The Albany reporters who watched him hourly year in year out gave him their affection and their entire respect. Here, they said, is a man with real human feeling, not a mere self-seeking cynical politician. He means to do what is right and if he fails it is because he does not know how or is thwarted. This feeling about him has gone throughout his State. He can carry New York by big majorities because the bulk of the voters know that he is one of them and believe in his honesty and comparative unselfishness and hold him in real affection. They are not unaware that he still plays politics—"he has to"—but they are of the opinion that he knows what he is about and that he has sympathy for them. The adjective "great" is never applied to him; "Al" Smith is the name he goes by, and it is itself a demonstration of his democracy and of the affection in which he is held.

Turning from the man to his achievements, what has he accomplished and what are his political beliefs? He has given his State two good administrations; he has decreased both the direct State tax and the income tax. But there are no deep, far-reaching reforms to his credit, and it would be idle to assert that he has purified the atmosphere of Albany or placed the government where it ought to be. Governors come and governors go; the "system" remains triumphant. But he has decreased expenses and reduced taxes. What Mellon and Coolidge bungled so badly in Washington, Smith in New York did easily, Republicans aiding. As for a political philosophy, "Al" Smith would probably laugh if accused of having one—he might say he tried to serve the people. To this the hearer could add: "Without injuring Tammany Hall or in any way interfering with things as they are." Yet his outlook is liberal. He stood up for the rights of the Socialists in the Assembly when it seemed dangerous to do so. He believes in and has served free speech and free discussion; he released the State's

political prisoners. He has a distinct sympathy for the under dog. He does not go back on the classes from which he came. Yet he is neither feared nor disliked by the masters of business. They feel that he is all right and the hall-mark of safety and sanity is put upon him by the approval of the *New York Times*. No timid capitalist lies awake nights in dread of "Al." Why should he?

That he has not achieved a reputation as a radical is a bit amusing. For in his 1920 annual message Governor Smith solemnly proposed nine socialistic laws. Had they come from a Morris Hillquit or Victor Berger the *Times* and Wall Street would have risen in their wrath. But no one felt alarmed that "Al" asked the Legislature to take steps toward socialization of the medical and nursing profession; for State ownership and operation of grain elevators after the North Dakota example; ownership and operation of public utilities; purchase and operation of all water-power, and—yes, it is true—to take State supervision of the production and distribution of the entire milk supply on the ground that the child is as much entitled to enough pure milk as to enough pure water. Few but *The Nation's* editors seem ever to have read that message; hence the wrath of the conservatives did not descend upon Governor Smith. True, he has gone on with his demand for the acquisition and operation of all water-power, but it has been easy to beat him at that. Much of the rest of his program has gone by the boards.

"Al" Smith as President? It is hard to visualize him in the White House. Not because he is both simple and plain. It would be a triumph of democracy were one to reach the highest office after overcoming such obstacles as have lain in his path. Not because he is a Catholic. Some day we hope to see a Catholic in the White House, if only to put an end to the attempt to limit men's political strivings on religious grounds, but to name a Catholic this year might strengthen the Ku Klux Klan and start a whispering campaign to prove that the Pope was taking possession of America. The electorate's attention should be concentrated upon economic and fiscal problems. To nominate a "wet" like Governor Smith would be to precipitate still another needless cause of contention. But these factors are not likely to count for or against the Governor; conventions are ruled not by delegates and rarely by public opinion. The die is cast by politicians gambling with their delegate pawns.

At this juncture the United States should have as its chief executive neither a Coolidge nor a Smith. The latter would have been a better President in a year like 1910 than a William H. Taft or a Benjamin Harrison. But the world has changed. The economic situation of the country is grave. A hundred intricate and difficult problems of finance and economics confront us. The political machine has everywhere broken down and the foreign relations of the United States have become all important. They should not be handled by one who is chiefly a good fellow. They call for a man of extraordinary vision, of widest sympathies, of deep knowledge and understanding, of such force and wisdom and idealism as to compel Congress and others to follow. That no one is in sight at this moment who answers to this description is no reason why the Democracy should not seek him; in a people of 115,000,000 he can be found.

Government by Blackmail

SENATOR STERLING of South Dakota is perturbed. He made a three-hour speech in the Senate to explain the causes of his perturbation; but he left his hearers in doubt. Senator Sterling was the one member of the Senate committee on the indictment of Senator Wheeler who refused to sign a report completely exonerating him. From the three-hour speech most correspondents got the impression that Mr. Sterling thought the Montana Senator guilty as charged, but when Senator Underwood later asked if he believed Wheeler guilty Sterling replied "No." After laboriously plowing through his interminable discourse we have come to the conclusion that Senator Sterling is perturbed because he is afraid that the attempt of the Department of Justice and of the Republican National Committee to "frame" Senator Wheeler will react injuriously upon Calvin Coolidge, and by nothing else.

In this he resembles his chief and the entire crew of easy consciences which today rule this land. Mr. Coolidge and his party leaders are not concerned to root out rottenness in the seats of government, but they are misusing their power to discredit the investigations which are revealing that rottenness. There has been corruption, Mr. Coolidge coolly comments, "but the wonder is not that this was so much or so many; rather that it has been so little or so few." "It would be foolish, false, and unpatriotic," says Mr. Hughes, "to breed distrust . . . of the integrity of the Government," and with an air of Olympian contentment with things as they are he remarks: "There are crooks in every community and in every party. Now and then one gets into office." The Massachusetts Calvin Coolidge Finance Committee was caught red-handed evading, if not violating, the corrupt-practice law against large contributions by sending out letters asking for large gifts in this brazen language:

There is no limit to the amount an individual may give the committee. Large contributions will be so divided as to give full observance to the requirements of the statutes.

When this indecency was exposed in the Senate, Henry Cabot Lodge, Republican floor leader, and scion of the Puritans, had nothing better to say than that

I have been sitting here and hearing these outbreaks of virtue about matters of this kind, but there is not a member of the Senate who does not know that money is raised for campaigns in every State of the Union.

Not one word of indignation at the act of Secretary Fall in accepting \$100,000 in a satchel; not a word of bitterness at Mr. Denby for giving away the nation's oil or at Harry Daugherty for his regime of personal trickery has yet escaped the lips of any leader in the Administration—only vituperation at those who, in the face of public stolidity and official opposition, have relentlessly hewed out the truth. What wonder if Senator Sterling, a lame duck in need of official favors, misrepresents the facts and still attempts to poison the public mind toward the man who forced Harry Daugherty and William J. Burns out of office?

Senator Sterling's minority report was ostensibly based upon the theory that the Senate committee should not have inquired into Senator Wheeler's guilt or innocence, but only into the question whether the indictment was justified by the evidence before the grand jury. But the language of the Senate resolution was clear: "That a committee . . .

investigate and report to the Senate the facts in relation to the charges made in a certain indictment returned against Senator Burton K. Wheeler." Senators Borah and Caraway brought out the fact that Senator Sterling never once, in the discussion in the Senate or in the questioning before the committee, suggested such a limitation of field; it was an afterthought, conceived in order to embarrass Senator Wheeler, not in any sense an honest objection. Senator Sterling's pettiness led his fellow committee-members to reveal the fact that throughout the hearings he acted as an agent for unknown parties—presumably the same who inspired the false indictment. He came to committee meetings armed with secret memoranda and passages from letters which he refused to show to other committeemen.

The latest revelation is perhaps the most loathsome of all. "Ned" McLean's confidential man, W. O. Duckstein, and his wife, recently William J. Burns's confidential stenographer, have finally told their stories. They testify that Department of Justice agents have shown them Gaston Means's records, which they had stolen; and that female detectives have been placed in the retiring rooms close to Senator Wheeler's office to listen to conversations in the hope of picking up something of interest; that other detectives were sent to Montana and Iowa to look up Senators Wheeler and Brookhart; and that Senator Caraway and Representatives Woodruff and Keller were also investigated when they dared attack Daugherty in Congress.

"The less attention we pay to it the better," commented Senator Jones of Washington, Administration Republican.

"I think it is time to find out what this government by blackmail is," replied Senator Brookhart.

Mr. Coolidge and his cohorts plainly agree with Senator Jones; we believe that the people of this country stand with Senator Brookhart.

America and the Dawes Plan

THERE is one important phase of the Dawes plan which has been overlooked. The United States, by virtue of the Knox Resolution and the Treaty of Berlin, is awaiting payment by Germany of the awards of the Mixed Claims Commission now sitting in Washington. Germany's treaty with the United States provides for the payment of these claims; and she was forced to acquiesce in the retention by the United States, as a pledge of such payment, of the sequestered private property which German citizens, relying upon our laws and our invitation, had invested in the United States. That property is held, subject to congressional power at any time to return the property to its owners, until Germany makes "suitable provision for the satisfaction of" the claims of American citizens.

Most of these claims, the total of which is likely to be about 200 million dollars, have no standing in international law; they were imposed upon Germany by the victors without regard to Germany's legal liability for the injuries out of which they arose. Thus to tie up private property as security for a governmental debt is a perversion of American traditions and of international law, but the present Secretary of State has consistently sought to counteract the growing public opinion in favor of the restoration of this property, depleted as it is by the maladministration of Palmer and Garvan, to its owners, and we have not even paid for the ninety private merchant ships which Congress,

in war time, authorized the President to take title to and possession of under eminent domain, with the implied promise to pay for them. Thus far only a small part of the property has been returned by Congress.

Mr. Hughes's objection has rested upon the ostensible ground that the American claims had not been provided for. But he appears to have made no effort to help in providing for the payment of these claims in an honorable way, as would be possible by a little diplomatic insistence, and seems to have been content to look to the ultimate confiscation of the property. President Harding, on the other hand, stated publicly that it was contrary to American traditions to confiscate private property for the discharge of a public debt of a foreign government. The Dawes Report brings the occasion for definite action. The Secretary of State should overcome his apparent aversion to making requests upon France and England by insisting that the United States also has its claims to be satisfied; he should demand our modest share in the payments to be effected by Germany under the Dawes Report. These will not exceed 12 to 15 million dollars a year for thirty years.

Since the Dawes Report fixes the maximum which can be exacted from Germany for many years, failure to make a timely request upon the Allies would put the United States in the same lamentable position which we occupied when the Allies, without apparent objection by the Department of State, distributed among themselves the reimbursed costs of the armies of occupation, conveniently overlooking the expenses of our army on the Rhine. Sharing in the Dawes Report payments to the very limited extent required would enable the American claimants to be paid and would remove the last objection to the prompt restoration to its owners of the private alien property still held by the United States. Germany is helpless in this matter and cannot convert her willingness to pay us into a promise unless the Allies give their consent. We have sufficient diplomatic means to assure this consent, although it is humiliating that we should have to bargain for it. If the Secretary of State would now act as if the United States were something more than a tool for certain foreign Powers, he could go far to restore American diplomacy to its pre-war integrity. If he does not act of his own initiative, Congress might well provide the necessary stimulus.

Biography Made to Order

PERHAPS the best historical biography of the American year is Robert McElroy's life of Grover Cleveland. One of the interesting things about it is that the author was selected by the family to do this work, and the former President's papers were placed at his disposal. In a sense, therefore, it was an official life. Yet Mr. McElroy has written without restraint, as a teacher and a man of letters ought to. That freedom undoubtedly gives to the work much of its spontaneity and interest and is in marked contrast to some recent biographies which have been written to order, the biographer being employed at so much a month, or so much for the job. Mr. Bishop's life of A. B. Hepburn, the financier, belongs, if we are rightly informed, to the latter class. It lacks the sweep and the wide range and the critical independence the subject merited. Not that it is untruthful or unfaithful. The picture is simply not rounded out, nor the man brought into focus with

the tendencies of his time, or with his associates, as he might have been. If our judgment is correct, the historian in this case was rather a recorder than an analyst, a por-trayer than an assayer.

Obviously the problem of recording and presenting to the public a truthful narrative of the life of a man of distinction is not easy when it is undertaken by relatives of the subject. If someone comes forward stirred by the man to be depicted, yet desirous of presenting him judicially, the difficulty may be met. When no volunteer appears there often follows a search for someone to do the job at a salary the mere acceptance of which may make impossible that freedom of utterance and independence of judgment which are essential to any worthwhile biography. Occasionally the subject is such, as in the case of Henry G. Pearson's life of General James W. Wadsworth, that the question of an unfavorable criticism does not arise to disturb the harmonies of the occasion. But where there is need, as in the case of a Grover Cleveland, of a discriminating judgment, where there is the necessity of awarding both praise and blame, of pointing out the mistakes as well as the noble qualities and fine deeds of the man to be studied, the dangers are obvious. The shelves of biography are filled with books like Sanborn's life of John Brown and Channing's life of Margaret Fuller, written with little regard to truth, chiefly to glorify the subjects, though in these cases the biographers were under no financial restraint.

The ethical problem presented is simple, and it would seem as if no writer of standing, particularly no teacher of youth, could engage for compensation to write any biography without assurance of the most complete freedom. But if it is a simple problem, it is extraordinary how often it is neither understood nor the ethical responsibility observed. Particularly is this true in the field of autobiography. Here book after book turns up in which it is obvious that the man whose name is signed to it has had nothing to do with the form in which it appears. The reputed author sends for a Burton J. Hendrick, or someone of similar experience, and talks his various adventures and achievements to him, who in turn Englishes them for the public. When the literary man's name does not appear upon the title-page it can hardly be considered as anything more than a kind of fraud upon the public. In the case of Admiral Sims's narrative of the war on the sea, the right thing was obviously done in putting both the admiral's name and that of Mr. Hendrick upon the title-page.

Yet the temptation is, we suppose, great to suppress the name of the all-important assistant. Some brilliant woman who has never written a line yields to the temptation of a publisher to set forth in print her achievements, her friendships, her points of view, and then, of course, she must have a trained writer's assistance. Sometimes the personality of the avowed author disappears under the ministrations of the hack who comes to her aid, in which case we get a double fraud upon the public. Nor can the publishers be acquitted of some share of the blame when this takes place. It can hurt no entertaining work of autobiography to state the name of the collaborator, as Admiral Sims did. Anything else seems to us less than honest. Similarly, when the history of a man who has passed from the scene is written for a financial consideration from friends or family, the fact ought to be clearly stated. There is nothing immoral or improper in such an arrangement, only in concealing the existence of it.

I Return to America

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

MY dentist is a good fellow and an excellent workman. Naturally, after a year and a half abroad I saw him before I saw such unimportant persons as publishers, tax-collectors, and old friends, and it was he who first gave me the opportunity to view again that passion for politics which the citizens of a republic, particularly the American republic, are universally known to possess.

Between moments of the indignity which only dentists can force upon one, I babbled, "How's the political situation coming out? Who—whom—will they nominate?"

"Well—The cement, Miss Jones."

It was the fieriest statement about American politics I had heard since the Scythia had slid out of Southampton harbor.

"No, but I say really—" with that effort to retain something of an English accent which upsets one for three days after landing—"really, though, whom would you like to see the Democrats put in?"

"Oh, that's all decided. They'll put in Al Smith."

"What sort of a chap is Al?"

"Oh, he's all right, I guess. I don't know much about him."

"What about the Republicans?"

"Just keep the mouth open till the filling hardens."

"Bgbb—"

"Well, if you want to know how I feel about it, I'll tell you how I feel about it: The best thing that could happen to the country would be to have everything run on the way it's going now, and have Coolidge elected."

"The investigations—"

"Oh, I'm getting tired of them."

"But doesn't it seem to you—I kept hearing in England that Cal Coolidge was the most colorless man that ever lived—that he came as near to being nothing at all as a man could be and go on living?"

"Well, maybe that's so, but better have him than a radical."

Thus the interviewer peered again, half terrified by its frenzy, into the turmoil of passionate popular government.

Years ago he had concluded that in these independent and virile States the chief explanation to political puzzles was that there is no interest in politics. Only two classes of persons are exceptions. The first is of those who are more or less professionally engaged in the matter, including not only all the seekers after offices requiring neither brains nor labor—the willing ones who will take anything from the governorship of a State down to an ambassadorship—but journalists, ardent reformers, and the bankers and manufacturers who desire to pet and gently lead the politicians. The second class is the Arguers, the Old Boys, the men who set round the stove or sit round the table in an urban club—they differ only in the verb—and find a benign pleasure, undisturbed by intellection, in treadmilling the ancient discussions.

This second class does not really have an interest in politics; it merely seems to. The rule of their game is that nothing may be said which has not always been said,

and that nothing may be said which has not its unchangeable, canonical answer, preterminable and rather off the point: As:

"Who the dickens is Cal, though, that's what I want to ask!"

"Well, he settled the Boston police strike, all right!"

"He did not settle no Boston police strike! The whole thing was settled before he ever ordered out the militia!"

"Oh, trouble with you is, you been reading *The Nation* and all these radical rags. 'F I'd my way, I'd put all those soreheads in jail! Let me tell you right now, Coolidge has won my respect by the enemies he's made. Whenever you find a lot of these parlor socialists panning a feller you can be dead sure he's a feller you can bank on."

"Yuh, that's all right, but nobody knows what Cal stands for except about the bonus."

"Sure, because he knows how to keep his mouth shut."

"D'ever occur to you that there's two kinds of fellers that keep their mouths shut—those that ain't giving any advice free, and those that don't say nothing because they ain't got anything to say?"

This is but the beginning of the conference; thus was Lincoln discussed, no doubt, thus certainly Cleveland and Taft. Always it has been our only type of political inquiry outside of the more professional, "You leave it to me—If he gets me the publicity, I'll see he gets a swell job." But in this year and a half, hearing from afar of revolutionary revelations, imagining among the green and pleasant spaces of the Temple, E. C., that the vigorous American people were seizing for themselves some part of their government, the interviewer was so naive as to think that when he returned he would find his countrymen as much interested in politics as in motors or even radio. In Europe he had discovered that political talk may be more absorbing than literary gossip or the best scandals about one's friends. He came loping on the steamer at Southampton to gloat over the spectacle of Americans with girded loins.

There were business men aboard who had come to London for but a few days, who were only a fortnight out of New York. He brightly inquired of them:

"Say—say—tell me—tell me—what's prospects for the conventions?"

"Well, I don't know, but I think all this darned fool investigating at Washington is about run out, and everybody's ready to settle down to business. Way I figure it out, the soreheads have got to run wild every so often, and then the country goes to work again."

"But whom d' you think they'll nominate?"

"Well, don't know 's I've given a whole lot of thought to the subject. Those things are best left in the hands of the fellows that are competent to handle 'em. I suppose they'll put up Cal and Al—never thought o' that—makes pretty good slogan, eh—Cal or Al! Well, that's about all I know about the situation, but say, here's something that might interest you. When you left, remember you used to have to pay ten or fifteen a quart for hooch? Well, I can give you the address of an absolutely reliable bootlegger,

nice young fellow, too, that'll supply you with first-rate Scotch for fifty-five a case."

Thus the mailed warrior, leaping in the younger sunlight of our Western land.

There were aboard the steamer not only these bearers of new tidings but nearly a hundred people who had been spending five months in going round the world. I wanted to know how many of them, so long deprived of news about the revolution in America, were panting for information.

They were not.

I could get only one of them to talk politics. He was an Old Timer from California, a judge, a plainsman, an Eagle. He reflected:

"You wouldn't be such a bad fellow, if you didn't fall for all this radical stuff. I've been looking into politics for forty years, and I've figured out that the parties will be able to take care of the nominations without my advice."

So the interviewer came to America, turned in a disgustingly honest customs declaration, and rediscovered his native land. . . . Just how appallingly high the high buildings are. In Paris or Rome or Madrid, the buildings are forgotten in the liveliness of the human stream; in New York the streets are deep and intimidating grooves in which the people are vermin; and in the department stores a shopper is but an animal in the cattle-pen, insufferably robbed of dignity. . . . The young women, so pretty, so well-dressed, so hard of eye. . . . The men, everywhere, who speak in unchanging voices of heavy and pompous brassiness, and contemptuously roll in the corners of their mouths cigars of a curious ugliness. . . . But also the friendliness, the hope, and the quicker minds. . . . A group at lunch—Mencken, Hergesheimer, De Kruif, Nathan: as distinguished as any group of writers under the age of fifty-five to be found in Europe, as scholarly and deft, and beyond belief more vigorous, direct, merry, free from attitudinizing.

Everywhere, indeed, a battle—except in politics!

The interviewer has talked to journalists, merchants, bell boys, bewildered Western farmers, taxi-drivers, women who know the Place Vendome, and a few other varieties, and has not yet been able to find any tiniest change of the old rule; has not yet been able to find one who is interested in politics unless he touches it professionally. It is typified in the observation of a scientist, an authority on biophysics:

"Politics? Hell! I've never voted in my life."

The interviewer left London believing that the coming conventions would be the most important since the second nomination of Lincoln. He now believes that no matter how voluminously the newspapers may feature their jazz enthusiasms, the People will have as much share and almost as much authentic interest in them as the average Bronx delicatessen dealer takes in Anglo-Catholic conferences.

Now in England—

Oh, it is quite true that the hereditary leaders still possess power. A Cecil, a Chamberlain, a Curzon is as yet only a little dismayed by the Labor invasion. Yet in that unfortunate, that undemocratic and monarchy-ridden land, the citizenry from navvy to du'le have the notion that politics is their own affair, and that the personalities of politicians are not to be summed up with an invariable "He settled the police strike," but to be analyzed, watched, discussed. Indeed when London had its own police strike,

there was no cautiously bold Calvin using it for kudos. It was settled by the Commissioner, General Sir Nevil McCready, who won the sneaking respect of even the strikers and of the Laborite journalists. When the strike-leaders were called in to fight things out with him, they found on the wall behind his desk, so that they must sit facing it, a Socialist poster damning him as a tyrant, and somehow it dampened them.

The House of Commons is not duller and more decorous than the House of Representatives but far livelier, more human, and Viscount Curzon is quite as likely as Jack Jones to throw bricks. While no one but a humorist would think of reading the *Congressional Record*, the reports of the proceedings of Parliament, as they appear daily in the *London Times* and the rest, are followed by thousands.

No social affair in London, whether it is the dinner-party of a retired Anglo-Indian general or the communion of two char-ladies blissful with gin in the public bar, can run all its course without politics appearing. . . . F. E., L. G., Winston, Freddy Banbury, Nancy, Max, Austin, Ramsay, Uncle Arthur—a score of the leaders are treated with the affectionate or angry familiarity which in this generation we have given only to T. R. and Gene Debs.

There is an exhilaration in it. Even the blank outsider, permitted only to listen, feels a quick and incessant drama. For all the permanence of the monarchy and the House of Lords, politics are never static in Britain. Where in America each four years there is an artificial contest whose appearance has no relation to the actual needs of affairs, in Britain the Government may last five years and may go out in six weeks, with always enough by-elections to keep the kettle violently stirred. When a general election does come, the candidates are too busy really fighting to have time for that long, bombastic, quadrennial campaign whose pomposities are proof not that there is popular interest but rather that only by drum-pounding can any interest be stirred.

But this lack of lively drama is unimportant. One can take his meat unsalted, even though he may not comprehend why one hundred-odd million people should prefer tasteless fare. The thing is that here in this world-dominating United States, to which all of Europe is looking with wistfulness or with fear, in this country which unquestionably can do what it likes with all other nations, we do not rule ourselves. We, the plain people, the authors and bootmakers and doctors and fishmongers, have not only handed the mastery over to a group of inconceivably unintelligent salesmen, but decline even to care how they control us. We like it! We say, "Well, he may not be anything at all, but at least he isn't a radical!"

And to the returned and melancholy pilgrim comes a growing fear which he cannot define. If this year again the delegates in the conventions and the voters back home let themselves be swallowed in mush (but the mush is not ladled out by mushy men; their jaws are hard and their eyes cold); if this year again the few persons who protest against our drifting into supreme mediocrity are dismissed as cranks and parlor socialists and answered only, "Ah, gwan back to Europe," then he will see no reason to hope that anything save a monstrous calamity will lift us out of our fat and cigar-chewing indifference.

Still, there are the youngsters in colleges. Are they smug, too? The interviewer is going out to see.

Human Rights in the Coal Fields—A Debate

Dynamite Versus Profits

By "AN OPERATOR"

THIS is not a philosophical or a wholly unbiased discussion of the coal industry, nor does it offer any golden rule for the solution of its numerous problems. I am not a professor, editor, publicist, or politician. My business is the production of coal at such a price that the public will buy and the cost of operation will be defrayed. My ambition is to make a profit. Specifically, I produce coal in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, the non-union field already made famous in song and story by various investigations, reports, and recommendations, by gentlemen from the Bureau of Industrial Research, by committees of professors and clergymen, by his honor Mayor Hylan of New York City and his Commissioner of Accounts Hirshfield, and many, many others.

These reports and recommendations are usually interesting, sometimes well written, and, in my opinion, are wholly beside the point. What disturbs me most about these contributions to our industry is that they show such a total disregard of the facts, and so little understanding. It is one thing to have one's living depend upon a given quantity of philosophical or literary output, and another to have it depend upon a balance sheet. And most of the investigators have not by training learned the importance of the facts nor the penalties for their neglect.

Our mines in Somerset County are operated upon a non-union basis, which is to say that except for such times as the United Mine Workers are "hell-bent" on organizing us via dynamite-machine-gun methods it makes no difference whether a man belongs to the United Mine Workers, the Holy Rollers, the Ku Klux Klan, or anything else. All we require is that he be reasonably honest and that he be a coal miner. Since April, 1922, we have been besieged by the agitators' organizers of the United Mine Workers, who officially declared a strike against us. During the early months, aided by the national strike pressure and certain other things, production was partially stopped, but toward the end of that summer nearly every company was operating and before the end of the year production was normal. Nevertheless, the strike was officially continued nearly a year thereafter, and a small group of irreconcilables plus a professional United Mine Workers' strike gang was maintained in specially erected barracks located on the fringe of each mining community.

The object of this long strike, and upon this both union officials and myself agree, was the recognition of the United Mine Workers of America, or, specifically, the signing of a wage contract with that organization providing that no man should be paid until its officials determined what fraction of his wages should be deducted and paid directly to them for dues, special assessments, fines, penalties, and other items designed for spiritual welfare; in other words, the check-off. For refusing this recognition we and our miners have suffered much, and although we have operated now continuously for over a year it has been neither easy nor pleasant.

Our own miners have several times expressed their opposition to the present policies of the United Mine Workers, especially the check-off, and have petitioned that no contract be signed.

This the various investigators who visit Somerset County usually overlook. In fact, these investigators never seem to consider it worth while to ask the opinion of the man who is working. In theory apparently he is a poor, ignorant cuss anyway (he must be ignorant if he works when he could get strike benefits) and therefore the union officials certainly know better than he what he thinks, or, at least, what he should think.

For the last year of the strike the number of men working was approximately 12,500 and the number striking approximately 1,500. During this time the 1,500 did nothing but brood over their wrongs, vilify their more industrious neighbors, and take an occasional pot-shot at them with anything from a rotten egg to a stick of dynamite, just to show that their heart was in the right place and they lived off strike benefits furnished by the check-off from union miners belonging to District No. 2, of which Somerset County is theoretically a part.

It was easy for the casual investigator (and most of them are casual, if nothing else) to obtain the viewpoint of this minority group of strikers, but exceedingly difficult to get it from the men who were working. The small groups of strikers were always accessible and ready and anxious to talk. The men at work were busy, and besides they did not take kindly to strangers, for they had been the victims of a long campaign of intimidation, and they were apprehensive lest the visitor be a union agent, there for the purpose of gathering information against them.

How would you feel toward a stranger if you and your group were constantly threatened and reviled because you had elected to work, and you had seen from time to time houses of your fellow-workers blown up after mysterious warnings and every so often one of your number was caught out alone and beaten up or shot? Suppose also you knew that the money from the local funds of the United Mine Workers of America had been used to buy dynamite and to purchase arms and ammunition for the publicly avowed use against you. This is not idle gossip. It is a matter of fact proved in court and later substantiated by the United Mine Workers themselves. I would also note that for obvious reasons the average Somerset County miner greatly prefers the company or closed town.

I recently read a report written by a group of clergymen and professors who for some reason chose to call themselves A Committee on Coal and Civil Liberties and to constitute themselves the champion of the United Mine Workers' organization. It is a fair example of the patent medicine recommended for coal ills.

The report is largely directed against the so-called "closed town" with its special leases, private roads, deputy sheriffs, etc. It is solemnly revealed that certain of these company towns are actually "closed" against organizers of the United Mine Workers of America. A better term would be "fortified." Is it any wonder, in view of the way they have been attacked? Even though it be good biblical manners to turn the other cheek, it is not healthy,

nor can mining operations be continued under this system. It might be more simple to sign a union contract, but some of us prefer to refuse and to enjoy our constitutional right to be shot at by the United Mine Workers of America.

The report also avers that the school-teachers are frequently paid and the amusement halls and stores erected and owned by the operators. True, but when a company opens up a mine in some outlying district and several thousand people come there to live, someone must provide schools, recreation halls, cinemas, pay school-teachers, erect stores, houses, etc. No matter what is said to the contrary, these things do not descend from heaven. The county and State will not provide them. In many places, they will not even pay adequate salaries to the school-teachers. The operators would gladly turn over the expense and management of these things to any responsible authority, and as a matter of fact, in the older mining communities, the county or State comes to assume these responsibilities.

This also applies to police protection, about which so much has been written. I refer particularly to the deputy-sheriff system whereby coal companies must pay the wages of the police officers deputized for their district. I speak officially when I say that it is thoroughly and constantly condemned by all the coal operators of our county. Many investigators appear to think that they have exposed a secret and nefarious practice of the coal operators when they prove that in certain counties, notably Somerset, the sheriff received from the coal companies \$1 a day for each man he has deputized for their district. Alas, this is not a secret. Neither is it bribery. It is a matter of State and county law. From the operators' point of view, it is a hold-up. Any man who will run on a platform to abolish this dollar-a-day payment to the sheriff and to provide a county-paid police force will receive 100 per cent of the votes of the Somerset County coal operators for any office which he may desire. I would also like to call attention to the fact that the United Mine Workers, while they orate against those whom the operators are forced to employ, also opposed the establishment of trained State and county police to eliminate these guards. They have sought to have abolished the State constabulary in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, and in Colorado, where they have partially succeeded. They successfully prevented the enactment of a law in West Virginia to provide for the payment of all deputy sheriffs by the county. In Ohio and Illinois they have successfully prevented any legislation providing for State constabulary. The ultimate goal would seem to be the abolishment of all police.

I think our results support the theory that labor and capital have a common interest. The yearly earnings of our miners have usually been higher than those of the miners in the adjacent union field, District No. 2. From 1903, when we ended our relations with the United Mine Workers, to the present we have had only three or four local strikes and the general one of 1922 as against thousands in the adjoining union field, District No. 2, during the same period. The study by the Bituminous Operators' Special Committee of several hundred mines in various districts which either changed from union to non-union, or vice versa, showed an almost universal decrease in the cost per ton in favor of non-union operation, while the earnings (not wage scale) of the men were higher.

I wish the various writers upon the coal industry and

denunciators of the coal operators would look at things in a more reasonable and practical way. Personally, I think the United Mine Workers have much the upper hand of the operators—and also of the public.

It seems to me that the check-off is a more complete abridgment of American constitutional rights than anything now charged against the operator.

But again, this is a matter of philosophy, and I would rather leave that to people who know something about it.

Profits by Dynamite

By WINTHROP D. LANE

URBANITY is always pleasant, and a gentle contempt for one's opponents gives a feeling of superiority to any disputant. The anonymous coal operator whose remarks precede mine has both of these in abundance. He is not to be pushed into any loss of temper. He regards the efforts of all journalists, investigators, and others to understand the coal industry from the outside as bordering on impertinence. Having been trained in the business of mining soft coal—in which, according to Herbert Hoover, the waste is shameful and the business technique defective—he naturally has a sure grasp of facts. "Come," he says to all writers on the subject, "you have worried us long enough with your lucubrations. Let someone who knows the industry now speak. Sit at my feet and we shall have a lesson—in facts."

I accept his challenge to meet him on the battleground of facts. First, let me call attention briefly to his general point of view. Trend of mind is important in any controversy; and A. O.—I can save space by using his initials—has that trend of mind that persuades him to opinions that he wishes to hold. He has amplified his argument with the conventional notions of non-union coal operators. He has cast this argument, also, into the form of a discussion of Somerset County, but in reality he has given his remarks a much wider sweep. He opens the door widely to deductions concerning the whole non-union field, and so I am forced to meet him on broader geographical ground.

When A. O. intimates, as he strongly does, that the United Mine Workers of America is a violence-practicing organization and always tries to win its victories by the "dynamite-machine-gun" method, he is merely saying what his brother opponents of the union habitually say. This is a cry that can be heard from every non-union district in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama. The trouble with it is that he leaves out of the picture such scenes as Cabin Creek, Trinidad, Coronado, and others, where the machine-guns were on the side of the coal companies and where many miners fell pumped full of bullets. In Mingo County, West Virginia, the sheriff not long ago took from operators more rifles than he could stack in his vaults. In an adjoining county, Logan, an operator showed me a score or more of high-powered guns and said: "This is my arsenal." Operators use violence to keep the union and its agents out of the neighborhood; "company guards" and deputy sheriffs paid by coal companies help them. It is perfectly true, as A. O. says, that local funds of the union have been used to purchase arms, but funds of operators have been so used also. The United States Coal Commission dismissed, as held only by "a cer-

tain type of mind," the notion that it has been the ultimate object of union officials to "unionize all the mines by force if necessary."

Again A. O. echoes a characteristic assertion of his non-union colleagues when he says that his miners do not want the union and would not take it if he gave it to them. This is evidence of a strong tendency toward wish-fulfilment. A. O. hopes his miners would not take it. What miners really think is shown every time they get a real chance to join the union: witness the coming into the union ranks of one field after another through thirty years. In A. O.'s own little district of Somerset County there was a spontaneous rush to the union in the early weeks of the nation-wide coal strike of 1922. In the towns of Windber, Conemaugh, Revloc, Boliver, Twin Rocks, Park Hill, Seanor, Central City, Salco, and others, miners joined the union hand over fist; seasoned union organizers stood amazed at the proportions of the rush. A. O.'s statement that only 1,500 out of a total force of 14,000 joined the union differs from every other estimate. A staff member of the Bureau of Industrial Research, who spent many weeks in Somerset County, reported that 6,000 struck, and striking is no indication of the extent of union sympathy; it is too dangerous to income and family. Neither is A. O.'s estimate borne out by the figures for lost production compiled by the U. S. Geological Survey for this period. That many of these strikers later returned to work, especially when they believed their cause lost, is not remarkable; miners are human and must earn money. His assertion that Somerset miners have several times petitioned against the union is, to say the least of it, going some. Does he mean that he can actually produce the documents?

Let us come to more important matters. "Except for such times," says A. O., "as the United Mine Workers are 'hell-bent' on organizing us, it makes no difference whether a man belongs to the United Mine Workers, the Holy Rollers, the Ku Klux Klan, or anything else." This is important, because it suggests a tolerance that is not generally known to exist. Let us see if A. O.'s statement is accurate. Would he say that it shows unconcern over membership in a union if the employers required, or tried to induce, their men to sign agreements by which the men bound themselves to have nothing to do with the union so long as they kept their jobs? These are the notorious "yellow-dog" contracts which are in use in Somerset County today. I have before me the contract used by the Quemahoning Creek Coal Company, which reads in part: "The said employee, who affirms that he is not now a member of any labor organization, agrees not to join or belong to any labor union or organization, and will not aid, encourage, or approve the organization thereof." The employer agrees, on his part, not to employ knowingly "any member of the United Mine Workers of America, of the I. W. W., or any mine labor organization." Is this to be indifferent to the membership of your men in a union? These agreements deprive a man of the right to join a legal organization. The United States Coal Commission says that they "are closely tied up with the suppression of civil liberties." Yet they are in use in Somerset County.

A. O. mentions earnings. He says that the earnings of miners in Somerset have been greater than those in the unionized area of District No. 2 of the United Mine

Workers, of which Somerset County, if organized, would be a part. This statement, by itself, means little; the mining conditions and other opportunities for employment in Somerset may be better. But A. O.'s statement is open to question of another sort. According to the United States Coal Commission the median earnings of tonnage men in Somerset County, for a given period, were \$1,280; in all unionized portions of Pennsylvania, including District No. 2, they were \$1,320. This does not seem to bear out A. O.'s statement.

Nor can the matter be dropped there. A. O.'s references to earnings suggest a more far-reaching implication. One can easily infer that he thinks that earnings in non-union fields, taking the country by and large, are greater than earnings in union fields. That is a favorite contention of non-union operators. They slip it into the ears of visitors and trumpet it to Senate committees. Let us look at it. Again, the Coal Commission has supplied the nail that punctures A. O.'s tires. It has compared earnings in many non-union with those in many union fields. This is difficult, because so many varying factors enter into the calculation. So the commission adopted the sound method of counting the number of "starts," that is, the number of times men entered the mines to work, required to earn given amounts of money in union fields with the number of starts required to earn the same amounts in non-union. It found that machine miners required 112 starts, on the average, to earn \$1,000 in union fields, 144 in non-union; 157 starts to earn \$1,500 in union fields, 171 in non-union; 188 starts to earn \$2,000 in union fields, 203 in non-union, and so on. The figures for the two other classes of men who actually dig coal, pick-miners and loaders, yielded a similar showing; those for outside day men, who receive fixed wages by the day, gave a still more striking showing in favor of the union fields.

It is an ingratiating picture that A. O. gives us of Somerset County miners. "Look at their faces," he exclaims, "see how happy they are! They like the houses we give them, they like us!" Now, it is to be supposed that, if all this were true, men who went to work in Somerset County would stay there. They wouldn't move away to other fields continuously. Yet that is exactly what they do. I hesitate to mention the Coal Commission again, but the commission looked into this question of contentment and stability of labor force. It went into Somerset County. And it found that whereas the labor turnover, in technical phrase, is only 65 per cent in such typical union districts as Indiana, northern Ohio, and central Illinois, it is 121 per cent in Somerset! This means that the stream of miners leaving Somerset is nearly twice as large, in relation to the number employed there, as it is in those union areas. The commission left no doubt as to the meaning of this. High rates of turnover, it comments, are due to "such things as unsatisfactory wage rates, poor working conditions, inadequate earnings, irregularity of employment, poor supervision, or objectionable community conditions." Even that detestable unionized district of central Pennsylvania, which is a kind of miasmic bog near A. O.'s mines, has a labor turnover of only 82 per cent. It actually seems to keep men better than Somerset.

Other parts of A. O.'s discussion may be dismissed more briefly. He and his fellow-operators have no use, he says, for privately paid deputy sheriffs. They exist merely

because the county does not provide an adequate police force. That is a commendable position. The trouble is that it means little to mine workers whose bodies are beaten and who are driven from the neighborhood by these public officials drawing their money entirely from the coal companies. A. O. must go further than mere disapproval. The situation is one that calls for reform.

A. O.'s frank defense of the closing of company towns against outside intrusion—"fortifying" is his amazing word—may be left to itself. The Coal Commission found such restrictions "ill-advised, obnoxious, and inconsistent with the spirit of free local communities." Again, A. O. wholly misses the point in his rhapsodic defense of the generosity of coal operators who pay the salaries of teachers and perform other generous acts. No one condemns the generosity of this. It is the paternalism that galls. Everything that goes on in coal towns, from the sale of groceries to the control of roads, is done by the coal companies. Paternalism may not be objectionable in small doses, but when a whole village is run by a single corporation, that corporation possesses a power that may be over-used. It is over-used when the villagers are told who may and who may not visit them. At best, it is unhealthy and helps to explain the desire for a union, which represents a force of the men themselves.

"An Operator" Makes Reply

TAKING Mr. Lane's "scenes" in his "battleground of facts," "Cabin Creek, Trinidad, Coronado, and others," I note first that no one had any bullets "pumped" into them from machine-guns at either Cabin Creek or Coronado. At Coronado the chief casualties consisted of two captured non-union miners murdered, after what the Supreme Court said "the overwhelming weight of evidence" showed "was purely a union attack under the guidance of district officers." In Trinidad the miners had several times as many men under arms as the entire State National Guard. Of the 5,200 miners in Mingo, 4,931 signed a petition to the Senate investigating committee, stating that they did not wish to become members of the United Mine Workers, and asking for protection.

Why shouldn't an operator have an arsenal, if, as in Mingo and Logan, over 6,000 armed members of the United Mine Workers, supported by machine-gun units and ammunition trains, had marched upon them to take the mines by force?

The contract of the Quemahoning Creek Coal Company, to which Mr. Lane refers, was introduced by that company as a defensive measure in the spring of 1923, after their employees had been subject to continual attack for nearly a year by union pickets camped at the mine entrance. Its purpose was to secure an injunction against this picketing, and thereby to end the constant nagging and intimidation, with the more serious attending dangers.

The Bureau of Industrial Research figures, used by Mr. Lane, are open to question. The bureau's star investigator later became the official strike leader. Mr. Lane's Geological Survey figures do not refer to the last year of the strike.

According to the Coal Commission, writes Mr. Lane, the median earnings "in all unionized portions of Pennsyl-

vania, including District No. 2, were \$1,320." If Mr. Lane will study the report again, he will note that the \$1,320 applies only to 94 union mines in the Pittsburgh district, and that the non-union miners of this same Pittsburgh district had an average of \$1,825. For Mr. Lane's information I may add that the Pittsburgh district is entirely separate from the Central Pennsylvania district and that Somerset is usually grouped with central Pennsylvania, being just south of it. The central Pennsylvania union miners have averaged \$1,180 a year, while the central Pennsylvania non-union miners averaged \$1,405, and Somerset miners \$1,280.

I did not say union miners earned less per start than non-union miners. I said our non-union miners earned more money per year than the adjacent union miners, because with less strikes and lower costs we give them more steady employment.

Mr. Lane's Rejoinder

THE steel-plated baggage coach that rolled up a creek valley in the Cabin Creek (W. Va.) region in 1913 and pumped bullets from a machine-gun into a miners' village, killing two people, has become history. At Ludlow, near Trinidad, in Colorado, in 1914, a tent colony of union miners was raked by machine-guns, the colony was then set on fire, and twenty charred bodies were recovered. It is amazing that A. O. does not know of these historic events; the records of congressional investigations will enlighten him. Granting that A. O. has scored a point in regard to Coronado, my main contention is still unaffected. I charged that coal companies, as well as miners, bought arms and committed violence. A. O. does not deny this. There is excellent ground for believing that armed "company guards" were the first users of violence in the coal fields. Certainly the "marches" in West Virginia were preceded by a long history of violence encouraged by coal companies.

I invited him to produce petitions from Somerset, and he mentions one from Mingo. *There is none from Somerset.* The Mingo petition was written and printed by the coal companies. Men signed it to keep their jobs.

The Consolidation Coal Company used "yellow-dog" contracts in Somerset also. They were discontinued only when John D. Rockefeller, Jr., a stockholder, protested.

A. O. apparently refers to Powers Hapgood when he speaks of the "star investigator" of the Bureau of Industrial Research. Mr. Hapgood did some work for the bureau but was never a staff member. The man I quoted was Heber Blankenhorn.

A. O. does not attempt to refute my evidence that union miners earn more than non-union miners, taking the country as a whole. Instead, he says that I have misread the commission report about union earnings in Pennsylvania. A table on page 9 of the report substantiates my statement. His figures are from a table three pages earlier, and there is a disparity between these two tables. The commission has contradicted itself. The doubt raised by this disparity, which I failed to notice, does not affect the more important question of country-wide earnings.

A. O. repeats his statement that men in Somerset get more steady employment. The turnover figures utterly deny it. I leave them to him for further contemplation. Meanwhile A. O. is to have the last word, which I shall not be permitted to answer in these columns.

Last Word by "An Operator"

TAKING all the "fracases" together in the "long history of violence," it is significant to note that the great property losses have always been suffered by the operators. Incidentally the congressional report on Cabin Creek does not mention the "plated baggage coach," while at Ludlow no operators or operator guards participated.

As noted, Mr. Lane does not admit that non-union miners are capable of self-expression. Hence, he reasons, *ipso facto*, their petitions cannot exist. Notwithstanding and contrary to Mr. Lane's assertion they have been and can be produced.

I did not attempt to refute Mr. Lane's evidence on country-wide earnings because he presented none. There are no adequate figures which would permit such a comparison. I referred specifically to Pennsylvania because Mr. Lane

referred to it and the Coal Commission has collected data on the earnings of union and non-union miners working in the same field and under the same physical conditions. These figures show conclusively that the non-union miner earns more than the union miner. The table on page 9 is a reproduction of that three pages earlier. Mr. Lane has taken the figure for the union earnings in the central competitive field, Pennsylvania, to mean all of Pennsylvania. It does not. Only the Pittsburgh District is in the central competitive field. Central Pennsylvania is not in the central competitive field. The median earnings for all of union Pennsylvania would be the weighted average of the median for the Pittsburgh District, \$1,320, and that of the Central Pennsylvania District, \$1,180, or approximately \$1,250. Mr. Lane solemnly juggles "turnovers" and "starts." Nevertheless, our exasperating Somerset miner continues to make more money than his union neighbor.

The Congressional Swan Song

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THIS Congress began singing on the note of the tax bill and the bonus bill. It began with arias addressed to the business man who wanted his taxes reduced and to the ex-soldier who wanted his compensation increased. These themes were difficult and dangerous enough.

Now, however, after long delay, our congressional singers are obliged to try to sing for the railroad trade unionist and for the farmer. They are obliged at last to exercise their voices over the complexities of the Howell-Barkley bill and the McNary-Haugen bill.

If it was difficult to please the business man and dangerous to please the ex-soldier, it is still more difficult to please the railroad trade unionist and still more dangerous to please the farmer.

Moreover, the business man and the ex-soldier, even if annoyed, are not likely, as classes, to go wandering off into third parties. Numerous railroad trade unionists and numerous farmers, on the other hand, are extremely likely at this time to indulge themselves in third-party travels in case their susceptibilities are wounded.

The Howell-Barkley bill was drawn up by the railroad trade unionists themselves. There is no doubt that it represents the mass convictions and the mass demands of the leaders of the railroad trade unions in the matter of the management of the relations between labor and capital and the public on railroads.

The McNary-Haugen bill is supported with amazing unanimity by the various farm organizations of the country.

It is further supported by numerous influential groups of city business men in the Northwest. The Seattle Chamber of Commerce wants it. The Spokane Chamber of Commerce wants it. The State bankers' associations of Washington and of Oregon and of Montana and of North Dakota and of South Dakota want it. Numerous groups of Northwestern Rotarians and of Kiwanis and of Lions have petitioned for it.

The Howell-Barkley bill is a strictly labor bill. The McNary-Haugen bill is a farmer and Northwestern bill.

These two bills combine the class interests and the

sectional interests most likely to produce third-party developments. They will arouse, and are already arousing, in debates in Congress, a bitterness which the debates on the tax bill and on the bonus did not show.

The Howell-Barkley bill, unless this writer is more innocent than he thinks he is, represents a genuinely sincere and honest effort by the leaders of the railroad trade unions (with the legal help of Mr. Donald Richberg) to introduce a better and more peaceful set of relationships between labor and capital and the public on railroads.

The principal criticism of it is that it allows no representation for the public on certain "adjustment boards" which it establishes. The answer intended to repel this criticism would seem to have some merit. It is as follows:

The adjustment boards are designed to deal primarily with grievances arising under existing agreements. Such grievances are technical matters. They are family matters. Outsiders are not skilled at them. Therefore the membership of the adjustment boards should be confined to representatives of the employees and of the managers.

The representation of the public should begin when the broad principles of new agreements are being considered. This representation the Howell-Barkley bill abundantly grants. It establishes a Board of Mediation and Conciliation with a membership exclusively of representatives of the public appointed by the President. To this board the Howell-Barkley bill confides large powers, or, at any rate, large opportunities, in bringing public pressure to bear upon both the managers and the employees when new agreements are being proposed, considered, and achieved. The bill excites an opposition which is as sincere and alarmed as its own intention is sincere and determined. It will not pass if the Republican conservatives, by any hook or crook of parliamentary practice, can prevent the congressional majority which favors it from acting upon it.

Meanwhile, if the railroad trade unionists do not get it put into the statute books for them, they will go to their convention in Cleveland on July 4 with their susceptibilities stirred strongly toward third-party action.

Meanwhile if the Northwestern farmers and Rotarians and Kiwanis and Lions do not see the statute books adorned with the McNary-Haugen bill on their agricultural and Northwestern behalf, they will in multitudes conclude that they might just as well cease to look to either of the two old parties for "relief."

The regular old-line politicians in Congress are aware of this fact. They are aware also of the genuine woes of the Northwest. They are humanly sympathetic toward the Northwest. They are also politically afraid of it. Yet in many cases they are even more afraid of the provisions of the McNary-Haugen bill.

This bill, according to the report made upon it by Mr. Haugen himself, would increase the income of our farmers by one billion dollars a year. It would accomplish this feat through a governmental corporation empowered and ordered to purchase certain basic agricultural commodities at an increased "ratio price." The consumers would have to pay this price. Through governmental action one billion additional dollars a year would be taken away from the consumers and given to the producers. The cost of living for the general population of the country would be increased, according to Mr. Haugen's calculations, by 2½ per cent.

Mr. Haugen, in the presentation of his side of the case, has been scrupulously frank and fair. He claims simply that an increase of 2½ per cent in the cost of living is a small price to pay for arresting the ruin of a large part of our agricultural population.

Congress, however, representing cities as well as farms, and representing prosperous farmers as well as impoverished farmers, hesitates to pay the price. If the McNary-Haugen bill passes, it will be only by the greatest possible parliamentary good luck.

If it does not pass, then multitudinous Northwesterners will send delegates to the third-party convention at St. Paul on June 17 with fire and blood in their eyes.

This Congress began its singing on notes of sufficient troublesomeness. Its swan song, however, no matter which way it sings it, seems likely to give it its real troubles.

The Church and War

By GLENN FRANK

THE central message of Christianity is not to be found in any social, economic, or political platform, but Protestantism is doomed if it keeps discreetly silent or indulges in merely amiable generalities about the moral issues of politics and industry, of war and peace. I am not a delegate to the conference, and, perhaps, have no right to inject myself into the discussion. But I should feel guilty of either intellectual blindness or intellectual cowardice if I attempted to discuss the present status of Protestantism and said nothing on the crucial matter of the church and its relation to war.

I believe that anything less than a clean and courageous cutting loose from the whole war business means at best a slow suicide for the church. The church cannot, as it did in the last war, make its God the ally alike of Pershing and of Hindenburg and bring Him back unsullied for worship in peace time. Ministers of God cannot turn themselves into hysterical press agents of generals in war time and expect men to take them seriously as authentic representatives of Jesus of Nazareth the day after the armistice.

We forget so easily! During the war our religious and secular press was filled with articles prophesying the vast spiritual uplift the war would bring to our civilization. Where are these fine dreams now? Can any honest observer contend that a single nation on earth has reaped a single lasting spiritual benefit from the war? The few moral disciplines we had built up before the war have been in many cases scrapped without apology. The politics that was to bring us back to normalcy has brought us back to corruption and the baldest sort of money-changing in the temple of government. This is not a partisan political statement. I am a Republican, although, I must admit, a Republican by ancestry and inertia. We have turned our backs upon every one of the things by which we gave a seeming spiritual sanction to war. Having stilled our consciences with the thought that we went to war to save the souls of men we have since the war trimmed our mission down to the smallest project of saving our own skins. Officially at least, we are now engaged in the high "spiritual" adventure of converting the United States into a sort of sheltered Shylock of the nations, whetting his knife and gloating over his pound of sovereignty.

The brutal truth is that from the beginning of time war never has stimulated, and to the end of time war never will stimulate, spirituality in anything or anybody. War is the utter negation of all that the religion of Jesus stands for. The state may spend its time dilly-dallying with the problem of war; the church dare not. If in the future the church is to be more than an exhorting ambulance-driver in world politics it must choose now between Jesus and the generals.

It is so easy for the church to say that, as an organization, it will not bless any war, and then follow such an assertion with a weasel phrase such as "except wars of defense and wars waged in a righteous cause." As if any nation ever admitted that it fought a war that was not in self-defense or in a righteous cause! Personally I believe it is wiser for the church to remain silent on the subject of war until it is ready to speak with a sweeping courage that will mobilize the mind of the world against war. I see no point to a mere reaffirmation of the multiplication table.

I do not say that we may not find ourselves maneuvered into a position that will compel us to enter another war even within the lifetime of my generation. All I say is that if we find ourselves dragged into war by the stupidity or cupidity of political or industrial leadership, let us go into war honestly admitting that it is an ugly job that has been made necessary by stupidity and cupidity, and not insult the name and disgrace the church of Jesus of Nazareth by fooling ourselves into thinking that we are entering a spiritual crusade. Even a war waged for what appears a righteous cause is a spiritually destructive process.

Make no mistake. If the church says frankly and uncompromisingly that, as an organization, it will never sanction or take part in war, some semi-Christian laymen will withdraw their financial support from the church and its activities. But this should not, in my judgment, deter the church from taking this stand. The church could well afford to retrench on many of its official activities, if necessary, in order to free itself for the taking of a courageous step that would morally electrify the world. The church is not an end in itself; it is a means to an end. It must not allow the care of its machinery to steal away its strength from the serving of its deepest mission, the Christianization of human society, a thing that will remain impossible as long as churches sanction war.

Left and Right in the Needle-Trades Unions

By NATHAN FINE

THREE important conventions of the American needle-trades unions have recently been concluded and a new chapter written in the history of the most interesting and progressive labor organizations in the United States. The convention of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union was a jubilee to celebrate the achievements of a quarter of a century. Samuel Gompers brought the congratulations of the American Federation of Labor; telegrams came from the chiefs of practically every A. F. of L. union hailing the International as a progressive fighting organization. All of the former presidents of the union were there, and its tried friends such as Abraham Cahan of the *Forward*, Joseph Barondess, ex-Congressman Meyer London, Judge Jacob Panken, and Morris Hillquit, each in his own way recited the epic of the transformation, through the efforts of the union, of the lowly immigrant into a self-respecting and respected human being and industrial citizen.

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers also celebrated an anniversary, their tenth. They flung out their proud banners: "\$100,000 to the Steel Workers in 1919," "The 44-hour Week in the Clothing Industry," "Amalgamated Banks in Chicago and New York," "Collective Agreements in the Principal Markets," "The Russian American Industrial Corporation, Our Contribution to Russia's Reconstruction," "Scientific Employment Bureau," "Unemployment Insurance." Though the Fur Workers' Union has only 11,000 members, while the International has about 100,000 and the Amalgamated 135,000, the little organization had fallen to 5,000 in 1922. So it too had cause to congratulate itself.

But these conventions were not merely love feasts. Serious conditions in the needle trades and disturbing internal problems had to be met. The agreements in the cloak industry of New York expire on June 1 of this year. Representatives of the International and of the three employers' associations have been conducting negotiations for months without result. Scattered and competing small contractors, taking orders from jobbers who are fast replacing the old manufacturers with their large and controllable inside shops, are juggling with the livelihood of the workers, jeopardizing every gain made by the union. The International has presented twelve demands calling upon the jobbers to guarantee wages and decent working conditions in the contractors' shops, and to give no work to contractors who employ less than fourteen operators. In addition the union, which has already won the 40-hour week in the dress trade, demands that due to the seasonal unemployment the cloak industry also shall work forty hours and do away with overtime as far as possible. It demands that the industry guarantee the workers a specific number of full weeks' employment during the year or payment of established wages for such a period, and, lastly, that the minimum wage rates be increased. The jobbers, on the other hand, demand "unlimited freedom of choice" in the selection and employment of contractors, subject only to the provision that the latter be under agreement with the union. In view of the breakdown of negotiations the 300 delegates to the International's convention unanimously authorized the General Executive Board to call a general strike if necessary.

The New York market has been one of the oldest and

thorniest battle-grounds for the Amalgamated. They have no agreement with any association of employers. While the shops are numerous, few of them are large. The manufacturers have never recovered the trade they lost during the futile attempt to break the union by a 28-week lockout in 1920-1921. Hence the last two years have been marked by much unemployment, with the result that the local unions are not in a strong position financially. There is also a "left" and "right" controversy to complicate matters.

The delegates to all the conventions made plans to unionize the shops of the migratory "out-of-town" employer, who, with the assistance of small-town local authorities and the fear and ignorance of native workers, has managed to wriggle out of the control of the union.

The two big unions and the Furriers as usual voted generous sums to the auxiliary and relief organizations of the labor movement. The International and the Amalgamated declared for union life and health insurance, and the International decided to inaugurate a campaign to acquaint consumers with a new white sanitary label. The three organizations voted for extension of unemployment insurance and for the utmost local and national use of the facilities of their successful banks in New York and Chicago. The Furriers and the International will study plans for launching union-owned cooperative shops to set standards and stabilize conditions in their industries. The International voted \$17,500 annually for the work of its educational department, while the Furriers' Union voted \$2,000 toward its own educational work, which is also financed by the local unions.

Differences of opinion, sometimes heated, arose over some of these matters. But the conflict in the needle-trades unions—constantly smoldering underneath and frequently bursting out in the open—is not over organization problems. It is due to the bitter and persistent struggle between the left and the right. This cleavage is an aftermath of the war and of such events in the labor world as the capture of power by the Bolsheviks in Russia, the formation of the Communist International in 1919, the Red International of Labor Unions in 1920, and in the United States the organization of William Z. Foster's Trade Union Educational League in 1920, and of the Communist parties since 1919, including the Workers Party in 1921. Since these events there has been in the needle-trades unions, as in labor organizations throughout the world, a continuous battle. On one side stand the Communists and their sympathizers—the left. On the other are all those opposed to the Communists, the "pure and simple" and the "progressive" trade unionist, the syndicalist, the anarchist, and the socialist, constituting the right.

The program and tactics of the left and reciprocally of the right vary a bit from country to country, from one labor organization to another. The Jews and the Italians in the needle-trades unions may conduct the fight in a slightly more intense, persistent, open, and disturbing way than the "American" railroad workers. But far beyond any minor differences the left and the right almost literally cross swords over issues that have divided and still divide the labor movement throughout the world. A number of these

issues came to the surface at the conventions of the needle-trades unions, particularly that of the International Ladies' Garment Workers', which unseated sixteen Communist delegates and drafted a new constitution, aimed, in part, to meet this very situation.

After the report of the credentials committee had been accepted by a vote of 4 to 1, unseating the delegates and placing Local 9, one of the International's largest unions, under the supervision of the General Executive Board for one year, President Morris Sigman declared that the masses of the workers must not be divided into different political factions which would prevent them from combining forces to bring about improvements in the industry. The General Executive Board of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers also has pointed out that internal difficulties in New York City, due to the fight of the left and the right, had absorbed much of the effort of the general office that could have been directed to more useful organization purposes.

The chiefs of the International, the Amalgamated, and the Fur Workers are in complete agreement that the dictation of outside organizations will not be tolerated. The General Executive Board of the Amalgamated has emphatically declared that the union "will not permit outside bodies—right, left, or otherwise—to transact business and make decisions for it. The Amalgamated must be its own master, responsible to its own membership, and must refuse to permit anyone to take over any part of its rights, functions, or powers." Israel Feinberg, manager of the New York Joint Board, the heart of the International, declared that outside organizations, if not checked, would destroy the unions as, he charged, they had done all over Europe.

The nature of the criticism leveled at the unions' administrative officers by the left is another source of dispute. The leaders demand that criticism and opposition be "civilized." For example, President Sigman referred to a cartoon in a Communist paper where he was pictured as "having a knife in one hand and a gun in the other," with a legend: "This is the symbol of the leadership of the International—Sigman." He charged that the left had acted on the doctrine that "nothing is dishonest as long as it is for the great cause." The delegates and the administration of the International went to the convention determined to render the opposition helpless. They refused to seat sixteen of fifty opposition delegates, and they adopted sections in their new constitution providing that members may be fined, suspended, or expelled, among other things, for belonging to any organization which tries to "interfere with the legitimate functions and rights" of the union. The union officials deny that they have ever conducted or intend starting an inquisition or that they have ever closed the door to criticism or opposition. But they are set on ending the present tactics of the left.

The lefts maintain that in order to bring about changes and elect officers who will carry out the Communist program, they must organize. There is no other way. If they are attached to the Trade Union Educational League, which the International has declared a dual organization, and hold caucuses to carry out the League program, on the other hand, they assert, the rights have always held caucuses and are in intimate touch with the *Jewish Daily Forward* and Socialist leadership. The lefts declare that the officials seek only to retain their jobs, move too cautiously, and have no courage. They must criticize them mercilessly and unmask them. The right leadership cannot and will

not, they declare, give the rank and file the kind of organization which will be an effective instrument for the social revolution.

The Amalgamated convention took no action against the lefts. The general staff declared that the Amalgamated tolerated every divergent point of view. They all hoped that the membership would divide on organization issues and not on outside political matters. The Amalgamated is a friend of the Russian Soviet Republic, and it has declared in favor of one amalgamated union in the needle trades—the core of the Trade Union Educational League program. It decided to send delegates to the third-party convention at St. Paul on June 17, in which the Communists are represented, as well as to that of July 4, called by the more conservative Conference for Progressive Political Action. The constitution permits the shop delegates' system, another plank of the Educational League. The administration has refused to take sides, however, with either the right or the left.

The needle-trades unions have been the chief American center of the world-wide struggle between left and right unionists. There are signs that in Europe that struggle is slackening. The international secretariats, or federations of national unions in specific industries, have begun admitting the Russian Communist unions. The Red International of Labor Unions has not succeeded in winning many direct affiliations, and at its congress in Moscow in June the question of tactics will come up, and decisions may be reached which will lessen the tension in the needle-trades unions of the United States.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is not one of those persons who think that everyone is going to Europe this summer. He knows that the vast majority will stay here. Yet of those who stay many will leave their homes and search for change and excitement at Coney Island or Alaska or the Adirondacks or Lake Michigan or the Tennessee mountains. In summer, more than at any other time, man longs to be on the wing; his own front doorstep looks particularly tiresome when the weather is hot. When the Drifter reads, as he does now and then, of some old lady over ninety years old who has never been more than fifteen miles from the house in which she was born he is filled with amazement. He would like to know what tragedy kept her there, and whether her eyes did not watch after every wagon that passed her door. He pictures her rebellious at thirty because she has never been anywhere; dully resentful at forty; at fifty resigned to her fate; and at ninety dimly wondering why she had ever wished to move.

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ON the excursion boat plying between New York City and Atlantic Highlands he once met a young woman who had taken her fate in her own hands. The daughter of an innkeeper in a small up-State town, she had spent twenty-two years of her life listening to the conversation of travelers, persons who had just left somewhere and were on their way somewhere else, and she herself had never been outside of her own village. "Why," she said earnestly, "I've never been on a boat before; not even a rowboat. I've never been twenty-five miles from my own house. I've

never been anywhere. And a week from today I'm going to Paris for a year!"

* * * * *

THIS young woman, with admirable courage and foresight, had evidently seen herself as a woman of ninety who had never left her home, and she was determined to avert such an end. She did not, of course, realize how fortunate she was never to have been anywhere until she was adult enough to appreciate fully the romance of going. The Drifter's parents were shortsighted if well-meaning persons, and they took him on train journeys at such a tender age that he cannot remember the first one. He remembers very well, however, coming into New York harbor for the first time, at the age of sixteen; the harbor has never since looked as it did then. It was not the place he had left two weeks before on a train; it was a strange city, inexplicably desirable, to which he was returning after a long trip on a boat. He had become a traveler, a seasoned veteran who had been somewhere on a ship, and yet even he was probably too young to realize how important a moment it was.

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THERE ought, evidently, to be a law forbidding persons to leave their homes until they are twenty-five years old, and forbidding them to remain within two thousand miles of it for five years after that time. For the pampered little children who are dragged off to Europe at seven and who spend the winter in Florida at ten the Drifter has only sympathy. They will never remember their first ocean voyage, their first taste of salt water (or be surprised, like a young Illinois friend of the Drifter, to find it salty); the details of their first sight of Paris will be vague or lost to them. They should have stayed at home, preparing for romance.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Nation at Northwestern

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My son is a Northwestern student at Evanston, an ex-service man, and an officer in the reserve corps of the United States army. When I spoke to him of the thirty-eight pacifist students he spat venom like a snake and said they should be kicked off the campus. I kept still because I dared do nothing else. But I thought of those Quaker forebears of mine and his who, in the seventeenth century, crossed the Atlantic in a sailing vessel and endured cruel hardships to preserve their right to their religious belief, which was peace.

I called to see my son the morning the issue of *The Nation* for April 16 was received. The first thing he said was: "Mother, have you read the hellish article in *The Nation* about Northwestern University?" Then we went to Lunt Library to get their copy and found it gone. Inquiry proved that President Scott had telephoned for it to be sent to his office. It was later returned to the library.

Now is there a concerted effort on the part of all the big colleges to mold opinion in this way? If so, and if it should be continued for a few generations, it would produce a nation of puppets. I am sorry that my son ever went to Northwestern University.

I wish to thank you again for saying what you thought. You must not worry about your subscription list.

Chicago, Illinois, April 23

A PACIFIST MOTHER

Returns from Oberlin

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A very significant act in the history of Oberlin College took place on the evening of May 13, when in their mock National Republican Convention, the student delegates nominated for President, Senator William E. Borah on the fourth ballot. The vote on the first ballot was as follows: Coolidge, 237; Borah, 234; Pinchot, 229; La Follette, 67; Johnson, 72. The fourth ballot showed: Coolidge, 352; Borah, 478; Pinchot, 11, and La Follette and Johnson each 1. The vote for Vice-President resulted in the nomination of Governor Pinchot, who received 680 votes to 125 for Senator Frank B. Willis.

On the previous evening a very progressive platform was adopted in which the most important planks favored the war referendum, the World Court, general reduction of the tariff on agricultural implements and products, and the immediate recognition of Russia. The amendment for the recognition of Russia carried by a vote of 597 to 241. However, an amendment favoring granting immediate independence to the Filipinos was badly snowed under. But waiving the Filipino question, there was a decided victory for the progressives. The next generation isn't going to be so blamed conservative, after all, it seems to me.

Oberlin, Ohio, May 17

PAUL L. CARPENTER

Taking Them Young

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps you will be interested in a few significant facts about National Boys' Week, a nation-wide celebration staged under the auspices of the Rotary Clubs which reached its climax on May 1 with loyalty parades of school-children in many cities. Approximately 2,500 Enid school boys were assembled on West Broadway here for a march around the public square. Twenty or thirty Rotarians acted as marshals, practically all of them being pocket editions of George F. Babbitt. Not understanding the real purpose of the parade, I ventured up to a Rotarian and asked what the real motive was in getting out so many school kids. "Oh," said he, "this is May Day. In Russia and other European countries the anarchists, reds, and Bolsheviks do their parading this day. We're taking the kids young and training them so when they grow up they'll hate all forms of radicalism and radicals—you know, men like La Follette, Brookhart, Wheeler, and that fellow, Magnus Johnson."

Enid, Oklahoma, May 3

ERNEST WILSON

Enslaving the German People

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Dawes plan appears to provide for the stabilization of the serfdom of the German people; it appears to involve the maintenance of a low standard of living for many years to come. It would carry one step further the advancement of American economic imperialism on the continent of Europe. Perhaps, as Mr. Bertrand Russell is I believe suggesting, the triumph of an American economic imperialism is desirable as the only way in which national rivalries can be ended, and the people, freed from the illusions which rival imperialisms foster, can be driven finally to assert themselves and win their way to freedom. However, Mr. Russell's proposition is no doubt arguable, and I do not suppose that you commend the adoption of the Dawes plan on such grounds as these.

Is not Scott Nearing's argument that the economic serfdom of the German people will result in a lowering of the status of the people in other industrial states a sound one?

Calgary, Alberta, May 3

W. NORMAN SMITH

International Relations Section

The Gandhi of the Balkans

By EMIL LENGYEL

ON May 6 Stephen Radich, Croatian peasant leader, issued a proclamation from his exile in Vienna, addressed to the Croatian people, in which he restated his party's program for the democratization of the Balkans. In it he turns against the monarchical form of government in Yugoslavia and advocates the establishment of a republic; and at the same time he calls upon the peasants and laborers of his country to unite their forces in an effort to liberate Yugoslavia from the rule of autocracy.

This proclamation marks a new phase in the career of the peasant leader who for the last six years has been the object of a campaign of calumny on the one hand and of an almost religious worship on the other. *Ecce* the Anti-Christ! has been the war cry of Radich's political opponents, while hundreds of thousands of Croatian peasants have seen in him the descendant in direct line of the apostles of early Christendom who came to purge the world of the sin of autocratic paganism.

Stephen Radich is the leader of Yugoslavia's second greatest political party, the Croatian Republican Peasant-Party. He had been active in Croatian politics prior to the war when his country belonged to Hungary and had made a name as an uncompromising champion of civic liberties. His decisive influence on the destinies of the Croatian people did not make itself felt until the termination of hostilities in 1918; from that time on he became more and more absorbed in the moral aspects of the movement of liberation, the aim of which was to make Croatia an autonomous state instead of a vassal of Greater Serbia. It was thus that Radich, the intellectual, became the idol of the illiterate Croatian peasant masses.

When Croatia became part of Yugoslavia, after severing her relations with Hungary, Radich's peasant party, politically inexperienced though it was, made a surprisingly good showing by obtaining 49 seats in the Yugoslav legislature. When, despite all efforts of the Croatian Peasant Party and of the other separatist forces, Yugoslavia became a centralized state with practically no autonomy for its component parts, Radich decided to adopt a policy of non-cooperation. His reason for not going into the Belgrade Parliament was that the "Yugoslav Constituent Assembly had been deprived of its sovereignty since it was not permitted to discuss the question whether a federal or centralized form of government or whether monarchy or republic would have been preferable for the country." The Peasant Party from the outset advocated the federalization of the Yugoslav state with extensive autonomous powers for both Croatia and Slovenia. At the same time, it has advocated, at least on behalf of Croatia, the republican form of government as opposed to the present monarchy.

At the last election, Radich's Peasant Party obtained the majority of parliamentary seats in Croatia and thereby became the second greatest party in the Skupstchina. Despite the overwhelming victory of his group, Radich decided to continue the policy of non-cooperation and passive resistance. He inaugurated in Croatia an intensive campaign against what he calls the autocratic methods of the

Pachich regime, which in the disguise of the government of the "Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes" has been carrying on the private business of the former Kingdom of Serbia. This period was the most important part of the political evolution of the Croatian peasant leader. His outlook became broader. Instead of narrow nationalistic doctrines to which the people of the Balkans have been accustomed in the past he preached non-violence, cooperation of the peasants with the laborers, the pacification of the Balkan Peninsula, and the reaching of an understanding between Yugoslavia and her neighbors. He could not carry on his work very long unmolested because his doctrines were found "subversive to the kingdom," and the Government of M. Pachich decided to adopt drastic measures against him. But before these measures could be made effective he disappeared from Croatian territory. A few days after his disappearance newspaper dispatches told of his arrival in England. This news was followed by an indignant attack of the Yugoslav authorities upon the English consular officers in Agram whom they charged with having helped the peasant leader to escape.

For some time Radich stayed in England seemingly out of touch with his adherents, creating the impression that he had retired from active participation in Yugoslav affairs. Much to the surprise of the uninitiated, he left England about four months ago and went to Vienna. His arrival there was considered as one of the most significant events in contemporary Yugoslav history. The importance attached to his reappearance near his native country was justified when it became known that in Vienna Radich revised his former policy of abstention from Yugoslav parliamentary life. He determined to carry the policy of non-cooperation into the Yugoslav Parliament itself. His idea was to have his party return to the Skupstchina, to disrupt the present regime of Pachich, to take over the government, and to have the constitution revised in a legal way by putting the country on a federal basis and holding a plebiscite to determine whether the people wanted a monarchical or a republican form of government. Even in the Parliament he was prepared to deny the existence of the Yugoslav state as it was constituted, and to withhold cooperation from the authorities whose offices were created by the act of union.

With this program, the Croatian Peasant Party returned to the Skupstchina. The immediate result of their appearance was the overturn of the Pachich regime. It became automatically a minority government facing a majority opposition which was overwhelmingly in favor of a revision of the constitution, of the erection of a federal state, and which leaned toward the republican form of government. M. Pachich had to resign from the premiership which he had held for years. He succeeded a few days later in forming a new government by causing the defection from the opposition of the right wing of the Democratic Party consisting mostly of members of the former Croatian Coalition Party. This faction was headed by Pribitchevich, a politician of no caliber. Unfortunately for the Government, this Pachich-Pribitchevich combination was very short lived. As more and more Radich adherents came into the Parliament, the majority of the coalition government turned again into a minority. On April 12,

last, M. Nicolai Pachich, Prime Minister, tendered his resignation to the King, suggesting that the Parliament be dissolved and a new election held.

The situation thus created is one which is unique in the history of Yugoslavia, since the present parliamentary majority is hostile to the state whose government, according to parliamentary tradition, it would be called upon to take over. The very group upon whom the formation of the new government would be incumbent consists of parties which, for different reasons, are opposed to a centralized Yugoslavia. King Alexander and his councillors seem to be inclined to frustrate the attempt of the opposition at having the constitution rewritten; they succeeded in having Pachich resume the responsibilities of government until after the election, thus giving him the opportunity of influencing the votes of those whom, as conditions are in the Balkans, the government authority can reach. The reluctance of the King to ask Radich or any other federalist leader of the erstwhile opposition to form the new government is all the more natural since King Alexander is aware of the fact that such a government would be likely to advocate the abolition of the monarchy.

The same reactionary forces which made Radich leave his country are bending every effort to have him expelled from Austria. It was due to their insistence that the Austrian Government during the early part of May advised the peasant leader to leave the Austrian republic. Radich refused to follow this advice. His answer, which was incorporated into an official protocol, is significant. In an interview granted to the Vienna paper, *Die Stunde*, he summed the situation up as follows:

I have noted the advice of the Austrian Government, but I can not follow it since I have been urged emphatically by my followers to stay near them for reasons of political expediency. I shall not go away from Austria unless the Government of the republic expels me by force. Before I came to Austria I obtained an assurance through the Austrian minister in London that I would be permitted to live here in peace and freedom. I expected to be left in peace, all the more since it is known that the policy I am advocating is purely pacifistic and not at all revolutionary. In my opinion, the demand of the Yugoslav authorities encroaches upon the sovereign rights of Austria since it is only the Austrian Government that is competent to determine whether I may stay in this country or not. The demand is at the same time an affront against the Yugoslav parliamentary majority, nay, against the whole nation that I am representing. Let us assume that the Austrian Government complies with the request of the Yugoslav authorities and expels me. What will happen if the former opposition in Yugoslavia, whose leader I am, forms the next government and I return to my country as Prime Minister? I have always known that Austria had a conservative government but I have not realized that they were reactionaries.

Radich deprecates violence under all circumstances. He made it clear that he intended to carry out his program without encroaching upon the rights of those whose political opinion was opposed to his. This program provides first of all for the decentralization of the Kingdom of the Yugoslavs and the granting of autonomy to the Croats and Slovenes. Subsequently, a plebiscite would have to decide the form of government. The democratization of the system of land-ownership and agrarian reform in Croatia and Slovenia would be the next step. The Croatian

peasant leader is in favor of a semi-individualistic, semi-communistic form of land-ownership, the so-called *zadruga*. Under this system the community owns the land but the individual lessees can dispose of it within certain limits. The system as elaborated by Radich would prevent the accumulation of great landed properties; at the same time, it would make the ownership of the land by the community as little onerous as possible for the individuals, inaugurating a method of "invisible" community control.

In external politics Radich's Peasant Party stands for the immediate recognition of the Russian Soviet Government. In an interview printed in a number of Croatian papers Radich quoted several reasons for his attitude toward Russia. It is characteristic of his mental make-up that the main reason he mentions is the acknowledgment of the fact that the "dictatorship of the peasants as demonstrated in Russia insures ultimately the stability of the peasant democracy." In the opinion of M. Radich "the right of self-determination for which I have been fighting is recognized in Russia," so that he finds it natural that the Slav nations following the same ideals, differing only in the methods of their execution, should live on friendly terms with each other.

Stephen Radich is mindful of the disastrous role the Balkans have played. Yet he knows that able leadership and the creation of an atmosphere of good-will could remove the causes of conflict which for the last decades have made the Balkans the sorest spot of Europe. He has set out to liberate his country from the shackles of an undesired dependence upon another country. He wishes to put the relations of the peoples inhabiting the Balkans on a basis which is equitable for all of them. Instead of conjuring up chaos in the Southeastern part of Europe, as his political opponents pretend, Radich has embarked upon a campaign of liberation whose ultimate result, he hopes, will be the pacification of the Balkan Peninsula.

The Russian Unions Defend the Revolution

IN connection with the conference now in progress in London between representatives of the Soviet Government headed by Christian Rakovsky and the British Government, a memorandum of the British bankers on the question of Russian debts and trade relations between Great Britain and the Soviet Union was made public. The memorandum was timed with the opening of the negotiations on April 14 and was presumably meant to influence the deliberations of the conference and to impress the Soviet delegation with the need of compromise. The labor organizations in the USSR immediately retorted to this memorandum with a vehement declaration demanding and supporting a firm attitude on the part of the Soviet Government and the Soviet delegation in their dealings with Great Britain. The declaration was published in the Moscow press of April 24.

The All-Russian Central Council of the Trade Unions, after a joint session with the central committees of the industrial unions, addressed the praesidium of the Central Executive Committee and the Council of People's Commissars of the USSR with an exposition of their attitude toward the memorandum of the English bankers.

The English bankers demand, as a condition for granting credits to the Union of Soviet Republics, the recognition of state

and private debts on the part of the Soviet Government. The debts of the Czarist Government and of the Kerensky Government are considerable. Their recognition would load the toiling masses with a heavy burden which would reduce the condition of the workers and peasants of the Soviet Union to that of Chinese coolies. The workers and peasants of our country did not throw off the yoke of the Russian landlords and capitalists in order to become the slaves of the London and Paris stock exchanges. We repudiate this demand vigorously not only in defense of the interests of the workers and peasants of the Soviet republics but also of the interests of the toiling masses of all countries. The saddling of the workers and peasants of the Union with this burden would lead toward a mass emigration which would endanger the standard of life of the workers of other countries.

The All-Russian Central Council of the Trade Unions repudiates the recognition of the war debts; the toiling masses of the USSR cannot be forced to pay interest on loans with the aid of which foreign capital dragged Russia into a war which cost it millions of victims and destroyed the economic life of the country. The All-Russian Central Council of the Trade Unions expresses its deep indignation at the forgetfulness of the English bankers concerning the harm caused the Soviet Union by the policy of intervention which gives us every ground to demand of the Soviet Government the advancement of counter-claims against the defenders of the intervention—the English and French bankers.

The attitude of the All-Russian Central Council of the Trade Unions on the transactions concerning other debts is as follows:

1. The toiling masses of the Soviet Union cannot assume heavier obligations than are compatible with the development of the country and with those problems of economic reconstruction which the Union must carry out. Only when the English financial world shall grant the Soviet republics credits for the acceleration of their economic reconstruction can the proposition be considered that part of the toil of the peoples of the USSR should go toward the payment of interest on debts which must be reduced to conform with the capacity of the country. The plundering of the resources of the USSR, which is the aim of the English bankers, would make the growth of Anglo-Russian trade impossible and must certainly bring untold harm to both countries.

2. The All-Russian Central Council of the Trade Unions protests vigorously against any talk of returning private property to foreign capitalists. The toiling masses of the Soviet Union achieved in the October Revolution the abolition of private ownership of the means of industrial production. The capitalists of England failed in their attempt to wrest these means of production from the hands of the toiling masses of the Union by intervention. The workers of the Union fought with arms in their hands for the possession of the mines, coal pits, railways, banks. For only through the possession of these means of production could they free themselves from the poverty to which they had been reduced by the Russian bourgeoisie, the Czarist regime, and international capital. All over the world the workers hailed with enthusiasm this achievement of the Russian workers. The demand of the English bankers that Soviet Russia should relinquish the gains of its struggle is a slap in the face of the organized workers of the whole world.

If the English capitalists desire to repair their losses, let them work on the basis of the laws of the USSR, on the principle of concessions. The former private owners may in such cases be granted priority provided all other conditions are equal. The demand of guaranties that in the future private property in the Soviet republics shall under no circumstances be in danger of confiscation is ridiculous. Such guaranties as the English capitalists demand could not be given by the British Government. The All-Rus-

sian Central Council of the Trade Unions stands firmly on the basis of the new economic policy, which is striving to attract foreign capital for the development of the productive forces of the Soviet republics. The interests of the Soviet Union are a sufficient guaranty that no measures will be adopted which might frighten off the intelligent groups of international capital from work in the Union.

3. The All-Russian Central Council of the Trade Unions repudiates vigorously the demand of the English capitalists for full freedom of economic transactions with private concerns in the Union states. This demand means the abolition of the foreign-trade monopoly, it means full freedom of profiteering. Should this demand be granted it would lead to the destruction of the Russian state industry. This demand is only an attempt to turn the Soviet Union into a colony for international capital. The working class of the Soviet republics will never agree to this. The monopoly of foreign trade and the Soviet state control of our economic life are the pledge that our country will never again become the victim of the chaos which is reigning in the capitalist countries and which brought on the World War.

4. The English bankers threaten that British capital will boycott the Soviet Union should the latter not agree to their demands. These threats do not frighten the toiling masses. Without the aid of foreign capital the Soviet Union, though slowly, will still reconstruct its economic life with its own means. From a financial boycott on the part of the English bankers British business will be the first to suffer. As a matter of course there would in this case be no talk of granting concessions to English capitalists on favorable terms and British industry would receive no orders from Russia—orders which are sorely needed for the struggle against unemployment in England and which, with the development of the economic life of Russia, could grow in volume every year.

Thus declaring its point of view the All-Russian Central Council of the Trade Unions expressed its firm conviction that the delegation of the USSR, which has among its members the representatives of a number of trade unions, will not retreat a step before the pressure of the English bankers, and that the English workers, though they are not yet the masters of their country, will find the ways for the economic rapprochement of both countries so greatly needed for the establishment of peace and for the overcoming of economic chaos.

The declaration was signed by the central committees of the following unions:

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White Australia, by G. C. T. Giles, a discussion of Australia's attitude toward immigration and Japanese exclusion, will appear in the International Relations Section in an early issue.

The Nation

Vol. CXVIII, No. 3074

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1924

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Poems *by* Carl Sandburg

Bug Spots

This bug carries spots on his back.
Last summer he carried these spots.
Now it is spring and he is back here again
With a domino design over his wings.
All winter he has been in a bedroom,
In a hole, in a hammock, hung up, stuck away,
Stashed while the snow blew over,
The wind and the dripping icicles,
The tunnels of the frost.
Now he has errands again in a rotten stump.

Winter Gold

The same gold of summer was on the winter hills,
the oat straw gold, the gold of slow sun change.

The stubble was chilly and lonesome,
the stub feet clomb up the hills and stood.

The flat cry of one wheeling crow faded and came,
ran on the stub gold flats and faded and came.

Fade-me, find-me, slow lights rang their changes
on the flats of oat straw gold on winter hills.

Moist Moon People

The moon is able to command the valley tonight.
The green mist shall go a-roaming, the white river shall
go a-roaming.
Yet the moon shall be commanding, the moon shall take a
high stand on the sky.

When the cats crept up the gullies,
And the goats fed at the rim a-laughing,
When the spiders swept their rooms in the burr oaks,
And the katydids first searched for this year's accordions,
And the crickets began a-looking for last year's concertinas,

I was there, I saw that hour, I know God had grand inten-
tions about it.
If not, why did the moon command the valley, the green
mist and white river go a-roaming, and the moon by
itself take so high a stand on the sky?
If God and I alone saw it, the show was worth putting on,
Yet I remember others were there, Amos and Priscilla,
Axel and Hulda, Hank and Jo, Big Charley and Little
Morningstar,
They were all there; the clock ticks spoke with castanet
clicks.

Man and Dog on an Early Winter Morning

There was a tall slough grass
Too tough for the farmers to feed the cattle,
And the wind was sifting through, shaking the grass;
Each spear of grass interfered a little with the wind
And the interference sent up a soft hiss,
A mysterious little fiddler's and whistler's hiss;
And it happened all the spears together
Made a soft music in the slough grass
Too tough for the farmers to cut for fodder.

"This is a proud place to come to
On a winter morning, early in winter,"
Said a hungry man, speaking to his dog,
Speaking to himself and the passing wind,
"This is a proud place to come to."

Monkey of Stars

There was a tree of stars sprang up on a vertical panel of
the south.

And a monkey of stars climbed up and down in this tree of
stars.

And a monkey picked stars and put them in his mouth, tall
up in a tree of stars shining in a south sky panel.

I saw this and I saw what it meant and what it means was
five, six, seven, that's all, five, six, seven.

Oh hoh, yah yah, loo loo, the meaning was five, six, seven,
five, six, seven.

Panels of changing stars, sashes of vapor, silver tails of
meteor streams, washes and rockets of fire—

It was only a dream, oh hoh, yah yah, loo loo, only a dream,
five, six, seven, five, six, seven.

Bitter Summer Thoughts—No. 3

Firecrackers came from China.

Watermelons came from Egypt.

The horses of the sun hoist their heads and nicker at the
fence where the first old evening stars fish for faces.
And the light of the eyes of a child at a morning window
calling to an early morning snow this too is a stranger
among strangers.

The splendors of old books may be counted.

The spears of brass lights, shining in the dawn of the tug-
boats and warehouses, throw other splendors.

Yet a corn wind is in my ears, a rushing of corn leaves
swept by summer, it is in my ears, the corn wind.

Harry Hansen: Reviewer of Books

By HARRY HANSEN

HARRY HANSEN'S name may serve simply to recall the fact that at one time the Scandinavians settled in the midlands, and that its bearer descended from them, and still lives there. His function is to review books, and reviewers, it is well known, are a low sort of folk who don't know enough to become authors, and who don't know enough authors to become publishers. Their opinions, anonymously ascribed to the *Butte Bugle*, the *Kokomo Clarion*, and the *Kalamazoo Gazette*, rise in a sort of nebulous mist from the miasma of advertisements, and tell of books of "sheer, poignant beauty," "thrilling heart interest," "gripping plots," "masterly depiction of character," and "marvelous descriptive passages." Publishers regard them as a bunch of college freshmen who may be propitiated by the gift of a book now and then; to critics they are anathema, the reminders of a misspent youth; to authors they are the scum of the earth, fit only to be shot, as most of them would be if authors were not a gentle folk who go about unarmed.

A critic may be anything he wishes, but a reviewer possesses no charter to be anything more than an interpreter and an announcer of books. A critic may write purely to entertain himself—the auto-esoteric function, I believe it is called—or to impress other critics with his learning, or, in the spirit of an evangelist, to announce the truth and elevate the lowly to his level. But a reviewer wastes good white space unless he remembers that he must be understood equally well in Central Park West and the wilds of Flatbush, on Halsted Street and the Lake Shore Drive. The critic may be aloof, leisurely; he may read his author in the quiet of the veranda of his country estate; he may take three days to consult collateral reviews in the London prints and reverse himself five days before publication without losing caste, but the reviewer must read as he runs, shouting his opinions amid the din of ponderous presses; he must speak not for himself and to himself but to others; he must discard the elusive phrase, the recondite allusion, the reference skilfully culled from erudite authors; he must forego the joy of feeding his vanity by being seen in public with his scholarly loves.

Sad, indeed, the plight of the reviewer. To those who affect culture he is journalistic and gossipy, to those who work with their hands he is literary and highbrow. He subordinates his individual taste in a mass of miscellaneous reading which overstocks his brain with unrelated facts and ideas without adequately filling one compartment. Books pile up about him like cheeses on the Edam market; he advances timorously and appraises them—books on pulp paper, born obscurely in the back of a printer's shop; books issued by substantial houses, heralded by generous campaigns of advertising; books written by established authors to defray the expenses of another motor; books recommended by Brander Matthews; books written by friends—good friends, who will stick by you through thick and thin, at least until you have printed your review.

Books as news—that is the slogan which has guided many in that increasing army of reviewers for American newspapers. It presupposes that readers are interested in a reflection of life, an illusory world just beyond their

petty day. It ignores aesthetics and elevates "heart interest," it recognizes the emotional life, and gives precedence to books that discuss the topics of the hour. But although Hansen adheres to the tenet that books must be treated as news he has his own interpretation of that misguided phrase. Does it mean that anything written by socially prominent authors, whether artistry or hash, must be greeted with salaams? Does it call for an endless summary of ancient plots, on the theory that no story is so old that it is not new to somebody by next sun-up? Does it mean that the reviewer must breathe life into the tale of the heroine who flees with her babe across the ice, or the hero who rescues the daughter of culture from the clutches of land-grabbing villains? These, too often, are tales meant for "the average man." The reviewer has but one yardstick: the greatest good to the greatest number.

During the war Hansen was a correspondent: after the peace he came back and stepped, appropriately enough, into the so-called din of ideas. Chicago was his stamping-ground and the broad acres just beyond the grimy smokestacks were the fields of his hopes. Ideas and books were in the air, drawn from those homely acres, and not, thank heaven, smuggled past the customs from a transatlantic liner. But the trail of men and ideas led to New York, and he followed it like the farmer who follows the wheat to the mill. Here, after all, was the literary mart. Boston was seductive and leisurely, and meant warm fires and gentle talk of biography and reminiscence, but New York was a babel where men displayed their ivory, apes, and peacocks; they knew little of the hinterland save as a market for their wares; most of them considered it backward in matrimony and bathtubs, and New York tolerated only those of its émigrés that had become legitimized by residence on Manhattan. Here Hansen followed the book on its intricate journey from the author's kitchenette on West Tenth Street to the bookstore on the Avenue. He listened to lofty talk about themes and ideas, format and cover design, original cost and overhead, outright and royalties, and strange technical terms rioted in his mind as he captured the new occupational vernacular: imprint, loose sheets, overstocked, reprint, monograph, plug, screed, anthology, series, budget, and kindred words.

And here, too, he suffered a lasting disillusionment. For he had come prepared to think of books as emanations from the brains of men of creative energy and noble impulses, as part of the heart and the soul and the spirit. Now he learned that this book was the product of envy, written to confute a rival, and that the product of expedience, written to capture the popular ear. This sketch, by a comely young woman, was printed by the publisher who was the victim of his own sophistication, and that, a harmless bit of verse, saw daylight because the publisher's wife could not well be denied. This reminiscent romance was the tenth attempt of the lionized author to make the public pay for his servants and his wines; that ponderous volume of edited letters was the final wreath laid by an estate on a long-forgotten grave. The other side, too, he learned: how men in publishing offices scanned the horizon eagerly for new arrivals, how every manuscript was seized upon in the hope of fulfilment of the eternal promise; how this author had been paid a pension for years in the assurance that he would eventually come through; how that ancient had been given ease and comfort that he might add the final page to a valiant essay, never marketable, yet

always memorable. This was the kindlier side; he cherished its discovery.

In his early days Hansen was given to expressing his views bluntly; today he is wiser. "Have you seen our new book by Plankington?" asked the publisher, reaching for a box of havanas. "No," admitted Hansen, "but the *London Times* calls it a washout." "Baker & Taylor ordered 500 before publication," continued the publisher, "and Gjerkins, of Sioux City, has just wired for an additional fifty of the first printing, for distribution in the cow country. Have you read our 'Madcap Mazie'?" "Yes," said Hansen, "but the illustrations belie the tale." "I'll admit the jacket was drawn two years ago for 'Columbine's Captive,'" said the publisher, "but the boys on the road are crazy about it, and we are now in the third printing." "I hear that Jonas, who writes sea tales, has never been to sea," Hansen ventured. "His apartment on the Drive is wet enough for our purpose," retorted the publisher.

Sometimes Hansen slipped unobtrusively into that confusing affair called a literary luncheon; here he beheld authors break bread with critics, and actresses converse amiably with managers. He learned that success and good looks do not always go together, that humorists are tired and dull and easily irritated, and writers of romance burdened with children and household cares. He observed that native culture was often despised when it came horny-handed, and loudly acclaimed as one of the seven lively arts when, diluted and devitalized, it reached the patter of the stage. Here and there obtruded the flavor of a foreign culture; he saw the rising mode of disillusion and ironical despair growing out of an intensely cultivated sophistication, and caught here and there the outcropping of a fashionable decadence, carefully nurtured in hothouse atmosphere by youths who tried hard to hide the straws that proved their nativity on Iowa farms. Now and then an ancient went by, representative of that puritanism which had taught the nation thrift, sobriety, and poise, and now, in senile decay, doing police duty on the last literary frontier.

When he returned to his native midlands Hansen was convinced that the city was inflated and insincere and that the land was wholesome. Exotic influences had not yet reached the West, writers were still turning virgin soil and producing a literature that owed nothing to other cultures. When it did not express the underlying puritanism it fought it without quarter, refusing to dismiss it with the ironical shrug of the city. The books that came out of this West had no resemblance to the products of Eastern sophistication; they had vitality, even when they lacked technique. Hansen realized that his task was to keep an open mind and to prepare a welcome for all new work. New products called for new labels—it was clearly outrageous to squeeze these books into ancient pigeon-holes called mid-Victorian, realistic, romantic, modern, satirical or younger generation, or bearing many similar devices invented by indolent minds to avoid thinking. A new nomenclature was needed to describe them. Likewise Hansen parted company with the stock phrases of his time—masterly, gripping, poignant, remarkable, amazing, powerful, engrossing, worth-while, dynamic—a motley, diffident, ineffective crew. And with them went the aroma of the stackroom: motif, sturm und drang, weltanschauung, milieu, mise en scene, denouement, logos, zeitgeist—for he remembered that he must cultivate a sixth sense, the sense for an audience, and that in his

philosophy the unpardonable sin was to be misunderstood.

In his earliest reviews he stressed provincial merit, and wearing his emotions on the surface he acclaimed the newcomers widely. His Eastern friends smiled indulgently or reasoned with him: "How silly it is, my boy, all this babble about the Midwest—don't you know that Huysmans, Kuprin, De Maupassant, Kellermann have done the same thing so much better?" But one group never failed him—the publishers. They wrote him congratulatory letters and telegrams, remarking on his good sense and judgment, so rare in this land of literary tripe. They blazoned his remarks in advertising copy and named him a worthy rival of the *Butte Bugle* and the *Kokomo Post-Express*. Sometimes he was a bit confused because the compositor had used nothing but his adjectives, and once, when he had written: "As the story of the progress of a second-rate mind it is the most revealing book that we have ever read," he was a bit taken back to find himself saying, blandly: "It is the most revealing book that we have ever read." He had the feeling that he was ungrateful when he found himself becoming more and more restrained, and wondered whether his disuse of adjectives was a hint of approaching sterility. Even today, when the pale wraiths of his early oracular utterances rise from the pages of publishers' advertising and point a bony finger at him he quails, but acknowledges his guilt: "I said it once, and it will have to stand."

Hansen has not yet learned to let a book lie unopened or a paragraph unread. He hopes to find in each volume something of the joy of the creator in the act of creation, and acknowledges no schools or standards which deprive him from viewing each book as the expression of the artist's personal relation to life. Although in his first year he discovered four masterpieces, he still hopes in this, his fourth, to find the well-used word, the perfect phrase. He has not yet disciplined his emotions so thoroughly that he cannot rejoice at an author's success, or feel depressed at his failure. He loves the mechanics of bookmaking, and admires the well-cut font, the balanced page; similarly he finds happiness in proof of technical skill in writing, but this has never blinded him to the conviction that no amount of technique can offset the lack of virginity in thinking. He has committed himself irrevocably to the belief that the artist should write about life as he pleases and choose his materials where he finds them. He is wedded to the West because he understands it and he has faith in the ultimate emergence of its artists, because, after all, the potential strength of a land is never very far from the soil.

Epitaph

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Though all he craved was leave to work,
Though all he really loved was Beauty,
Yet still, because he couldn't shirk
What somehow seemed to be a duty,

He tried to scrub a black cat white,
He tried to lure a moth with camphor,
He fought an honest, hopeless fight
For things he didn't give a damn for.

The Two-Edged Sword

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

WE have our poetic five- and ten-cent stores where sharp tin similes and imitation-steel metaphors come bright from the factory, constantly offered and replenished. Into such a world, now and then, strides a poet with a Damascus blade, ancient and tempered, but with a newly ground edge that will part a silk tangle or cut yesterday's cobweb. This more powerful weapon is the use of the myth as a figure of speech.

The problem of the poet is always to say as much as possible by saying as little as possible. Now this is done in many ways, of the many music being perhaps the purest and most magical, and at the same time too simply lyrical to express entirely a civilization as complex as ours. The device of the myth, which uses the story in place of the mere metaphor, and brings the whole complexity of situation, persons, and action already familiar to bear upon the single point of a poem's mood, is far more formidable. Here is a delicate instrument, that comes alive in the proper hand. To my mind a literature of major significance is always in the offing when poets feel the need of this form and reach to recapture it. A swift, bold stroke and a lightness of touch combine to suit the needs of a teeming and wealthy age. This of course is no discovery. The old broadsword has been hanging on the wall since Milton's day.

But until a little while ago it seemed destined for the museum. The housewives of the free-verse rebellion objected to its historic mold. Classical and Biblical allusions, in that passionate housecleaning of everything unlawfully inherited, were taken as a mark of utter insincerity; American poets were given the choice of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith, or nothing. Now however dead the stories of Jacob and Esau, Orpheus and Orestes, may have been at that moment, the principals in the dumb-show of our sixth-grade history textbooks were much worse off, for as yet they were not even decently deceased, but wanderers in a middle-mist of folk-lore, neither dead nor alive, in a purgatory between symbol and reality. And so the only lore allowed us was not lore at all, and however obediently we evoked these familiars, and however much we wanted no other gods before them, we could do little more than beat the pretentious tom-tom.

In the meanwhile Miss Millay was using Persephone and Lesbia as though by prescriptive right, and Housman remembered Mithridates at a needful moment, and Hodgson made us a new Eve and a new serpent, tumbling in twenty rings into the grass. But these poems were treated as stepchildren and given only a bread-and-water recognition, until with a flourish of the well-worn weapon, T. S. Eliot wrote "Sweeney," "Burbank," and "The Wasteland."

However, the question becomes, now that we discover our right to two great sources of tradition, which of them best suits our temper. The Greek myths have suffered from their academic position; the Bible is equally insufferable from its constant association with Sunday school. Perhaps the fact that the ratio is 6:1, according to days spent in the study of profane and sacred history, has something to do with the latter's greater attraction for us, in spite of the penitential theological binding.

This is a fanciful reason, the real one being almost too trite to be attractive. But there is no denying that the Bible came over in the Mayflower, and went across the plains in covered wagons, with the plows and flint-lock rifles of those inescapable people, the pioneers. For three hundred years on this soil, and many more hundred on another, our evangelically minded ancestors have likened the events of their every-day lives to those of Daniel, Moses, and Isaac, Magdalen and Eve. Achilles has slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands. Abraham—Ezekiel—Jeremiah—the very names of the old Hebrew prophets have acquired a peculiarly American flavor. Our new poetry, I think, will come from this material of our old religion, and our new religion speak in the accents of our old poetry. The Bible, not Paul Bunyan or the Odyssey, is the great American folk literature.

Mr. Eliot, self-styled Tory, scorns the audience bred to this pulpit source-book, and asks for no readers but those who have time to study the Golden Bough and parse their Greek. His poetry is rigged with an automatic leisure-class device that eliminates the mere tyros who derive their information from Gayley's *Classic Myths*.

Poets in America, however, are chiefly Whigs. They feel entitled only to such of the Greek myths as are as well known as Mutt and Jeff; they draw freely from anything in the world of fairy tale or nursery rhyme. Miss Millay, for example, uses indiscriminately Bluebeard, Helen of Troy, and Jack and the Beanstalk. But the holiday Greeks in their gleaming blue and white world cannot supply the human and humble symbols that lie on every page of the Old Testament. The coat of many colors, the pillar of salt, and the mess of pottage have a homely reality and a romance that suits the concrete American temperament, and in the hands of its poets can become a literature at once universal and unique.

Esau, unshaved and dusty—dumb with thirst,
And sullen with a hunter's graven moods,

for example, in Robert Wolf's recent book, might easily be a young New Englander who had quarreled with his brother, and knew very well the value of what he had lost: "the cows—the barns—the new-mown hay. . . ." How easily and naturally the symbolism of this old sheep-herding nation fits into the life of our stern and bitter-soiled Puritan land. Here is a vividness both ancient and modern, and although Mr. Wolf, I daresay, has not been conscious of what he is doing, he treats these simple stories with a strange blend of realistic and mystic temperament that may take us far beyond Mr. Frost's journalism or Mr. Eliot's persistently avowed disillusion.

And Mr. Wolf is only one, though, in my somewhat prejudiced opinion, the most provocative, of many. King David sang to his hook-nosed harp in last year's *Nation* prize award, and Jezebel carried off the honors in this one. As long ago as 1916 that innocuous comic journal the *Masses* was suppressed for printing a free rendition of the Virgin Birth. The best poem in D. H. Lawrence's "Look! We Have Come Through!" is his Biblical Ballad of a Wilful Woman; one of the best in Elinor Wylie's "Black Armour" is her twentieth-century Nebuchadnezzar, with his "body weary to death of his mischievous brain," to whom

. . . the dandelion is gall in a thin green pipe,
But the clover is honey and sun and the smell of sleep.

Even Robinson deserts King Arthur for Paul and Lazarus.

The fundamentalists, with their sudden chorus of wailing, have broken in on us to announce the completion of that course begun eighty short years ago under Lamarck and Lyell—the final demise of the Christian mythology as a body of fact, and its translation to gracious immortality in the world of fiction. When the Greeks no longer believed in their own gods, when they were able to deal with them with the freedom necessary for artistic composition, the Periclean age began. Like a thawing in spring, the ice is withdrawn from these fertile fields of tradition—the old earth turns south, and the soil is ready for plowing and an abundant harvest.

Books

The Way of an Eagle

Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend. By A. L. Guérard. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.75.

A RUEFUL philosopher once remarked that it is always more entertaining to detect an untruth than to ascertain a truth. That, perhaps, is why the number of our folklorists exceeds that of our theologians. Any graduate who is pardonably deterred by the task of finding the one true way may derive a little harmless amusement from resolving a religion into two mud-sprites and a spring-god. But one could sometimes wish that a few of the active little intelligences which have been turned in these pleasing directions by Sir James Frazer and Miss Jane Harrison would devote themselves for a few years to the study of history. The folk-lore of history is a study which might well repay investigation. It would probably result in the demolition of a good many acres of apparently solid historical constructions. We could spare them. After all, most nations have more history than they really require. This proposal possesses the additional advantage that it would secure for religion a much-needed respite; and perhaps most nations have not (to judge from their public proceedings) quite as much religion as they could do with.

A lively beginning has recently been made upon the promising saga of Napoleon. There, when you come to examine it, is a magnificent congeries of historical myths. The invincible warrior, the infallible legislator, the tragic exile—each of these figures has, in turn, dominated the public imagination of Europe, until at length and together they have exasperated a charming professor in America. His reaction, if one may employ the detestable contemporary jargon, does not result in a complete demonstration of Napoleon's non-existence (such as was once achieved by Archbishop Whateley) or even in one of those tittering little biographies in which our own generation delights to denigrate its ampler predecessors. But it has moved him to a lively analysis of the Napoleonic myth and an acid comparison of its glowing outlines with the humbler features of the historical facts. Sometimes, perhaps, in his passion of disillusionment, he goes a little beyond the facts; his estimate of the Emperor's military achievements is a manifest underestimate, and there is no adequate treatment of Napoleon's astounding record as a civilian administrator, which is to be found in his interminable minutes printed in the "Correspondance." But, in the main, Professor Guérard is a fair-minded critic, whose estimate of the Emperor, midway between the blood-and-thunder of orthodox history and the milk-and-water of Professor Arthur Lévy, comes tolerably near to the truth.

The most valuable part of his book is to be found in the sections devoted to the myth itself. The slow growth of that astonishing tree, which finally overshadowed the whole imagination of the Old World, is possibly the most wonderful achievement of conscious (and of unconscious) propaganda that we

have yet seen. Its development was hardly begun under the Empire itself. St. Helena was really the first movement; and one is inclined to think that Professor Guérard hardly gives sufficient credit to M. Gonnard for his patient examination of this phase. Then the growth began; and by 1840 the myth was almost complete. Here again Professor Guérard travels a shade too quickly. The subject is one which has been oddly neglected by historians. But in Mr. Fisher's lectures on Bonapartism, as well as in the opening chapters of a book on the Second Empire (from which Professor Guérard appears to have derived guilty enjoyment rather than instruction), there is a certain amount of material to show the snowball growth of the saga. The plays, the bric-a-brac, the epic poems steadily multiplied; acres of canvas were covered with battle pictures for Versailles, and mountains of stone swung slowly into place on the Arc de Triomphe, until the legend stepped on the stage full-grown. From that moment (we may place it round about the year of the Emperor's second funeral, which has made the Invalides rather than Longwood the favorite pilgrimage of all imperious little men) one may study the remarkable effects which it has produced in art and politics. "L'Aiglon," Sedan, "Les Châtiments," Meissonnier, Lord Rosebery—these are a few of the queer by-products of the Napoleonic myth. Perhaps Professor Guérard is happiest when he is examining the literary consequences of the legend: his reading is wide, his quotations are abundant, and his translation is less than usually stiff. But he is throughout a vivacious and reliable guide. Perhaps his vivacity reveals that he is a better lecturer than writer. At any rate, in one of his authorities he has found a charmed reader.

PHILIP GUEDALLA

Shelley

Shelley and the Unromantics. By Olwen Ward Campbell. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.

Ariel. The Life of Shelley. By André Maurois. Translated by Ella D'Arcy. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

THERE is no good life of Shelley; there is likely to be none. Dowden was kind, Mr. Campbell is superior, M. Maurois is elegant and French and worldly, and his agreeable narrative, which is largely fictitious, never deviates into an imaginative sympathy with Shelley. The works of both Mr. Campbell and M. Maurois have met with unqualified praise from the reviewers; nothing more is needed to show that a good life of Shelley is not wanted, that it would be pooh-poohed were it to appear.

Mr. Campbell has great learning and some wit. He has had access to material that was unpublished in Dowden's time; he has had the interesting notion of drawing rather keen portraits of the intimates of Shelley's circle. Hence, on the side of information, his book is a useful addition to Shelley literature. As an interpretation of Shelley as a thinker, a man, a poet it continues the old confusions and darkens counsel.

Mr. Campbell has all the symptoms of one who should never have undertaken to write about Shelley. He is capable of blandly remarking: "True patriotism is an artistic asset that few poets can dispense with." No wonder that he proposes to tell the story of an "erring" life, that he thinks Shelley should have taken the advice of Scott to get knowledge, to get understanding, that he considers Shelley to have been "wildly uncritical," that he cannot close his volume without speculating on how thoroughly Shelley, he hopes, would have shared *his* distaste for Zola and Ibsen and the wicked, realistic moderns. Mr. Campbell thinks that it is pleasant to be liberal, but not too liberal, to think, but not to think too hard, to deprecate convention, but to obey it. In this attitude there is a worldliness that is, substituting English for French ways, like the worldliness of M. Maurois. But no one who has even a tinge of worldliness, no one who has any sneaking fondness for prudence or profit or playing safe, should approach Shelley.

From the crucial sentence in Mr. Campbell's volume there may be derived an approach to a just view of Shelley. "His eyes discerned no light but from the moribund political philosophy of the French Revolution—Godwin, Paine, Condorcet, Voltaire, Rousseau." This is precisely true, and this is precisely Shelley's chief glory as a thinker and a character. He alone of the strictly romantic poets of Europe did not yield to the reaction toward royalism, mysticism, intolerance that marked the post-revolutionary period. The "Lyrical Ballads" were, as Mr. Campbell justly says, "heralds of dawn." But that dawn was one of poetry only. For when the "Lyrical Ballads" were published both Wordsworth and Coleridge, as men, citizens, thinkers, were already on that downward course that ended in Wordsworth's passionate opposition to the Reform Bills and in Coleridge's becoming a pillar of Anglican theology. From temptations of this sort, as from Novalis's flirting with Catholicism, Shelley was exempt. Like Hazlitt, like Heine, he protested against the reaction that followed the exhaustion of the revolutionary impulse. He kept and defended the ideas from which that impulse sprang, and the plain truth is that Mr. Campbell, hardly less than the late Professor Dowden, writes out of the tradition and the legend that was built up from the laureate odes of Wordsworth, the saintliness of Southey who urged the deportation of all liberals, the tepid meliorism in theory and laissez-faire in practice that characterized the milder types of Victorian liberalism. But the note of Shelley's mind, as of Voltaire's, as of Godwin's, sponge and rogue as the latter was, was that it was incorruptible, that it clung without variableness to certain fundamental ideas which the rationalists of the eighteenth century had discovered and which history, with iron march and unanswerable grandeur, has confirmed.

Conventional criticism has attributed to the boy and the man Shelley fantastic and extravagant ideas. The truth of the matter is that the ideas of Southey, let us say were the extravagant and fantastic ones, not the ideas of Shelley. Southey believed that war was glorious, that the church of England was the sole unspotted vessel of divine truth, that one should deport such men as Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt to penal settlements. Could ideas be more fantastic or extravagant or more at variance with right reason or the experience of mankind? What, on the other hand, did Shelley believe, what were these wild notions for which several generations have now given him their official compassion? Shelley believed that all force was wrong and futile, and that social intolerance and war were the most wicked forms of force. "Man has no right to kill his brother," he wrote. "It is no excuse that he does so in uniform: he only adds the infamy of servitude to the crime of murder." He believed—and in this he was far in advance of his age—that intolerance and war are largely caused by the nationalistic state. Hence he dreamed of a time when mankind would be not only "kingless" but "tribeless." He believed that kings and priests, the official holders of power and promulgators of myth, were the staunchest props of the tyrannical and warlike state. If these ideas are absurd, Shelley was and is absurd in good company. To regret, as Mr. Campbell does, that a man who held these views did not take the advice of Sir Walter Scott could only be matched by telling Anatole France to take the advice of Léon Daudet or to invite Mr. Bertrand Russell to submit to the instruction of the Episcopal Bishop of New York. You may agree with Shelley or not, even as you may agree with Anatole France and Bertrand Russell or not. But the boundless absurdity of the patronizing or exculpating attitude toward the ideas of Shelley should at last be clear.

But did he not—here is the stumbling-block of critics and biographers, here the source of commiseration, excuse, defense—did he not believe in "free love"? He was far too scrupulous a thinker to use a phrase so drained of any meaning. None knew better than he that of all things love is the least free.

Love, as Shelley knew it, as his biographers and critics seem never to have known it, builds up duties, responsibilities, a spirit of selflessness, service, adoration, out of its own natural splendor, out of the glow of its central and consuming fire. What Shelley believed was that men would be infinitely healthier and happier if they did not pretend to the spirit of love when it had fled or had actually never been present, that in the relations of men and women there should be honor, sincerity, cleanness, not outer pretense and furtive cruelty and hate. He believed, in brief, that love sanctifies union and that a loveless union between a man and a woman is unclean and sinful. Could any sentiments be, in the literal meaning of that much-defiled word, more respectable? In this matter, too, Shelley is quite in harmony with practically all sane modern ideas. The misinterpretation of Shelley's notions about the state, about war, about religion, and love may have had some excuse in 1870; there is none for it in 1924. And Mr. Campbell's mind is, obviously, of the older vintage.

There remains the question of Shelley's conduct, which has been a matter for so much dispute. That conduct, at its apparently wildest, needs neither defense nor excuse. "Shelley loved everything better than himself," declared the swash-buckler Trelawny; Byron admitted him to have been "the least selfish of men." In brief, Shelley was a "pure fool" in the Wagnerian sense. He acted according to the dictates of reason and of love and he could not realize, he could not, in the strong common phrase, get it through his head that people do not want reason and love nor recognize these as the proper motive powers of life; that they want convention and furtiveness, and cruelty and force. And thus he misunderstood others and these others misunderstood him. But this inability to understand the coarseness of the ordinary spiritual fabric, this belief in the reasonableness and the goodness of men despite all evidence and experience, is precisely the quality of the moral hero who, in this matter as in others, "hopes till hope creates from its own self the thing it contemplates." To the eye of the prudent, the safe, the sane such notions and such conduct as Shelley's will always have something in them of the grotesque, the pitifully young, the amusing. It is Shelley's misfortune that he cannot escape biographers who have snug academic jobs and tidy bank accounts and a position in society. But such people can never write sensibly about Shelley because they are never in his world, the world within which alone he can be understood, the world in which he refused to entail the great fortune of the Shelleys on his son because concerning that son, still in his babyhood, he could not say whether "he would become a benefactor of mankind or its bane." The ability to understand that action without surprise, to find it natural, proper, inevitable—such should be the test of the biographer of Shelley. It is clear that the shade of the poet is not likely soon to be propitiated.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

A Business Man's Utopia

The People's Corporation. By King C. Gillette. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

UTOPIAS have been written by philosophers, scientists, novelists, priests. This is the first I have encountered by a business man. Though the author expressly states that his forty years in the counting-room have taken him out of the visionary class, the fact remains that what he has given us is a working drawing for a new heaven and a new earth, even to the vision of apartment houses fifty stories high, central kitchens feeding a million, and fenceless harvest fields as big as the State of Texas.

Mr. Gillette sees the tragedy of waste and confusion in the industrial system today, as many another engineer has seen it. From the standpoint of the neat efficiency of his razor factory, the world is a deplorable spectacle. How should it be run? Obviously on an engineering basis, with unit costs at

a minimum. He makes an organization chart in pyramid form, with departments, promotion grades, the planning-room above, all complete. How shall it be brought about, this world factory where waste and duplication are unknown? Obviously by due corporate methods. Let the proponents of the pyramid incorporate, invest their savings in shares, and gradually buy out all the other corporations extant. This great holding company will proceed to operate an industry in the public interest so soon as it controls its common stock, and ultimately will abolish rent, interest, and profit; labor credits will become the medium of exchange, only sound necessities and comforts will be produced, the engineers will be lodged in the apex, and Utopia will be won.

Mr. Gillette's summary of waste is impressive. He grasps clearly the primary deduction between welfare as a matter of physical goods and welfare as a matter of money symbols. He is engineer rather than metaphysician. He sees that the great channels of waste are idleness, the production of non-essentials, and the failure to use accredited technical methods in production and distribution—the breadline, the battleship, the beehive coke oven. The ratio of waste he places at from 85 to 90 per cent. While this estimate can be little more than a wild guess, and while certain of his supporting figures are of a highly dubious character, his qualitative analysis at least seems to be soundly based and uniquely stated.

The industrial system is drunk and disorderly. The great world factory is full of torn belts, scaly boilers, broken gears, and unwashed windows. As a visiting stockholder, Mr. Gillette makes the round of the plant, and his indignation knows no bounds. He pounds on the table and calls for the manager. There is no manager. What! No manager? Who runs this monstrosity? Nobody runs it; it runs itself. Good God, no wonder its inefficiency cries to heaven! And the man who has sold safety razors to hairy Ainos and Russian mujiks takes off his coat, clears the desk, opens the window, gets in a stenographer, and prepares to organize the business of feeding, clothing, sheltering, educating, and amusing the people of this planet. The pyramid begins to rise.

But, despite my seeing eye to eye with the author in much of his analysis of waste, despite the sympathy I hold for an engineering approach to the job of provisioning the world, the higher this pyramid grows the fainter its outlines become, until I lose them altogether in a mist of incredulity.

As an operating technique his world corporation transcends all feats of organization of which the human mind has hitherto shown itself capable. The Supreme Economic Council of the Allied Nations is child's play compared to it, and the council had the immeasurable assistance of war psychology. What psychological drives will hold this colossus together the author does not specify. In fact, he never grapples with the psychological problem of social control at all. The behavior of the human animal is not to be tamed by charts in the shapes of pyramids. It is to be tamed, if at all, by the stubbornest kind of research into the reactions of the individual and the herd in given situations. We are yet only on the foothills of such research, and pending more data, Mr. Gillette's World Corporation can only be a leap into the dark. For all we now know, a loose federation of local economic units, each with pride in its craftsmanship, each with a strong community sense, may be far nearer the potentiality of human nature than all the world corporations—controlling every safety pin, every bun, and every biscuit—ever dreamed of.

And unexplored as is his case for an operating technique, his case for transition to the new order is even more dubious. Upon the stock exchanges of the world descends this little group of forward thinkers, announcing their intention of securing 51 per cent of oil common, steel common, rail-ways common—and with the further intention of abolishing rent, interest, and profit when the time is ripe. Need one say

more? It is to be feared that in due and proper time the statistics of petitions in bankruptcy would be augmented by one. I do not think Mr. Gillette and his followers can beat the vested interests at their own game. If it be objected that not a little group, but a vast population of indignant citizens will buy into World Corporation and secure—presumably by indignation—fair market quotations from the sellers, one may legitimately ask why World Corporation at all? Why not, with the indignant majority behind one, take the physical assets by eminent domain at cost less depreciation, and thus save some tens of billions of inflated values? Steel common stands at 95 and behind it lies not one dollar of tangible investment.

No. I cannot give my vote to Mr. Gillette as general manager of World Services Incorporated. His sincerity is compelling and deep; his analysis of the industrial jungle is shrewd and imaginative, but his solution is quite untouched by the realities which guard the road to Utopia.

STUART CHASE

Much Ado About Nothing

Vogue's Book of Etiquette. By The Editors of *Vogue*. Condé Nast Publications. \$4.

AT last, all the difficulties of civilized life have been reduced to an absurdity and the shadow of Utopia is cast before our patient and long-suffering populace: The editors of *Vogue* have published a book of etiquette based on common sense!

"Take it easy," is their comfortable admonition. "What is there to get so upset about? Far better is it to step right in the middle of a faux pas gracefully than to stumble clear of it with much ungracious fuss and fretful palpitation." Or words to that effect.

Who knows?—If the Condé Nast Publications keep up their good work they may yet bring the grateful calm of real repose to the American aborigines!

There is the same difference between this work and others on the subject that there is between the pleasantly self-assured *Vogue* itself and the pompously querulous home-town periodical. Actually, I have never read any other book on etiquette, in spite of the incredulity of those pugnaciously honest souls who democratically insist that each and every citizen of these United States has at least one guide to perfection secreted in some handy vault in case of breathless necessity. But, be that as it may, it is unquestionably true that there are few individuals in this much-harassed republic who have been allowed to remain in happy ignorance of ubiquitous and ill-drawn advertisements. And I am not one of the fortunate few. "What is wrong with this picture?" has pointed an insulting, blunt forefinger at me many a time and oft—and it does not please me. That quite unimportant question has become the all-too-sensitive nervous system in the backbone of this overgrown young nation, and it is high time something was done about it. With soothing sympathy, the editors of *Vogue* diagnose our neurotic case and spread a balm on our self-conscious, eager adolescence. Truly, their cheerful philosophy of "We should worry!" is welcome ointment to our growing-pains.

But this reassuring outlook does not mean that they omit the "What to do and when to do it" part of their undertaking. On the contrary. They leave nothing to the imagination at all—politely taking into consideration the fact that some of their neighbors have no such thing. If you should happen to want to dress like Queen Mary, or milk a cow like a United States Senator, or make love like Rudolph Valentino—the Editors explain in words of one syllable exactly how to go about it. Even a child could understand them. And, by the way, it is comforting to realize that no less a personage than Prince Edward Albert Christian Andrew Patrick David—who was certainly to the manor born if anybody ever was!—has, in his off

moments, posed quite unintentionally for such "horrible example" photographs that even our most uncouth bronco-buster could tell at a glance what was wrong with the picture. There is no doubt that royalty themselves, poor dears, together with the rest of humanity, have their unsettled moments. It does rather put one at one's ease to remember such things, doesn't it?

Perfect poise is now within the reach of every individual. You have but to read the "Vogue's Book of Etiquette" to be as sure of maintaining your position as is the Attorney General, or the King of Greece, or the Prince of Wales, himself. But, pardon me, these illustrations may appear to some to be a bit unfortunate—though they shouldn't be, should they? Shall I say, rather, that you have but to read the "Vogue's Book of Etiquette" to wear your bathing suit at Palm Beach with as nonchalant a grace as does our own Mayor Hylan?

Instead of the time-worn notion that a knowledge of how many calling cards to leave was an Open Sesame to the Land of Heart's Desire which placed one high above the humble activities of one's fellow-men, the editors of *Vogue* have launched the cataclysmic statement that consideration for others mixed with a little well-placed common sense is the real basis of good breeding.

If I were asked to advise the fretful, fond American mamma in the way in which her difficult daughter should be led I should unhesitatingly say: "Take her out of that finishing school at once, madam, and give her the 'Vogue's Book of Etiquette' to read. It will probably take less time; it will be much better for her disposition, to say nothing of her digestion—shades of the tremulous silence that hung about my boarding school's unfestive board!—and, incidentally, it is much, much cheaper."

KATHLEEN MILLAY

Ignatius Loyola

Ignatius Loyola. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

THE writer of the article on Ignatius Loyola in the Catholic Encyclopedia expresses regret that there is no "commendable" life of the saint by a Protestant, a regret for which, we should think, there is no longer any occasion. Mr. Sedgwick has written an interesting and apparently well-documented book and has written it in a spirit of fairness and comprehension that can hardly be overpraised. Not that it is especially complimentary to say of a biographer that he has approached his subject without prejudice or antipathy, but the truth is that a good deal of non-Catholic writing on Catholic themes has taught us to be thankful for very small favors. And obviously it is not an easy task for a twentieth-century Protestant to write of the founder of the Jesuit Order with understanding and sympathy. Anyone can write of Francis of Assisi, and far too many have done so. Benedict and Bernard and Theresa are splendid figures even to the myopic vision of anti-Catholic prejudices; but Ignatius Loyola makes himself difficult. He lacks the poetry and sweetness of Francis, the pure elevation of Theresa, the range and sweep of Benedict and Bernard. But he was a great man, for all that, and Mr. Sedgwick almost persuades us that he was an amiable one. Amiable or not, he was the founder of an organization that has exerted an enormous influence not only upon the whole of Western Europe, but upon the Orient and the American continent as well. If the methods of the Lutheran reformers had been less violent and their aims less radical, if the Reformation had followed the lines marked out for it by Erasmus and Budé and Lefèvre d'Étaples, it is not impossible, as Mr. Sedgwick suggests, that Loyola's attitude toward it would have been quite different, and quite different, in consequence, the later history of the church. For, after all, what Loyola and his friends desired was not so unlike the hopes of the humanists—to reform the church from within by means of education and devotion, by simplicity of life and doctrine, by

missionary zeal and becoming "all things to all men." The main difference was that Erasmus began at the top, with scholars and prelates, while Loyola began at the bottom, with peasants and schoolboys. But there was another difference that probably renders all such speculations fantastic. Loyola records that while he was still educating himself for his mission, he began to read Erasmus's "Enchiridion Militis Christiani," or "Handbook of a Christian Soldier," and that as he read he felt a spiritual "numbness" creeping upon him which told him that the book was dangerous. He recognized, in other words, the Erasmian note of reason and moderation, the genuine note of humanism, which was as foreign to his temper as to Luther's own.

Mr. Sedgwick has taken especial pains to face the objections that are most often urged against the spirit of Loyola's institute, by Catholics no less than Protestants. He meets the charge of duplicity by citing the worst examples that he can find, and they are certainly not imposing. That, as General of the Order, Loyola assigned unpleasant tasks through subordinates, rather than in person, so as not to forfeit the affection of his subjects, and that he carefully refrained from showing either pleasure or displeasure except with a view to discipline, are practices, we may agree, which are not too heinous. No more is his habit of seeking the favor of kings and nobles and prelates for the Society. Of any suggestion that "the end justifies the means," Mr. Sedgwick finds no trace in the writings or the conduct of Loyola or his companions, and this is more than can be said of a good many modern organizations, both religious and political, that would indignantly repudiate the charge of "Jesuitry." Loyola's emphasis upon discipline and obedience is no doubt excessive, but, as Mr. Sedgwick remarks, "there is no more room for patriotic agnosticism in West Point than for religious agnosticism in a Jesuit college." The founder of the Company of Jesus is not an attaching figure; few military commanders are. But Mr. Sedgwick makes it plain that his companions loved him, even though his virtues are too severe to win the affection of so relaxed and undisciplined a generation as ours.

CHARLES H. A. WAGER

Economics of the Madhouse

Absentee Ownership. By Thorstein Veblen. B. W. Huebsch. \$3.

TWENTY years ago Thorstein Veblen published a notable essay contrasting the pecuniary and the industrial functions of the entrepreneur. This distinction he now develops in the light of twentieth-century conditions. Absentee owners control production, and their business interests no longer coincide in any passable degree with the material interests of the underlying population, who need maximum output at low cost, while the owners may gain most through moderate output at enhanced price. Hence the essential technique of present-day business consists in a discreet sabotage by the "massive interests" which control production through their grip on credit and the basic industries. These interests keep prices at a profitable level by a proper restriction of output and due unemployment, thus throttling down the inordinate productiveness occasioned by the inventor and the engineer. Under thin disguise of approval, Mr. Veblen thus draws a terrific indictment of our current industrial scheme, elaborating it through four hundred pages of caustic wit—albeit at cost of much wearisome repetition.

Absentee ownership—that is, ownership in excess of what a man can use personally—is embedded in morals and law, and is upheld by the nation, "a politically self-determining body of people, legally and morally competent to make war." The authorities of the democratic state are concerned chiefly about the business of the nation's substantial citizens, who in return

furnish the model that all good people copy. It is a wonderful picture that Mr. Veblen draws of the man of affairs who has made good according to our dominant country-town standards. "The country town of the great American farming region is the perfect flower of self-help and cupidity standardized on the American plan." An enterprise in real-estate promotion and retail selling, its ambition is to get something for nothing, and its dominant note is circumspection—"salesmanlike pusillanimity"! Incidentally, its stocks, equipment, and personnel are from three to eleven times as large as are really needed to do its work.

Historically, the great American adventure has been the conversion of our rich natural resources to private gain. In coal, iron, and transportation the process is about complete, and it is proceeding rapidly in water-power. After such conversion, the use of these resources is regulated on the principle of "rendering no greater service than that minimum which will yield a satisfactory net gain to their absentee owners." The routine of waste and inefficiency involved in converting these public resources to private gain is a matter of course, and indeed is commonly regarded as a meritorious work, "developing the country."

With the coming of the trusts, big business is coming to supplant the small town as the arbiter of our destinies, but it takes over the country-town standards, naturally with the approval of the community. A new order in industry, brought about by the growth of the industrial arts and of man power, has arisen, but the new order, like the old one, is controlled by business enterprise, whose whole duty is to make money and insure a satisfactory return on a multiplying volume of securities. With the key industries brought fairly well under collusive control, big business finds a maximum profit in a varying degree of sabotage, or "conscientious withdrawal of efficiency." The whole argument thus rests on the assumption of a quasi-monopolistic control of business, an assumption that will be vigorously denied by business critics and orthodox economists alike.

It is perhaps unnecessary to follow the argument through all its ramifications and reiterations. With industry now taken over and run by the technicians, but kept vastly below its normal technical productiveness for the good and sufficient business reason of more profits at higher prices, with the constant creation of new securities bringing in their train added fixed charges and the consequent necessity for high prices, with the machinery of credit, now effectively controlled by the dominant business interests, more and more systematically used to keep up prices, and with salesmanship increasingly taking the place of workmanship as the means to business success, profits cease almost wholly to be correlated with service, success comes to be attained at the cost of the livelihood of the underlying population, and that livelihood becomes more and more precarious as business necessities require a larger and larger margin of business sabotage and consequent unemployment.

We are thus led, by a new route, to something much like the old Marxian division of society, with "the Interests" on one side and "the underlying population" on the other. The Interests and their general staff, the investment bankers, along with their lesser allies, "are engaged in a loosely collusive plan for bringing the industrial man-power to reasonable—that is to say, profitable—terms by the punitive use of unemployment," at the same time increasing outstanding securities and providing more working capital to be applied toward increased sales costs.

This dismal picture, with all its exaggeration, represents truly enough one important tendency strongly at work in current business life. Whether, as Mr. Veblen maintains, it represents the main drift, is more open to question. The trouble with all theories of increasing misery is that the wretched victims stubbornly refuse to become increasingly miserable. Our

author would scarcely maintain, for example, that the unemployment of 1921 was, relatively speaking, more disastrous than that of 1894. But with a skilful use of invidious words and clever phrases, such troublesome problems may be avoided rather than faced. The intelligent reader, then, will not swallow Mr. Veblen's book whole, but instead will read it gladly for its endless suggestiveness, for its unsparing criticism of current conventions that are generally accepted in discreet silence, for its pitiless dissection of popular beliefs that rest on nothing better than tradition, for its keen discernment of underlying tendencies, for its sheer fun. It is a book for readers who are not afraid to think and laugh.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Olive Schreiner

The Life of Olive Schreiner. By S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner. Little, Brown and Company. \$5.

MR. CRONWRIGHT-SCHREINER'S biography of his wife, Olive Schreiner, whose name he took at her request when they were married, has been awaited with mixed emotions by all those who knew her. They realized that Olive's husband, whom she had loved most tenderly up to the last moment of her life, and who held possession of all her papers, journals, etc., should in the nature of things possess, as no one else could, the material and the knowledge necessary to create the illusion of her presence. Yet the volume, "Stories, Dreams, and Allegories," published two years after her death, did not inspire confidence in him as her biographer. Within a few weeks of her death the *London Nation* and *Athenaeum* had published an article of hers, entitled *The Dawn of Civilization*, a superb thing, which she herself had handed to her husband just before their last parting, saying that this stood ready for printing, and that if she died he might publish it. In the posthumous volume, however, one found a curiously heterogeneous assortment of pieces, the latest dating from three years before her death, the earliest from her girlhood. None of them approached the standard of *The Dawn of Civilization*; none of them added to her reputation as a writer; some of them, on her husband's own admission, she did not wish to have published. One decided then that the affectionate zeal of Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner and Mr. Havelock Ellis had outrun their artistic discretion.

One's misgivings about the *Life*, however, were not groundless. From the first page of the preface it is impossible not to feel that this large, handsome, careful volume of over four hundred pages, considered as the biography of a great woman written by her husband, is an equally amazing and dismaying performance. He begins by telling us that he thinks

if Olive Schreiner could have chosen, she would have preferred that no biography of herself should be written. [But] Feeling quite sure that, if I did not write the biography, some unauthorized life would appear, necessarily incomplete and almost certainly incorrect, I felt myself compelled to take up the work.

He adds:

In so far as so complex and baffling a human being can be known, I repeat that I am the only person who can be said to have known her, the only person who ever had adequate opportunity of knowing her fully (not excluding even her own family).

There is something almost childish, almost pathological, in the vehemence of this prefatory statement which will arrest half-way the instant protest it must cause in the hearts of a score of men and women who knew both him and her.

When Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner, "inspired throughout," as he says, "by my heart's love, by profound admiration and deep reverence," proceeds to the biography proper, the unease and distaste which that extraordinary prefatory remark leaves with us do not disappear. One admits that geniuses, as a rule,

are hard to live with, eccentric, undependable; one admits that her husband may have found Olive Schreiner no exception to the rule. But page after page of the book is taken up with details so selected that it is impossible to remain unaware of Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner's naive dramatization of himself as the noble and willing victim.

Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner would contend, one presumes, that truth must be served. But a caricature is, however brilliant, only a half-truth. That he did not intend this portrait of his wife to be a caricature one may be certain; yet his own humorlessness, with its attendant lack of proportion, achieves just that effect. We are told, repeatedly, that her eccentric habits made her impossible in boarding-houses; we are nowhere told how, in great houses and small, she was a loved and honored and a frequent guest. We are told that she banged the doors at night, walking up and down in their house at De Aar, so that he had frequently to remonstrate with her; we are not told of the innumerable exquisite acts of delicate kindness and forethought which made of her friendship a thing different in kind as well as in degree from that of more ordinary folk. We are told that she did not mingle in "the social life of De Aar," a phrase which will bring a wry smile to the lips of anyone acquainted with that fascinating township; we are told nowhere of her limpid, saint-like simplicity, which drew to her without shyness the most ignorant and unlettered of men and women, who took on new beauty and dignity while they talked with her. We are told that in 1910, the year of the Union of South Africa, she "wrote some wild letters and then resigned" from the Women's Enfranchisement League of the Cape Province, on the question of its amalgamation with other South African societies; we are not told that her resignation and her anger were alike inevitable to a person who fought always against injustice, and that they have been more than justified by subsequent events. The suffrage qualifications of the Cape Province League, unlike those of the other three leagues of South Africa, contain no color bar. An amalgamation would have meant adding this clause, as Olive Schreiner foresaw; and she and some few others of us were not prepared to buy our enfranchisement at the price of further humiliation for our colored sisters.

There is one statement, lengthy and precise, in Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner's book so painful to read that one cannot linger upon it. In 1911 Olive Schreiner published her "Woman and Labour." Her introduction explains that this is a fragmentary recollection of the large book on Woman which she had been working on more or less all her life, and which in 1899, when the Boer War broke out, was completed except for the revision and the preface. She then describes in detail how, under martial law, she was forbidden to return to her home in Johannesburg; how in her absence it was looted, her desk forced, and her papers, including the book, burned in the room; and how a friend, eight months later, visited for her the looted house, and gathered up and stored the useless fragments of charred paper. "I then knew my book had been destroyed." The whole of this statement her husband categorically denies. He has no real evidence for this; across "the eternal silence" it is incredibly, most mournfully, her word against his. Asked to believe that the most mercilessly honest, the most fearless, the most radiantly truthful mind I have ever known has, at the best, lived under so strange an hallucination for half a lifetime, I speak not for myself alone when I protest against this unproved statement and take my stand on her word rather than on his.

With all its lacunae, intentional or unintentional, the book yet gives us, on page after page, glimpses of the Olive Schreiner we loved and marveled at. Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner has done well to include Arthur Symonds's beautiful and vivid account of his afternoon with her in 1889. "The day of days," it begins, "... I can now realize all that can be told of woman, of the great woman, and I feel that Olive Schreiner is the greatest of them all." The description of her life as a

governess in her teens helps one to understand her later ill-health and to admire afresh her unembittered and unwarped outlook, which until the very end, despite physical torture and spiritual isolation, loved and forgave us all, without illusions and with an utter selflessness. In one of the few letters to her husband which one may read without an oppressive sense of sanctities violated by its printing, she sums up this matter of loving, so gloriously clear to her: "Perfect sincerity, perfect freedom; without it no perfect love. The love which seeks the highest development of the loved along the lines most natural to them is the only great and perfect love."

RUTH S. ALEXANDER

Samuel Pepys

The Diary of Samuel Pepys. Transcribed by the Late Rev. Mynors Bright. Edited with Additions by Henry B. Wheatley. Three volumes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$15.

The Soul of Samuel Pepys. By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

ALMOST exactly a hundred years after Lord Braybrooke gave half of Pepys's diary to the world the whole of it becomes available at a more or less popular price. Not quite the whole of it, either, for Mr. Wheatley, setting out in 1893 to publish ten volumes which should be complete, found "a few passages which cannot possibly be printed." His plea for pardon on this score was impressive then and it is impressive now, when the ten volumes are condensed to three by the use of India-paper: "It may be thought by some that these omissions are due to an unnecessary squeamishness, but it is not really so, and readers are therefore asked to have faith in the judgment of the editor." It may seem too bad that any word of Pepys should remain dark; but the public possesses all of him which it is humanly possible in the present era of printing to expect. It is no longer excusable to be ignorant of the least thing the man did; Mr. Wheatley's asterisks will always prompt a guess, and the guess will nine times out of ten be right.

A new reading of the matchless diary will prove among other things its unkillable freshness. One may have wearied of hearing from critics that it is intimate, complete, naive, ludicrously human, and incredibly valuable to historians. But one will feel no weariness among these pages. They survive all the talk about them during the past century as they survived the obscurity in which they lay during the previous century and a half. It is as joyful as it ever was to hear Pepys saying in his inimitably private way that he lay late in bed this morning; then to the office, where he did pay four men their money and pulled the ear of a lazy boy; then to the 'Change, talking there for an hour with Mr. So-and-So; then to an ale-house for oysters and a kiss from the wench there, the lower part of whose face was as pretty as any ever seen;

thence home, where I found my wife and maid a-washing. I staid up till the bell-man came by with his bell just under my window as I was writing of this very line, and cried, "Past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty, windy morning." I then went to bed, and left my wife and the maid a-washing still.

It is as tempting as it ever was to speculate upon the motives of Pepys in writing so endlessly and so shamelessly about himself; whether it was because he loved to write anyway—he is one of the finest of English prose writers—or because he felt himself most when he was alone with his pen, or because he was so insatiable a collector of life—as he was of books and plays and kisses—that he could never quite endure to let it escape into total nothing.

One aspect of Pepys remains to be studied with some care, and the materials, except here and there where Mr. Wheatley has resorted to dots of omission, are everywhere at hand. Pepys as a lover of women is at once monstrous, laughable, and pa-

thetic. Neither the variety nor the range of his amours is commonly appreciated. Jealous as Mrs. Pepys was, she could not have dreamed of the hundreds of occasions on which her husband, to put it mildly, forgot her. On street corners, at apple stands, in ale-houses, in parks, at the houses of friends, in coaches, by his own fireside, and in his own kitchen he seems constantly to have tingled from the arrows of love. There are Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Bagwell, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Ashwell; there is Jane Wayneman; there is Deb Willet, whose loss from the household caused the poor man to suffer acutely; and there are dozens without name. The pathos of the case lies in the failure of Pepys to understand or accept himself as he was. His conscience gave him more trouble than his heart.

So to my office a little and to Jervas's again, thinking avoir recontrais Jane, mais elle n'était pas dedans. So I back again and to my office, where I did with great content ferai a vow to mind my business, and laisser aller les femmes for a month, and am with all my heart glad to find myself able to come to so good a resolution, that thereby I may follow my business, which and my honour thereby lies a-bleeding. So home to supper and to bed.

Mr. Bradford might have been expected sooner or later to submit Pepys to the processes of his psychography. The result in "The Soul of Samuel Pepys" is a study which, like all of Mr. Bradford's studies, is both weak and strong. Its value lies in its separate essays on Pepys as a business man, as a spender of money, as a man of mind, as a husband and lover, and as a church-goer. The quotations grouped under these heads furnish a short-cut to Pepys for those who have no time for the voluminous diary. The generalizations, however, and the remarks of interpretation are shallow. It is by no means clear that the Restoration was "a backwater in the stream of English and human progress." And Mr. Bradford's tone of rather fatuous familiarity with Pepys and the reader grows steadily more offensive. Nothing is added to the force of a quotation by such sentences as: "I don't blame her for being troubled, do you?"; "Can you beat that?"; "Did it pay, Pepys, did it pay?"; "Good-bye, good-bye, charming Mrs. Pepys!"

MARK VAN DOREN

A Tragic Theme

The Fir and the Palm. By Elizabeth Bibesco. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

THAT Princess Bibesco's brilliant novel should be only a little marred by its brilliance will seem to those who know the author's short stories a tribute to its qualities. The stories were often too witty to be wise, but "The Fir and the Palm" reminds one merely of a sensitive, serious-eyed little girl whose mother mistakenly dresses her in sophisticated satin frocks. The essence of the novel transcends its trappings, and yet one cannot help wishing that the *décor* were less obtrusive—the perfumes fainter, the *objets d'art* fewer—and the talk less uniformly epigrammatic.

The theme itself needed no such glitter and elaboration of setting. Reduced to simple terms, it gives us Helen, a charming, unawakened woman, married to a man who loves her but refrains for certain delicate reasons of his own from expressing the full depth of his tenderness, and it gives us Toby, a philanthropist playing for friendship but using a too ingratiating personality as a lure—Toby, whom Helen comes to love with terrifying humility, only to discover how little he desires her gift. Through her pathetic passion she learns in time to understand the feeling she inspires in her husband, but the tale ends uncompromisingly. The lonely fir continues to dream unavailingly of the palm.

One can but accept Helen and Toby: they are real. The adored woman—Christopher and others as well as her husband adore her—rejected by the one man to whom she would give herself and receiving her dismissal with pitiful courage, is

utterly real. And the man who wooed her in the hope of monopolizing a flattering friendship but drew back from the flaming abandon that threatened his peace of mind and body, he too is real. Unfortunately, the secondary characters, vividly sketched as some of them are, often disrupt the consistency of the story; like the hot-house background that frequently usurps the foreground and the smart conversations, jerkily swinging the tenser scenes out of their rhythm, they diminish rather than heighten the effectiveness of the central situation.

That situation was well worth presenting, however, and it has been presented with extraordinary sympathy and insight. Conventional standards of conduct must of course be forgotten in judging it. Helen, for instance, so long as she is unaware of her husband's love for her, never questions her right to love another man. She lives, therefore, not in the stifling atmosphere of an illicit infatuation but in the bright air and sea-swept spaces of a great passion. And so tenderly has she been drawn, so admirably realized, that the emotional appeal of the story arises unaided from the tragedy inherent in that passion. To have weighted her with a sense of guilt would have dislocated all the values of the situation.

GRACE FRANK

The American Revolution

Revolutionary New England, 1691-1776. By James Truslow Adams. Atlantic Monthly Press. \$5.

Samuel Adams, Promoter of the American Revolution: A Study in Psychology and Politics. By Ralph Volney Harlow. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.

SEVERAL studies of the problem involved in the causes of the American Revolution have recently been published and more are promised in the near future. What is the occasion of this renewed agitation about an old scandal? It may be due in part to the war which brought England and the United States into closer bonds of sympathy, and it may be ascribed also to the natural reaction in scientific quarters to the popular propaganda concerning the subject in the public press and in some of the State legislatures. The Wisconsin law, for instance, prohibiting the teaching of history textbooks which "defame" the founders of our nation, is a red rag waved in the face of the historical bulls. There is, however, a much more direct cause for the appearance of these studies by serious scholars. Before the outbreak of the World War there had developed a strong impetus toward a modern interpretation of the American past and these recent treatises are the continuance of a movement which was interrupted by the war.

The two volumes under consideration are evidently products of the evolutionary movement rather than the results of recent public agitation, although there is internal evidence that both authors have not been unmindful of the Anglophobia of Mr. Hearst's newspapers and have anticipated with some pleasure the attacks which may be expected from that quarter. Let the New York Historical Committee take note that Mr. Harlow interprets Samuel Adams as a "neurotic crank" and that Mr. Adams characterizes John Hancock as "exceedingly vain, of very mediocre talents, fond of applause, and easily influenced." Should not both volumes be barred from all public libraries?

The two volumes furnish a reliable measure of the distance traveled by recent historians away from the older and still traditional view of the American Revolution. For George Bancroft and the school of historians following him the revolution was caused by the spontaneous uprising of a free and liberty-loving people against the tyrannical acts of George III and his parliament. The naivete of this explanation, long maintained even by serious students, was bound to be discarded when more intensive and extensive studies were undertaken. In the scholarly world it has not been held for two decades at least. Mr. Harlow's interpretation is almost as simple. "Justifiable the revolutionary movement may have been," he writes, "but it was

far from being the result of spontaneous public action. 'Machine-made' would describe it with considerably more fitness than 'democratical' (p. 148). Mr. Adams does not agree with this later view, however. He writes: "If there is much false history and no little absurdity in the old legend of a practically unanimous population of Americans suddenly rising in the few years from 1763 to 1776, to resist the slavery that a king and his tools were said to be consciously striving to force upon them, no less unhistorical is the view that the revolution was the work of a few scheming radicals" (p. 450).

Both historians have been trained in the imperial school represented by Osgood, Beer, and Andrews, but both reveal some weaknesses in their knowledge of English politics. Both are familiar with Turner's Western viewpoint, but both have also been affected by an even more recent school of thought, that of the psychological historians. In one of his illuminating generalizations—possibly not always consistent—Mr. Adams declares that the revolution was as much "a psychological as a political manifestation, and, indeed, the whole revolutionary period offers a fascinating field for psychological study" (p. 320). To this generalization he remains on the whole faithful, and his study of New England is directed toward the tracing of the development in the colonies of a national psychological condition which was so different from that of England that common ground for mutual understanding had become very small. The war was the consequence, then, of misunderstanding. Separation was bound to occur sooner or later. The immediate occasion was due to the changes in the imperial machinery inaugurated by ministers ignorant of American public opinion and to leaders in America who made use of the Englishmen's mistakes to work up the public to a political frenzy. The particular leader responsible for the hysteria of the people was Samuel Adams.

Few, if any, will criticize Mr. Adams for his employment of psychological methods so moderate and reasonable. But many readers will be startled by the direct and positive application of psychoanalysis to the character of Samuel Adams by Mr. Harlow. The starting-point is found in Adams's early failures in business, law, and civil office, the result of which was the development in his mind of an "inferiority complex." Herein lies the explanation of all his later activities. "Neurotics," writes Mr. Harlow, "almost invariably fix the blame for their failures upon something or someone apart from themselves. . . . Because he blamed the British Government for his failures, he had to lead a crusade against it. Hatred of that sort, unreasoning though it may be, furnishes an irresistible impetus to act, and in many cases to lead others to action. These followers, entirely ignorant of the true nature of their leader's fervor, may look upon him as a heroic patriot, when he may be only a neurotic crank" (p. 65). In order to adjust their personalities to their environment neurotics create a "mental world of their own" into which they retreat. "In this world of ideas, which he [Adams] built up, the British Government was always hopelessly at variance with the colonies, always seeking for new means to tyrannize over them, always savagely bent upon reducing them to bondage. . . . Those striking exaggerations in his correspondence . . . were descriptions, not of actual facts in the real world but of conditions which he saw in his imaginary world, the mere fabric of a dream" (p. 170).

Mr. Harlow carries this analysis of Samuel Adams consistently through the period of agitation, 1764-1776, but after the latter date he finds some difficulty and is satisfied with the statement of a general breakdown in his subject, after the object of his life was accomplished.

There can be no criticism of this attempt to explain Samuel Adams by the process of psychoanalysis. This concession doesn't mean that I am convinced by Mr. Harlow's reasoning. All politicians try to show the same intenseness of their convictions, the same hatred of the ways of their opponents. For instance, if the same method were applied to the opponents of

Mr. Wilson and the League of Nations, I fear we should discover a whole galaxy of neurotic cranks, Lodge, Borah, Hiram Johnson, George Harvey, and even the editor of *The Nation*. Their convictions reveal the same "religious fervor" as those of Samuel Adams. Political faith and enthusiasm for what is believed to be political truth are in general easily understood without assuming the existence of diseased minds, although man is so constituted that, like the Scotch Presbyterian, he thinks all opponents a "little odd." CLARENCE W. ALVORD

Chekhov

Anton Chekhov. By William Gerhardt. Duffield and Company. \$2.

UNTIL the Moscow Art Theater came here and repaid in some measure its debt to Chekhov by featuring his plays in its repertoire, the circle of his American readers was extremely small; in fact, it was almost entirely confined to the practitioners of the short story who sought inspiration and example from the master of that art. For Americans have been extremely skittish where Russian authors were concerned ever since they plugged through the ponderous volumes and ponderous thoughts of Tolstoi and blundered among those inconsistencies of the troubled conscience that Dostoevski called his mind. Their acceptance of these two authors despite their tragic inability to appreciate them is another testimonial to the efficiency of German publicity. And there is an element of divine irony in the fact that, left to their own devices, they fought shy of the Slavic antidote for Slavic melancholia.

This antidote is to be found in the works of Gogol and Turgenyev, of Chekhov and Maxim Gorki. Chekhov understood the Russian better than either Tolstoi or Dostoevski did, and described him more skilfully and more truly. As Mr. Gerhardt points out, "It is all but useless to classify his subject matter. It encompasses all kinds of Russian life that one can think of; and it is the consummative variety of his works remembered as a whole that fills one with a mingled sense of wonder and of lost opportunities."

Above all, Chekhov differs from the others because he will not weep for the mujik, nor teach him, nor present him as a Rousseau ideal. "I have peasant blood in my veins," he once wrote—he was the son of a serf—"and you won't astonish me with peasant virtues." At a time in Russia when everyone was demonstrating his allegiance to the liberal or the conservative philosophy and choosing his side in the struggle between monarchy and revolution, Chekhov would not permit himself to desert the impartial stand of the artist.

I have no preference either for gendarmes, or for butchers, or for scientists, or for writers, or for the younger generation. I regard trade-marks and labels as a superstition. My holy of holies is the human body, health, intelligence, talent, inspiration, love, and the most absolute freedom—freedom from violence and lying, whatever forms they may take.

He held to this program. This detachment enabled him to communicate to his readers the consciousness that they were observing a work of art and, at the same time, to imbue them with the feeling that they were participating imaginatively in the experiences of his characters. And, therefore, while I cannot agree with Mr. Gerhardt that Chekhov "is the most subtle and delicately discriminating, and yet also the most level-headed and humorous of all Russian writers, as well as the most truly civilized of men," I feel that he is the most appealing and the most intelligible author for non-Russian readers. His unerring and almost intuitive appreciation of character and his direct, succinct representation of thought and emotion enable him to express more fully than can those who are his superiors both in

subtlety and in humor the individual idiosyncrasies and the underlying irony of Russian life.

Chekhov has himself revealed in a passage too long for quotation his manner and difficulties of writing, his consciousness of faults and failings. He was always susceptible to editorial pressure and revision; for better or for worse, the Chekhov that appeared in print was not the Chekhov that dreamt his story. It is here that Mr. Gerhardt is inadequate. The study is too formal, too intent on J. Middleton Murry's laws of criticism to be intimate and to capture the lawlessness of the artist's aspirations. Mr. Gerhardt is sympathetic and scholarly; he has written all there is to know about his subject. But he is neither consubstantial nor close enough to write all one should feel about Chekhov.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

New Light on Ancient Egypt

The Tomb of Tut-ankh-amun. By Howard Carter and A. C. Mace. George H. Doran Company. \$5.

Tutankhamen and Other Essays. By Arthur Weigall. George H. Doran Company. \$3.50.

ACCORDING to Napoleon Bonaparte, Egypt is the most important of all lands. Certainly its history and civilization are among the most interesting and valuable of antiquity. The glamor that for the Greeks clothed the land of the pyramids has not been lost upon us, especially since its desert sands have been forced to yield so many time-honored secrets.

From the point of view of Egyptian art and culture, no discovery ever made in the country of the Pharaohs can equal the finding of Tutankhamen's tomb. The narrative given by Messrs. Carter and Mace is a preliminary account of the work of 1923. After giving us a glimpse of Tutankhamen's place in history, and of the story of the valley of the tomb, Mr. Carter tells how he waited anxiously for a grant from the Egyptian Government to excavate there. This grant was not forthcoming until the authorities believed that there was nothing more to be found in the valley. Mr. Carter, however, felt certain that Tutankhamen's tomb must be in that vicinity and carried on his search methodically. It is a thrilling and romantic tale that he has to tell and we can experience with him the suspense and anticipation that must have been his while he awaited the arrival of Lord Carnarvon before opening the door of the tomb. But the chief value of Mr. Carter's book lies in the description of the objects found. He estimates them as probably only a quarter of the treasure contained in the tomb, for there are other chambers which cannot be reached until the more immediate are emptied. But the 89 plates which the book presents afford us an excellent exhibition of the interesting objects found so far. Unfortunately the illustrations are not so clear or so beautiful as were those which appeared in the *New York Times*.

Mr. Weigall's volume does not confine itself to the theme of Tutankhamen. In its wide scope and charming presentation, it is both valuable and entertaining. The discussion of the future of the excavations in Egypt reveals the seriousness of the present situation. The Egyptian nation, which has awakened to a new feeling of its dignity and destiny, is not disposed to allow its treasures to be carried off to other lands. On the other hand, the Cairo Museum is pitifully inadequate to take care of the deluge of valuable objects showered upon it by Mr. Carter's discovery. The author pleads for the Egyptian viewpoint and insists that foreign excavators must not assume an attitude of outraged dignity but rather of gratitude. In view of the recent press reports of Mr. Carter's friction with the Egyptian authorities, the wisdom of his advice is apparent. Incidentally Mr. Weigall speaks of the great mistake Lord Carnarvon made of selling all news rights of the discovery to the *Times*, and of the storm this aroused in Egypt. His

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chapter on the historical problems connecting the old story of Manetho, of "the expulsion of the lepers" as preserved by Josephus, with the Aton heresy at Tell-el-Amarna, is very illuminating, though we may be pardoned for refusing to credit the connection he tries to establish between Moses and Tutankhamen as Pharaoh of the Exodus. In a chapter on the "ancient ghouls of Thebes," he describes the activities of tomb-robbars in the days of the Pharaohs on the basis of literary records and the attempts of various rulers to insure the safety of their tombs. The fate of Lord Carnarvon, attributed by the superstitious to evil spirits, gives him occasion to tell rather startling incidents of his own knowledge which he regards as coincidences but which minds less balanced will seize upon as proof of superstition. Of particular interest are his chapters on the ancient stone quarries of Wady Hammamat and of Mons Claudianus, and on the imperial porphyry quarries. As few modern explorers have visited these places, his story is valuable. Very delectable is the idyl entitled "The Red Sea Highroad," with its picture of indolent, timeless desert life. The flooding of lower Nubia by the great dam on the Nile is justified at some length by the author, who had a share in this undertaking. Finally he gives us his reflections on the Egyptian Empire, on Egypt as the gateway of the East, and on the meaning of civilization. The great World War has led him to realize that civilization is not the greatest of all things. He is too intelligent to resort to the claim of the ignorant that the war was a battle of civilization against barbarism, for, he says, "the Germans are probably the most civilized people in the world." To him the war was rather for a moral ideal threatened by civilization. How he can make such an assertion at this late day in the face of the Russian archives and of the Treaty of Versailles remains a deep mystery.

E. G. H. KRAELING

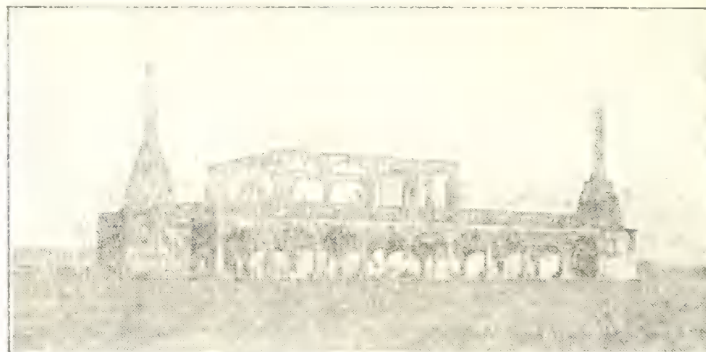
Rolland and Gandhi

Mahatma Gandhi. By Romain Rolland. The Century Company. \$1.50.

ROMAIN ROLLAND is historian of the inner life of our age. Three times now he has set the seal of his mind and his spirit on an era: before the war; during the war; and after the war: once for the past; once for the present; and once for the future. "Jean-Christophe" was more than a panorama of pre-war European civilization seen through the eyes of a composer of genius; it was a European book, and it may yet prove to have been the only European book since Goethe's "Faust." In "Clorambault" Romain Rolland has left us a record of the human mind in war time. It is both ghastly and beautiful. It was one of those tasks which should be done and Romain Rolland, little as he may have enjoyed it, was the man to do it. There it stands for the world to read.

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Dramatic as is this juxtaposition of personalities, it would be easy to overlook the actual significance of this volume, and for more reasons than one. First, the stark austerity of the writing. In it Rolland has returned to the terse, sinewy style of his earlier biographies—particularly that of his "Michelangelo"—in which everything is stripped to the buff, "all bone and strings," as athletes say. The result is a book so easy to read that superficial readers, after once galloping through it, will be betrayed into thinking they have possessed themselves of its content. Not so fast! The method of M. Rolland in this curt brevity of fact-presentation is to set forth the life events of his figure in such a musical scoring of narrative that the spirit of the man will shine through his action. In "Jean-Christophe" this master of prose and of thought wrote narra-



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tive that was like Beethovesque orchestration. In these heroic biographies the art is, rather, that of Beethoven's string quartets, and especially of the later ones in which four-stringed instruments are made to do the work of an orchestra. This analogy is adduced on the score of something a good deal more important than any mere dilettante subtleties of ordinary literary criticism, for it denotes a spirit rare in the literature of the West, if not indeed quite novel, and one which is destined to become less rare in the near future.

We of the West are like the heathen in that we think we shall be heard for our much speaking; and our writers for the most part, even some of the best of them, share this idolatry. Our books must be frequent; they must be long; they must be factual, exhaustive—and exhausting. It is only one more symptom of our prevailing malady of materialism, attacking the intellect itself. We have yet to learn and to value that kind of writing which gives us pages strewn with seedling-ideas to be picked up and nourished in the consciousness for what they may bring forth of our own. For the book, like the man, should be creative. Not "What does it tell me?" but "What does it tell me to tell myself?" For such is the chaos of the modern world that explicitness of instruction has ceased to be virtue; what we want is spiritual prompting. Like Wagner, we feel that "Henceforth the life-stream must flow not from without but from within."

There are, in the East, writings which are meant to be read only in order that they may be made the subject of prolonged and conscious meditation. To read them with a merely acquisitive intellect and to stop there is as futile as to peruse a chart of gymnastic exercises and expect to grow muscle without performing the motions. Romain Rolland's "Mahatma Gandhi" is such a book. It can be read through in two hours. But it contains material which can hardly be assimilated within the span of a single life-time. For it is packed with the germ-ideas of a new age and a new order of humanity. When one finishes his study of Tolstoi's "The Kingdom of God Is Within You," the classic exposition of non-violence as voiced in Europe at the close of the nineteenth century, there remains the feeling that wide margins of individual thinking have been left for the reader to do on his own account if he would relate this doctrine to common life. When one finishes his first reading of Rolland's "Gandhi" one feels that this margin of thinking left at the end of Tolstoi's work has been, to a large extent, completed, and, furthermore, that this thought has already in India been translated into the language of heroic action. The word has become flesh and, whether we wit or no, has dwelt among us. For Gandhi is a figure of prophecy. He is the oriental mystic become occidental man of action. One feels, on holding in his consciousness these germ-thoughts of such infinite potency, that he is entertaining the seeds of a new age. Here are the raw materials of the future, and all presented so quietly, so simply, with such serenity that the knowledge-mongers and the sensation-seekers would race past, never guessing this to be the seat of at once the new and the ancient wisdom.

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The Buccaneers of America. By John Esquemeling. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

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gan, "our Jamaican hero who sacked Porto Bello, burnt Panama, etc.," and the bold Captain Cook, and the radiant Captain Sharp, as well as Basil Ringrose, gent., understood the arts of stimulating and controlling men, of exercising personality, of successful organization, of seizing upon the unusual as opportunity, of securing information and making it usable, quite as well as any modern captain of industry. So we find the makings of heroes in scoundrels, just as we discover the makings of scoundrels in heroes if we do but dig deep enough. Certainly, the pessimistic moralist will find much that is very shocking in the record, the weighing of men's fear of pain against their love of wealth by the torture test, for example, or the colossal assumption that might is right, or the disregard of established institutions, and all that sort of thing. But then, on the other hand, the vicious swashbuckling blades did things that command respect and call forth admiration. Roosevelt pushing on to the River of Doubt, Stanley penetrating Africa, Peary piercing to the Pole, all these had easy tasks compared with the work of the rascals who fought through the Panama jungles, who faced odds of an hundred to one in strange lands, who ventured to attack well-armed ships while they themselves were unarmed, who in trying to make the Magellan Straits passed from Pacific to Atlantic "by an unknown way never navigated before," that is, by rounding old Cape Stiff in a ship the like of which a modern sailor would condemn as unfit for a cruise in Delaware Bay. For in the vast and urgent business of living outside of institutions, important things were going on all the time, something vivid and alert was forever forward. As for the chronicler himself, old Esquemeling seems to have been a man of attractive character, and, certainly, his record must be counted as a really comprehensive treatment of historic facts, quite as important and valuable in its way as Cellini's Autobiography, or as Layamon's Brut, but vastly more entertaining than either.

CHARLES J. FINGER

American Documents

Sources and Documents Illustrating the American Revolution, 1764-1788, and the Formation of the Federal Constitution. Selected and edited by S. E. Morison. Oxford University Press. \$3.

MR. SAMUEL MORISON, now professor of American history at Oxford University, but probably best known to readers of American history through his admirable "Maritime History of Massachusetts," has put us again in his debt by this modest but scholarly and extremely useful collection of documents. For the first time we have brought together in a volume of moderate size a really representative collection of sources for the history of the American Revolution, as distinguished from the military and diplomatic history of the War for Independence. The period is so defined as to include not merely the controversy with the mother country and the overthrow of the old regime but the work of reconstruction which followed, up to the ratification of the federal Constitution of 1787. The reader will find here not only the obvious material usually presented but much that is comparatively unfamiliar. Pains have been taken to secure accurate texts, and the value of the book is substantially increased by a well-considered introduction of some thirty pages. Especially significant, as coming from a New Englander lecturing at Oxford, is Mr. Morison's emphasis on the West and its problems. Along with the resolves of the Stamp Act Congress and the Massachusetts Circular Letter, one finds such comparatively unhackneyed material on frontier conditions and states of mind as the "Declaration and Remonstrance" of the Pennsylvania frontiersmen in 1764, and a county petition illustrating the Regulator movement in North Carolina. About half of Mr. Morison's introduction is given to bringing out the importance of this kind of material and introducing his readers to recent

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studies which have appeared dealing with this subject.

Recognition of formerly neglected aspects of the Revolution does not, however, prevent adequate attention to the more familiar constitutional issues. The editor has brought together the well-known but not generally accessible arguments of such pamphleteers on both sides as Soane Jenyns, Daniel Dulany, James Otis, and James Wilson. It was obviously impracticable to reproduce all of these in full, but the excerpts are sufficiently extensive to present the argument fairly. It would have been worth while, however, to print with the excerpts from John Adams's "Novanglus" essays, something from his loyalist opponent, "Massachusettsensis." One of the less familiar documents is the Royal Instructions to the British peace commission of 1778, included primarily to indicate what the ministry was willing to do in the matter of constitutional adjustment.

In general, the reader who is accustomed to the traditional treatment of this period will be impressed with the relative attention given to State and local proceedings. The State constitutions chosen for reproduction are those of Virginia and Pennsylvania. The Virginia Declaration of Rights is given in full and excerpts from the corresponding Pennsylvania document are so presented as to facilitate comparison. As a Massachusetts man, Mr. Morison seems to have "leaned over backward" in not adding the Massachusetts constitution of 1780, representing certainly a somewhat different state of mind from that of either Virginia or Pennsylvania in 1776.

The political theory of the Federal Convention is illustrated by excerpts from the notes of Madison and Yates; the editor has not kept to such beaten tracks as the compromises on representation and commerce, but has included matter on topics like "Corruption and Government," "Foreigners and the Senate," and sectional feeling between East and West. The selection of documents relating to the struggle for ratification is doubtless difficult because of an embarrassment of riches. Mr. Morison has limited himself to one letter from Gouverneur Morris, reproduced from the Washington Manuscripts in the Library of Congress, and a series of excerpts from the debates of the Virginia ratifying convention. To these excerpts he gives over fifty pages, about one-seventh of the whole space given to documents and more than is allowed for the debates in the Federal Convention. Perhaps the most striking omission is the absence of any selection from "The Federalist" or from any of the Anti-Federalist pamphlets.

EVARTS B. GREENE

The Art of Singing

Singer's Pilgrimage. By Blanche Marchesi. Small, Maynard and Company. \$4.

ONE does not need books these days to remind us that singing, as an art, is on the decline. Whether it is that instrumentalists are more and more claiming those popular affections formerly held almost exclusively by vocalists, so that the perfection once demanded from the latter is now sought in the former, certain it is that singing, as a past generation knew it, is fast becoming a legend of the studio. The great principles laid down by the Garcias and the Lampertis, the pure style inculcated by Mathilde Marchesi are no longer the gospel of the singer—not because there are none left to teach them, but because the public has forgotten them, and the student no longer needs them. No one could remind us of these principles better than Blanche Marchesi, because no one has ever had greater opportunities to learn them. The daughter of Mathilde and Salvatore Marchesi, she was born and raised in one of the greatest vocal studios the world has ever known. It was a studio that sent forth such operatic singers as Melba, Eames, Gerster, Krauss, Calvé, and other great artists, so that, as she justly claims, "for years the directors of the world's stages would come to our house in search of new talent." Her description of this environment, her discussion of her mother's famous pupils, and the intimate glimpses she gives of many

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other celebrities, though at times somewhat malicious, are always interesting. Her whole story of the Garcia family—Manuel Garcia the first, and his three remarkable children, Mme Viardot, Mme Malibran, and Manuel Garcia the second (the last the discoverer of the laryngoscope, and the teacher of Mathilde Marchesi, Jenny Lind, Stockhausen, and others of great repute), her "fourteen points" for teaching, her excellent advice to students, and, above all, her chapter on style make this book the most valuable that any singer has published since that of Lilli Lehmann. One must stress the chapter on style because it was that in which she as a singer, and her mother as a teacher, most excelled. She lays great stress upon the Garcia method, which, she declares, the whole world ought to adopt as a general standard. Yet it is doubtful whether she or her mother ever applied that method absolutely correctly. For Blanche Marchesi herself was distinguished more for her finish of interpretation than for her voice, which, to many, was most disagreeable; while Marchesi taught the pernicious "coup de glotte," which, her daughter claims, is an expression that was used by Garcia himself, and has always been misinterpreted as a stroke of the glottis, though it merely signifies the union of the vocal cords when the sound is made. Moreover, it used to be claimed, by one who assisted for years Mathilde Marchesi, that the latter was better for sopranos than for contraltos, and better still for style than for voice training, and that she often used to say, "Tell the pupils to be prepared vocally before they come to me." However that may be, one finds throughout this book many invaluable remarks on vocal teaching, though one wearies at times of that old refrain of teachers in general—the ingratitude of pupils. This Blanche Marchesi chants for herself and her mother, along with many other grievances that stamp her own personality as most unpleasant. But one can well overlook such a fault in a volume of such precious contents.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Books in Brief

Kostas Palamas. Royal Blossom, or Trisevyene. Translated by Aristides E. Phourides. Yale University Press. \$2.

This play from the modern Greek is quiet and humane, though it is tragic. Trisevyene, the heroine, a pure and impulsive girl, is sacrificed to the stupidity of a town which nevertheless adores her. Thus the world, Palamas seems to say, clumsily mishandles the finest things it has, even while it caresses them. The symbolism is rather pale, and the people are bodiless; but the scene is as clear as the best of Greeks could have made it, the story is touching, and the writing is rich. Mr. Phourides, who here completed his third volume of translations from Palamas, has performed a valuable service in making better known an interesting contemporary European poet.

Saint Helena. By M. A. Aldanov. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

The threads of history and of purely imaginative narrative have been laced into a tight strand in this story, which seems to catch the essence of the final isolation of Napoleon. The spiritual significance of that episode is mirrored in a style which is compact and sparingly adorned; the story has simplicity as well as vitality.

The Long Walk of Samba Diouf. By Jerome and Jean Tharaud. Translated by Willis Steel. Duffield and Company. \$1.75.

There is a curious remoteness in this story of the Senegalese and their reactions to the iron stamp of militarism; it might be the record of some early exploitation of the African native instead of the fictional reflection of what happened day before yesterday. One finds the book an interesting study of primitive impulses forced into unfamiliar expression; the jungle and the junker are shoulder to shoulder.

Rapture. By Richmond Brooks Barrett. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

Written in a leisurely manner about a leisure class, "Rapture" proves to be a work of considerably more than average acumen, peopled with characters which—even though they do not sink deeply into one's sympathy—have been allowed to develop naturally and to take on the colors of life. Mr. Barrett has drawn a group portrait, in which each figure is distinct and in which the relationships are fundamentally faithful to reality.

Coffins for Two. By Vincent Starrett. Covici-McGee Company. \$2.

Echoes of Poe and Machen sounds faintly through these short stories, with their deliberate pursuit of horror and their even more deliberate ornamentation. One wonders whether the tales might not have gained momentum—which is assuredly what one desires in stories of mystery—if the author had cut away some of the trappings. They seem to pass before the eye like the animal wagons in a circus parade; one scarcely sees the tiger because the cage is so glittering.

Streets of Night. By John Dos Passos. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

The success of Mr. Dos Passos's extremely literal manner depends largely upon his subject matter. When in "Three Soldiers" his subject was in itself extraordinarily interesting the book was important, but when, as in the present novel, his material is not especially fresh the effect is flat. Adolescent adventures in art and sex are not novel and they require more than good reporting to arouse much interest.

The Book of Blanche. By Dorothy Richardson. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

The ability which has gone into the fashioning of this novel is evident but not sufficiently disciplined. The author has drawn a clear portrait and left out the shadows. Written with a greater measure of repose, the book would have gained in strength. Miss Richardson insists that the reader's emotions shall be pressed continuously against the emery-wheel of her imagination, unmindful of the fact that a few sparks may be just as powerful as a shower of them.

True Travellers. A Tramp's Opera in Three Acts. By William H. Davies. With Decorations by William Nicholson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

A mildly amusing beggars' opera by the author of "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp." Mr. Davies is hardly a playwright, but he is utterly ingenuous toward his worthless and attractive characters, and he has put into their mouths a number of songs of the sort which he is uniquely qualified to write. Admirers of his poetry will be charmed with the book; it will have no claim on others.

Birth. By Zona Gale. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

The five years which have elapsed since the first appearance of "Birth" have provided few novels maintaining an equal level of artistic excellence; the reissuing of the novel, now that Miss Gale is upon a higher rung of the ladder of sales, should establish this fact. To catch the genuine flavor of American village life, and to vitalize the reality which lies beneath its drab routine and its petty monotony, is an achievement of mark, and it is this which Miss Gale accomplished in "Birth." By a flash of insight, sometimes a mere turn of phrase, she illuminates the stuff of existence; details take on dignity and significance. The little town of Borage—a warmer and a more living embodiment of Main Street than Mr. Lewis's—is presented in all its limitations, all its emphatic trivialities, and yet one's sympathy is captured and held. Against this background, the gentle life tragedy of Marshall Pitt—a wistful, indecisive little idealist—is delicately unfolded. He is a being with no flourish, no positive attractiveness, and yet drawn with a touch of humanity to which the reader is immediately responsive. His story is one of



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From Whitman to Sandburg in American Poetry. A Critical Survey. By Bruce Weirick. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

The most consecutive account to date of modern American poetry. The volumes of Louis Untermeyer and Amy Lowell are collections of more or less brilliant essays; this is a book—even, it should be said, a textbook. Mr. Weirick has tried to describe all the influences, social and artistic, that have directed the stream of verse since Whitman. His instincts are on the side of democracy, nationality, and robustness; hence his inadequacy in dealing with the "back-waters" of Frost and Robinson, his inability to understand the finer futility, his impatience with the "art group," his utter failure to do Emily Dickinson justice. To devote thirty-five pages to Whitman, Titan that he is, and less than two pages to Emily Dickinson is to commit a cardinal error for a writer of literary history. So that while he has treated a great many more poets than come into any other book upon the subject, and has written with a genuine if somewhat elementary enthusiasm, and has furnished a guide for college students in a certain field of American literature, he cannot claim to have composed a really original or permanently stimulating volume.

Contributors to This Issue

SINCLAIR LEWIS, just returned from England, will act as *The Nation's* special correspondent for the presidential campaign in Gopher Prairie, Zenith, and other centers of political thought.

"AN OPERATOR" desires to have his identity withheld from the public.

WINTHROP D. LANE, author of "Civil War in West Virginia," wrote the report for the Committee of Inquiry on Coal and Civil Liberties headed by Zechariah Chafee.

NATHAN FINE is associated with Solon de Leon in editing "The American Labor Year Book."

GLENN FRANK is editor of the *Century Magazine*.

CARL SANDBURG, author of the Rootabaga Stories, is primarily a poet; "Corn Husker" and "Smoke and Steel" are perhaps his most representative volumes.

HARRY HANSEN, who calls himself only a "reviewer," is in reality literary editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, and a critic of enviable reputation.

ARTHUR GUTERMAN is the author of many volumes of ballads and lyrics.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD's "Parable of Paradise" won a special award in *The Nation's* 1924 Poetry Contest.

PHILIP GUEDALLA in his "Second Empire" set new standards for the writing of history.

RUTH E. ALEXANDER is a resident of Cape Town and a life-long friend of Olive Schreiner.

MARK VAN DOREN, assistant professor of English at Columbia University, will succeed Irita Van Doren as literary editor of *The Nation*.

CLARENCE W. ALVORD is professor of history at the University of Minnesota.

CHARLES J. FINGER, editor of *All's Well*, perennially interested in adventure, has just published a volume of sketches called "In Lawless Lands."

EVARTS B. GREENE, long professor of history at the University of Illinois, has recently joined the faculty of Columbia University.

HENRIETTA STRAUS, music critic for *The Nation*, will act as correspondent from various European music centers during the next year.

Drama

All God's Chillun

MR. EUGENE O'NEILL has at last hit upon tragedy. He has the theme, the intensity, the terror and exaltation. All this will be missed by those who see the play through a curtain of words. Such words as miscegenation, for instance. It will be missed by those who indulge in sociological reflections. Mr. O'Neill has fortunately gone much deeper.

He starts with a fact, a credible fact. There is the city slum; there is Jim Harris; there is Ella Downey. It is easy to object: Why mate a first-rate Negro with a third-rate white woman? Because these are the facts. They are credible; they are nearly inevitable. Only this woman would have married a Negro in America today. Only this Negro, on the other hand, would have had both the mentality and the devotion. The woman has been flung aside by a scoundrel of her own race. Jim loves her and wants to save her. In her stark loneliness and misery she accepts. An educated woman would never have found herself in quite that position; an educated woman, even if it were conceivable for her to risk the consequences of this step, would never have revealed in sanity or madness what needed to be revealed, what is beyond all else the tragic theme—the immemorial, ineradicable character of race prejudice.

It is in revealing this dark and secret thing that Mr. O'Neill reaches a height hitherto inaccessible to him. It is profoundly impressive and true that Ella was not happy in France since she took her soul and its memories and instincts with her; it is a master-stroke that she does not want Jim to pass his bar examination, since that would destroy the ultimate feeling of superiority to which she clings and which, she thinks, sustains her.

The case of Negro and White is a terrible case, an excessive one, a case surrounded with myth, fear, terror. But it does not stand alone. All deep divisions or supposedly deep divisions have a like effect. A Gentile wife at some moment of crisis muttering the word Jew under her breath, a French wife, in 1915, the word Hun—these are other symbols out of which comparable tragedies could have been built. And as Mr. O'Neill's tragedy points to these others, so would those others have pointed to his. I do not mean that he has not very honestly and concretely dealt with his Negro man and his white woman. But the problem he has selected cleaves so near the bone of human life itself that it possesses a transcendent symbolic character. There are not many such themes in the world; this is one of them.

It is amusing to contemplate the state of mind of the people who were determined to be shocked by this play, of the critics who excused themselves for trying to view it objectively, of the Gerry Society which, at least for the opening night, refused to issue the permit that would have made possible the performance of the prologue by white and colored children. It is amusing since all these things serve but to emphasize the truth of Mr. O'Neill's delineation of Ella Downey's soul. He created Ella Downey and at once found the world full of Ella Downeys.

The production of the Provincetown Players is notably fine. Mr. Paul Robson is a superb actor, extraordinarily sincere and eloquent. Miss Mary Blair was a little halting in the earlier scenes; later she rose to the occasion and was literally thrilling at moments. I must not omit to mention excellent work by Frank Wilson and Dora Cole, nor the slum scene by Mr. Throckmorton, nor the directing of Mr. James Light. I have seen far more beauty and intelligence and mobility than there are in this production and this play. I have seen nothing that so deeply gave me an emotion comparable to what the Greeks must have felt at the dark and dreadful actions set forth by the older Attic dramatists. And these actions, too, had their origin in inexpugnable myth and ancient terror.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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IN FRANCE the President is like the British king—a figurehead rather than a political leader. He is zealously kept out of politics. After all, leaders of two French republics have made themselves kings. The third republic has been consistently chary of strong men in the presidency. Clemenceau fought bitterly, when he was Premier and Poincaré President, against presidential interference with the conduct of affairs, and Clemenceau himself failed of election to the presidency largely because the French Parliament felt him too big a man for a job which it prefers to keep small. The French constitution is elastic enough: the definition of powers is largely a matter of custom. Millerand has always sought to extend his power as President; with Poincaré as Premier, Millerand found his task easy. These two were at one time credited with meditating a fascist revolution; they were jointly responsible both for the fateful Ruhr policy and for the institution of the decree-laws by which the Premier was empowered to decree tax measures without consulting Parliament. More than that, Millerand ventured far outside of the Olympian and non-partisan role hitherto affected by French presidents and actually made speeches before the last election urging Frenchmen to vote for the candidates of the Bloc National.

Hence the bitterness of the Left against him. They feel that at the election France repudiated not only Poincaré but Millerand, too, and they demand his resignation.

EDOUARD HERRIOT, probable next Premier of France, made, according to the Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, an extremely significant statement about the Morgan loan to France:

When I was called to confer with Millerand a short time ago, it was not for political purposes, but with regard to the financial situation. I willingly gave the President the assurance that we, the Radical Socialists, considered it would be our first duty to safeguard the equilibrium of the budget. But I went no further. . . .

I was informed by Millerand and de Marsal [Minister of Finance under Poincaré] that before the American financiers agreed to what is known as the Morgan loan of \$100,000,000 for the recovery of the franc, they asked for a guaranty in gold and other rather general political guaranties.

The Bank of France was obliged to place funds to the credit of the money lenders amounting to 528,000,000 in gold francs as a guaranty for the loan. This amount fully covered the loan. Aside from this, the French Government agreed to engagements of a general character. This method of treating France like Turkey is extraordinary.

Later M. Herriot seems to have been forced to issue a diplomatic denial, and to disavow any criticism of the bankers. The significant fact remains that more and more the political governments of the world are yielding real power to the financiers—and the financiers act as dictators, guided by their own best judgment and controlled by no democratic system of checks and balances. They govern the world, and there is none to say them nay.

THESE FINANCIERS are not mere sons of monarchs. Their judgment is worth far more than that of the kings of old. There are no hereditary kingdoms in finance, and the sons of great bankers soon lose control of the power of their own wealth. These men reach power, in the main, by virtue of their own ability. It is, however, a one-sided ability, and it is a menace to the world until it is faced by some democratic system capable of holding its class interest in check. But it must be granted that, warped as may be its social vision, the influence of finance is at present cast in international affairs in the main for sanity. The old empires and nationalistic rivalries mean nothing to it—though it may be that it is building economic empires whose rivalries will be even more destructive than the old. In the Dawes plan it devised an improvement upon the rivalries of nationalist politicians. Ignace Seipel, the chancellor of Austria who has just been shot by a harebrained railroad worker, will be remembered as the man who delivered Austria to the international bankers and thereby achieved a temporary stabilization of values which saved many a life though it also meant an end to many a social vision.

THE SCANDALOUS BILL which the House of Representatives passed to give Muscle Shoals to Henry Ford

on his own terms is probably doomed to defeat through the energy of Senator Norris in inducing the Committee on Agriculture of his wing of the Capitol to vote against reporting in favor of the measure. Instead the committee recommends Senator Norris's own bill for continued government ownership, with operation either by the nation or by private interests under federal control. This action does not end the people's fight; it only changes its character. For the Norris bill faces great opposition in both branches of Congress. Since Henry Ford made his offer there have been other bids, with better terms, and there is now a plan to make a further study of Muscle Shoals with a view to offering it to public bidding upon specified terms. This would be only a little less foolish than capitulation to Henry Ford. The nation ought not to dream of surrendering this vast water-power to private interests. It is an incalculable natural resource which ought to be used as the corner-stone of a great, permanent policy of federal water-power development.

NO COMMUNIST can consistently protest against Senator La Follette's insistence upon the difference between his progressive group with its old-fashioned belief in the efficacy of democratic control, and the Communist program. The Communists have made their own program clear enough. "The Workers Party prides itself on being a communist party," says a statement by its own executive committee; "that means that it considers its work to build up and lead the forces which will bring about a proletarian revolution in the United States and establish a soviet form of government and the dictatorship of the proletariat." It was with such a program of "boring from within" that the Communists hoped to determine the action of the St. Paul convention which Senator La Follette has so explicitly disavowed. "I do not question their right under the Constitution," he says, "to submit their issues to the people"; but he believes it would be a fatal error to admit them as "an integral part" of the new progressive organization. The Communists, after all, must blame themselves if they find themselves thus looked upon as outsiders trying to creep into the progressive camp; they have made their hopes of capturing it too plain. But it would be a misfortune if the progressives began to adopt such doctrinal tests as have marred the good name of the American Federation of Labor. Let them draw up their own program, and let those subscribe who will; that is far better than to verge on the business of heresy trials.

HERESY TRIALS are always rather silly. The spectacle of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the year 1924, solemnly trying Bishop William Montgomery Brown, author of "Communism vs. Christianity," for heresy, on the ground of statements contained in that book, was ridiculous. Of course Bishop Brown is a heretic; his whole book is a scathing arraignment of absurdities in the conventional interpretation of church doctrines. But his accusers were put to it to decide among themselves what was church doctrine, and the bishop doubtless had a good time watching them stumble. Yet he himself faced as difficult an ethical question as they. He had found a new, to him more adequate, "symbolic" interpretation of doctrines which others still took literally. He knew very well that his interpretation differed from that of his associates in the church; he knew too that even in churches the interpretation of old

beliefs changes. Should he have stayed in, and fought for his new conceptions, or have stepped outside? Every individual is faced by such questions scores of times in a lifetime, and obviously the problem is beyond intelligent decision by any hierarchy, jury, or body of officials; the individual conscience must reach its own conclusions.

THE VIOLENT CLAMOR of citizens of Centralia, Washington, was doubtless primarily responsible for sending to jail eight members of the International Workers of the World when four soldiers of the American Legion were shot at the time of the Armistice Day parade in 1919. The evidence indicated that the members of the I. W. W. had shot in self-defense, but the mob spirit of the town demanded a sacrifice on the altar of patriotism. Hence the verdict, which six out of the twelve men in the jury have since repudiated. Other citizens, too, have had a change of heart, for the drive begun in 1922 to raise a fund of \$250,000 to erect a monument to the four legionnaires has ended in a pitiable fizzle. A go-getter was hired at \$500 a week to gather in the shekels, but the people of Centralia had taken second thought by 1922, and only \$16,500 was collected. This all went toward the salary of the go-getter, and he recently began suit for an unpaid balance. Isn't it about time that Governor Hart, too, took second thought and freed the victims of an hysteria of which Centralia itself now appears to be ashamed?

SUPPOSE THAT IN SOME IMAGINABLE FUTURE there should be a small remnant of white Christian people left in an America which had been conquered and colonized by a race of different color and religion. Suppose the conquerors, after using all the familiar forms of economic and religious coercion to proselytize these few Christians, should finally say to them: "After all, your religion is not a religion, exactly; it is only a form of barbaric worship. The Christian symbols and observances are largely relics of old, half-forgotten, and unmentionable rites. As modern governors of a backward people, wishing nothing but your gradual transformation into civilized persons capable of full citizenship, we find it necessary to end the superstitious practices which comprise the Christian worship. To which end we have determined that children shall no longer learn these archaic, dubious rituals, and that . . ." The rest of the long memorial is easy to imagine. And it is easy to imagine that the last Christians would say in reply something like this: "We cannot comply with this order, no matter what the penalty may be, because this order would violate our religion and also destroy it. . . . To comply . . . would be to violate the laws of our tribe and to betray our forefathers, who have taught us to worship God from the beginning of time."

WHICH IS JUST WHAT THE PUEBLO INDIANS have said in a letter to Charles H. Burke, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who in a rather disingenuous effort to stamp out the ancient religious practices of the Pueblos has ordered that the year of religious education given to certain of the children be abandoned and that all the children be kept continuously in the government schools. The Indians maintain that their right to continue this religious training is guaranteed them by the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo with Mexico, under which they came into the United States. They say that they welcome the government

schools and are willing to keep their children in them an extra year to make up for the year of religious training. But they add:

This religion is many thousands of years old among our people and is more important to each one of us than money, horses, land, or anything else in the world. It teaches us about God and the earth and about our duty to God, to earth, and to one another. The white people have a Bible which is printed. We have a Bible which is not printed, but is passed on by memory from the old to the young, and it contains our knowledge of God, our forms of prayer, and our rules of life.

Whatever the legal case of the Pueblo Indians may be, whether or not they can be forced into subjection by Commissioner Burke and his subordinates, they have an impregnable human case. A country that pretended to religious liberty or to an intelligent interest in preserving the beliefs and ceremonies of an ancient religion for the enlightenment and enrichment of its own culture would make every effort to adapt its laws and institutions to the customs of the people it ruled and would respect the stubborn devotion that holds them to their faith.

SOMEWHERE ON THE WIDE SEA, bound for Poland—which is not his home—is Nicholas Manseвич, a victim of the American inquisition. The Germans tore Belgian men from their work and from their families and sent them into Germany to slave; the American Department of Justice and the American Department of Labor tore Nicholas Manseвич from his work and from his family; they ruined his life, dissipated his earnings, lost him his home, left his wife and children without help or support, tried his case at secret hearings, finally packed him aboard a boat, and shipped him to an alien country which has acquired the district from which he came and which will welcome him with the same sort of warm hospitality he has met in the United States. Manseвич's "crime" is doubtful; he was presumably arrested on the charge of having inflammatory literature in his possession. The defense claimed that the literature was planted—and badly planted at that. It was delivered at his house in a wagon, but his wife had no knowledge of it and refused to pay the charges. The Department of Justice agents, by some miracle arriving simultaneously, tried to make her pay for it, but when she refused, they took it to his place of work, where without a warrant they arrested him and took him to jail. That was in 1921. When, the other day, a final appeal in the case was made to Attorney General Stone, he was unable to retrace the series of steps taken by his predecessors. And so, like others of his fellow-countrymen, Manseвич has been sent to Europe as a sort of special emissary to spread abroad our shame.

OUR SUPERPATRIOTS were probably tremendously stirred at learning that the French Government had issued an order requiring all American jazz players to leave the country within five days. One proverb of which our 100-per-centers seem never to have heard is that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and while they have been busy excluding, deporting, exploiting, and insulting all the other peoples of the world it has never occurred to them that somebody might retaliate. The jazz industry is apparently the only one in which we are so supreme that we have been able to enter the European market and rout native competition, the press dispatches

saying that the deportation order was issued upon complaint of French musicians who found themselves out of a job. We should prefer to think that the order was due to outraged musical taste, and we agree with our superpatriots at least to the extent of hoping that these exported jazz players will not be dumped back upon our shores. Perhaps their permanent stay abroad could be arranged in return for a loan sufficiently large to restore the franc to parity.

NUMEROUS AS MAGAZINES are in America, the field is not crowded unless it be in the corner devoted to the cheaper fiction. Perhaps the greatest weakness is among those journals which must be written by specialists for general readers. Of these the *Theatre Arts Monthly*, for two years a quarterly but now issued at monthly intervals, deserves particular notice. It chronicles the more important developments in the theater in considerable detail, and in a language not too professional for any alert person interested in the exciting world of the stage. What *Theatre Arts Monthly* does for dramatic matters the quarterly *Progressive Education* does for education. A chronicle, it is also a running criticism, given less, however, to arguments about theory than to illustrations of practice in schools which show themselves adapted to this new age for which certain elder methods of teaching have proved so inadequate. Parents as well as teachers will relish its report and comment. *The Modern Quarterly* aims to attract enlightened readers who are at once radical and metaphysical, serious and educable. Without exhibiting many of the charms of literature, it knows how to advocate them; it is consistent in its demands upon the intelligence of its readers and its effort to bring the whole range of human affairs under its vigorous scrutiny. It is badly printed and well informed, contentious and courageous.

ANOTHER judicial outrage is reported, this time from Ottawa. There a poor, hard-working bootlegger has been hauled into court by a hard-hearted government to show cause why he should not pay an income tax upon his profits. Fortunately, this man is no spineless person, but one sensitive to his duty and his obligation to his profession. So he has properly set up the unanswerable defense that the state is without jurisdiction inasmuch as it cannot tax an illegal business. Plainly if it does so it becomes a partner in wrongdoing, sharing the profits of an illegitimate occupation. The case is of vast moment to one of our own leading industries—the sale of liquor—for if a precedent is established we may have Secretary Mellon striving to collect taxes from the greatest creators of that free capital which Mr. Mellon is so eager to keep out of tax-free securities. Just now the bootlegging industry is building up a new social aristocracy with such speed that we shall soon find ourselves no longer bowing down to the lords and ladies of oil but admiring the yachts and palaces of those who grow rich yet are tax-free and happy. We confess, though, that if we were that Ottawa judge we should find it advisable to start at once for the North Pole or Central Africa. He reserved judgment. So should we—indefinitely. For if he sustains the bootlegger he deprives his government of huge revenues and helps him to immunity, and if he condemns the bootlegger to pay he legitimizes an occupation the king's law officers are sworn, we suppose, to root out. Who will care hereafter if he is asked that trying old catch question: Have you ceased beating your wife?

La Follette to the Front

AS a patriot Senator La Follette has decided. To his letter on the political situation we can attach no other meaning than that he has finally come to the conclusion that there is nothing to be hoped from either of the old parties and that he is ready, God helping him, to raise a standard of revolt to which honest men may repair. We count it glorious news, for we do not believe that either party will undergo a sea-change overnight and so purge itself as to win his indorsement in the next three weeks. The leopard might as readily change his spots, the Ethiopian his skin. We are not asking ourselves at this hour whether Mr. La Follette will win or not. We are merely giving profoundest thanks that in one of the darkest hours the Republic has known there is still one man in political life who will not bow the knee to Baal.

We count it a most favorable omen that this man is one whom, but seven years ago, no one would honor and all in the seats of the mighty affected to despise. For, in that hour of supreme testing, Robert La Follette kept his faith and his soul clean. Not one jot did he yield to the public clamor of those who all but thirsted for his blood; and he has seen his popularity steadily return among thinking people, and been reelected to the Senate by the largest majority ever given to any one in his State. We are not beyond being impressed with the fact that the Englishman whose war career is most strikingly like that of Senator La Follette now rules England. But best of all is still the circumstance that this coming election is not to be left to the guilty reactionaries in both parties, but that a ticket is to be in the field for which an upright American may vote without apology and without shame, registering his protest against the sale of the government.

To have no one come forward in protest under these circumstances would have been a dreadful thing. It would have meant that we were far gone in our complacent acceptance of the abasement of the Republic, that true patriotism was all but dead among us. From that humiliation Senator La Follette has saved us. We believe that the uprightness of his motives will be recognized from one end of the country to the other, precisely as those close to him in public life have never doubted either his sincerity or his absolute honesty. We are aware, of course, of the shower of abuse which will again descend upon him. The holders of special privilege, whose enemy he has always been, will leave no stone unturned to defeat him. Their servile press will renew its attacks. They will proclaim him the "apostle of discontent" and denounce him as a dangerous demagogue, a menace to prosperity, and all the rest. The Republican Party, whose defeat his candidacy will probably insure, will seek to brand him as a traitor. None the less, we believe that his message will stir great hosts who are sick unto death of leaping from political frying pan to political fire, who long for one man upon whose honesty and sincerity they can rely. And we have no hesitation in saying that the extent of his vote and the number of States he will carry will amaze the public when the votes are counted.

Who can measure the educational value of the campaign which we now have in prospect? Were there to be no third ticket we should be in merely for a campaign of mutual recrimination, Republicans and Democrats seeking to portray each other as the more corrupt. With Mr. La Fol-

lette in the field, there is the certainty that we shall have the blame placed where it belongs, and that we shall have the opportunity to get down to facts and principles. Without him it would surely be one of the duller of campaigns. With him in the fray men will have to think, and, if the economic signs do not mislead, multitudes will have the enforced leisure to debate and consider. They will not be frightened off by charges of radicalism. Nor can he be called purely destructive when the statute-books teem with laws passed by his party which he first championed. And if he brings forward new ideas once more, there will be tens of thousands ready to consider a new order where the old has proved so untrustworthy.

There will be plenty to disagree with this or that plank which Mr. La Follette will advocate, but the fact remains that here is a man whose arrival in the White House would of itself mean that the sordid and corrupt atmosphere of Washington would be supplanted by sweeping drafts of fresh and pure air. Not that the millennium would be here. Mr. La Follette would be the last to proclaim himself a political genius. He has arrived at many positions only after arduous efforts to occupy less radical posts. He has not yet been won to all the fundamentals. He does not, for instance, yet understand the superlative importance of free trade, nor is he as radical in the matter of peace and war as the editors of *The Nation* would have him. It has taken him long to realize, as Senator Norris now does, that to buck the system for twenty-five long years is hopeless as long as that system is entrenched in economic privileges which mere regulation and control cannot abrogate or mitigate. Were he to be elected, staggering difficulties would confront him, to say nothing of an antagonistic Congress. Being human he would make his mistakes and pay for them. But the vital point is that if he runs there will be a brave and unpurchasable man to accuse both those parties which today at bottom are nothing but robber bands bound together by the "cohesive power of public plunder"—and we shall have made a beginning toward a better America.

Not merely a beginning toward turning the rascals out. If that were all that a La Follette candidacy offered we should confess to far less interest in it than we expect to have. To substitute one group of politicians, however honest, for the dishonest would, of course, help to restore our self-respect—how could we as Americans hold up our heads before the world if the President were reelected who has connived at the trickery of Burns and Daugherty, who has lifted not one finger to undo the wrong done to Senator Wheeler, who has all but sat silent in the presence of crimes by which associates of his have profited, who is content that only one-third of the Cabinet was besmirched? Senator La Follette does not come to the front with an eye merely to this year's campaign. That would be less than half of his task. Roosevelt thrilled a large portion of the country with hopes of a new and vital and thoroughgoing party, and destroyed it when it had served his selfish purpose. To Robert La Follette we look for something far better. We shall expect him to begin a real emancipation of America, to start that revolution for which Woodrow Wilson so eloquently called, not with an eye fixed upon four years or ten, but looking forward to as distant a future as his vision may portray to him.

Railway Workers' Rights

ONE of the most important issues before Congress is the relation of the railroad unions to the carriers. This was ostensibly settled by the Esch-Cummins Act of 1920, which provided for the Railroad Labor Board and a system of local adjustment boards. The railways generally opposed the plan; the unions acquiesced without enthusiasm. Experience has converted the railroads to the idea and turned the unions sharply against it.

Previous to 1920 the railroads and the brotherhoods had built up through agreements and established practice a substantial industrial code. There were conferences between workers and management, there were bipartisan boards of adjustment, there was mediation by government officials, and there was use of voluntary arbitration. Strikes had become almost non-existent. What by many is regarded as the only true open shop existed: a practice whereby employees could be either non-union or union but under which the brotherhoods were recognized and were allowed to bargain collectively for their members.

The Transportation Act of 1920 cut right across this procedure. Ostensibly it set up local adjustment boards, and had these been organized the plan might not have worked so badly. Actually only two adjustment boards were established. The Pennsylvania Railroad killed the idea by fixing the election so as to prevent union control and insuring domination by men under its own thumb. Thus the Railroad Board became supreme, with a tendency toward standardization and what the unions believe to be a bias against them. That bias is perhaps less evident in its decisions than in its attitude when these decisions—which are not legally enforceable—are not carried out. Only formal protest has been made against violations by the carriers, but in the case of the men the Railroad Labor Board—aided by the press—has pilloried the unions as law-breakers, mobilizing public sentiment against them.

Railroad employees have come to believe not only that the board has failed but that under the most favorable circumstances it could not possibly succeed. It represents a compromise between compulsion and persuasion. Organized as a court, the board, with true legalistic instinct, not only incurs all the expenses but involves its proceedings in all the delays common to judicial bodies. Without the substance of power, but surrounded with the forms of it, the Railroad Labor Board has attempted both to mediate and to arbitrate; and, of course, it no sooner begins deciding disputes than it loses its status as a mediator. Even if the board were really a court, it would be unable to function, because it has, from the first, been submerged beneath its accumulating calendars. A recent tabulation shows that four union organizations have 845 undecided cases pending. These cases have been on the calendar from three months to three years. Most of the 1,035 cases decided were likewise pending from three months to three years.

The railroad unions are now advocating reorganization through the Howell-Barkley bill. Under its provisions the workers' unions and brotherhoods, if they are in a majority on any particular line, would be able to meet their employers directly through adjustment boards, the members of which would represent the workers' viewpoint. The workers would be able to stand for the principle of collective bargaining as against the principle of individual contract and individual relation regulated through quasi-

judicial processes. What the brotherhoods are striving for is a form of organization that will permit representatives of the unions to confer with representatives of the carriers directly for the purpose of adjusting local grievances in the area in which they originate. The line of procedure involves local conferences, adjustment boards, mediation, and conciliation—if all of these fail, the voluntary submission of the issue to arbitration. In stating their case the brotherhoods say:

Let it not be thought that the bill proposes to force railroad management against their will to experiment with a novel machinery to settle labor disputes. This bill simply presents an industrial code for the railroads made up from the written and unwritten laws that have governed industrial relations on the railroads for many years. The basis of these relations lies in agreements arrived at through collective bargaining. There is not a railroad in the United States that is operating without such agreements today and not one which could function effectively for a month in the absence of such agreements.

Thus the issue is plainly revealed. The Railroad Labor Board, as it has been established, represents a direct attack upon the principle of collective bargaining. The board established the individual and the company union as the unit in all controversies between railroads and their employees. The Howell-Barkley bill would set up machinery suited to the needs of those who are willing to subscribe to the collective bargaining principle. The organized railroad workers believe that their unions must either strangle the Railroad Labor Board or be strangled by it.

Ile St. Louis

THE Ile St. Louis, so the cheerful Paris correspondents report, is to secede from the Ville Lumière. Following the illustrious example of Montmartre, its artists have proclaimed it a free republic. American immigration is to be restricted, and a series of fetes, "medical, artistic, and insurrectional," is to restore the little island to its ancient glory.

We deplore the thought. There is nothing lovelier in all Paris than the quiet quays of the Ile St. Louis. If American tourists have discovered its once peaceful restaurants their invasion is to be resented. But the horrid tide of transatlantic Nordics will not be stemmed by loud proclamations of a free republic. The citizens of the country which is proud of spending more dollars in advertising tooth-paste than France spends in advertising all her products, including truffles and Hospice de Beaune, will not be repelled by the indignant proclamations of a few Ludovicians. What has happened to Montmartre? Its cafes are packed with Americans; its bands play American jazz; its cafe-keepers have yielded to American color prejudices; and one restaurant, almost on the summit of the butte, flaunts a signboard which proclaims that "Julian Street says: 'If you have not visited the Cuckoo you have not seen Paris.'" The "Free Republic of Montmartre" is almost as completely and disgustingly an American colony as the Republic of Haiti, where the marines rule.

One of the leaders of the new Free Republic of the Ile St. Louis objects to its present incorporation in the Fourth Arrondissement of Paris, a section "notorious for its bourgeois commercialism," to which the island was arbitrarily attached:

without due consideration having been given to its geographical situation as an island entirely surrounded by the Seine, or to its political position as a residence of artists, poets, and medical students, or to its ethnology and history as the original home of the Lutetians who resisted Caesar—a people to whom Parisians are alien in spirit and in fact, being but recent immigrants from the provinces.

The neighboring island of the Cité might dispute the Ile St. Louis's claim to superior antiquity, but certainly the lesser island has preserved an integrity and charm which the rest of Paris has lost. There are, of course, simple old houses near the Street of the Cat which Fishes, opposite the Cité, where the flicker of a wood-fire will light up plaques bearing fifteenth-century dates; beaming restaurants in the rue de la Huchette will take a favored patron into cellars which are as old as Notre Dame; St. Julien-le-pauvre is five centuries more ancient than St. Louis-en-l'Ile, but both that oldest quarter of Paris and the historic Cité are disfigured by ugly modern structures, such desecrations as the prefecture de police. Ile St. Louis, with its hidden rue St. Louis cluttered with tiny shops of the purest Parisian odors, and its broad quays, faced by fine seventeenth-century houses that look today almost exactly as they did three centuries ago when, almost simultaneously with the settling of New Amsterdam, its gardens and meadows were transformed into a city—Ile St. Louis, which Voltaire, George Sand, Gautier, and Baudelaire would rejoice to find untouched by modern industrialism and brick architecture, is still old Paris—unless the American immigration has ruined it.

There are—or were very recently—rooms on the sixth floor of houses on the quai d'Anjou which could be had for five francs a day or less—rooms from whose mansard windows one looks out, in spring, across the tops of the cottonwood trees that line the Seine, and across the chimney-potted roofs of that Fourth Arrondissement which the artists deplore, to the white dome of Sacré Coeur, a sort of fairy castle set against the soft sky of France. Those rooms have cold stone floors, and one must carry one's water from below—a thing which few Americans care to do—but to live in them is to feel oneself a part of Paris.

Nor is it only the stones and mortar of the Ile St. Louis which revive old Paris. There is—or was, until recently—a simplicity and hospitality in its cafes and restaurants, more gracious than the commercial welcome of the newer or more famous sections of Paris. There is a "rendez-vous des mariniers" on one of its quays where a lame blue jay used to greet each guest, and where, after three or four visits, one became a part of the household. The only Americans in those days were indigent artists whose socks Madame used to darn, and a young couple who would bring their baby with them in a market-basket, and put it to sleep on Madame's bed, off the kitchen, while they ate.

Today the report is that 10 per cent of the island's inhabitants are Americans, who raise prices and monopolize the best corners in the restaurants. But a still horrid thought sneaks into one's mind as one reads the trumpetings of the newspaper published by the Free Republicans of the Ile St. Louis. Can it be that their loud denunciations of Americans prove only that they, too, have learned the value of advertising, and that what they are really seeking is not more peace and seclusion, but more and ever more Americans, and proportionately higher prices for the shopkeepers of the Ile?

Victor Herbert

THE career of the late Victor Herbert is little short of astounding if only on account of the sheer amount accomplished. Between the year 1894, when Mr. Herbert was thirty-five, and the year 1917, when he was fifty-eight, there is the prodigious record of forty operetta or musical-comedy scores. In the meantime, Mr. Herbert was frequently busy as orchestral conductor or as bandmaster, and even as a virtuoso of the cello, besides venturing twice from his more familiar paths to compose operas of the kind known popularly as "grand"—"Natoma," produced with a memorable cast, headed by Mary Garden and John McCormack, in Philadelphia, in 1911, and the one-act "Madeleine," done two years later, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, with Frances Alda in the title part. This crowded section of a career takes no account of activities previous to 1894, or of his recent work for the photo-drama and in jazz.

Unremitting diligence is essential to such an achievement, but diligence can account for it only in part. There was also an extraordinary native gift of spontaneous and fluent invention and an almost uncanny ease of workmanship. Mr. Herbert, it is true, had the soundest of schooling. Irish by birth (a grandson of Samuel Lover, the novelist), he was sent to Germany to study music at the age of seven and there received thorough training first in the cello and then in composition and in conducting. His facility in so many branches of music rested, therefore, on a solid scholastic foundation. But fertility and fluency remain the most conspicuous features of his talent.

Mr. Herbert's chief fame as a composer rests on his light opera and musical comedy scores. In saying this, one does not underrate his instrumental compositions, or his uneven, fragmentary, but in certain pages admirable "Natoma"; one merely states a fact that probably no one would seriously dispute. Why, then, does Mr. Herbert as a composer of operetta rank not only below Arthur Sullivan, Offenbach, and Johann Strauss, but below some of the lesser of the Parisians and Viennese? Sullivan and Offenbach have pages only a little lower than Mozart, and the position of the greatest of the Vienna Strauss clan is, even for that fostering city of the waltz, *sui generis*. But Mr. Herbert would be oftener at the summit of his own ample talent were it not for an unmistakable leniency toward results. A part of his enormous facility was his contentment with the easy victory.

It is not at all a case of laziness—Mr. Herbert was industrious to a fault. Rather, he stood by whatever he put down on paper because it was he who put it down. And this element of autocracy in his attitude extended to the librettos that he set. Sullivan had the inestimable advantage of collaborating with a Gilbert. Though Offenbach and Johann Strauss were less fortunate, they and the other Parisians and Viennese were in general far better served by their playwrights than Mr. Herbert by his. Outside of the work of Alfred Bunn, who furnished the unmatched words of "The Bohemian Girl," one would search long for a peer in ineptitude to the text of "Natoma." It is because of this failure to apply rigorously the acid test of taste that Victor Herbert, for all his talent, schooling, and industry, leaves behind him nothing approaching a "Mikado," a "Grande Duchesse," a "Fledermaus" to perpetuate his fame in an abiding masterpiece.

New Morals for Old Toward Monogamy

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

PHYSIOLOGISTS tell us that in all our long ages of animal evolution we have not yet completed the physical changes incident to assuming an erect posture. Psychologists may as plainly see that in the short centuries of social evolution we have naturally failed to complete the changes incident to our growth from tribal to national and international relationships.

Since we remained savages for some 90 per cent of the period of human life on earth, it is to be expected that the long-practiced tribal morals should have modified our characters more deeply than those evolved in the recent, varied, and fluctuating relationship of larger range. Yet we see, during the short period of progressive civilization, such swift and amazing development in some lines, such achievement in knowledge, in wealth, in ability, in breadth of thought, and nobility of feeling that our coincident stupidity and senseless misbehavior call for explanation.

The main reason for this peculiar delay and irregularity in social evolution is that it has been limited to half the race, the other half being restricted to domestic industry and to the still lower level of misused sex. Our specialized knowledge, power, and skill are developed through the organic relationships of the social group; as are also those characteristics of mutual loyalty and love, of truth, honor, and courage which are as natural to a human society as the distinctive virtues of ants or beavers to their groups.

Humanity's major error, the exploitation of the female by the male, has not only kept her at the lowest step in social progress—solitary hand-labor in and for the family—but has resulted in excessive sex-development through prolonged misuse. This has made her ultra-feminine, to a degree often injurious to motherhood; and him ultra-masculine, his social advance confused, impeded, and repeatedly destroyed by his excessive emotions. In social morals he has of course out-distanced her, as he alone has entered into the relationships which develop them; but he has carefully exempted his essentially male activities from this elevating influence, maintaining that "all's fair in love and war." Of her, domestic morality demanded but one virtue, sex-loyalty; her mate or master taking it upon himself to be both judge and executioner in case of failure. She might be a liar and a coward, lazy, selfish, extravagant, or cruel, but if chaste these traits were overlooked. If unchaste, no array of other virtues was enough to save her. In her household labors she developed minor virtues natural to the position; a tireless industry, an instinct for cleanliness and order, with great capacity for self-denial and petty economy. Speaking broadly, of a race where the young, though necessarily inheriting from both parents, yet are divided almost from birth in training and experience, it may be said that the social virtues have belonged to men, the domestic virtues to women.

This is the fourth article in The Nation's series on New Morals for Old; other articles to come in early issues are Modern Love and the Art of Fiction by Joseph Krutch and Dionysian Ethics by Edwin Muir.

Our present age, counting the incredible advance of the last century and the swift fruition of these immediate years, shows among its newly distinguishing social movements one of supreme importance. Within a hundred years women, in most civilized countries, have moved from domestic into social relationship. Such a sudden and enormous change, while inherently for the improvement of society, is naturally accompanied by much local and immediate dislocation in previously accepted conditions.

Many are alarmed at what is considered "the danger to the home" resultant from the refusal of an increasing number of women to spend their lives as house-servants; they fear "the

menace to the family" due to similarly increasing numbers of women who refuse compulsory motherhood; they are shocked at a looseness, even grossness, of behavior between the sexes which seems to threaten marriage itself. Few seem able to look beyond the present inconveniences to a specialized efficiency in household management which will raise the standard of public health and private comfort, with large reduction in the cost of living; to such general improvement in child-culture as will lift the average of citizenship and lower the death-rate appreciably; and to a rational and permanent basis for our monogamous marriage.

To understand rightly this trying period, to be patient with its unavoidable reactions and excesses, to know what tendencies to approve and promote and what to condemn and oppose, requires some practical knowledge of biology and sociology. Men, though as yet beyond women in social morality, are unreliable judges in this time of change because their ox is gored—they are the ones who are losing a cherished possession. The overdeveloped sex instinct of men, requiring more than women were willing to give, has previously backed its demands by an imposing array of civil and religious laws requiring feminine submission, has not scrupled to use force or falsehood, and held final power through the economic dependence of women. It is easy to see that if women had been equally willing no such tremendous machinery of compulsion need have been evolved.

But now that the woman no longer admits that "he shall rule over her," and is able to modify the laws; now that she has become braver, and above all is attaining financial freedom, her previous master has no hold upon her beyond natural attraction and—persuasion. Toward this end he manifests an instant and vigorous activity. Whereas in the past women were taught that they had no such "imperative instincts" as men, and the wooer, even the husband, sought to preserve this impression, now it is quite otherwise. All that elaborate theory of feminine chastity, that worship of virginity, goes by the board, and women are given a reversed theory—that they are just the same as men, if not more so; our "double standard" is undoubled and ironed flat—to the level of masculine desire.

Clothed in the solemn, newly invented terms of psychoanalysis, a theory of sex is urged upon us which bases all our activities upon this one function. It is exalted as not only an imperative instinct, but as *the* imperative instinct, no others being recognized save the demands of the stomach. Surely never was a more physical theory disguised in the technical verbiage of "psychology." We should not too harshly blame the ingenious mind of man for thinking up a new theory to retain what the old ones no longer assured him; nor too severely criticize the subject class, so newly freed, for committing the same excesses, the same eager imitations of the previous master, which history shows in any recently enfranchised people. Just as women have imitated the drug-habits of men, without the faintest excuse or reason, merely to show that they can, so are they imitating men's sex habits, in large measure. Those who go too far in such excesses will presumably die without issue, doing no permanent harm to the stock. This wild excitement over sex, as if it were a new discovery peculiar to our time, will be allayed by further knowledge. Even a little study of the common facts of nature has a cooling and heartening influence.

The essential facts are these: That all living forms show the tendency to maintain and to reproduce themselves; that some, in differing degree, show tendencies to vary and to improve; that after an immense period of reproduction without it (showing that as the "life force" it was quite unnecessary) the distinction of sex appeared as a means to freer variation and improvement; that the male characteristics of intense desire for the female, personal display, and intermasculine combat, as well as the female's instinct of selection, are visible contributions to the major purpose of improvement; that in the higher and later life-forms further and more rapid improvement has been made through the development in the female of new organs and functions for the benefit of the young; through her alone have come the upward steps of viviparous birth, the marsupial pouch, and that crowning advantage, the mammary glands; the female solely is responsible for the development of nature's aristocracy, Order Mammalia.

In the human species she adds to her previous contributions to racial progress the invention of our primitive industries, which were evolved by her in service to the young, and later carried out by men into the trades and crafts which support human life. In the developing care and nurture of her children she laid the foundation for those social functions of government, education, and cooperative industry which are so vitally important to social progress that we have called the family "the unit of the state."

This is an error. The family is the prototype of the state, a tiny primitive state in itself, often quite inimical to the interests of the larger state which has developed through the wider interaction of individuals. The state does not elect families, tax families, punish families, nor thrive where physical inheritance is made the basis of authority. Where the family persists too powerfully, as in China, there is a commensurate lack in the vitality and efficiency of the state. By restricting women to the family relationship, with its compulsory woman service and domestic morality, we have checked and perverted social growth by keeping out of it the most effective factor in that growth, the mother.

The world having been for so long dominated by the individualistic and combative male, with that vast increment of masculine thought and emotion embodied in our

literature, our religion, our art, modifying all our ideals, it is not to be wondered at that the newly freed women are as yet unable to see their opportunity, their power, and their long-prevented sex duty—race improvement.

The collapse of the arbitrary and unjust domestic morality of the past will presently be followed by recognition of the social morality of the future. Rightly discarding artificial standards of virtue based on the pleasure of men, we shall establish new ones based on natural law. Repudiating their duty to an owner and master, women have yet to accept and fulfil their duty to society, to the human race. This is not generally clear to them. In their legitimate rebellion against domestic service and compulsory sex-service they almost inevitably confuse these things with marriage, with which indeed they have been long synonymous. Some of our most valuable women, as well as many of negligible importance, speak of marriage as if it were an invention of Queen Victoria. Surely no excessive education is needed to learn that monogamy, among many of the higher carnivora and birds, is as natural a form of sex union as the polygamy of the grass eaters or the promiscuity among insects, reptiles, and fish. Monogamy appears when it is to the advantage of the young to have the continued care of both parents. This means that the parents share in the activities of supporting the family; it does not mean that the female becomes the servant of the male. Because of the united activities and mutual services of the pair love is developed, and stays. Such profound affection is found in some of these natural "marriages" that if one of a pair is killed the other will not mate again. Mated leopards or ostriches do not remain together because they are "Victorian" or "puritanical," but because they like to. They could form as many and as variegated "free unions" as Greenwich Villagers if they chose; there is nothing to stop them.

But natural monogamy is as free from sex service as from domestic service. The pairing species adhere to their mating season as do the polygamous ones, or even the promiscuous. Man is the only animal using this function out of season and apart from its essential purpose. These natural monogamists are not "ascetics." They are not dominated by religious doctrine or civil law. They fulfil their natural desires with the utmost freedom, but these desires do not move them out of season.

The human species, with all its immense advantages, has made many conspicuous missteps. Its eating habits are such as to have induced a wide assortment of wholly unnecessary diseases; its drinking habits are glaringly injurious; and its excessive indulgence in sex-waste has imperiled the life of the race.

Domestic morality vaguely recognized some duty to society and sought through religion to limit masculine desires or at least to restrict their indulgence to marriage. But the desires of a vigorous polygamist are not easily restricted to one wife; and our polygamous period was far longer than that of the recently established monogamy. It is a most reassuring fact in social evolution that monogamy, naturally belonging to our species, has persisted among the common people and in popular ideals: even in "The Arabian Nights" the love story is always about one man and one woman, never of the mad passion for a harem! So with the accelerated progress of recent centuries monogamous union becomes accepted, and is carefully buttressed by the law, while religion, with commandments and ceremonies, does its best to establish "the sanctity of marriage."

But as religion, law, and family authority were all in the hands of men, they naturally interpreted that sanctity to suit themselves, ignored the religious restrictions, and so handled the law as to apply its penalties to but one party in a dual offense.

Social morality requires the promotion of such lines of conduct as are beneficial to the maintenance and improvement of society. It will demand of both man and woman the full development of personal health and vigor, careful selection of the best mate by both, with recognition on her side of special responsibility as the natural arbiter. It will encourage such sex relations as are proved advantageous both to individual happiness and to the race. We are as yet so hag-ridden by domestic morality, with its arbitrary restrictions, and by the threats and punishments of law and

religion, that we shrink from the broader biological judgment as if it involved blame, punishment, compulsory reform. Not at all. Men and women are no more to blame for being oversexed than a prize hog for being overfat. The portly pig is not sick or wicked, he is merely overdeveloped in adipose tissue. Our condition does not call for condemnation, nor can we expect any sudden and violent change in our behavior resting on foolish ideals of celibacy, of self-denial, or of "sublimated sex." It will take several generations of progressive selection, with widely different cultural influences, to reestablish a normal sex development in *genus homo*, with its consequences in happier marriage, better children, and wide improvement in the public health.

It is to this end, with all its widening range of racial progress, that social morality tends.

After the French Elections

By IDA TREAT

Paris, May 14

THE French elections proved that Poincaré's oft-repeated assertion that "all France is behind us" represented a hope rather than a fact. The events of the last year had seriously undermined the popularity of a military foreign policy in a country still war-worn and eager for peace. "All France" was beginning to long for a pacific solution of its problems both abroad and at home. For months popular confidence in Poincaré's supposedly firm policy had been weakening because of his own hesitations and indecisions.

The April readjustment of the Poincaré Ministry was generally interpreted as an admission of weakness. The much-heralded stabilization of the franc had shown itself purely artificial, as the cost of living remained almost unchanged, though the franc had risen in value in terms of the dollar. The Government's attempt to meet the budget of expenses charged to the reparation account by railroading a 20 per cent tax increase through the Chamber aroused great antagonism among all classes of French citizens, already burdened with the indirect taxes, which constitute seven-tenths of the nation's tax resources. It was also interpreted as an open avowal of the failure of the French reparations policy, as a substitution of "France will pay" for the eternal "Germany will pay" so loudly proclaimed when Poincaré sent the first troops into the Ruhr.

What further increased the unpopularity of the Government was its insistence on the decree-laws, which were violently attacked by the Left as a return to the *ordonnances* of Charles X or the *senatus-consulte* of the First Empire—a direct violation of republican legality. The hearty support given the decree-laws by the Royalists and Bonapartists in the Chamber—by Léon Daudet and Prince Joachim Murat—helped to increase the ardor of the opposition. In addition there were a whole series of economic factors: the scandalous profits realized by French exporters when the franc dropped; the increased cost of living—40 per cent higher today than in January, 1923; the failure of

the government employees to obtain the expected indemnity for the high cost of living; the uncompromising policy of the steel trust, and the failure of a series of great strikes—the textile workers at Roanne, the metal workers at St.

Etienne, the factory workers of Citroen and Panhard-Levassor at Paris; and finally the continued decrease in the value of the government *rentes*—3 per cent bonds issued before the war at 95 francs, gold, are today worth 53 francs, paper, or 6.75 francs, gold, and 5 per cent bonds of the year 1916 issued at 90 francs, gold, are listed today at 69 francs, paper.

Since 1919 Socialists and Communists have been waging an active campaign against the Bloc National, denouncing its policies at thousands of meetings held throughout France. While their campaign against "Poincaré-la-Guerre" did not obtain the success hoped for, it revived the question of responsibility for the war at a time when nine-tenths of the country still thought that question had been settled by the Treaty of Versailles.

Poincaré's policy of repression in 1923-24—the repeated dismissal of state employees, the attempt to base political conspiracy charges on forged documents emanating from the Ministry of War, the revelations concerning the role played by the Union of Economic Interests, particularly by M. Billiet, its president, in the 1919 elections, the scandal of the devastated districts with more than 20 billions of francs paid out on imaginary damage claims—all furnished the opposition with excellent grounds for an electoral campaign.

In the 1919 elections the Socialists refused to join forces with the Radicals, much to the annoyance of the left fraction of the latter, who thereupon united with the reactionary Right, as the French voting system results in a disproportionately large number of successful candidates where there is a coalition and is prejudicial to single parties. The Radical platform hardly differed from that of the reactionaries—enforcement of the Versailles Treaty, "Germany will pay," opposition to bolshevism, and—in many cases—the reform of the eight-hour day. Reactionaries and Radicals joined in the Bloc National that ever since 1919 has had a majority of 200 in the Chamber of Deputies.



Tardieu

¹ Only war profits were exempt from this 20 per cent tax increase; and the tax on war profits had in four years yielded only 11 of the estimated 17 billions.

When it became evident that owing to the growing unpopularity of the Poincaré Government the Bloc National could not hope to repeat the victory of 1919, the Radical Party had a sudden resurrection. Its left wing, to which Herriot soon rallied, took the lead and began urging the Socialists to join it in a Left Bloc that would last "only a minute"—the time to get elected—and in which neither party would abandon its true program. This the Socialists

were nothing loath to do, for the Communist Party, organized after the split at Tours, had absorbed the majority of its former members. The Bloc was formed; in many departments of France Radicals and Socialists presented a joint list of candidates.

The platform of the Left Bloc—for the two parties agreed on a minimum electoral program—laid more weight on internal than on foreign policy. As for the question of the Ruhr, Herriot (Radical), Boncour, and Varenne (Socialist) stated that if they came into power they would not withdraw the troops of occupation "without guaranties." The Bloc accepted in principle the Dawes Re-

port as a basis for international agreement. But the campaign was chiefly directed toward the defense of the French democracy, and against new taxes and the increased cost of living.

From the first days of the campaign it was clear that the dictatorship of the Bloc National was doomed. In the elections it lost 187 deputies. Apparently 212 members of the New Chamber are still Bloc National; 46 belong to the Briand group; 294, Radicals and Socialists, to the Left Bloc; and 26 are Communists.

Many of the prominent figures of the former Chamber were defeated. The Royalists lost their leader, Léon Daudet; the Bonapartists, Joachim Murat. The former ministers Lasteyrie, Maunoury, André Lefèvre, were not re-elected, nor were those two representatives of Clemenceau's old guard—Mandel and Tardieu. Jean Longuet was badly beaten, and the Radicals lost one of their most outstanding figures—the venerable Ferdinand Buisson—as well as that staunch republican and pacifist, Marc Sangnier.

The Communists presented lists of candidates in every department in France, held innumerable meetings—200 within ten days in Paris alone—obtained 900,000 votes, and elected twenty-six deputies. Their relatively small success in the provinces—fifteen deputies are from Paris and the Seine—is due to two causes: In their effort to present only *candidats de classe*, workers and peasants, they were led to name many candidates totally unknown to the voters at large—a tactical error in a country that still adores the *tribun* and prefers, on the whole, to vote for a man rather than an idea. Then too they suffered from the French voting system, always favorable to coalitions. More than one vote was lost the Communists because the elector, whose chief object was to defeat the Bloc National, hesitated to risk the chance of throwing away his vote. Better a Left Bloc than a Bloc National! Throughout the south of France the Communists were blamed for not joining forces with the Bloc. As it is they have doubled their number in the Chamber, and count among their twenty-six deputies a

political prisoner, Jacques Doriot, sentenced to ten months' imprisonment for anti-militaristic propaganda, together with the leader of the Black Sea mutineers, André Marty, elected in the same department as Colrat, the former Minister of Justice who kept Marty four years in prison. The Communists count their success in the suburbs of Paris—where their list, with Vaillant-Couturier at its head, received more votes than any other—as a strategic victory.

Assured of a majority in the Chamber, the Left Bloc is now preoccupied with the make-up of the new Government. June 1 is to mark the end of the Poincaré regime. The Socialists, according to repeated decisions of their party congresses, cannot collaborate in a "bourgeois" ministry. Certain of their leaders—such as Léon Blum—state that the party will not accept a single ministerial portfolio; certain others—notably Paul Boncour—declare themselves ready to "share power and its responsibilities." A party congress to decide this important question has been called for June 1 and 2. The *Cartel d'une minute* may extend itself indefinitely. In the words of Paul Boncour, "The country has elected Radicals and Socialists together. If we declare that we cannot work together we act contrary to the wishes of the country."

If the Socialists refuse to modify their present tactics they must follow one of two courses of action—support the Radicals without participating in the Government or join the Communists in opposition from the Left. The latter course would oblige the Radicals to join forces with the left wing of the Center-Right, forming a Center Bloc Government presumably with Briand at the head.

The triumph of the Left Bloc was a negative rather than a positive victory. It signifies what the country did *not* want rather than what it wants. But from the standpoint of France's foreign policy, the formation of a Left Bloc Government means a stride toward the recognition of Russia and an international solution of the reparations problem. In so far as the new Government's internal policy is concerned, the future may be less clearly predicted. The legacy of the Bloc National to its successors is to be counted in liabilities rather than in assets.

The total debt of France—foreign as well as internal—has attained 430 billion francs—a figure that has been increasing yearly. A Left Bloc Government will doubtless be little more inclined to pay off its foreign debts than was its predecessor; with respect to the internal debt, nothing short of a miracle will enable the new Government to balance its budget. The high cost of living, which shows no sign of decreasing, may bring about social disorders that will sorely try the liberal policy of the Bloc; many a battle will have to be fought out in the corridors of the Chamber before the Union of Economic Interests can be brought to bay. The financial question, the question of the budget, is the gravest problem that the new Government will have to face. Whether or not that Government is formed by a coalition of Radicals and Socialists, or of Radicals and Republicans, with Briand, Herriot, Painlevé, or even Léon Blum as Premier, that problem of the budget is going to represent its acid test—if not its Waterloo.



Herriot



Painlevé

The Race Problem in the Caribbean

By ROBERT HERRICK

I. The English Way

CAREACOU is the merest dot in the Caribbean Sea, which appears only on the largest maps. It belongs, with a score of other small islands, to the "Presidency" of Grenada (which is associated with Trinidad and St. Vincent in one colonial government) in the Lesser Antilles. There are not over two thousand people in Careacou, and all but a very few are black or colored. They raise cotton and limes, chiefly, also a little sugar-cane and cacao. The only regular means of communication with the outer world is a battered sloop, with a Negro captain and crew, that plies weekly between the island and Grenada. Chance landed me on Careacou one warm day last March, and chance led me into the bare courtroom above the police station, where it seemed to me was dramatized quite simply the secret of English success in dealing with a so-called "inferior race," without riots and reprisals, without creating an ugly sore of the race problem. I am aware how distorted the comprehensions of the casual traveler are likely to be, how he smooths and foreshortens appearances, rationalizing whatever he sees to fit some preconceived formula. But I had no preconceived formulas about the race question, and so I give what I saw and felt for what it may be worth.

Dawdling along the one street of little Careacou I saw a white man ride in from the country on a well-groomed pony, dismount in the small square opposite the police station, tie his horse to a rail there, and mount the long flight of wooden steps that led to an upper story, up which for some time a stream of colored folk dressed in their best had been going. I followed the crowd. The courtroom was tightly packed with a hundred-odd black people of different shades of blackness—the litigants, their friends, and counsel. The white man sat behind the bench under a faded insignia of George IV, his crown attorney and bailiff and clerk below him, all very black men. A colored attorney was defending a prisoner who had got into a street row on Carnival Day, the previous week, and had resisted arrest. Various witnesses were heard, and he was allowed to speak in his own behalf. The judge, in the paternal British fashion of judges, took an active hand in all stages of the proceeding, questioning the prisoner and witnesses, correcting the excessive zeal of both lawyers, cutting off the Crown lawyer when he was repeating himself. The judge was evidently determined to get at the root of the matter, to resolve just how serious William Williams's infraction of the regulations had been.

It was the same way with the old woman who had omitted to take out a license for her mule, with the quarreling group that disputed the ownership of an old horse, with all the rest of the petty cases that came before him that long, hot forenoon. Sometimes he advised the litigants to settle out of court. When he wasn't sure in his own mind, he put the case over until the next session, and always he made voluminous notes in long hand.

I sat there absorbed while Careacou's dirty linen was being carefully washed out. The white judge, the sole white person beside myself in the courtroom, for that matter the

sole white man I saw in the town that day, was not an especially clever person; in fact, rather dull and commonplace. But he was so fair, so honest, so determined to do "the right thing," without a trace of conscious superiority either of race or of function! And the attitude of the colored people crowded into the stuffy courtroom reflected this attitude of the white judge. They were orderly, serious, quiet (as quiet as any gathering of Negroes ever can be). It was apparent that they knew justice would be done, not only between themselves and the law, but between themselves and members of the "superior race."

Court adjourned for three weeks. The faded little white man in the correct English gentleman's riding costume gave some instructions to his Negro clerk, walked out of the courtroom, mounted his horse, and rode off.

This, I knew, was not an idyllic and isolated case. Something very much like it was taking place throughout the thousand-mile reach of British islands in the Caribbean. Sometimes with a colored magistrate behind the bench, for already the English are appointing colored judges just as they have for a long time admitted colored people to the civil services (until today the great majority even of the more responsible posts are filled by them). Of course the police, including their officers, are black, and the court officials. That has not always been so, but two generations ago a wise English governor of one of the colonies pronounced the self-evident truth that as these tropical lands must inevitably some day belong to the black people, they being already by numbers and by adaptation to their environment dominant, it was advisable to admit members of the "inferior race" to all possible government posts.

It was a light-colored custom-house inspector who came out to the schooner when it dropped anchor exactly at sundown in the harbor of Kingstown, St. Vincent, and with a courtesy and businesslike efficiency that might well be copied by our New York customs' inspectors, cut the red tape, expedited us ashore with our luggage, and personally concerned himself in finding an abiding-place in the crowded town. He was a gentleman—not only in speech and manners, but in his intelligence and lack of official boorishness. So with the dark doctor who came off at Castries and let me ashore two hours before the regulations permitted, and his colored colleagues in the custom house, who explained patiently and politely the numerous infractions of the laws of which I had been innocently guilty on my arrival. The colored head of the agricultural department of Grenada was a fellow traveler on the mail packet from St. George's to Careacou, he and his microscope, for he was engaged in investigating the boll weevil. He was not only an educated man and an intelligent official, but also a kindly person with an instinctive courtesy toward an ignorant stranger that one might look far for in an American official of similar rank. In my wanderings through these islands, with haphazard contacts from Barbados to Trinidad, to St. Kitts and Antigua, I met with nothing but courtesy and intelligence among these officials of the "inferior race": and as for the police—if one was in search of a meal or a clean bed or cultural information, one turned to the police station, and

invariably found there an obliging black corporal or sergeant, who interested himself immediately in providing what one was looking for with a politeness and a command of good English that might put to shame New York's finest.

The contrast in all this between a section of our own "black belt," whether in Alabama and Mississippi or in St. Louis and Chicago, and any of these English colonies must astonish the American traveler. What has brought about this decent atmosphere of tolerance and mutual respect between the races? Doubtless many intricate causes, but preeminently the English habit of justice and the experiment of letting the colored people share in their own government so largely. And I never heard in the mouth of a colonial white, no matter how irritated he might be over labor conditions, such brutal and stupid opinions about the "inferior race" as are only too common among the Americans who visit the West Indies.

I had two stock questions that I put to the white officials I met, among others, to the chief medical officer of one colony, the attorney general of another: "How many crimes of violence have occurred in your jurisdiction in the last two years?" Sometimes they had to go back four and five years to find a case of first-class assault or murder. The attorney general recalled one atrocious case that he had prosecuted in three years. Compare that with Chicago or New York, or for that matter any rural district of a similar density of population, either North or South, in the United States!

My other question was: "Can a white woman of the upper class go safely anywhere at any time of day or night in your island unescorted?" The answer to this was a stare of surprise. "Of course! Why not?" When one realizes that the country districts in these islands because of their lofty mountains and poor roads are often much more remote from the centers than the distance in miles would indicate, it seems to an American unbelievable that "the usual crime" is practically unknown in these colonies. Better evidence perhaps than hearsay is the fact that white women live on country plantations, at times alone except for black servants. I recall what a Northern white man living in Williamsburgh, Virginia, once told me in all seriousness, that no "respectable" white woman ever dared to walk outside the narrow confines of the town, unaccompanied. What has taught the colonial black to be so much less bestial than his American cousin? Or is he? Is the "usual crime" a form of perverted imagination or an excuse for race tyranny?

In the English way both races are compelled to observe the laws—even the traffic regulations—in these far-away dots of tropical land, as no American ever obeys anything if he can help himself. The motor-car in which I was riding, going at a footpace through a crowded village, happened to knock the tray off a colored woman's head, spilling her load of vegetables. It was not the driver's fault: the woman was staring over her shoulder in the opposite direction—and we might easily have got away. But a raised white-gloved hand from the black policeman beside the road caused the chauffeur to stop immediately, and a thorough investigation of the accident was held then and there. The roads do not belong exclusively to the motorists in Trinidad or in any other British colony.

The English respect for the fundamental decencies of life has been firmly implanted in the Negro consciousness, in some instances oddly so. In spite of the tropic heat and

the inviting coolness of the most superb bathing to be had in the world, at almost any point of the shore, one never sees anybody over ten taking a plunge naked. One warm afternoon when I had landed on a lonely little beach, entirely surrounded with cocoanut palms and thick undergrowth, without a dwelling of any sort in sight, I was preparing for an impromptu swim when a warning voice descended on me from some thatched *ajoupa* concealed by the palms: "You can't do that here! You can't bathe without a suit!" (This not forty miles from the island of Tobago, which was Defoe's model for "Robinson Crusoe," and a good many miles from the white man and his superior notions.) Abashed by this firm correction, I resumed my underclothes and was permitted to bathe unmolested.

There remains, of course, the important field of social contacts between the races, about which the traveler can form few reliable impressions. The English colonial in the Antilles will tell you that "the best white people" have no social contacts with the black or any of his colored variations. They tell you woeful instances of white English girls who have married men of color at home and have been brought to the colonies only to suffer complete exclusion from white society. Of course, they admit, the white men will live with black women—that can't be helped! But in their homes, at their clubs, there are no contacts whatever between the races. Considering the large number of highly intelligent and educated colored clerks working side by side with white men in business and government offices, one is inclined to accept this dictum with more than the usual grain of salt, which is apt to increase when one questions farther the franker and more open-minded whites. One finds that there are "rare" exceptions, in the tolerant British fashion, and many gradations of social exclusion depending on the individual case. "If we've known all about his people for a long time," or "if he is the right sort," we "forget a little color." Then there are the gradations of official society, or "Government House," where colored officials with their families may be received at "the more formal functions." In brief, the dwindling minority of pure white colonials do their honest best to preserve the purity of their race (as they have an undoubted right to do), except by abstaining from intercourse with black women. I suppose for the most part their small clubs are practically without members of "color." But it is not racially a matter of great importance whether these tiny groups exclude all "color" from their circles or not. The hotels, the few trains, the steamships, the government offices—all but the few high administrative posts filled from the Colonial Office at home—are all open on terms of equality to both races.

To all intents and purposes, then, this is a black country officered and administered by colored people, largely for themselves. The whites are giving up the struggle and abandoning the islands. They grumble about the labor, the economic conditions; which comes down practically to this, that profitable exploitation by white men is dependent upon an ample supply of very cheap labor. The more the colored man rises in the economic and social scale the less profit can the white planter make off him. And the white man cannot stand the climate, in the long run, as the colored man can. The result is inevitable. It is to the credit of the English colonial that the white man accepts the inevitable in the only way that could prevent a nasty race problem, such as we have on our hands, increasingly.

Premonitions

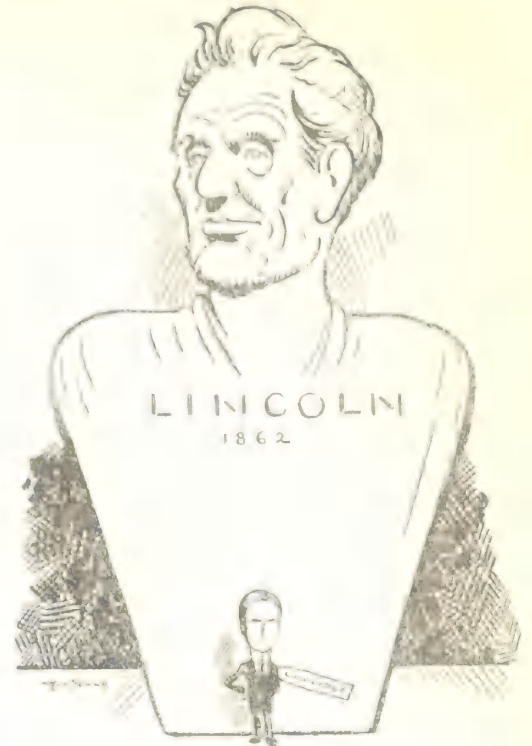


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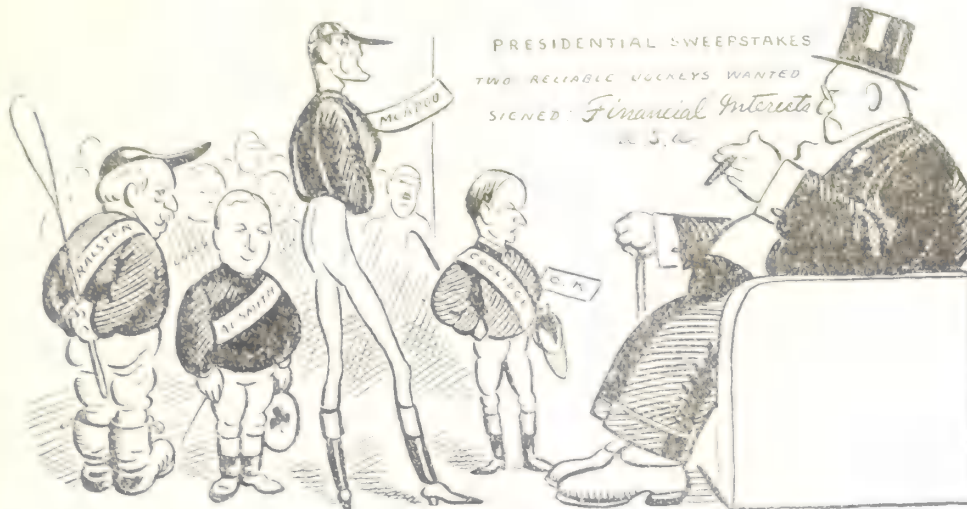
LET THE CHIPS
FALL WHERE THEY
LISTEN



Art Young Gets Busy

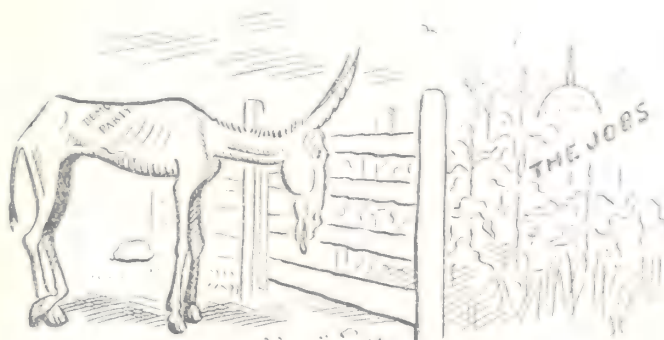


The Republican Party
Down to Date

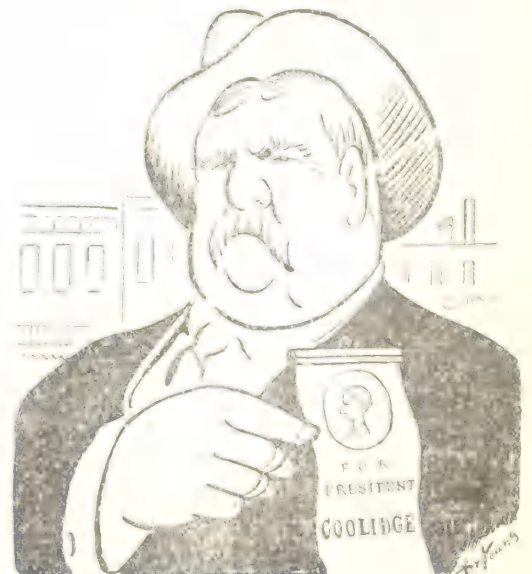


Choosing the Jockey

Main Street
Points With Pride



It's a Long Time Between Meals



Nogin—Industrialist and Revolutionist

By CLINTON W. GILBERT

WHEN Victor P. Nogin, head of the Russian Textile Syndicate, was in this country a few months ago arranging for the purchase of cotton to supply the Soviet mills, the American bankers with whom he was negotiating for credit fell to asking him questions about the great riddle of Russia.

"How do people live in Russia?"

Nogin replied: "We all work and receive wages."

"But can a man make any money in Russia?"

"Take myself, for example," replied Nogin, "my salary as head of this Textile Syndicate is 15 chervontsi a month (\$75). Of course the Government furnishes me with living quarters. I have some other jobs for which I receive pay, but I give all my salary, outside the 15 chervontsi a month, to the Communist Party."

His syndicate has spent \$15,000,000 for cotton in this country within the last few months.

"Have you a family?"

Nogin took out of his pocket a photograph of his wife and two children and showed it.

"But don't you feel that you have to accumulate money for your family? Suppose anything should happen to you, who would take care of your children?"

"My wife has a job as good as I have and she could take care of the children."

"But if she should die, too?"

"I have given all my life to the revolution. The government would take care of the children."

Then he added quietly after a moment:

"If when I came to die I had given my life to making money I should not feel very well satisfied with myself."

A few days ago the cable brought the news that he was dead, as the result of an operation which he was about to undergo when I saw him recently in Moscow. Through his death the Russian revolution lost one of its solidest figures, of a type of which it has so far produced few, men with a faith in communism and the capacity for industrial organization which, it seemed to me, would go far in any part of the world. The weakest side of the Soviet movement is its handling of industry. A revolutionary movement may develop brilliant propagandists, able politicians, unusual military leaders, even statesmen, but there is nothing in its training to develop managers of industry. And it is by its ability to produce cheaply and to distribute widely and fairly the products of industry that in the long run Soviet society will be judged.

Nogin's coming to this country to organize the purchase of his cotton supply here was an act of courage and imagination. He had to be prepared to face a natural communistic prejudice against having an American corporation represent a Russian state enterprise in this country. By no twisting of language could one reconcile a company organized under the laws of the State of New York with communism. A weaker man would have shrunk from facing his party on this issue. And a weaker man might have hesitated to approach American bankers seeking credit. Supposing he failed, what would be his position then in Russia? This step of his, in a smaller way, was almost as

radical a departure as Lenin's inauguration of the new economic policy.

And he succeeded here as much by the personal impression he produced, by the confidence he inspired, as by being able to show that he had been buying and paying for cotton for a year in Germany. A doctrinaire revolutionist, pure and simple, would have failed to impress the American bankers even though he had brought with him books to prove that for months he had been buying and manufacturing cotton successfully. The bankers recognized Nogin as a business man even though he was one without the profit motive that was familiar to them.

To conduct a Russian state trust one has to be something more than a business organizer. One has to be a good enough politician to deal with the sentiment, the doctrinaire criticisms, of the Communist Party, which I should say would be a rather appalling board of directors to have sitting over one. Here Nogin's record as a revolutionist doubtless helped him. He was an "old Bolshevik." He had been seven times exiled by the Czarist Government, the last time to the coldest place on earth, far above the Arctic Circle in Siberia.

In such a position one has not only to impress favorably American bankers and deal effectively with the Communist Party. One has to enjoy the favor of the workers. Nogin owed his place at the head of the Textile Syndicate to his popularity with the textile workers. He had been a textile worker himself. He had learned the business of cotton manufacture in Manchester, England.

When one is head of a Russian state syndicate such as that of which Nogin was chief one does not merely produce the article which the mills nominally turn out. One keeps alive the human spirit. One conducts difficult human relations on an experimental basis. One runs a baby farm. The word "tavarish" (comrade) is not an empty word in Russia.

I visited Nogin at the building of the Textile Syndicate on the Varvarka in Moscow. The atmosphere of his office was as different from that of the office of the president of any great American manufacturing trust as one can imagine. Subordinates kept coming in to see him with little formality. His girl secretary sitting in the opposite corner of the room would not tip-toe over to his desk and wait for the great man to raise his eyes. She would call out to him informally "Victor Pavlovich" whenever she had anything to communicate.

I went about the building with him. The workmen took off their caps to him, but he took off his hat to them. The foremen everywhere shook hands with him and had something to say to him privately. At the mills I found the children of the women workers, under seven years old, taken care of in creches as clean and as well conducted as an American hospital, receiving three meals a day and medical attendance at the expense of the syndicate.

In Russia relations between men and men are not commercialized. I don't think the revolution alone accounts for the vitality of the feeling that men are brothers and not merely names on a pay roll. I think the revolution caught Russia before human relations had become commercialized. It is trying to stabilize them there.

It is much easier to conduct production with the single aim of goods and not human relations. It is much easier to conduct production under a more practicable board of directors than the Communist Party. The rest of the world has found an irreconcilable contradiction in the aims of the Russian revolution. Russia is and will remain for a long time an experiment. Nogin seemed to me extraordinarily fitted to carry on the experiment. And, as a matter of fact,

the textile industry under his management had made more and greater progress than any other industrial undertaking of Russia.

That is why it seems to me he is as hard to replace in his field as Lenin was in his. Smaller men have succeeded Lenin. The human spirit, even the revolutionary spirit, easily grows tired. That is as good a ground for skepticism about Russia as any that has ever been advanced.

Third-Party Vibrations

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

AT last the political radio sets are able to get some clearer tones from the mutterings and rumblings of third-party oratory and aspiration in the progressive ether. The following things now seem certain:

The genuine La Follette personal presidential effort has its headquarters in Chicago in the Auditorium Hotel, where a "La Follette for President Committee" has established an office under the management of a group of people including significantly W. T. Rawleigh, Dante M. Pierce, Donald Richberg, and James H. McGill.

Mr. Rawleigh is a wealthy manufacturer of Freeport, Illinois, who is intimately associated with the general La Follette movement and who took a leading part in promoting the recent senatorial candidacy of Newton Jenkins on a La Follette platform against Medill McCormick and Charles S. Deneen. This candidacy by Jenkins, who was relatively unknown, accumulated more than a hundred thousand votes in Illinois. It was supported by forays of leading La Follette captains from Wisconsin into Illinois territory. It represented a genuine official strategic move by the La Follette forces. Rawleigh was a leading figure in it. He can safely be regarded as among those La Follette enthusiasts who act not simply out of an inward impulse to volunteer their services to La Follette but out of an exact knowledge of the actual immediate intentions of the La Follette organization.

The same remark can equally safely be made about Dante M. Pierce. He is intimately within the La Follette organization. His powerful farm publication, the *Iowa Homestead*, issued from Des Moines, was primarily responsible for the putting of Brookhart into the United States Senate. Pierce introduced La Folletteism into Iowa. That is, he gave it there its first State-wide conquest. He is known to be always fully informed about what is happening and what is intended at Madison, Wisconsin. It would be strange, indeed, if he were acting now without secure knowledge that his action would not be inconsistent with La Follette's own personal wishes.

It is thus to be perceived that the predictions made in these letters from Washington begin to be verified. La Follette's candidacy is not growing out of a convention. It is not growing out of any new party. It is springing from a committee of his own personal friends. It is an individual performance—by La Follette—and is directed toward just one office—the Presidency.

Further, the platform is simply La Follette himself. On the stationery of the "La Follette for President Committee" there appear just two platform planks. The first is: "The will of the people shall be the law of the land." The second is: "The supreme issue is the encroachment of

the powerful few upon the rights of the many." These planks certainly do not commit La Follette to anything in the future. The platform of the La Follette presidential candidacy is simply La Follette himself and his past record.

Further corroboration is given to this view by La Follette's repudiation of the outright third-party convention at St. Paul on June 17. The Communist camels who insisted on poking their noses into that tent were of enormous strategic value to La Follette. They gave him two opportunities.

In the first place they made it convenient and opportune for him to disassociate himself from all European bolshevistic ideas without seeming to go artificially out of his way to do it. In the second place—and even more importantly—they gave him the means by which he was able to disassociate himself from a convention which in any case, even if the Communists had not been invited to it, might have proved embarrassing to him.

There was no telling—in any case—what sort of speeches might have been made at that convention. There was no telling what sort of policies might have been put into its platform in addition to the policies laid down in the call for it. The Northwest is full of legislative ideas to which La Follette has never personally subscribed.

Now, thanks to the Communists, he has thrown that possible load off his shoulders for a reason which will commend itself to multitudes of propertied farmers and of vehemently anti-red trade unionists.

It is then to be noted that the Chicago "La Follette for President Committee" contains in its list of directors the special legislative attorney of the railroad trade unions. Donald Richberg has represented the railroad trade unions in many matters and he is now representing them in Washington in the matter of their Howell-Barkley bill for reorganizing the relations between labor and capital on railroads.

It is on the failure of Congress to legislate for the railroad trade unionists and on the failure of Congress to legislate for the farmers that the La Follette candidacy will especially rely for votes in large masses this fall.

Carl Vrooman, who used to be Assistant Secretary of Agriculture under Woodrow Wilson and who is a good Democrat but who owns quite a few farms in Illinois, has publicly said in Washington that unless the Democrats this year put up a man for President who seems likely to have the will and skill to help the farmers, why, the farmers, including himself, will start looking for a presidential candidate outside the ranks of both old parties.

Attention accordingly gets shifted to the convention of the Conference for Progressive Political Action to be held

at Cleveland on July 4. At this convention Mr. Richberg's clients, the railroad trade unions, will be the principal hosts, and no Communists will be either hosts or guests. This convention will be only tentatively and potentially and futuristically a third-party convention. It will be thoroughly sympathetic with La Follette's policy of operating through the two old existing parties except in specific localities and for specific offices where and when the opportunity for doing so has ceased.

The July 4 Cleveland convention will not, it is thought, have ideas or methods embarrassing to the La Follette for President Committee in Chicago. The notes coming through the progressive ether now are not of any new heaven and new earth but of a presidential candidacy based on one given human personal record and backed primarily by the specific grievances of two given classes.

Our Navy at Work

By BENJAMIN C. MARSH

IS it an accident that the departments of State, War, and Navy are housed under one roof in our national capital?

Hoping to get some light on the subject I wrote Secretary of State Hughes two years and a half ago (to be exact, September 8, 1921) asking if he could inform me what concessions Americans had secured since the European War broke out—particularly in China and Asia Minor. Early in October Mr. Alvey A. Adee, second Assistant Secretary of State, replied, citing a long list of publications bearing on the subject, but stating:

On account of the unsettled political status of various portions of the former Turkish Empire and in view of the unadjudicated nature of various concessionary claims it would not seem possible or appropriate at this time to make any statement regarding concessions which may be claimed to have been granted, confirmed, or recognized since the armistice.

The Navy Department takes just the reverse attitude.

The office of Naval Intelligence in October, 1922, published a pamphlet of 154 pages, "The United States Navy as an Industrial Asset" with the subtitle "What the Navy Has Done for Industry and Commerce." It frankly answers the question "Should we protect our investors abroad?" with an affirmative as big as the navy. A few quotations will suffice to show this.

The navy's role as a stabilizer for our trade in unsettled regions is much less understood than that of giving physical protection. . . .

A large percentage of the Turkish tobacco used in the cigarettes made in this country is obtained in the vicinity of Samsun, and the American tobacco companies represented there depend practically entirely on the moral effect of having an American man-of-war in port to have their tobacco released for shipment.

And, without a smile breaking out from the type:

One destroyer is kept continuously at Samsun, Turkey, to look after the American tobacco interests at that port.

The Navy Department is extremely generous in correcting misinformation which exists in the minds of us ignorant landlubbers. Under date of April 16 of this year, Lieutenant W. F. Dietrich, Information Section, Navy Department, sending me copies of speeches made by naval officers, and the pamphlet quoted above, wrote:

Contrary to the misinformation under which you are laboring, you will find that instead of the navy developing commercial opportunities for American financiers it has protected and furthered the interests of all Americans doing business on foreign shores.

Only nine days later an Assistant Secretary of State wrote me:

In reply to your inquiry with reference to Persia, it may be stated that the Department has been informed that a contract was signed by representatives of the Persian Government with the Sinclair Exploration Oil Company, which relates to the granting to that company of a concession in northern Persia. The Department has not been informed that any such concession has yet been ratified by the Persian Parliament. The Department is not informed with reference to the granting to American citizens of any concessions relating to commercial and industrial railway undertakings in Persia.

The Department has no data which show the total present investments of Americans abroad and does not have the information from which such data could be compiled, since Americans do not necessarily inform the Department of their foreign holdings.

Admiral Robert E. Coontz, chief of Naval Operators, said to the National Association of Manufacturers at a meeting in New York City, May 9, 1922:

Our foreign policies are as strong as our fleet and no stronger. . . . Americans have large oil interests in Rumania, and these are protected by our naval forces. . . . It is only the ships of the navy that keep the doors open to foreign markets. . . . The result of this whole West Indian patrol so safeguards our trade in the Caribbean that bananas in certain Central American countries can be sold on the fruit stands in New York cheaper than apples which grow in our very back-yards.

Admiral Coontz asks:

If we spend \$300,000,000 a year on the navy and thereby maintain an open market throughout the world for eight billion dollars' worth of exports, is that not a good investment?

Well, in 1920 exports were just over \$8,228,000,000 and in 1923 only \$4,167,000,000—about half as much. If the navy was worth an appropriation of \$300,000,000 in 1920, was it worth only \$150,000,000 for maintenance in 1923? Should we fire admirals in the navy when exports fall off?

A few days after we entered the World War the Government took \$400,000,000 out of the Treasury of the United States and deposited it in the bank of J. Pierpont Morgan. The day we went into the war the British Government had overdrawn its bank account with the Morgan bank \$400,000,000.

Senator Shipstead of Minnesota recently said in a speech on the floor of the United States Senate:

How much more paper of foreign governments was held in the banks and trust companies affiliated with the Morgan group at that time we have not been informed. But I believe it is reasonable to assume that so many American dollars have found their way to the European battlefields in the shape of war contracts that about \$40,000,000,000, 4,000,000 men, and the American flag had to be sent over to protect them. In other words, these loans formed a financial entanglement that later became a political entanglement, which finally led us into the war.

In the World War we "protected" American investors abroad. Shall we do it again?

A Communication The Pioneer Youth of America

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What may ultimately prove more significant for America even than the formation of a third party is the modest beginning of a movement to be called the Pioneer Youth of America. This movement having its origin in labor circles seeks to give boys and girls all that is best in the programs of Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, and similar organizations. But with this difference: the new organization definitely and avowedly stands for loyalty to peace rather than war or preparation for war, for the ideal of a fellowship of free human beings rather than the regimentation of 100 per cent Americans.

In suggesting these contrasts I do not want to seem unfair to existing organizations or to minimize the amount of fine human feeling and intelligent devotion to the personal development of boys and girls that they contain. But consider the matter as it appears to the thoughtful worker.

His boy goes to an overcrowded public school; he becomes so much raw material for the educational machine which seeks to turn out standardized Americans. For recreation and a chance at outdoor life the boy joins the Scouts. His leader is, generally speaking, a first-rate chap, blissfully ignorant of, if not prejudiced against, the labor movement and its heroic history in the uplift of the slaves of the machine. He is likewise without any real knowledge of, or sympathy with, the conditions of the boy's life. Only in the vaguest way can he help his troop correlate the standardized Scout program with the world about them. He wants to help the boys get ahead after the approved standards of the *American Magazine*; he wants them to be patriotic according to the common notion of patriotism, which makes it more vitally a war than a peace virtue. That this is not a harsh characterization of the Scout movement appears from a letter sent out not long ago over the signature of Franklin D. Roosevelt, president of the Boy Scouts Foundation of Greater New York. The occasion of his appeal was the investigation of eleven-year-old Leo Granoff by the New York Bomb Squad. Leo was suspected of the crime of being an ardent young Communist, but not even the Bomb Squad was able to make him out a menace to America. Mr. Roosevelt used Leo as a text on the need of Boy Scout leaders to counteract "the effect of anarchist [sic] propaganda" to which "thousands" of boys "will succumb" just as "did Leo." That is, the Boy Scouts is fundamentally an anti-radical agency.

Now in contradistinction to this the Pioneer Youth of America does not seek to turn out just so many standardized young radicals and young labor unionists. It does seek to give the children of the workers their rightful heritage of understanding and respect for creation rather than acquisition and to impart to them the thrill of labor's struggle for its own emancipation and a better world.

Already the Pioneer Youth of America has been officially indorsed by the international conventions of the Fur Workers and the Ladies Garment Workers; the brotherhood of Firemen and Oilers has contributed \$100, and a long list of New York City labor organizations have shown active interest. Out of union men and women and educators the executive committee has been created. Several settlement and church houses and union headquarters have been offered as homes for the new groups and an active campaign for the discovery, selection, and training of leaders is under way. The first considerable beginning will be made with the opening, this summer, of camps for boys and girls at Manumit Farm, Pawling, New York.

In the control of this new organization as large use as possible will be made of self-government within the units. The

National Association for Child Development, under which the organization of the Pioneer Youth is proceeding, welcomes parents and friends of children as individual members.

It will be aided in this effort if friendly readers of this article who are interested in this new educational movement will get in touch with the secretary of the National Association for Child Development, Mr. Joshua Libermann, Room 625, 799 Broadway, New York City.

New York City, May 27

NORMAN THOMAS

In the Driftway

IT is evident that unless the age of machinery is to be a complete failure it must invent some decided improvement on the Pullman sleeping-car. The Drifter, after three consecutive nights on these unhappy methods of transportation, would cheerfully trade every Pullman in the United States for a good strong elastic band or what have you. For three nights he has retired, with contortions hardly possible to any but a trained gymnast, in a carefully sealed coffin. He has been surrounded by snoring men, whispering women, and squeaking children. (He has no animus against these persons, whom he regards solely as fellow-sufferers in torture.) And whenever slumber, by one of nature's miracles, seemed imminent, the devilishly ingenious little device in which his clothes were expected quietly to swing would slap fearfully against the window, and all would be lost again.

* * * * *

OF the indignity of climbing into a second-story coffin and not descending therefrom until a step-ladder is hung on a rail by a disinterested second person the Drifter will not speak. Enough that he must crouch on his haunches on the ground floor and watch his fellow-men, who by their lack of ability in climbing obviously prove the anti-Darwinians right, ascend and descend to and from their airy perches. For the porter, the guardian of these Pullman destinies, the Drifter has only sympathy. He, humble servant of a powerful taskmaster, cannot help doling out blankets that weigh a ton and have not a shred of warmth; it is not his fault that the pillows are slightly depressible cubes, on which a man can rest only when the train is not stopping or starting, and from which his head rolls horribly into a deep decline which almost separates it forever from its neck. No, the porter must not be blamed; if he keeps the windows closed tight and the steam on full, it is doubtless under pain of death.

* * * * *

WHEN he has caught up a little on his sleep, the Drifter may be disposed to answer the question which will naturally be put to him; namely, Why not stay at home? He has often thought of that alternative. But long experience has taught him that it is useless, when stern necessity demands he leave his own bed and board, to attempt evading the Pullman. He has tried the day coach and has been submerged in a sea of banana skins and bread crusts; in the chair cars a fog of gentility blinds him. There is no happy solution for the problem and will not be until space has been annihilated. When that glad day arrives, he will drift peaceably from city to city without having to be taken. His feet will carry him short distances and his wish long ones. The Pullman cars will be cast into the Grand Canyon along with Mr. F. P. Adams's discarded razor blades, and sleep will be both wooed and won.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Shall We Restrict the Courts?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Please accept the ardent thanks of this subscriber for printing the series of three valuable articles on the courts in *The Nation*.

New York, May 17

FLORENCE KELLEY,
General Secretary, National Consumers' League

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am very anxious that every lawyer in the United States read the splendid articles on remaking the Supreme Court in *The Nation*, and thus let many of them get acquainted with a real journal. To this end I am willing to contribute a reasonable sum if I can get a few other lawyers to join me in the task of sending this series to American lawyers.

Cincinnati, May 12

NICHOLAS KLEIN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is of course an error to contend that certain of the framers of the Constitution did not comprehend the power vested by that document in the Supreme Court. The reply of Gouverneur Morris to one who congratulated him on the excellence of the Constitution affords some proof in that direction. He replied in effect that all depended upon how it was construed. The writer, however, will venture the suggestion that had the people of that day been able to visualize the growth of federal power under that instrument it would never have been adopted.

To the average man the new federal government meant merely an agency for correcting the currency, settling the question of import and export duties between the States, and conducting the foreign affairs of the new union.

Blackstone states that in every constitution a power exists which controls without being controlled, whose decisions are supreme. On the face of our Constitution this sovereign power rests with the States or the people. In reality it resides in a close oligarchy of nine men appointed by one branch of the federal government and confirmed by another.

It is idle to contend that a body with such power and so constituted would long continue as the defender of the rights of the States against the encroachments of the federal government. John Randolph of Roanoke was the only one of our earlier statesmen, aside from certain of the framers, who realized the real character of the Constitution, but he was considered as a half-crazed sort of Cassandra, and his warnings went unheeded.

Washington, D. C., May 6

J. L. ELDRIDGE,
Grand President, Railroad Yardmasters of America

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Warren thinks that the people could not effect an amendment to the Constitution removing the authority of the Supreme Court over congressional enactments without destroying our federal form of government. He is mistaken. In the first place the Supreme Court admits that the Constitution does not give it such power. It has conceded, in every case since 1803, that the authority vested in it by the Constitution, Article III, Sections 1 and 2, is limited to the interpretation and application of laws of Congress. It has never claimed more than a practical authority to disregard a particular law of Congress in a particular case submitted to its jurisdiction; and it has always based that practical authority on the mere opinion of the majority of five against the minority of four justices that otherwise justice could not be accorded to

the plaintiff. Therefore, as far as constitutional authority is concerned, there is no need of an amendment to remove it, because it never existed. If the Supreme Court will not voluntarily amend its own procedure, there may be need of a constitutional amendment to nullify the practical authority of that court to disregard a congressional enactment in the future.

However, it is plain from the foregoing that such an amendment would not interfere with the Constitution itself, and would not in any way whatsoever upset our federal form of government. Moreover, such an amendment may be necessary to give our citizens confidence in the stability of federal law. This is far more important than providing in some way for possible errors of Congress, especially since the President, with the whole people behind him, could easily force any session of Congress to rescind a possibly obnoxious law at any time. Further, the Supreme Court is neither infallible nor impeccable, as history clearly proves. Why try to give it an irresponsible domination over another branch of the federal government, which the Constitution places on an equal plane with it in correlative functioning?

Mr. Warren asserts that opposition to the power of the Supreme Court over congressional acts evinces ignorance of the history of this country. He says that when Justice Marshall rendered his famous decision in 1803 he expressed a view which had been prevalent from the beginning. Why not tell just what that view was? Why not inform his readers that Justice Marshall declared unconstitutional an attempt to give to the Supreme Court original jurisdiction in other cases than those prescribed in the Constitution? Moreover, why confound the constitutional power of the Supreme Court over State legislation with its assumed power over federal legislation since Marshall's time? Besides, the controversies before and after the framing of the Constitution may be interesting. They are well treated by Bryce in his "Studies in History and Jurisprudence." But they are entirely apart from the fact of the written framework of the Constitution as it was formulated and ratified.

I suspect that Mr. Warren is a better historian than a constitutional lawyer. He brings up various disputes in the course of sessions of Congress about the constitutionality of proposed enactments. He refers to decisions of the Supreme Court against proceedings of Congress which were objectionable. But the point is this: one wrong never ethically rights another. If Congress slips, the Supreme Court can advise and "review" but not disregard without culpability on its own part. It makes no practical difference, as far as the stability of federal legislation is concerned, whether that court holds that a law as such is void, or whether it holds that its application in particular cases is rejected. It is time that the relations of the Supreme Court to congressional enactments be settled finally and conclusively and satisfactorily by popular initiation and agitation.

Boston, May 8

FRANCIS J. HORGAN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Warren's main conclusion—that judicial review is necessary to the federal system—seems to me unavoidable. From this conclusion it follows that the dangers to liberalism inherent in the powers of the court arise from the attempt to maintain the old balance between the States and the general government, as against the supremacy of the nation. This is another evidence of the fact that many anomalies of our common government proceed from the efforts of the United States, now a nation, to govern itself under a constitution designed for a confederation of once independent States.

Madison, Wisconsin, May 5

CURTIS NETTELS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No one attempts to deny that the Constitution is the supreme law of the land. All the Supreme Court does in these

scare-head cases is to decide and declare that some legislative enactment is inconsistent with that higher law. There does not seem to be any particular boggy-man in that.

Amherst, New Hampshire, May 21

RICHARD D. WARE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial in *The Nation* of May 21, entitled Courts or People—Which Shall Rule? you take the view that it would be desirable to supersede our present system of checks and balances, particularly as exemplified in the exercise of its powers by the Supreme Court of the United States, by a legislature to all intents and purposes supreme.

Without wasting time in discussion, let me state that until the time shall come when the voters develop a sufficiently high sense of their own civic duty to see to it that abler and less selfish men are sent to Congress as their representatives than in general seems to have been the case for many years, we are indeed fortunate that the powers of Congress are no greater than they are. We are also fortunate that we have a Supreme Court empowered to declare void any act of Congress which violates the supreme law of the land, that is, the Constitution, which after all is a charter of rights of the people.

Conservative the Supreme Court indeed may be; perhaps its decisions are not always enlightened. Its learned members are after all only human. But that the court's honor and integrity, in the rendering of its decisions, cannot be assailed few will doubt. Can the same thing be said for the spirit with which Congress attends to its work? And yet you would have the legislature supreme!

In conclusion let me suggest for your consideration the thought that the immediate problem should not be to limit the powers of the Supreme Court, but rather to arouse the voters to a better understanding of their own rights and obligations as citizens, to the end that they will elect to Congress only men of the highest caliber. Then, as day follows night, there will be fewer and better laws, and there need be little fear of court rule instead of a rule by the people.

CHARLES TROWBRIDGE TITTMANN

Washington, D. C., May 19

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If it were true, as Mr. Charles Warren asserts in the May 7 issue of *The Nation*, that the Supreme Court protects citizens against legislative encroachments on constitutionally guaranteed rights, its nullification of statutes would be defensible. But does it do this unless there is some big financial interest at stake? Twice has the court set aside legislation against child labor on the ground of State's rights. The last time it went so far as to declare an act taxing child-labor products as void because its real object was not revenue but to prohibit child labor. The same argument would apply to the 10 per cent tax on State issues of currency, but the court has not applied it, and no one thinks that it would. One cannot avoid noticing that in the child-labor case strong financial interests wanted the law set aside, while in the currency case the nation's combined financial interests favor the law.

The record of the federal courts, including the Supreme Court, in setting aside through injunction proceedings the right of trial by jury does not strengthen the claim to guardianship of constitutional rights. Even worse is the record made by the court in upholding the espionage act and conscription act, the one an act abridging freedom of speech, the other forcing into involuntary servitude in the army persons not guilty of crime. That these clear violations of the Constitution were upheld unanimously by the court shows that it is unsafe to trust with such power even a liberal like Justice Brandeis.

Baltimore, Maryland, May 4

SAMUEL DANZIGER

Texas

By WILLIAM A. NORRIS

1.

Against an unclouded sky
Is one long curve of brown sun-bitten turf,
And at the top
A bunch of cactus.

I have looked so long at this
That the sky has crept down upon the hill,
And the hill has withdrawn immeasurable distances into
the sky.

And now the cactus is a colossal creature,
Black on a far horizon,
With jointed bulbous limbs,
Stark and misshapen,
And holding motionless against the sky
The hundred daggers of its wrath.

2.

I have seen the sunset in mountain lands
Pouring its fiery wine into the deep cup of the valley.
I have seen the sunset tangled in tops of trees.
I have seen it imprisoned in a still lake.

But here it spills its flame on to flat horizons.
It spreads to the north and south,
And its edges meet in the east.
It lies around me like a hoop of fire,
Until the darkness comes, suddenly, silently,
With many stars.

Books

The President's Mind

The Price of Freedom. By Calvin Coolidge. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

THIS book is not, of course, life blood, nor is it by a master spirit, nor will it be long treasured, but it does allow one partially to enter the mind of its author. It reveals the psyche of the Chief Executive as his "Have Faith in Massachusetts" bespoke the mind of the law-and-order Governor. If style is the man one can generalize that in this instance the author is lacking in the penetrating keenness and realism which distinguish cogent and lucid thought, and that he relies heavily on college training in theme-writing for the expression of such commonplace notions as he does entertain. Words and sentences bury each other with mechanical precision, and when rhetoric is attempted turgidity is achieved. The mind that produced this book is not animated by fervid passion; it does not attain even a dull glow; it is a mind without heat and without light.

This mind rests on the two pillars of religion and morals, both of the ultra-conventional sort, and the superstructure is of second-hand timber. History is conceived of teleologically, revealing the progress of transcendental religious and moral truths to their culminating expression in American institutions and history. The history of the United States is useful as teaching by example the fundamental verities of political practice, impregnated, as it has ever been, by the two truths mentioned. The churches and the schools are the institutions which should teach the youth these truths, supplemented of course by such related notions as the origin of the Anglo-Saxon urge to free-

dom in the Teutonic folkmoot and its final fruition in the Constitution of 1787. A thorough grounding in the classics, with additional discipline in mathematics, should be provided. The aid of the social sciences is not required for the strategy of the statesman in the analysis and solution of the perplexities of contemporary problems. Ideals, particularly the American ideal of individualism, should play a large role, modified, however, by a realization that economic activity may require regulation, although always in homoeopathic doses administered with gentleness. People should be discouraged from striving too fervently for complete freedom. Law is an integral part of social morality and obedience to law is liberty, for "complete freedom means complete obedience to law." Obedience should be inculcated from the cradle and maintained to the grave—"More and more emphasis needs to be placed on the duty of obedience." "Law and order" appear to be the law of the police court and the order of Judge Gary. Things as they are may be faulty, but they are not as bad as they might be, and a recognition of their good points is the best policy—"There is no place for the cynic or the pessimist." Never recognize progress until it has been accomplished, and "the law of progress is the law of obedience." "The most pressing requirement of the present hour is not how we are to solve our economic problems," but it is to search for the eternal realities, to "justify the existing form of government in our republic," to teach patriotism, and to make impressive the necessity for "service of sacrifice." Radicals are wasters and are all advocating reforms proved false by the past experience of the race. "The great principles of life do not change; they are permanent and well-known."

In short, a blue-print of a ubiquitous, conservative mind, with none of the erudition or the mellow urbanity of a Balfour or a Milner or a Nicholas Murray Butler. There is nowhere betrayed an elementary knowledge of economics, sociology, social psychology, culture-history, or even a realistic view of politics. The complexities of contemporary industrialism are brushed aside in passing. The economic principles which served to balance the budget of a parsimonious New England family are adequate to cope with exigencies of federal and international finance. There is not the slightest recognition of the relativity of truth. The vapidness of the conception of history is painful. And the lack of application of the dissociative technic to the words "religious" and "spiritual" (they are used as synonyms indifferently) and "ideals" is evidence of the loose thinking everywhere the rule. Mr. Coolidge's educational equipment appears to be the product of a laborious and conscientious, if rather naive and wooden absorption of the more formal instruction dispensed at Amherst in 1895. But he seems to have failed signally in acquiring the subtle and discriminating insight into political realities possessed by Professor Anson D. Morse, the critical spirit and dialectical acumen manifested by Professor Charles E. Garman, or the careful and painstaking analysis of socio-economic problems insisted upon by John Bates Clark. Subsequent *wissenschaftliche Ausbildung* apparently has been derived from the *Christian Herald*, apothegms of Dr. Frank Crane, and the editorials of the *Hampshire Gazette* and the *Springfield Union*. All that one finds, in short, is a mediocre mind fed by an arid culture.

On politics and politicians Mr. Coolidge is the reverse of realistic. All of his addresses are of figures supernaturally inspired by an invincible moral and religious idealism, and hovering over the rest of mankind in an ethereal void—McKinley, Roosevelt, Lincoln, Washington, Hamilton, and Andrew Carnegie alike. "We see in great men a brighter gleam of the Infinite." "It is only when men begin to worship that they begin to grow." But adoration blunts the edge of criticism, and the monotonous repetition of eulogy quickly brings into operation the law of diminishing returns. All of these notables contributed to a more complete triumph of the American spirit,

conceived of as analyzed above, all are men of superior genius, all are conservative, and we realize why "The old American spirit lives again in President Harding." It is significant that the figure Mr. Coolidge is suspicious of is Jefferson. Of Grant's unfortunate, if nothing more, naivete nothing is said, for the scandals are not mentioned. Of Lincoln: "He was not radical, but a conservative. . . . What an answer he is to all those who would tear down." Hamilton's chief contribution was to advocate "The principle of integrity in governmental affairs." Of McKinley: "His genius, his greatness elude us." And of the others his remarks are equally cogent. Mr. Coolidge believes that "no one doubts that the delegates to the Paris Conference were inspired by that noble ideal," the ideal of securing new guaranties of peace, and that "the chief element in [the World War] was a contest between forms of government." (Uttered May 30, 1923.) At least he says he does. The book is, in brief, one which will make an intelligent reader sick at heart, but one which will furnish excerpts for a cleverly edited campaign pamphlet that might well earn for the author a million votes among "the homely folk" who make up the backbone of the nation and who quite rightly feel that Calvin is one of them.

In early New England men of Mr. Coolidge's type made excellent selectmen, but, contrary to the opinion of estimable people, ability of that order does not qualify the owner for so complex and important a position as that of President of the United States in the twentieth century. There is appositeness in quoting words out of his own mouth: "Innocence is not enough in the administration of public affairs."

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Stable Money

Monetary Reform. By John Maynard Keynes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

ENGLAND is enjoying a first-class debate on monetary theory. Professor Cannan and the Londoners are urging that the way to make prices stable is to control currency and let credit go, while Mr. Keynes and his Cambridge associates are maintaining that the real way to turn the trick is to manage credit, and let currency take care of itself. The London group are fighting a rear-guard action, but of course they are clad in the mantle of financial respectability that has always covered the nakedness of the advocates of "sound money." Since sound money disappeared in the flames of war, however, almost any kind of monetary theorist is good enough for Europe, provided his theory offers promise of stable prices. Mr. Keynes's new book is a fairly simple argument, essentially sound, for a "managed" currency system based on the control of credit.

He first shows how inflation cheats the investing class, to the advantage of the business class, and, as he maintains—mistakenly, I believe—of the organized workers. Then he shows that inflation is the unfailing resource of hard-pressed governments. For hundreds of years, in fact, ever since money was invented, the necessities of governments and the political power of debtors have led to a progressive depreciation of the money unit. The war has but written the latest chapter of the story. Inflation is a device whereby peoples prevent the *rentier* from absorbing more than a certain due proportion of the social income.

What then is to be done now, with nearly every monetary unit in the world gone hopelessly to smash—deflate or devalue? Soberly considering the evils involved in each policy, Mr. Keynes comes out squarely, without any wringing of hands over the morals of it, for devaluation as of course the only possible policy for most countries. Having got out of the present mess in that way, what then?

As between stable internal prices and an attempt to maintain stable foreign exchanges, Mr. Keynes is unhesitatingly for the former—a wise choice. Regarding the stability of prices, credit, and employment as of paramount importance, as indeed it is, he feels no confidence that an old-fashioned gold standard would give even such stability as existed before the war. He likewise rejects Mr. Hawtrey's suggestion of a new gold standard managed jointly with the United States, because it would make England too dependent on the Federal Reserve Board, of whose wisdom and power Mr. Keynes is not unjustly a bit skeptical. His own solution is remarkably like that urged by Foster and Catchings for the United States. He would have the British Treasury and the Bank of England by joint action control the money supply through the buying and selling of securities and the manipulation of the bank rate. Such a solution will be anathema to those ante-bellum theorists who still cling to the superstition that there is some magic, self-regulating virtue in the gold standard, and to their lineal descendants who believe that the amount of currency automatically determines prices. On the other hand, that body of theorists who have learned the bitter lesson taught by the war, and who have discovered the causative force of bank credit in the business cycle, will welcome Mr. Keynes's book as a courageous attempt to apply practically the principles of monetary value that are at last becoming clear even to the stupid. Our efforts to leave the regulation of the money supply in the hands of a beneficent Providence have issued in flat failure. If governments and central banks between them have not intelligence enough and character enough to maintain a stable price level, then our capitalistic organization of industry will go to the dogs and will deserve to. But Mr. Keynes, like the whole new school of dynamic economic theorists, thinks better of our modern intelligence than that. He believes that we are learning, and that we shall solve our problems by using our brains. At any rate, his book points out the direction in which we must go.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Two Sophisticates

Prancing Nigger. By Ronald Firbank. Introduction by Carl Van Vechten. Brentano's. \$2.

Green Shoots. By Paul Morand. Preface by Marcel Proust. Introduction by A. B. Walkley. Thomas Seltzer. \$1.75.

RONALD FIRBANK, introduced by Carl Van Vechten as the only contemporary writer with a really light touch, has indeed produced a little tale entirely *sui generis* and with a flavor undeniably intriguing if undoubtedly "high." To Mr. Van Vechten I am indebted for the whole of my knowledge of this author but his first "slender" volume (1905) was, so I learn, "bound in gray wrappers, stamped in gold" and was also issued in "a tall paper edition, limited to *ten copies*, bound in vellum"; moreover, at least one of his works was illustrated by Felicien Rops, and these facts are not without significance. They seem to place him among those who consciously write for the few, producing highly spiced plates for the more knowing of literary gourmets, and such he is.

An elegant searcher after flamboyant decoration and highly piquant sauces, he deliberately betook himself to the British West Indies in search of material, and this story of a Negro banana grower and his wife, who leave their hut in the country to seek social advantages for their daughter in the metropolis, is the result. Now the *fausse ingénue* is notoriously the most piquant of characters, and no ignorance was ever less innocent than that of the melting daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mouth who, grown plump and languishing in voluptuous idleness, was ignorant of nothing which concerns the tender passion except clothes and the other civilized devices by which it is made more elabo-

rate and perverse. Mr. Firbank leads her and her family across the savannahs, languid with heat and sleepy with the odor of voluptuous flowers, to the town of Cuna-Cuna, where the simplicity of the savage meets in the cafe, the dance hall, and the opera house with the corruption of civilization and manners are at once naive and decadent. With genuine humor and the utter sophisticate's thorough relish of the delicately scabrous, Mr. Firbank tells the story of their adventures there and he makes of it something utterly exotic, utterly fascinating, and, it must be admitted, utterly depraved—something as simple and as corrupt as "Daphnis and Chloe." Perhaps there is in the tropics a fruit which like the medlar, beloved of Elizabethan poets, is not ripe until it is rotten; if so its flavor must be very like that of "Prancing Nigger."

Paul Morand, who is taken very seriously indeed by Marcel Proust, is no less "civilized" than Mr. Firbank in his purely aesthetic attitude toward life but he is, I believe, younger and hence he can still find a land of unreal color closer home. A young Frenchman, who was a student at Oxford and who passed some of the early war years in London, he there discovered or imagined a Bohemia extraordinary enough and careless enough to intrigue his fancy, and he has described the adventures, comic and sentimental, of his sophisticated soul. A. B. Walkley, who shares with Proust the task of introduction, is somewhat amazed at the London described, contenting himself when the question of verisimilitude is concerned with a shrugging "perhaps." With like incredulity one may wonder if the originals of the three feminine portraits presented were really so remarkable. One suspects that, seen through eyes less determined to find the baffling, this collector of antiquities, this mysterious widow, and this sensational dancer might seem less unusual; but no doubt it does not matter. Mr. Morand has a personal and charming style and a very pretty talent at analyzing complexities, even if he does invent them first, so that when one comes to a passage like the following it would be merely churlish not to cry "Bravo."

She paints her stuffs, dyes her carpets, bleaches her hair, tints her cats. Around her she has a thousand objects destined for other uses than one would suppose them, books which open into boxes, telescopic penholders, chairs which become tables, tables which transform themselves into screens, and also those innumerable surprise-box trinkets which we owe to the bad taste of the Italians and Japanese. . . . "I am planning an artificial garden," she says. . . . "One would lie down on moss of that beautiful green that only dyed moss has, warm and powdery to the touch. All round there will be flower beds of colored beads, tissue-paper flowers, and beneath oil-cloth foliage, in a cast-glass pool, the congealed frolicking of gutta serena carp."

In addition to humor, both Mr. Firbank and Mr. Morand have a very complicated sensibility, but their aesthetic attitude is without either moral or immoral enthusiasm. I should rest content with praise of their entertaining quality did not the portentousness with which their sponsors discuss their "art" give me pause. Both of the writers under discussion are intensely occupied with "style"; both produce "pure literature" without any implications for life; and hence their books will be hailed as among the important events of the season by that group of critics to whom whatever literature touches life as it is lived seems always a little vulgar. But to me, I confess, it seems that a literature so "pure" is somewhat anemic, and that really great books do come home to men's bosoms and concern themselves with their affairs. Men can write well and still have something to say, can produce art which is not above but a part of life. For such I reserve my highest admiration because they alone can be passionate, and passion alone is great. "Moral earnestness" is a terrible phrase but writers as diverse as Anatole France, D. H. Lawrence, H. L. Mencken, and Aldous Huxley have it; and what important writer has not? The lit-

erature of escape is still but a minor affair, whether it escape into a nurse-maid's paradise or transport the most impeccable aesthete into a far region of art whither the prayers and curses of his fellow-men never penetrate.

J. W. KRUTCH

Greek Feminism

Feminism in Greek Literature from Homer to Aristotle. By F. A. Wright. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

MR. WRIGHT'S book has all of the vices and some of the virtues of the brilliant scholar, Verrall, whose influence is evident in nearly all recent classical scholarship in England. The vices arise from too ardent a desire to bring the Greeks and Romans into line with modern problems; the virtues spring from a keen sensitiveness to the human side of ancient literature. And like the others of the Verrall tradition, Mr. Wright seeks to establish Euripides as the center of his effort to adjust the classics to modern interests, because the great dramatist's exploitation of the emotional side of life makes him seem to the present generation the most human of ancient writers. Almost any program of spiritual liberation or of social reform can be foisted upon him with some show of plausibility, on the basis of the compassion he arouses for all kinds of human suffering.

The many-sidedness of Euripides and his dramatic imagination are cleverly utilized by this school of interpreters. Passages that are not altogether at variance with the apostolic critic's views are exhibited as the key to the poet's message on the particular problem which the critic has taken as his thesis, while the plot and other evidence which disallow or even contradict this interpretation are dismissed by the ingenious explanation that these are the concessions Euripides was forced to make to the "existing order." The poet's weakness in plot construction, wherein improbabilities are more frequent than is usual even in Greek drama, is regarded as an intentional *reductio ad absurdum* of sacred stories, designed to undermine the faith of the populace in traditional religion and ethics.

Such critical technique as this would be called into play to prove Shakespeare favorable to the Volstead amendment on the basis of Sir Toby's behavior in "Much Ado About Nothing," or Rostand to pacifism because of Roxane's sufferings in "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Mr. Wright's thesis is feminism. Ostensibly he is reviewing Greek literature from Homer to Aristotle with a view to finding the estimation in which woman is held at different times and in different writers. Really he is trying to prove the assertion of his introduction "that the Greek world perished from one main cause, a low ideal of womanhood and a degradation of women which found expression both in literature and in social life," and to make it clear that his favorite authors, particularly Euripides, set themselves against this current and tried to stem it. For the first position not one scintilla of evidence is adduced save detailed illustration of the generally acknowledged fact that in the main woman was held in low esteem in Greece. That *post hoc* does not necessarily mean *propter hoc* appears never to occur to him. Moreover, he attributes this low position to the spread of false ideas about women from Ionia to Athens and from Athens to the rest of Greece, ignoring the economic and other forces which were powerful factors in determining woman's social status.

The second aim of Mr. Wright, that of exonerating his favorite authors from implication in this disgraceful chapter of Greek history, has Euripides as its storm center. From him the other feminists are supposed to derive their inspiration. Chronology, to be sure, forbade arraying Homer and Sappho under the Euripidean banner. Mr. Wright, however, admires their poetry sufficiently to make him wish to give them a clean bill of health and this he achieves in the case of Homer by the expurgation of all extended erotic episodes, as well as of those which represent Hera, mistress of heaven, as quarrelsome; in

the case of Sappho by gallantly challenging the traditions which cast aspersions upon her fair name, traditions which certainly have slender foundation, though not more slender than other supposed knowledge concerning her life.

The transformation of Euripides, traditionally known as "woman hater," into arch-feminist is accomplished by the technique above described. The chief members of the coterie which gathered around him and derived inspiration from his ideas Mr. Wright believes were Socrates, Xenophon, Aristophanes, and their friends. Plato, usually cited as the chief advocate of woman's intellectual and political enfranchisement, is hardly admitted by Mr. Wright to membership in the group because the women of his Utopia, though freed from enslavement to individual husbands, still, like other property, belonged to the state. Mr. Wright might have found more cogent reasons than this for doubting the feminism of Socrates and Xenophon. As for Aristophanes, the *tour de force* by which the comedian whose ribald satire of women's aspirations to independence has sent peals of laughter down the ages is dragged into the camp of his enemies is an astonishing piece of literary interpretation. It is soberly asserted that "most of Aristophanes's obscenity is an empty parade made necessary by the conditions of the Attic stage which Aristophanes himself in the course of his career rendered obsolete." On this basis it is assumed that the social movement most flagrantly travestied in the comedies, feminism, and two of the individuals most mercilessly satirized, Socrates and Euripides, were particularly dear to Aristophanes's heart.

While Aristophanes and Euripides figure in Mr. Wright's pages as the chief friends of women, Sophocles, the creator of that galaxy of noble heroines, Antigone, Electra, Tecmessa, and Deianeira, is regarded as hostile to woman's aspirations toward a larger life.

The book illustrates once more the futility of the effort to waken interest in the classics by exaggerating their bearing upon modern problems. Ancient literature must stand or fall by its own beauty and significance, not by values borrowed from a world alien to it.

CLARA M. SMERTENKO

A Romance of Science

Pierre Curie. By Marie Curie. Translated by Charlotte and Vernon Kellogg. The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.

THE life of the Curies is the outstanding romance in the brief epoch of science. Drawn to each other by their common interest in the search for truth they shared privations, hardships, and hopes. Their discovery of radium proved the most sensational event in the history of chemistry. It revolutionized basic concepts and made the alchemists' dream of transmuting elements a scientific reality.

They were pioneers, this slim Polish girl who came to Paris for her studies in the early nineties, and the tall auburn-haired student, eight years her senior. "He described to me his days, filled with work, and his dream of an existence entirely devoted to science. . . . We were married in the simplest way. I wore no unusual dress . . . only a few friends present." And they continued to live in the simplest way, spending their days and often their evenings in the laboratory. This was an abandoned store-room, a wooden shed with a leaky roof, without hoods to carry off the poisonous and irritating gases released by the experiments, the bitter cold of winter only a little lessened by a small iron stove. Here they worked unaided.

It was exhausting [Mme Curie writes] to move about the great containers filled with liquids. . . . Sometimes I had to spend a whole day mixing a boiling mass with a heavy iron rod nearly as large as myself. I would be broken with fatigue at the day's end. Other days, on the contrary, the work would be a most minute and delicate fractional crystallization in the effort to concentrate and

purify the product when the floating particles of coal and iron would be a serious handicap.

Often their luncheon consisted of a cup of tea partaken at their task. Yet over these material difficulties their ardor triumphed.

Recognition from Paul Curie's fellow-countrymen came slowly. In 1903 he was offered the Legion of Honor, which he declined in these words: "I do not in the least feel the need of a decoration, but I do feel the greatest need for a laboratory." This need was not filled until too late. In 1906 when the reward he craved—the opportunity to devote all his time to research—seemed in sight, he was struck by a truck and killed.

Upon his wife devolved not only the care and education of their two children, the younger of whom was but two years old, but the carrying on of their work for mankind. The mechanical handicaps continued. She too declined the Legion of Honor for the same reason as her husband. Like every true scientist she steadfastly refused to commercialize her great contributions to humanity. The Nobel prize award in 1911 helped Mme Curie's personal budget somewhat, but the equipping of a modern laboratory still languished. France's failure to make adequate provision for her most distinguished and useful scientist will always be an unmitigated reproach.

Then came the war and under its pressure radium-therapy received a new impetus. Four years Mme Curie and her elder daughter spent close to the firing-line and in the emergency hospitals. There she learned "to hate the very idea of war. It ought to be sufficient," she writes, "to see once what I have seen so many times, all through these years."

The epilogue of the Curie story concerns America. An American, Mrs. William Brown Meloney, editor of the *Delineator*, deeply moved by the irony of finding the savior of so many lives a simple woman with roughened hands "working in an inadequate laboratory and living in a simple apartment on the meager pay of a French professor," wrote a new and stirring chapter in international cooperation. Among American women she raised a fund of \$100,000 to purchase one gramme of radium for its discoverer, which neither the French Government nor the French public had found a way to do. Mme Curie came to America to receive it, bringing her two daughters on the first real vacation of her life. Here scientific societies delighted to honor her, universities showered her with degrees, everywhere she was acclaimed and feted. The President of the United States, in the name of America's women, delivered their gift to the foremost scientist of their sex.

Marie Curie's life of her husband, together with much autobiographical material, as presented to the American public, suffers needlessly at the hands of its translators who transcribe from the French such phrases as "he definitely quitted the school," and "the train rested immovable," and whose rendering is uniformly stodgy. The romance and achievement of the Curies, however, like the element which they discovered, is radiant.

ERNEST GRUENING

The Library and the Community

The American Public Library. By Arthur E. Bostwick. Third edition, revised and enlarged. D. Appleton and Company. \$3.

TWO or three generations ago public libraries were few and rather constrained in their activities, but it was nevertheless possible to point to certain fairly obvious results of the presence, and use, of their books.

A community of 450,000, which consumes yearly 140 million newspapers, is a different community from what it was when it consumed a few thousand only. And an institution which was mildly helpful then will be only negligible now unless it adopts methods of administration that make it affect its larger

community. Formerly—and largely still—a library was content to gather books and make them easily accessible to the public. But now, before the public even approaches with interest these easily accessible books it has been deluged with print, has waded through print, has been influenced by headlines, true news, false news, and doctored news until it enjoys a degree of sophistication of which our ancestors of two or three generations ago had no conception.

The amount of print produced and consumed by the people of this country is today so much greater than it was, say, fifty years ago that it puts the portion of that print which public libraries furnish in an entirely different position from that which it once occupied. This relative change in the position a public library's books now hold in the world's reading should lead to drastic changes in library management. Hence the fact that the third edition of Mr. Bostwick's "The American Public Library" does not touch upon the changes forced on our public libraries, especially within the last fifteen years, is a disappointment to those who approach it with a realization of these changes.

The book is a survey of activities in modern American libraries, New York predominating as an example especially in the descriptions of branch libraries, on account of Mr. Bostwick's experience as chief of circulation in that city. As its preface indicates, it is "a succinct record of facts put into readable shape" and a "bird's-eye view of library economy." It is concerned to a considerable extent with technique, but this it treats from the standpoint of the lecturer rather than from that of the instructor, with intention to convey a knowledge of what is done, not with an attempt to teach how it is done.

While I agree with Mr. Bostwick on many points, I note a few omissions. No method of keeping pamphlets other than in envelopes filed vertically is described, though a short chapter could have been given to the importance and the technique of handling such loose material. Maps are mentioned only as accessories to reference work, though in at least one large library many are dissected, mounted on single sheets of linen, folded, enveloped, and lent as books. No mention is made of other Wilson publications than the Readers' Guide. In regard to the connection between museums and libraries, no account is given of lending collections issued to teachers and others, a practice quite successfully carried out in one of our libraries for some years. And several recent books and articles written by librarians on the new type of museums are not added to the bibliography. The only statement referring to useful museums quoted is that of an English librarian made in 1903. The growth and activities of the Special Libraries Association since 1909 is not recorded and certain references have not been brought to date. Some recognized time-savers, of use particularly to new libraries, are not mentioned.

Mr. Bostwick ignores certain well-known differences of opinion which exist between librarians on matters of theory. Yearly inventories, which he considers obligatory, are thought wasteful by others, who hold that money needed for direct service and book purchase produces merely negative statistics when used for inventories. This conclusion does not condemn inventory-taking per se but would make it an occasional sorrow instead of an annual duty. No inventory keeps a book from being walked off with; it often incites to restrictions, and restricted books are only half alive. Whether library buildings of the future will be built as community clubhouses with provisions for drama and the movies is a doubtful and not, to all, a desirable prophecy; and the suggestion of sound-proof concert chambers accompanying reference collections of music also meets with strong opposition. Standardization of training of library workers and censorship are subjects too large and too lightly touched upon by Mr. Bostwick to call for discussion here; though one may say that the necessity for reading "from cover to cover" all but a very few novels before purchase is a pronouncement to which some librarians are far from signatory.

JOHN COTTON DANA

Labors of the Sun

Eclipses of the Sun. By S. A. Mitchell. Columbia University Press. \$3.85.

SINCE Queen Dido's bard sang to Aeneas and his companions the story of the moon and the "labors" of the sun, eclipses have appealed to popular interest. Professor Mitchell's book on this favorite theme is welcome, not only to the astronomer but to the layman.

Probably not more than one person in a thousand has ever seen a total solar eclipse. Mr. Mitchell has successfully observed four, each time as a member of an expedition from the United States Naval Observatory. The "labors" of the astronomer may be realized when we read that he has traveled 40,000 miles and obtained less than eleven minutes for making scientific observations.

The historical review of eclipse observations, covering a period of more than four thousand years, is told with poetic allusion and stray bits of humor. Beginning with the earliest recorded eclipse in Chinese annals, the account is brought down to the latest developments. Little by little has been added to our knowledge, but the greatest progress has been made since photography has largely superseded eye observations. Mr. Mitchell describes more particularly the eclipses of 1900, 1901, 1905, and 1918, which he observed, relating his experiences in Sumatra, Spain, and America, in graphic detail. We feel that we are in the field with him, sharing the alternation of hope and fear as to clouds on the eventful day, and finally glimpse the sublimity of the spectacle. It seems strange, however, that no mention is made in the book of "shadow-bands" among eclipse phenomena.

Mr. Mitchell's work has been chiefly with the "flash spectrum," which occurs at the instant when the moon is just covering or uncovering the sun. From his photographs he finds the heights of the different vapors in the solar atmosphere. He devotes two chapters to the corona, that pearly crown surrounding the eclipsed sun, and an enigma to astronomers. It is a very able presentation of our knowledge about this mysterious appendage to the sun. Among other theories of its cause, he advances one of his own. He supposes that vast numbers of electrons, discharged from the sun, impinge on atoms in the coronal region. The energy transformed according to recent researches can easily give rise to light and the other phenomena noted.

The book is really a treatise on the sun. Indeed, the whole subject is so related to progress in physical science that the author has felt free to introduce chapters on the spectroscope, the structure of the atom, and the importance of ionization, as well as an exposition of the Einstein theory. They should be read by all who wish to obtain a non-technical idea of these matters. In view of the popular enthusiasm over the confirmation of Einstein's prediction at the eclipse of 1919, Mr. Mitchell's extreme judicial attitude toward the theory of relativity is disappointing, as it gives the idea of aloofness. Even the remarkably accordant results of the Lick astronomers at the Australian eclipse do not seem entirely convincing to him, and he cites the predicted Einstein shift in the solar spectrum as unconfirmed. Had he written since the very recent announcement of the verification of this important point by St. John of the Mount Wilson Observatory, he would doubtless have expressed himself otherwise.

Mr. Mitchell has produced a book of great interest. Astronomers will appreciate the wealth of facts and the suggestions drawn from the practical experience of the author. The general reader will find a clear, attractive, and up-to-date exposition of the knowledge acquired in the fleeting seconds of total solar eclipses.

EDWARD SKINNER KING

Books in Brief

An Anthology of Verse by American Negroes. Edited with a Critical Introduction, Biographical Sketches of the Authors, and Bibliographical Notes by Newman Ivey White and Walter Clinton Jackson. Durham, N. C.: Trinity College Press. \$2.

A valuable collection covering about the same ground as that covered by Mr. Robert T. Kerlin in his recent volume. Both books are interesting as evidence of the fact that the poetic energies of the Negro race are at present directed away from folk-rhymes to more ambitious and more serious if as yet less successful forms.

Out of Silence and Other Poems. By Arthur Davison Ficke. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

Lovely, cool verse by the accomplished author of "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter." Mr. Ficke fashions as graceful a line as is to be found in contemporary American poetry. Without conspicuous strength, he eminently succeeds by virtue of his intelligence and his purity of tone.

High Road. By Janet Ramsay. The Century Company. \$2.

The prejudice of a college professor against his son's musical career rings false. Except for this single failure to convince, however, Janet Ramsay has written a first novel which makes up in sincere and intelligent objectiveness what it lacks of twentieth-century self-consciousness. The story ends with a dramatic situation that is crystal clear, both as to plausibility and skill of treatment.

The Eyes of Max Carrados. By Ernest Bramah. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

Many detective-story writers believe, to their cost, that complexity is identical with mystery and that the grotesque is always terrible. Mr. Bramah does not once delude himself in these respects. He recounts the achievements of the blind Max Carrados with a deftness and restraint that render them at once sufficiently plausible and highly diverting.

Human Life as the Biologist Sees It. By Vernon Kellogg. Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.

This is an interesting little volume in which is presented the material given by Mr. Kellogg as Colver Lecturer at Brown University in 1921. It is sometimes thought that scientific men possess in some presumably mystic fashion a sort of super-knowledge of many of the great problems with which mortals are confronted on every hand, and concerning which the great mass of people are ignorant. When, therefore, a noted scientist makes a statement regarding one of these problems, be it in lecture or interview or book, there is usually considerable interest manifested in order to acquire the super-knowledge thus disseminated. In this volume we have a biologist telling us what he thinks about such great problems as human origin, war, heredity, death, the soul, and the future. The knowledge of the scientist in this case, however, does not appear to be of the super-variety, but rather of the more common sort which most well-educated people have.

Satan's Bushel. By Garet Garrett. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.

Mr. Garrett has written what might be described as a narrative of wheat garnished with fiction. One derives from his pages considerable illumination concerning the functioning of the wheat market, but rather little light on the human heart. Those who relish economics in story form will find "Satan's Bushel" to their taste.

International Relations Section

White Australia

By G. C. T. GILES

THE contrast in growth and development between the United States and Australia is startling. The area of the two countries is practically the same, but the population of Australia is less than 6,000,000, or not much more than one-twentieth of that of the United States.

During the last hundred years, while the population of the United States has increased from 1,000,000 to 110,000,000, the population of Australia has increased from 40,000 to 5,500,000. Only 16,000,000 acres—about 1 per cent of the whole area—are under crop as against 300,000,000 acres in the United States. Railway mileage in Australia amounts to 26,000 or less than one-tenth of the mileage in the States. In spite of a high tariff Australian manufactures are comparatively insignificant; the pastoral and agricultural industries remain Australia's chief assets.

No doubt the geographical isolation of Australia—she is distant over 12,000 miles from the chief centers of European population—has been the most important reason for her slow development. Climatic and physical handicaps have also played a part: nearly one-third of Australia lies in the tropics, while an equally large area has an average annual rainfall of less than ten inches. It is only of recent years that improved agricultural methods, the discovery of vast areas of artesian and sub-artesian water, and the development of irrigation have opened up considerable areas hitherto considered desert and useless. But while these natural factors have undoubtedly been the chief causes of Australia's isolation, it is undeniable that the majority of Australians have gloried in their isolation and even, in the last few decades, deliberately striven to maintain and enhance it by a policy of immigration restriction. The White Australia Policy is still accepted as a sacred and unassailable dogma by an overwhelming majority of the Australian people.

It may be—and indeed is—argued that the White Australia Policy involves the exclusion of Asiatic and colored peoples only. It is true that the dictation test, by which that policy is enforced, is seldom applied to any but colored immigrants. But in practice the absolute exclusion of Asiatics and colored peoples is accompanied by a frank discouragement of immigration of any kind—with a slight qualification in favor of a few carefully selected immigrants of British stock. Officially the White Australia Policy is interpreted as the expression of a deep-rooted feeling of racial purity. Actually it goes much further than that. To the man in the street it means "Australia for the Australians" and his dislike for the "Pommy"—as he dubs the immigrant Britisher—is only one degree less active than his hostility toward Dagoes, Dutchmen, "niggers," "Chinks," and Japs. In discussing the White Australia Policy with an Australian labor leader I pointed out that the economic objection to colored immigrants was not altogether sound, in view of the fact that the Chinese in the country soon aspired to the higher standard of living which they saw around them. He agreed that this was so, but added: "Well, anyway, we don't want them here—nor Dagoes either." This seemed to be an expression of

racial prejudice, and I inquired if he had any objection to British immigrants. He retorted with an ironic and good-natured smile: "Yes, we don't want any damned Pommies either!" This exclusionist attitude is common to a very large number of the Australian workers. It is the product of many different instincts and emotions. There is in it a dash of crude nationalism—akin to 100 per cent Americanism—a streak of pure dog-in-the-manger selfishness, a determination to maintain the economic standard and conditions which place the Australian working-man among the aristocrats of labor, and a deal of contempt for the effete and worn-out peoples of Europe. During the last fifty years Australians have striven to create a country free from the social and industrial evils of the Old World, a working-man's paradise. To some extent they have succeeded. It will probably prove to be correct that Australian labor has modified capitalism as far as it can be modified without being destroyed or replaced. It is claimed with some justice that present-day Australia offers to the mass of the people a fuller, freer, and securer life than they can enjoy anywhere else in the world, together with a climate which makes life easy and enjoyable. It is hardly surprising that the average Australian has so far guarded these privileges with jealous zeal.

While the attitude of Australian labor then has been one of frank hostility to any general policy of immigration, the attitude of employers and landowners has been one of practical indifference. The manufacturer has been protected in the home market by a high tariff and has therefore been able to pay high wages without fear of foreign competition, while he has not yet attempted to cater for the export trade. The big landowners are divided between a desire for cheap labor and a fear of expropriation, should a vigorous immigration policy create a demand for the subdivision of large estates.

Thus there has been no body of opinion in Australia sufficiently interested to demand a general immigration policy. In fact, but for the fear of possible Japanese aggression, it is doubtful if immigration would have had any advocates at all in pre-war Australia. As it is, the number of immigrants has been small. Between 1910 and 1914 the net increase of population by immigration was not more than 300,000; during the same period over 5,000,000 immigrants entered the United States. The result has been not only the absolute exclusion of all colored peoples, but the practical limitation of immigration to settlers of British stock. It is estimated that 98 per cent of Australians are of British origin.

The events of the war and still more of the peace have profoundly affected the position of Australia. However much Australians may wish to hug their happy and prosperous isolation, they cannot shut their eyes to certain far-reaching and ominous changes in the world situation. The center of gravity in world politics is shifting visibly toward the Pacific Ocean. The British navy is no longer dominant and unchallenged on the seas. The Japanese Alliance—which was regarded by many Australians as a safeguard against Japanese aggression—has been replaced by the vaguer assurances of the Washington Conference. At the Peace Conference the Japanese delegate demanded—and almost obtained—the insertion in the Covenant of the League of Nations of a clause which would have meant the

end of the White Australia Policy. In China and India also the rising tide of population threatens at any moment to slop over into less crowded countries. The collapse of Europe and the visible disintegration of her industrial mechanism mean that millions, not only on the Continent but in Great Britain also, will be forced to look elsewhere for the means of subsistence. Moreover, a change of policy on the part of the United States has partially closed another outlet for the great movement of world population which seems imminent. There is, in fact, every indication that Australia's isolation is nearing an end.

For the full realization of the new situation to sink into the consciousness of the Australian people will take time. But already there are some signs of a change of attitude. Gaps are beginning to appear in the Chinese wall of insularity. For the first time in Australian history there has been a popular if at present insignificant movement in favor of a progressive policy, which has enabled the state governments which control immigration to put forward a program. Even the Labor Party, which has consistently opposed all state-aided schemes, is now inclined to concentrate its energies less on opposition and more on insuring that colonization schemes shall be soundly planned and efficiently carried out. This changed attitude is no doubt largely due to the realization that a population of five and a half millions cannot expect to keep a vast continent to itself. But there is also, I believe, a stirring of the Australian conscience and a dawning conviction that Australia owes some obligations to the hapless workers of less prosperous countries. Unfortunately the immigration movement is at present controlled by reactionary bodies. All the governments of the states, except Queensland and South Australia, belong to the reactionary parties, while the speakers of the New Settlers' League—a semi-official body formed to agitate for a bold immigration policy—are apt to stress unduly the military and strategic arguments for increasing the population. The bogey of the yellow peril, which was exploited so successfully at the time of the institution of compulsory military training, is again raising its ugly head. This type of propaganda is not only exceedingly dangerous but it is also ineffective. Australians are supremely confident—perhaps overconfident—of their ability to defend their country against all comers, and they resent the resurrection of this ancient specter. Moreover, the regrettable inefficiency with which existing schemes are being handled is rapidly alienating public support. It is widely believed, and with some justification, that the present governments are far too tender to the large landowners. It is certain that there are thousands of native-born Australians, to say nothing of immigrants, who are unable to obtain land at a reasonable figure. Probably, therefore, the best hope of a real immigration policy for Australia lies in the advent of labor governments both in the Commonwealth and the states, which will probably not be long delayed. Even more significant than the change of attitude toward immigration is the awakening of the progressive minds of the Labor Party to the importance of the land question. During recent years the Labor Party has been almost entirely an industrial party, and this accounts for its attitude to immigration. But the power of the Australian Labor Party was originally based on the support of the small farmer, and today there are signs of a return to the old alliance between town and country worker. In Queens-

land, indeed, under the able leadership of the present Premier, Mr. Theodore, the alliance is already firmly knit and its results are seen in the progressive land policy of that Government. A similar alliance throughout Australia would mean the end of the big estates, a progressive settlement policy, and the consequent opening of the door to landsettlers from overseas.

It is possible to hope for a more liberal attitude on the part of Australian labor toward the immigration of Europeans, but there is no prospect of any modification of the White Australia Policy. It is, perhaps, something that the Australian Labor Party has announced its intention to summon a conference of Pacific labor to consider all questions which might disturb the peace of the Pacific. But that is merely a gesture. Not only labor but practically the whole of Australia is adamant in insisting on the absolute exclusion of all colored peoples. The White Australia Policy remains a sacred and unassailable dogma for the vast majority of Australians.

Russia, America, Japan

THE Moscow correspondent of the Japanese *Osaka Mainichi*, Mr. Fuse, in an interview with Leon Trotsky published in the Moscow press of April 24, asked the opinion of the Commissar of War of the USSR on a number of questions concerning the mutual relations between Russia, America, and Japan in connection with the latest political developments in the Far East and the adoption of the bill excluding Japanese from America. Following are Trotsky's answers in the order given:

1. You say that in 1920 V. I. Lenin told you in a personal conversation: "In spite of everything that is going on I look upon our future relations (with Japan) optimistically." Vladimir Ilyich certainly did not intend to express in these words his confidence in the good intentions of the Japanese Government in 1920. His statement evidently meant that the great Japanese people, in spite of the opposition of the reactionaries, would in the end succeed in attaining not only normal but also friendly relations with the Soviet Union. To this opinion I agree.

2. I do not think that the earthquake changed the imperialist character of the policies of the ruling classes of Japan. Imperialism depends upon the social structure of the state and not upon the geological structure of its territory. The earthquake signifies a temporary weakening of imperialism but not the liquidation of imperialism as a political method. A balancing force to oppose the imperialism could be created only through a thoroughgoing democratization of the social and political life of Japan.

3. You ask whether it may be supposed that the "historic lesson" of the last imperialist war will serve to prevent new wars. No, I do not think so. In the eyes of Utopians every war has been a salutary historic lesson. This, however, has never prevented the starting of new wars. The roots of wars in our epoch are in the capitalistic structure of society which breeds a clash of interests on the world arena. In divided Europe there are at present as many soldiers as on the eve of the last war. There is more sharp antagonism in Europe today than before the war.

The differences on the Pacific coast are also becoming sharper. Do I agree with those who consider a war between the United States and Japan impossible? No, in spite of all my desires in the matter, I cannot agree with this opinion. In the United States and Japan we have two mighty capitalist states possessing great armed forces and divided by many

clashing interests. Do I think that a war between the two countries is unavoidable? No. This depends upon the force of opposition which the imperialist tendencies encounter within each of these countries.

Trotsky's concluding statement was made in reply to the following question of the Japanese correspondent.

4. QUESTION. In the opinion of considerable circles of Japanese society there exists between the USSR and Japan a community of interests not only in the field of economic but also in that of political relations, viz.: (a) Of all European Powers Russia would be the only one to support Japan in the question of racial equality in which Japan was unanimously defeated at the Versailles conference; (b) the Russian view of the liberation of the Eastern peoples from the yoke of Europe and America coincides with the slogan of the Japanese people 'Asia for the Asiatics'; (c) China, which is the neighbor of both the USSR and Japan and in the relations with which both countries are deeply interested, represents, owing to its unsettled internal situation, a country of various surprising possibilities which necessitates a coordinated Chinese policy on the part of the USSR and Japan. Do you attach any significance to this community of political interests in the establishment of the future relations between the Soviet Union and Japan?

TROTSKY. Yes. In so far as it is a matter of struggle against the disgusting and shameful tendency to treat the Japanese as a lower race, the Japanese people will find in the Soviet Union a steadfast and disinterested friend. The conception of higher and lower races is a reflection of the haughtiness of the ruling classes of old Europe during those centuries when Asia was still sound asleep. But all this has completely and finally gone back into history. Asia has awakened. And should Europe keep on degenerating for any length of time under the conditions created by the Versailles peace, then the center of gravity of the historic development will finally shift to America and Asia. In so far as the ruling classes of the United States are cultivating an unfriendly and insulting attitude toward the yellow race they are increasing the menace of new bloody conflicts on an immense scale.

You say that our slogan of the liberation of the peoples of the East coincides with the slogan of the Japanese people "Asia for the Asiatics." Yes, it coincides in so far as we are in vigorous opposition to the maintenance of the dominance and tyranny of European imperialism over the peoples of Asia. But it is plain that this does not mean that we would be willing to recognize the right of one Asiatic people to oppress and suppress another Asiatic people. No. Within Asia, liberated from European oppression, we also stand for the right of all nationalities to self-determination.

Position of the Industrial Bank

IN connection with the recent trial and conviction of A. Krasnoschokov, director of the Industrial Bank, described in an article by William Henry Chamberlin in *The Nation* for April 30, the following facts about the position of the bank published by the Rosta Service are of interest:

The yearly balance sheet for the financial year 1922-1923 shows that on October 1, 1923, the share capital of the bank amounted to 15,325,000 gold rubles. At the present time the paid-up capital amounts to 21,000,000 rubles, or with subscriptions about 25,000,000.

The net profit of the bank, after covering all expenses and taxation, and available for distribution to the shareholders, amounted to 2,050,000 gold rubles.

During the year the bank received on its current accounts 435,000,000 gold rubles, and paid out on these accounts 403,000,000. The bank actually succeeded in receiving 50 per cent to 65 per cent of all sums kept in current accounts by industrial undertakings in Moscow. During the year the Industrial Bank

Whose Culture?

Whose Democracy?

CULTURE AND DEMOCRACY IN THE UNITED STATES

by Horace M. Kallen

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The Political Shift in Germany

THIS table gives the results of the three German elections held since the revolution—that for the Constituent Assembly in 1919, the general election for the Reichstag in 1920, and the recent general election held on May 4:

	1919		1920		1924	
	Votes	Members	Votes	Members	Votes	Members
Communists			441,995	2	3,746,671	62
Socialists	10,566,552	185	10,508,769	193	6,014,380	100
Democratic Party	4,903,533	75	2,220,334	45	1,657,957	28
Centrum (Catholic)	5,241,493	89	4,540,830	68	3,920,798	65
Bavarian People's Party (Catholic)			1,171,722	21	946,649	16
German People's Party	1,343,140	23	3,606,316	62	2,640,484	45
Bavarian Peasants' Party	275,791	4	218,884	4	684,395	10
Guelphists (Hanover)	280,204	3	319,100	5	319,779	5
German Nationalists	2,549,721	42	3,736,778	66	5,778,313	95
Agricultural League					574,280	10
National Freedom Party (Fascist)					1,924,553	32
German Social Party (Fascist)					337,924	4
Other parties			65,219	0	1,842,405	0
Totals	25,100,834	421	25,829,947	466	29,388,588	472

* In 1920 the Majority Socialists polled 5,614,452 and won 112 seats, and the Independent Socialists polled 4,894,317 and won 81 seats. The two parties were reunited in September, 1922.

† Between the elections of 1919 and 1920 the Bavarian Catholics seceded from the Centrum and formed the Bavarian People's Party, which is monarchist and particularist.

‡ Fourteen parties.

Contributors to This Issue

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN, feminist, philosopher, writer, is the author of a new book, "His Religion and Hers."

IDA TREAT, who formerly taught Romance languages at Western Reserve University, has lived for five years in Paris.

ROBERT HERRICK, novelist and contributing editor of *The Nation*, has recently published a new book, "Waste."

CLINTON W. GILBERT, author of "The Mirrors of Washington," and Washington correspondent for a group of American newspapers, has recently returned from a trip to Russia.

BENJAMIN C. MARSH is managing director of the Farmers' National Council.

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The Nation

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SENATOR LA FOLLETTE'S Wisconsin progressives are providing the only sparks of life that fly about the dull-est Republican convention within the memory of man, and the Coolidge henchmen seem determined to ignore them. Harry Daugherty is admitted as a respected delegate to the convention of Abraham Lincoln's party, and La Follette's supporters are treated as disreputable outsiders! Daugherty's latest act was in keeping with his past. After hiring two attorneys, one a former United States Senator, to represent him through three months of daily sessions of the Brookhart-Wheeler committee, after issuing almost daily complaints that he was not given opportunity to state his side of the story, he quit like a coward when the occasion came. He had been accused before the nation of collusion in crime, and shown as associating, while Attorney General, with the filthiest lot of plotters in America. Yet when the committee invited him to appear and defend himself he took refuge behind a technical decision that the committee had no power to compel witnesses to testify. Within a week of that sorry confession the Wisconsin men presented to the Cleveland convention their demand that the Republican Party disavow Harry Daugherty and Albert Fall—but as we go to press there is no indication that the Coolidge-ridden convention will even take the demand seriously.

EX-GOVERNOR LOWDEN of Illinois gives as his reason for declining to let his name be presented to the Republican National Convention for the vice-presidential nomination the belief that he can be more useful by continuing his work for certain farmers' organizations. There is more to it than that. Usually well-informed sources report that Mr. Lowden has been told that it would be political suicide for him to accept a place on the Coolidge ticket in view of the failure of the Administration to get through Congress any legislation for the relief of the farmers. With the death of the McNary-Haugen bill for the farmers and the Hoell-Barkley measure for the railroad workers, President Coolidge undoubtedly faces a formidable defection among both country and city workers that are normally Republican. Farmer resentment, it is reported, will be voiced at the next session of Congress in a demand for revising the tariff downward. This is as it should be. *The Nation* has already said that the farmers are as much entitled to the McNary-Haugen bill as the manufacturers and merchants were to the Fordney-McCumber tariff, but true statesmanship calls for the repeal of the latter measure, not for an extension of special favors and artificial respiration at the expense of the consumer. To pass the McNary-Haugen bill would be merely to pyramid the crash.

AFTER A LONG and futile effort to legislate against child labor under our present Constitution, the sponsors of the movement have induced Congress to accept and pass on to the State legislatures for ratification an amendment to our fundamental law, reading as follows:

Section 1. The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.

Sec. 2. The power of the several States is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of State laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress.

The proposed amendment was accepted by the Senate on June 2 by a vote of 61 to 23. The House had voted its approval, 297 to 69, on April 26. Thus the campaign is now transferred to the State legislatures, a required three-fourths of which ought shortly to rally to the support of this measure of elementary humanity and justice. The proposed amendment is permissive rather than mandatory, making Congress at all times the judge of what regulative laws should be put in force. In some States the elimination of child labor will come hard—as did that of slavery—but it is just these regions that will profit most by the civilizing processes which the change will release.

AMRITSAR IS A WORD that has become a symbol of shame for the British Empire. On June 13, 1919, Brigadier General Dyer entered an inclosure at Amritsar where 10,000 Hindus were meeting despite his prohibition of assemblies. Without giving any warning or notice to disperse he ordered his troops to fire on the unarmed crowd which was peacefully listening to an address. He continued the fire for ten minutes; his men fired 1,650 rounds, "the

fire being directed on crowds, not on individuals, and re-directed from time to time where the crowds were thickest." On the conclusion of the firing he and his troops retired, leaving the wounded unattended, and three hundred and seventy-nine persons dead. Sir Michael O'Dwyer, Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab, officially approved General Dyer's action. After an interval and a protracted inquiry, the Indian Government removed General Dyer from his command in India, and General O'Dwyer was censured. At home, however, a group of irrepressible Tories made Dyer and O'Dwyer heroes. The *Morning Post* raised £26,300 for Dyer. Nor are Dyer and O'Dwyer ashamed of their butchery today. General O'Dwyer had the impudence to bring a libel suit against Sir Sankaran Nair for statements about Amritsar made in his book, "Gandhi and Anarchy." A British judge, after hearing testimony, dared to express his view that General Dyer "acted rightly" and was "wrongly punished"; and a British jury awarded General O'Dwyer a verdict of £500 and costs—more than £15,000. Such a blessing upon the massacre at Amritsar makes the word more than ever a kind of stench in the world's nostrils. When will Anglo-Saxons learn that they have no divine right to murder other races?

OUR BIG-NAVY MEN are sure that the United States alone can be trusted with the biggest navy in the world, and that no one else should be permitted one as big. Doubtless Japan's admirals believe, as Germany's did and England's do, that the peace of the world will be safe only when they have undisputed supremacy of the seas. It is a human failing to forget Haiti and Amritsar and to think oneself a little wiser, a little more pacific, than others. But we hardly expected from the venerable *Manchester Guardian*, usually the custodian of a ripe philosophic wisdom, such comment as this:

Clearly the Government ought to secure for British use Mr. Grindell-Mathews's secret "death ray." . . . We make bold to think that no other great nation in Europe now detests war quite so heartily as England does. None, therefore, is so fit to be invested with an instrument which would appear, if it comes off, to be the natural weapon of peaceable people for the temporary disablement of the aggressive.

No people, as a people, can be trusted more than another to detest war in a crisis, or to act decently toward weaker peoples.

STABILIZATION OF THE MARK in the early part of this year gave the German workers a ledge of financial security. From this perch the Ruhr miners are now attempting to win back the gains realized by the revolution and lost during the following period of unemployment and overnight depreciation of wages. The strike began with a small group of miners who requested a 30 per cent increase in wages and spread until about 90 per cent of the men had stopped work. Even the highly conservative Catholic trade unions after much hesitation joined the strikers. The dispute finally crystallized around the question of hours, and now the appeals in the labor papers call it a defense of the cultural life of the German worker. The miners are demanding seven- and seven-and-a-half-hour shifts (underground) instead of the present eight- and eight-and-a-half-hour shifts, which make a working day of about nine and a half hours. The surface workers have been working ten hours, which is slightly less than in 1913. Undoubtedly

if the miners win there will be attempts in other industries throughout Germany to get back to the eight-hour-day basis.

ABANDONMENT OF THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY was only one of many repressive measures instituted by the employers, often in the name of reparations or the great need of the fatherland. Whatever its outcome, this strike is another of the long string of proofs that the heaviest burden of reparations payment cannot carelessly be thrown on the workers' shoulders. The German workers through their representatives on the governing body of the International Labor Office have said that they would do everything possible to expedite the payment of reparations. But they will hardly sit docilely by and see their standard of living lowered without assurance that their sacrifices are accomplishing something or that they will get back their shorter working day when the emergency is passed. The "Micun" agreements between the German and French employers have given body to this fear and according to the *Manchester Guardian* are largely responsible for the present dangerous conflict. The swelling of the Communist ranks in the Ruhr is an indication of this determination of the German worker not to go into the industrial trenches unless the employer is by his side.

WE MUST RECALL again the tragedy of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, who stand convicted of murder. We believe that the evidence did not establish their guilt beyond a reasonable doubt—as the law requires—and that they would not have been condemned except for the hysterical opposition to radicals and aliens that was at its height when the men were tried at Dedham, Massachusetts, nearly three years ago. Since then the reasonable doubt in their favor has increased. Two of the State's witnesses gave testimony at the trial wholly differing from that in preliminary statements. Since then both have repudiated their testimony at the trial—and then reaffirmed it! More important, perhaps, it has become known that cartridges not introduced as exhibits at the trial were passed around in the jury room, thus violating the legal right of the defendants to be confronted with all the evidence against them. Also one of the two experts on firearms whom the prosecution put on the stand has stated that his views were misinterpreted to the jury because of the district attorney's avoidance of questions that would have brought out the truth. A decision on the application for a new trial is expected shortly. Whatever it is, a heavy moral and financial burden will be placed upon the Sacco-Vanzetti New Trial League, 43 Tremont Street, Boston; for if the decision is favorable to the men the expense of a new trial will have to be met, while if adverse another application must be made to a higher court.

A DISSOLUTION of the Republican and the Democratic parties was recently proposed by Frank A. Munsey in favor of a new grouping that would place conservatives against liberals, thus recognizing the real political issue in present-day America. Porto Rico has just beaten the United States to it. The historic parties were the Unionists and the Republicans, both run in the interest of property holders and largely indifferent to the bitter need of the great body of impoverished and exploited workers. There was this difference, though, that the Unionists espoused independence for the island while the Republicans cham-

pioned statehood. Owing to failing strength, the Republicans had formed a working arrangement with the new and rapidly growing Socialist Party, whose leader, Senator Iglesias, is also the head of the American Federation of Labor of Porto Rico. Last winter all parties came to an agreement in regard to the political future of the island to the extent of sending a commission to Washington to ask neither for independence nor statehood but a high degree of autonomy. In Washington a number of persons, notably John W. Weeks—who was a banker before he became Secretary of War—let the commission know that they didn't like the spread of socialism in Porto Rico and the island would get better pickings if it put the brakes on. When the commission returned to Porto Rico the heads of the Unionists and of the Republicans proposed an alliance which has now been ratified by party conventions, while the Socialists have been excommunicated and excoriated and Big Chief Gompers has been asked to depose Mr. Iglesias as guardian of the A. F. of L. wigwam in Porto Rico.

NO ITEM IN THE BRITISH King's-birthday honors list will be more popular than the privy councilorship conferred upon T. P. O'Connor, the "father" of the House of Commons. It is much more than a well-deserved tribute to a man whose personal qualities have won for him the affection of a host of friends both in Parliament and in London journalism. It is especially significant as a picturesque evidence of the reconciliation of Great Britain with Irish Nationalism. For a long period the representatives of the Home Rule Party at Westminster were debarred, however conspicuous their merits, from any recognition at the hands of the sovereign. An English, Scotch, Welsh, or Irish Conservative or Liberal who entered public life could always cherish the ambition of some day sitting in the Cabinet or of gaining one of the many titles that sweeten the toil of a politician across the Atlantic. But for an Irish Nationalist the "fountain of honor" was always dry. Not for him were the peerages or privy councilorships, the baronetcies or knighthoods to which an Ulster Tory with not a tithe of his brains or character might reasonably aspire. But at last the embargo has been removed. It is, indeed, reported that "Tay Pay" was offered a peerage, but preferred to accept instead a distinction which leaves him still Mr. O'Connor. With Tim Healy at Dublin Castle as the representative of the Crown and the name of T. P. O'Connor on the roll of His Majesty's privy council it is clear that to have fought strenuously for the rights of Ireland is no longer to have placed oneself outside the pale.

RESOLUTIONS CALLING for the retirement of Wallace W. Atwood from the presidency of Clark University have been signed by a group of Eastern alumni comprising members of the faculties of Harvard, Cornell, Brown, and Syracuse universities, the universities of Maine and of South Carolina, and Wellesley and Barnard colleges. The resolutions are similar to those previously drawn up by a group of alumni on the Pacific Coast, by the Washington Alumni Club, and by the 1923 graduating class at Clark. Attention is called to the fact that Clark University, under the Atwood regime, has lost some of its best teachers, has suffered a loss of academic reputation, and has been unable to maintain the confidence of faculty, students, or general public. These things are only too true despite the vote of

confidence which was passed by the student body on June 9. It is clear that those who have the reputation and ideals of Clark University most at heart do not intend to give up the movement which was brought to a head when Scott Nearing's talk before an undergraduate organization was stopped by Mr. Atwood two years ago. The trustees will hardly be moved by protests not backed by money, but Mr. Atwood himself ought not to be so thick-skinned as to fail to realize that he would have greater usefulness elsewhere.

ANYHOW, VASSAR COLLEGE had its daisy chain, which is much to be thankful for in a world where everything is not always quite right. Some whom the political conventions failed to thrill, and who have been only mildly concerned with the fate of the Dawes Report, were genuinely perturbed over the possible failure of that daisy chain to materialize. Only about a week before the class-day exercises, newspaper dispatches from Poughkeepsie reported that owing to the lateness of the season not a daisy was in sight. What was to be done? Must the famous rite in which the seniors walk between a chain of daisies carried by the twenty most beautiful sophomores be abandoned? It would have been close to sacrilege to import the flowers which, according to tradition, had always been gathered from home fields. Everything went right after all. The dispatches sent on class day tell us that daisies burst miraculously into blossom just in time, and in due season the rotogravure sections will show us the seniors, the twenty most beautiful sophomores, the flowery chain, and all. So all is well, and we can enjoy without any reservations this late spring of 1924, a typical English spring in its cool, slow evolution, a spring in which the tender yellow greens of early May are still unspoiled in June.

PRINCE ALEXANDER VON HOHENLOHE, whose death is reported from a small town in Switzerland, was a son of the von Hohenlohe who succeeded Bismarck. The elder Hohenlohe was truly a statesman, something that can hardly be said of his successors as imperial chancellor. His son was of that noble band in all countries who refused to bow down before the war god. He was a pacifist; he stuck to his guns and wrote and talked against the Kaiser's war policy. Naturally, the mob turned upon him. He lost all of his properties during the war, and, for years a crippled invalid, died actually in want, dependent upon the gifts of sympathizers in America and elsewhere. Naturally, the average German newspaper has spoken of him in the tone which the English press used about Ramsay MacDonald in the early war days. But Alexander von Hohenlohe was eternally right, and part of the fury against him was doubtless due to the march of events confirming the correctness of his positions and of many of his prophesies. In that heaven in which there are no wars he will surely rest in peace. In France, too, a noted disciple of peace, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, has passed away. Of an engaging personality and long devotion to the cause, he labored incessantly for peace on earth—through the Hague conferences and international agreements—until the war came. Then he was swept away by the tide in his own country. He was a fine and gallant figure and he will be missed and remembered with gratitude whenever there are international gatherings to work for the noblest of all ideals.

Coolidge

AN amazing, an almost inexplicable political phenomenon is the nomination of President Coolidge, which is to take place as this issue of *The Nation* is mailed to its readers. The greatest gift the Republican Party has to bestow goes almost by default in a convention which will surely be the dulllest and drabbest in the history of the party. One must turn back to the renomination of President Harrison in 1892 for a parallel, and even that is far from exact. For one thing, there has perhaps never been such wide divergence of public opinion about any man as about Mr. Coolidge. In 1884, it is true, the party was divided into two camps as to the honesty, or dishonesty, of James G. Blaine. But even his defenders admitted that some of his business transactions had been regrettably careless. Today the two schools of opinion about Calvin Coolidge are so remote in their points of view that it is as if they spoke different languages. In wide circles the belief exists that as Providence raised up George Washington at the birth of the nation and Abraham Lincoln at the hour when its dissolution threatened, so now in this time of social crisis it has in its infinite wisdom supplied Calvin Coolidge to pilot the ship of state into safe waters. To such as these Wilson and Roosevelt pale beside the man from Massachusetts. Everywhere business men believe that Mr. Coolidge is their savior. They think that he has shown sterling courage and ability; that to a most desirable reticence he has added political fearlessness, a determination to safeguard the finances of the nation, to make life easier for the moneyed man; that he has set his face like flint against any and all who would advocate political or social change.

When to such as these there comes a dissenter who declares that Mr. Coolidge is conspicuously unfit for the Presidency, that he is without the ability or the principle needed in this emergency, they can only stare and shake their heads and wonder if the dissenter is really in his right mind. Has not, they ask, the party been united in favoring the nomination of Mr. Coolidge? Is it not true that he has been so obviously the right man in the right place that no opposition has been able to make headway against him? Has he not stood for economy in expenditure, retrenchment, opposition to each and every raid upon the Treasury? Has he not been sagacious and statesmanlike in his utterances? Is it not perfectly plain that the bulk of the people want such a tried and trusted man in the White House? To the Democrats these persons point with pitying scorn because they cannot agree upon a man. It is characteristic, they think, of the best in the old Republican Party that it knows its own mind so clearly in advance of its convention.

Indeed, so remarkably has the Coolidge propaganda been "put over" that multitudes do not even know that there are critics and dissenters. The American people dearly love to be fooled, to worship politicians of whom they have created portraits which bear little or no resemblance to the originals. For a brief hour there was the Admiral Dewey myth. The Roosevelt myth is still securely lodged in many minds, and the Wilson myth is similarly intrenched with thousands who insist upon having him as their hero and who close eyes and ears to facts which would compel them to revise their judgments. The Hard-

ing myth has all but disappeared under the revelations of the crookedness with which he was surrounded; it is hard to worship a man and to build a million-dollar memorial to him when you see that he has been surrounded by precious rascals of his own choosing. The Coolidge myth has been created by amazingly skilful propaganda, as a result of which the Boston police-strike falsehood is still believed, and a character has been created for the President which bears no relation to the man in the White House. From our observation, Mr. Coolidge, as President, has merited praise only for the mild courage of his vetoes, and there he followed the wishes of those whose support he deems essential to his success. He was willing to offend the veterans by vetoing the bonus because his real masters, the large business interests of the country, were opposed to that bonus. It was not difficult for him to disappoint the expectations of the postal clerks for a needed readjustment of their wage scale, because the business interests are demanding economy in expenditure and the reduction of taxation. He did not dare veto the tax bill or the infamous immigration bill. Ask any Coolidge business man why he favors the President and the invariable reply is: He opposed the bonus and he wishes to reduce the surtaxes. Business favors Mellon and Coolidge against all comers. If you ask what else the President has done, the reply is that nothing else was needed. If you demand to know why Mr. Coolidge has not been a flaming angel of retribution for the offenders in the scandals which have shaken the country and dishonored it both at home and abroad as never before, the average business man replies that it is a fine thing that he set his face against the muckraking of Congress.

Under these circumstances editors can merely set down their honest and sincere opinions about the man and let others decide for themselves what they think. We believe it fitting that Mr. Coolidge should lead the Republican Party in 1924 because it is more than ever before the creature of the big-business interests, of which he is so happy a servant. We record our opinion that he has been, like Mr. Harding, a willing associate of the worst crooks that ever got into our political life; that he has denounced them not at all; that he has connived at the use of the several departments of the government to destroy the reputations of those bent on revealing corruption; that he is a narrow, petty-minded, half-educated politician, who plays with some skill the political game as it has been developed in small New England towns. We believe him to be without vision, without leadership, without a vestige of statesmanship. Indeed, we are almost tempted to wish for his reelection that in the coming four years when he would have to stand on his own merits he might demonstrate even to the dulllest of his dupes his inadequacy and his unfitness. Whether that shall come to pass is on the laps of the gods. The truth is that the politicians themselves are under no illusions; they do not love Coolidge; they are neither inspired nor made enthusiastic by him. They are renominating him because their party is so far gone in corruption, in its servitude to the holders of special privilege, that it lacks the force or the power to rouse itself, to clean house, to purge its temples of the money-changers, and to demand an upright and consecrated leadership.

A Pretty Good Congress

FEW sessions of Congress will be as well remembered as that which has just ended. It passed few bills of exceptional excellence; it passed some of exceptional poorness; it neglected many issues that required attention; but it will be remembered for its investigations. The fact that the senators dug searchingly into the conduct of the executive departments and unearthed a mass of festering corruption is chiefly responsible for the fact that the newspapers of the country, with a few notable exceptions, have been denouncing Congress in such bitter terms. It was by no means a do-nothing Congress; it was certainly not a subservient Congress; and it achieved some things which will long be remembered gratefully.

When there is rottenness in the seat of government it is no pleasant task to dig it out. The Administration holds all the cards. When Representatives Keller and Woodruff attacked Mr. Daugherty's administration of the Department of Justice two years ago, that malodorous individual succeeded in turning the impeachment proceedings against himself into an attack upon the representatives. This year Senator Wheeler broke through Daugherty's defenses and forced him out of office. If Wheeler had had the support from the Executive which he had from the Senate the ex-Attorney General might now be in jail, where he belongs. Senator Walsh's patient research finally brought out the fact that Mr. Harding's Secretary of the Interior had accepted \$100,000 in a satchel from the oil magnate to whom he had delivered the nation's oil, and although Mr. Fall is not yet in prison the oil may be saved, and the officials primarily responsible for the transfer have been put out of the government service. Such achievements, while not legislative, are none the less memorable. Those who uncover corruption deserve praise, not those who conceal it, despite the curious campaign to discredit the investigation which both parties seem to have sponsored.

Legislatively this Congress has a mixed record. It passed the bonus bill and the pension grab enthusiastically. It passed an immigration bill which made notable improvements in the administration of the percentage-restriction system, but which established an even more intolerant basis of exclusion than the old, and also included the totally unnecessary slap at Japan which is already bearing fruit in ill feeling on the other side of the Pacific. American citizens are being made uncomfortable in Japan, as Japanese have been made uncomfortable in this country; and Congress is to blame. Upon these issues we believe that Congress was further from wisdom than the President.

In other matters Congress has a better record. While the new tax bill is not a scientific measure it seems to us an improvement over the Mellon plan, which relieved the big taxpayers disproportionately to the small. Here Congress overrode stiff executive opposition. Unfortunately it failed to give the necessary two-thirds majority to the amendment abolishing tax-exempt securities, which would end an important avenue of escape for large taxpayers. It did, however, pass the child-labor amendment, which now goes to the State legislatures for ratification. It voted a well-earned increase in salaries to the postal employees, which the President vetoed. The lower house approved the gift of Muscle Shoals to Henry Ford, but Senator Norris's analysis and exposure of its indefensible provisions kept it from indorsement by the Senate.

Certain issues were buried or allowed to die. No appropriation was made for German relief, because Senator Lodge blocked every proposal in committee. Nothing whatever was done for the relief of the farmers; and the attempt to reform the Esch-Cummins railroad act died. In both these fields a group of Western congressmen strove to force action; Old Guard opposition from both sides of the party line kept Congress from action. The World Court issue was also smothered in committee; the insincere substitutes of Senators Lodge and Pepper effectively stifled serious discussion of the question. Fortunately, the naval increase lost out in the final jam.

It is not a brilliant record, but for a preelection session it is pretty good. The progressive bloc held the balance of power in both houses, but it was not strong enough to initiate legislation of its own; it could and did kill the hope of thoroughly reactionary legislation. And the very presence on the floor of both houses of a little group of determined men silenced every attempt to stifle the investigations which exposed the rotten character of the Harding-Coolidge administrations. Congress did force a housecleaning, even if the job has not yet been completed. And that is more than most Congresses achieve.

A Sea Wolf's End

HOW many persons, we wonder, understood—if indeed they saw—a stray item in the newspapers the other day, saying that the steamship Von Steuben of the United States Shipping Board had been taken to Baltimore to be reduced to junk? Among sailors there is an old superstition against changing the name of a ship—a belief that it brings the vessel bad luck. What a pity that landlubbers, too, do not hold to such a superstition! One of the many wastes of the Shipping Board has been that of good names. It gives a vessel a name almost as often as a fresh coat of paint, thus obscuring the reputation and the history of many a fine ship.

For the Shipping Board's Von Steuben was none other than the famous Kronprinz Wilhelm, once one of the crack transatlantic liners of the North German Lloyd and later one of the most dreaded sea wolves of the World War. The Kronprinz Wilhelm was one of four express steamers to which Germany chiefly owes the supremacy in the transatlantic passenger service which she enjoyed for about the first ten years of this century. The others of the quartet were the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, the Kaiser Wilhelm II, and the Kronprinzessin Cecilie. Fleet, powerful, and luxurious, these twin-screwed, four-funneled beauties maintained together the fastest service across the Atlantic for at least a decade. It was to blast this reputation and regain its old rule of the waves that Great Britain subsidized the Cunard Line to build the giant racers *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*. The departure from or the arrival at the piers in Hoboken of any one of these celebrated German liners was almost an international event. In turn, the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse and the Kaiser Wilhelm II each lowered the record for the transatlantic passage. For many years the only competitor in speed of the famous quartet was the flying *Deutschland* of the Hamburg-American Line.

"Sic transit gloria mundi!" What has become of these splendid ships of twenty years ago? The Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, which sailors unkindly nicknamed "Rolling Billy"

because of its bad habits in rough water, became a raider in 1914, and after a short career was caught and sent to the bottom by the British navy. The Kaiser Wilhelm II and the Kronprinzessin Cecilie were interned in this country during the first years of the war. When America entered the combat the Kaiser Wilhelm II became the transport Agamemnon and the Kronprinzessin Cecilie the Mount Vernon. Both are still afloat, but although they have barely reached respectable middle age they are no longer talked of, no longer sought after by the traveling public. The first is laid up in New York and the other in Boston. Their youthful prowess, the heyday of their fame, is forgotten.

But of all the quartet the Kronprinz Wilhelm had the most varied and adventurous history. Like the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, it, too, became a raider at the outbreak of the war, and with better luck it kept out of the clutches of His Majesty's navy. Early in January, 1915, some 100 French and English sailors were landed at the Canary Islands, bearing tales of the sinking of their ships by the German corsair. In February some 250 sailors reached American ports with similar tales, but in April the Kronprinz Wilhelm itself crept into the harbor of Newport News, disabled. The commander asked for, and received, fifteen days in which to make repairs. Meanwhile British and French war ships gathered at the three-mile line outside the harbor. A sensation-loving public awaited a battle or a miraculous escape by night. Neither happened. When the allotted time was up, the commander submitted to the internment of his ship and its crew.

Now the Kronprinz Wilhelm, famous express steamer and celebrated sea raider, has made its last port. It is going back to the melting-pot from which it came.

What Is Wrong with the Klan?

EARL MAYFIELD, Ku Klux Klan candidate for United States Senator from Texas, apparently is to retain his seat in the Senate. Ed Jackson, Ku Klux Klan candidate for the Republican nomination for governor of Indiana, won the primary election in that State, hands down. Klan candidates have won local elections in Ohio, and the New York State delegation to the Republican convention at Cleveland is reported to be opposed to a stringent anti-Klan plank in the Republican platform. Oregon has a Klan governor, and in Georgia and other Southern States the Klan dominates the courts. What is behind this Klan which builds fiery crosses in every State of the Union, which dominates elections, and sways millions?

The New York *World*, which has been waging a vigorous campaign against the Klan, has conducted an interesting poll of Democrats and Republicans on the question whether the political conventions should go on record against "all groups, open or secret, which attempt to take the law into their own hands;" against prejudice or discrimination on account of race, color, or creed; and, specifically, against the Ku Klux Klan. The answers are various; most of the politicians declare in vague, general terms against race prejudice but prefer to avoid mention of the word "Klan." The most pithy comes from the Republican national committeeman from Oklahoma, Jim A. Harris. "All this hullabaloo about the Klan and the anti-Klan,"

says Mr. Harris, "reminds me of a statement once made by Josh Billings: 'Thur hez bin a heep sed consarnin' the wether, but nuthin' hes ever bin dun about it yet.'"

There has been too much said about the Klan, and too little done about Klannishness. The organization is not as important as its spirit. As the Klan has spread through the North and entered politics it has acquired an increasing restraint without changing its inner nature. The atrocities with which the early history of the Klan was punctuated seem to have been declining while the bitter, intolerant spirit of the Klan has been spreading. To kill the organization today would mean little if its spirit persisted.

Klannishness is not confined to the Klan. At Hicksville, Long Island, the Knights of Columbus were in charge this year of the Memorial Day exercises. As it happened, the three sons of Hicksville who had died in the World War were all Catholics. When the paraders reached the monument they found a wreath at its base, marked "K. K. K.," and were unwilling to leave it there. A fist fight followed, in which the wreath was stamped on and destroyed. The incident is trifling, but it marked another triumph for Klannishness. The wreath may have been intended as an insult, but a decent respect for the dead men and for the inclusiveness of their country would have let it lie untouched. There are good men in the Klan, although it can hardly be said that there are tolerant men; but they will never be converted to a decent respect for their fellow-countrymen if these others adopt the Klan's own intolerance.

To assume that all Klansmen are reprobates is to adopt the habit of mind exemplified in the ridiculous campaign posters distributed by the Klan in Indiana, reading:

Every criminal, every gambler, every thug, every libertine, every girl-ruiner, every home-wrecker, every wife-beater, every dope-peddler, every moonshiner, every crooked politician, every pagan Papist priest, every shyster lawyer, every K. of C., every white slaver, every brothel madam, every Rome-controlled newspaper, every black-spider—is fighting the Klan. Think it over. Which side are you on?

Well, we are on the side of those who fight Klannishness, although sometimes the fight against the Klan seems to borrow its evils. We are against those who assume that every Catholic is bad, or that every Klansman is bad; that every Jew is an outcast, or that every Gentile has a right to be called a Christian; that every Jap should be barred from the land or that every American is better than any foreigner. It will certainly help if the Klan is forced into the open—made to unmask, and to act, when it acts, publicly. It might help if it were proved that Mayfield was elected to the Senate by Klan money and that some of the officials who collected the money knew of crimes committed by Klansmen—but the country, which has heard of Mr. Daugherty and knows that the Republican Governor of Indiana has been sent to jail for fraud would not be much impressed. The Klan has invented no new crimes. Anti-Catholic sentiment is an old story in American political life; it had its greatest success in the fifties and was active again in the nineties. The Klan has revived an old intolerance, which will still be an evil when the passions now stirred by the three K's have been forgotten. The fight against the Klan will make most headway when it abandons personalities and vague principles. The worst sample of Klannishness in recent American history was the immigration law, and with that, as far as we know, the Ku Klux Klan had nothing to do.

The Race Problem in the Caribbean

By ROBERT HERRICK

II. The French Way

(In a previous article, printed in *The Nation* of June 11, Mr. Herrick described the situation existing in the British islands.)

IT is only sixty miles from the English island of St. Lucia to Martinique, less than forty miles from Martinique to the English island of Dominica. Both these British islands retain positive indications of French influence, distinguishing them from Barbados or Antigua, which are purely English. The colored population of St. Lucia and Dominica understand and largely use among themselves a French patois and their folk literature betrays the contacts they have had with their immediate neighbors. Moreover, there are subtler marks of French blood and French influence among many of the natives who have been under English rule exclusively for more than a century, testifying to the potent quality of the French culture. Yet when one passes in the night from one of these English islands to Martinique he wakes up to a new world, still predominantly colored, but with a vivid contrast in appearance and spirit that seems more marvelous the longer he remains in the French colonies. From the same materials, practically, physiographically, and racially, the French have made an utterly different compound culturally, which promises if permitted to endure to differentiate itself more and more from the English product.

I felt it that first Sunday morning of my visit to Martinique while taking my early coffee on the terrace of the hotel and watching the stream of colored folk on their way to mass in the cathedral. Color was the first note of contrast with the English settlements—color in the houses, in the costumes of the women, in the vivid madras, the picturesque foulards—I had never seen such amazing contrasts of color in dress. Purples and greens and yellows, all violently yet agreeably thrown together. And color in the people themselves. Here was not a people of whites and blacks (or even mulattoes). These women and children—for there were few men in the church-going crowd—were of every possible shade of brown, ivory, reddish bronze, yellow. Few were either dull or vivid black, as in Barbados and Trinidad. At this first glance it was evident the mixing of races had gone on in Martinique for a much longer time and more commonly than in any English island. Further acquaintance with conditions in the French islands confirmed this impression: of the one hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants of Martinique not more than two thousand are pure white, and an astonishingly small percentage of the majority are pure black, or *nègres*, as they are called. The great majority of the one hundred and seventy-five thousand have some white (a few, Indian) blood. Here, then, on a small scale, one might observe the results of an almost free miscegenation between whites and blacks and, if true, witness the dire degeneration that such a miscegenation is supposed to produce!

It is a commonplace that the French (and Southern Europeans generally) evince no such instinctive repug-

nance to the black race as the Anglo-Saxon; they intermarry with colored peoples and admit them quite freely to civil equality, even to a sort of social equality. The French colonials, during the days of slavery, endeavored unsuccessfully to keep the white stock pure by making stringent laws against the freeing of black women for the purpose of marriage, but to how little avail the sight of the present highly varied colored population is evidence. The fact was that the French colonial in those illicit relations with dark women which all colonial societies have suffered was much kinder, more humane, more open, and less ashamed of his irregular establishments than his English neighbors. For example, in the old days it was customary for the white man to give land or houses to his colored mistress, to admit the relationship. As a consequence one finds that today the colored offspring of miscegenation will speak with pride of his white father or grandfather. Instead of becoming neither a good white nor a good black, as the American has it, the French mixed blood is conscious of a superiority, and whether due to a real improvement of stock or to the benefit of a better upbringing, the lightly colored folk are the ones to be found in responsible positions, in trade and in the civil service. In fact if there is ever a race conflict in the French islands it will come about because of competition for control between the pure blacks, the plantation hands, who are less advanced, and the mixed breed who are socially conscious and ambitious—not between the white and the black. For here, as in the English Antilles, the white has already practically given over the hopeless struggle for racial dominance. Their numbers are falling every decade, and their wealth.

But it is not only by a franker mixing with the "inferior race" that the French colonial has brought about this situation, so different from that of the English colonies. Something besides the touch of white blood has gone to creating the allure, the grace, the subtle sense of independence, of quick-witted equality, all of which and more make the French colored man, woman, or child a different creature from the English colored. That superb carriage of the body, which Lafcadio Hearn was never weary of remarking thirty-five years ago, and which, especially among the colored women of Martinique, is as true today as then, that readiness of tongue and readiness of wit come from something other than mingling of blood. Across the tiny place from my hotel in the Fort de France was the *Palais de Justice*, with the usual flamboyant Gallic proclamation of *Liberté, Égalité et Fraternité*. These noble human ideals are probably no better observed in these distant dependencies of France than in Algiers or Tonquin—or Paris, for that matter. But that extravagant motto, for all its absurdity, splashed as it is across the façades of all French buildings, has put something into the French democracy which every other democracy in the world lacks. Just as the French conscript army seemed to me the most democratic army in the world, the most citizen army (probably far more so than the communist army) so the French colored folk carry themselves as do no other Negro people I have ever seen. There is no servility (and little insolence)

in their attitude, but a consciousness of freedom and equality. This, with their vivid sense of color, with their charm, and their very great personal beauty makes them the most attractive colored people I have known in the world. Here for the first time I at least came to realize that it was stupid to speak of black or colored, indiscriminately en masse; that there was as great physical and personal individuality, as many shades of complexion and casts of features and degrees of beauty or charm among dark-skinned people as among Nordics! It is only the stupid—and brutal—egotism of a dominant race that lumps under one indiscriminated heading all the qualities of another race. Individuality and variety are not merely potentially but actually existent in black as in white. These the French culture has evoked.

Two obvious agencies have assisted in creating the French colored civilization—the Catholic church and the public schools. The French colonies are saturated with Catholicism. Not even in Brittany is the wayside shrine, the wayside cross, the *calvaire* as common as in Martinique. And whatever else one may find to say about Catholicism it inculcates in its lowliest representatives a spirit of Christian equality. The old white priest standing beneath the stone cross on the green hillside of Morne Rouge, surrounded by his black congregation who had made with him, singing, the stations of the cross that Lenten Sunday of March called them “mes frères” in his simple address, in no Pickwickian sense. So, too, the schools are crowded, where the youth are taught by white and colored men and women; taught at least to read and write French, so that practically every person in the colony can speak intelligible French, aside from the patois, which is unfortunately destined to die out. Possibly the Great War has had its part in this making of a French colored civilization. For somewhere in every hamlet there is a tablet bearing the names of many colored citizens who died in France fighting side by side with white Frenchmen. An extraordinary number of these colored men went overseas to fight. In the little hamlet of Lorain I counted over a hundred names on the memorial tablet of those who had died in the war. (Such strange names, too, suggesting Carib descent, African, East Indian coolie, Spanish and Portuguese, beside “Creole,” that is white colonial.)

Another important question, of course, is the land question. Wherever in these tropical islands the “inferior race” has been able to get hold of land in sufficient amount to live off it, the social product differs from that in places where, as in Barbados, the land is still held in the form of large plantations to be exploited by dependent blacks at a low wage. In the French islands the land is in small patches, no doubt largely because of the tumbled, broken, volcanic nature of the country. There are comparatively few large holdings. The characteristic thing in Martinique is the small cabin with a field of two, worked—and really worked—by the owner and his family. Of course this development is deplored by the white colonial who finds that it restricts his supply of labor, and who grumbles inevitably at the “lazy nigger.” And paradoxically in these densely populated islands there is an almost universal “labor problem.” But looking at the matter solely from the aspect of the colored colonial the small-holding type of development makes for independence, and charm, also cheapness of living. The by-ways of Martinique, the little valleys, the mountain slopes, are garden patches, supporting an animated, fairly industrious, vivid, and articulate colored race.

The first question the American traveler is asked in Martinique by both white and colored, asked with curiosity and agitation, is: “What is your country going to do with us? Will the United States take the French Antilles in payment of war debts?” This trade which so far as I know has never been seriously considered in the United States (outside such circles of blatant imperialism as the *Chicago Tribune*, and among the boosters for a bigger navy) is passionately discussed and patriotically dreaded down there in the French Antilles. The local newspapers, inflamed by suggestions from the French press, print furious denunciations of the scheme, and the white colonials express more or less politely their natural disgust of the idea. Recalling the type of rowdy, booze-hunting American citizen whom the great excursion steamers periodically set loose in their ports, one should not be surprised or offended at this repugnance to becoming more closely associated with the richest and most powerful nation in the world.

But considering the matter more seriously I asked myself why should the handing over of these lovely, fertile islands to the United States be the unmitigated disaster that it unquestionably would be to their present inhabitants? The answer to this question reveals the secret of our failure in handling our own race problem and the success the French way with the same problem. Ignoring the economic working of the Eighteenth Amendment in a rum-making territory (which has largely devastated the Virgin Islands we bought from the Danes and which would simply prostrate Martinique and Guadeloupe) the graver reason is that our prejudices unfit us to govern or assimilate a colored people. We should inevitably create another and worse Porto Rican sore, and ruin something fine of great promise if permitted to work itself out, and that is the creation of a French colored civilization. The root of that civilization is the frank acceptance of what we hypocritically shudder at and surreptitiously practice, miscegenation. We have a huge literature, probably largely unscientific, on race hybridization, and the popular mind in America is so clouded on this subject, so closed, and so inflamed that we should consider and treat the populations of these islands merely as “niggers,” offending their pride, ignoring their just claims to individuality, probably trying to suppress their language, as we are engaged in suppressing Spanish in Porto Rico. We are the most intolerant people in the world, as we have recently demonstrated to the Japanese, and the most ignorantly prejudiced, as we are engaged in demonstrating in Haiti. In Martinique and Guadeloupe we should have a more advanced people to deal with than in either Haiti or Porto Rico, and one that the usual American administrator would not have the imagination to understand.

No, the hope for these French foster children, as in a somewhat different way it is for the English colored populations, is to be allowed to extend self-rule, to develop themselves in a climate to which they are admirably adapted—even at the expense of less sugar, cocoa, limes. The world needs the harmonious development of the culture of these mixed white and black people far more than it needs more sugar and other tropical riches. It needs the gaiety, the beauty, the vivid color sense of the French mulatto—another demonstration of the age-old fact that white and black have mingled without terrible consequences, as among the Mediterranean peoples. And America needs the object lesson which the French are giving of a possible humane solution of the race problem.

A Runaway Congress

By GILSON GARDNER

IT never has happened before and that is perhaps why nobody seems to understand exactly what has happened. This last Congress was a coalition Congress. A "runaway" Congress.

Officially, there was in the House and Senate a Republican (Administration) "majority." Practically, that "majority" was wiped out last December when Congress met. Officially, the Republicans were in control and responsible for what this Congress did. Practically, the steering gear never was in their hands. Officially, President Coolidge was supported by a party "majority." Practically, there was no party "majority."

From the time Congress convened—after the very first test of official strength in the House and in the Senate—there never was anything but a coalition majority. The Democrats, in cooperation with the independent bloc in the House and Senate, were in supreme control.

Representative Longworth was nominally the leader of the "majority" but the other day Victor Berger, the Socialist Representative from Milwaukee, spoke humorously but truthfully when he alluded to him as "Minority Leader" Longworth.

It has been an anomalous situation. The Democrats were not the majority and, of course, the Progressive Farmer-Labor group was not the majority. There was no majority, but to all intents and purposes there was a very real and practical working majority which, as before stated, was a coalition majority.

In the coalition majority of Congress the Democratic element was the passive element; the Progressive Republican was the active element. The Democrats were impotent without the help of this independent bloc; the "majority" or "regular" Republicans could not function without its aid. So the liberals in a way held the whip hand on the situation.

It is no wonder the great conservative newspapers of the country have had little to say on this subject. It is a situation they prefer to blink.

The power of the coalition majority was first demonstrated in its check on the organization of the House. After many days of deadlock Leader Longworth of the "majority" was compelled to make terms with the independent bloc and to allow a new provision in the rules which stripped the steering committee of its power to kill legislation by failing to report it. That power was recently shown in forcing out the Howell-Barkley railroad-labor bill.

The first and test fight in the Senate was over the appointment of a chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee which would handle railroad legislation. Was this committee to be left in control of the Coolidge-Conservative Administration? Not if the Democratic-Progressive coalition knew itself, and under La Follette's guidance it apparently did. For after a three weeks' deadlock the coalition voted in Ellison D. Smith of South Carolina as chairman—a Democrat with progressive leanings. Thus the coalition demonstrated to itself and to as much of the outside world as wished to see it that it was in control of the Senate.

Next the power of the coalition was shown in its man-

handling of the Mellon tax bill. Neither the Republican nor the Democratic revision of that plan prevailed. The Republicans receded from the Coolidge-Mellon plan as it was edicted from the Treasury Department and White House and later the Democrats had to recede from the Garner revision of the Administration schedule. The bill as it stands is a coalition bill—an adjustment between the Democratic and Progressive bloc.

The coalition's power has been particularly evidenced in the work of the investigating committees—the Walsh Committee; the Brookhart Committee; and the Norris Committee. From the time Walsh sprung the lock that opened Fall's mourning satchel the public has witnessed one long cinematograph of Republican-Democratic graft. When the resolution for an investigation of Daugherty and his Department came up Senator "Hound Tooth" Willis of Ohio was for following the "regular" order which was for Senator Cummins, as presiding officer of the Senate, to name a hand-picked committee to whitewash the Attorney General. Instead of this happening, the coalition majority did the unbelievable thing, permitting a first-term Senator to name his own committee and giving young Mr. Wheeler power to start a 100 per cent sincere investigation of Daugherty-Burns-Jess Smith and Company; and forced the appointment of special counsel to prosecute Fall and recover the stolen naval reserves. The impotent Republican "majority" could do nothing but rush to the White House and urge the resignation of Daugherty.

A proposal to investigate Secretary Mellon's income-tax bureau and turn Francis J. Heney loose on the Treasury Department galvanized the whole Republican "majority" into momentary activity. Senator Jim Watson moved to discharge the Couzens committee, but three days later after thinking over what the coalition might do in an open fight, Jim arose in the Senate and announced that all opposition from his quarter would be withdrawn. Perhaps he thought it was near the end of the session and not very much would happen before the adjournment of Congress in June, and anyway he had his own Coalition out in Indiana to consider. The coalition, under the leadership of Senator George W. Norris, untied the string that held the Muscle Shoals package and Henry's motor lorries have not carried off a parting gift from Congress this session.

The coalition disrupted Congress. In the beginning, the "majority" balked and finding that balking did no good the regulars got scared and ran away. And a runaway Congress carried with it one pension bill, one bonus bill, and one immigration bill made after its own specifications.

The cartoonist who should really happen to see the situation as it is would picture a wagon with a rearing, tearing team, one horse marked Democrat, the other Progressive, with the Senator from Wisconsin, pompadour blown back by the wind, holding tight to the reins while little Cal is seen bobbing up and down near the tailboard hanging on for dear life.



The New Education

By AGNES DE LIMA

I. In the Public Schools

KNOCKING our schools and the product of our schools has long been a popular pastime. It is doubtful if any other American institution comes in for such incessant criticism. President Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation is solemnly certain that the reason lies in our attempt to educate too many of us, and in spending too much money in the process. He is, however, only one of a large company who each, according to his temperament or economic status, knows what ails us educationally. "Petticoat teaching," declares a visiting premier, "that accounts for British boys being two years ahead of American boys of the same age." "No, our aims are too diffuse, and our motives superficial," reports a college president. "Too many fads and frills," says the man of affairs. "Not enough grounding in fundamentals," says another. Underpaid teachers, overcrowded classes, obsolete teaching methods, too rigid a curriculum, inflexible grading, neglect of the individual, no connection with real life. . . .

Yet under all the grilling and controversy now raging in the educational world something very like a revolution is going on. The "new education" is given feature space in popular magazines, modern schools are heralded in many centers, educational experiments are invading even the most hidebound of school systems. To be sure there is little agreement as to what the "new education" is. To some it represents merely certain mechanical or administrative reforms or new ways of doing old tasks. To others it means a complete abandonment of former educational standards with their narrow emphasis upon fact cramming regardless of the child's needs and capacities. In these newer schools or classes, formal recitations are abolished, together with set lessons and fixed courses of study. Workshops and laboratories supplement or take the place of the ordinary classroom, on the assumption that with materials and the chance to use them, children will not only acquire the necessary skill in the three R's, but will develop creatively.

The more radical of these experiments are, of course, being made outside the public schools, although there are isolated instances even under public-school conditions. Such an experiment is now going forward in an annex of Public School 61 on the East Side of Manhattan under the able leadership of Elisabeth Irwin. Another—conducted for four years in Montgomery County, Missouri, in a rural school—has just been made the subject of a noteworthy book by Prof. Ellsworth Collings of the University of Oklahoma.*

Miss Irwin's experiment grew out of her five years of pioneer work in mental testing, and is a real attempt to modify the course of study in accordance with the varying needs of children as disclosed by the tests. Her present classes started over a year ago as a cooperative effort of various private agencies and the city school authorities. Dr. George M. Parker, the psychiatrist, and three associates are also connected with the work.

There are one hundred children divided into four

groups—bright, normal, dull normal, and neurotic. They have now completed the second grade, and Miss Irwin's hope is to add another set of beginners next fall, and thus gradually build up a school to the junior high-school grade. Neither the daily program nor the equipment bears much resemblance to the ordinary school. Low tables and chairs replace cumbersome and immovable school desks; hangings, plants, and gay decorations fashioned by the children themselves give the rooms distinction and charm. Formal work is minimized and ample opportunity is given the children to learn through free activity and first-hand experience. Plenty of materials are at hand—clay, wood, sand, blocks, weaving, paints. Dramatics, music, dancing, rhythm, and independent projects fill much of the day.

The three R's are adequately taken care of, though not in the ordinary stultifying fashion. Miss Irwin believes that we know nothing at all about the learning process, that children do not learn by dint of drill and subject matter presented in logical sequence; but, supplied with an environment where creative activity is possible, they seem to acquire an amazing amount of real knowledge. She tells the story of a mother who was distressed because her seven-year-old George could not write, although he had been in school a term and a half. The family was about to move uptown, and the mother feared for George's standing in a traditional school. "Never mind; we'll teach him to write before you move," Miss Irwin declared. "But we go next Monday," moaned the mother. "We'll teach him," Miss Irwin repeated. And they did—in two days! Mrs. Marietta Johnson has often spoken of children's "bursting" into literacy! Something of the sort happened to this boy.

Mr. Collings attained even more striking results in his experiment. His actual aims were not to teach subjects, but to better the life of his pupils, using all their interests and desires, good and bad. The content of their school activity was made up of these interests, the curriculum being constantly made "on the spot" by pupils and teacher in conference. Concretely the children engaged in enterprises, too numerous even to indicate here, which fell naturally into four groups: play, excursion, story, and hand projects. These included games, folk dancing, dramatizations, and social parties; study of community activities and problems; stories in all their forms, oral, song, pictures, and music; shop and construction work, making furniture, growing vegetables, preparing school luncheons.

Current check was kept of the proficiency gained in formal subjects both in the experimental school and in two neighboring schools where the traditional course of study was strictly followed. The tests at the end of the four years showed the experimental school far in the lead. Enrolment and attendance in the school rose to almost perfection level, tardiness and punishment cases dropped to nothing, high-school entrants increased, while the traditional schools maintained their former low figures. The homes of the experimental school-children reflected improvement. More and better books and periodicals were read, home and farm conveniences were installed, illness from preventable diseases decreased. As Prof. William H. Kilpatrick states in his introduction to the book, "It can no longer be said that

* "An Experiment with a Project Curriculum." By Ellsworth Collings. The Macmillan Company, 1921.

the theory won't work. It has worked." But it must be said that in comparison with such experiments as the foregoing, much of what is styled experimental in the public schools appears as mere pretense. New York and other cities have set aside certain official centers where attempts are made to grade children scientifically, and to modify the course of study to meet their varying needs. The testing and grading of the children according to mental ability have progressed briskly enough, and the advantages of more homogeneous grouping are many. Slow and quick pupils need no longer interfere with one another, but may each proceed at their own rate. But the "modified" course of study as yet holds out little hope of permanent educational reform.

A visitor to most of these "experimental" schools would never guess that anything different or new was being tried. In each classroom are the same rigid rows held in absolute silence, the same routine, the same doling out of irrelevant facts and uninviting abstractions. It is, we will say, a Friday, and the weekly tests are being given. "Take out your prefix words," drones the teacher. The class, fifty apathetic little robots, operating as a unit, slip one book off the desks and another one on them. "Prefix words!" What in the name of conscience have they to do either with children or with education?

The reason no doubt is the persistence in the pedagogical mind of the notion that there is something intrinsically sacred about a course of study. New York's Department of Education has recently issued a report on Grading and the Course of Study which summarizes the methods by which New York and other cities are dealing with the problems of retardation, promotion, and modification of the curriculum. Here we may see how the professional educator behaves when faced with a serious breakdown in the educational machine. For that is what retardation means—millions of children annually throughout the country clogging the wheels of what should be a smoothly running process. They cannot or will not follow the prescribed time-table and when promotion time comes round and large masses should automatically move forward, these recalcitrants balk, to the utter confusion of the operators of the machine. What is the remedy? Abolish the time-table, scrap the machinery, and start afresh with the children as developing, growing human beings? Heaven forbid!

"Our chief task," says the report, "is to speed up the 46 per cent of slow-progress pupils."

The "multiple track" method employed by Oakland, California, is dwelt upon at length. This provides for five general types of classes—accelerated, normal, opportunity, limited, atypical. The plan calls for a differentiated course of study—"enrichment" on one hand, and "minimum essentials" on the other. "The main consideration is to have the progress of all pupils continuous."

The curriculum and the time-table are thus the Procrustean bed into which the child, by devices nowadays scientifically determined, must somehow be fitted. Never a hint anywhere in the report that fulfilling the requirements of a prescribed course of study may bear little or no relation to the learning process, that it may in fact make real learning forever impossible by destroying the child's initiative, natural curiosity, and originality. Never a hint that attention to the real needs of children, to the exigencies of their growth, is the only means of insuring that what is learned has any real value or gets any real hold on the child's imagination and interest. Instead, advises the educational "repair man," clip off the minutes from the time ordinarily de-

voted to one subject and apply them to another, "dilute" here, "enrich" there, speed up this lot, slow up this one, re-grade, regroup, measure, then compute your percentage of gains. If they are not high enough try again—on the same old lines.

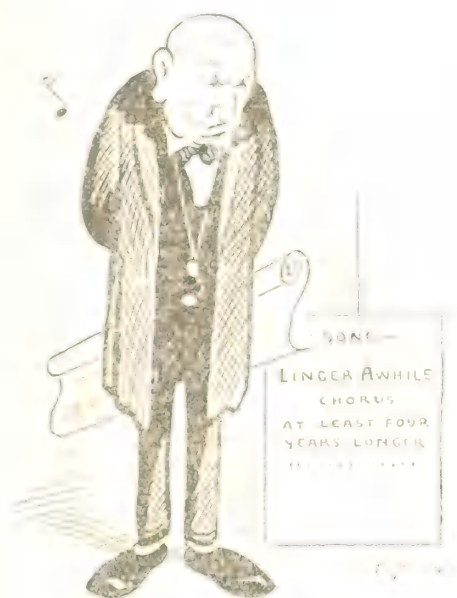
Experiments like those of Miss Irwin and Prof. Collings point the way to another educational order. Less radical, but none the less hopeful methods are being tested elsewhere. A strange term—as yet merely an abstraction—is beginning to creep into the reports of public-school officials. This term is "individual child." Scientific tests are beginning to establish as a certainty what only the most progressive teacher dared to intimate before—that children differ profoundly and that education must minister to the needs of each. A number of schemes are in operation to permit children to direct their own studies, within limits. The best known of these is the Dalton Laboratory Plan, originated by Miss Helen Parkhurst in Dalton, Mass. Under this plan, pupils are released from recitation periods for part of each day, and may pursue any subject they please, provided that they cover the required work in all subjects within a given period of time. The method definitely breaks up the lock-step and permits each child to progress at his own rate of speed.

Some fifty cities also have adopted some form of the work-study-play or Gary plan in some form. This method, so hotly contested in New York some years ago, and rejected through the manipulations of politicians, makes it financially possible for all schools to provide the plant and equipment necessary for modern schooling: playgrounds, laboratories, and workshops, hitherto reserved for upper grades or a limited number of schools.

These represent beginnings only, but they are significant as indicating a new orientation in educational thought and practice. Their extension will necessarily be slow and under fire every step of the way. It would be foolhardy to attempt the too rapid adoption of any one of the newer reforms. Certain textbooks about the project method show how formalized the best of methods can become in unimaginative hands. The present "mental-age-grading" experiments in New York may degenerate into merely another mechanical device, but they may develop into genuine centers for studying and meeting the needs of children. In these schools there is much discussion of ways of educating the "dull normal" child, whose protest against the overbookishness of the present curriculum has accounted in large measure for the retardation problem. A few educators are concerning themselves with the gifted child. Some schools have special classes for children with extraordinarily high "I. Q.'s." Perhaps the time is not far distant when a child need be neither feeble-minded, physically handicapped, dull, nor overbright to receive the benefits of teaching consciously designed to meet his needs instead of the maintenance of a more or less venerable tradition.

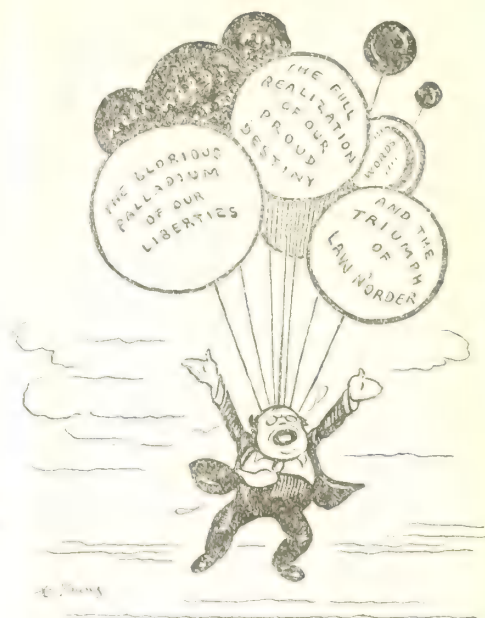
In two succeeding articles Agnes de Lima will describe the advances that have been made in methods of teaching in some of the long-established private schools and in the younger and more radical "experimental" institutions.

Cleveland's Best Minds by Art Young

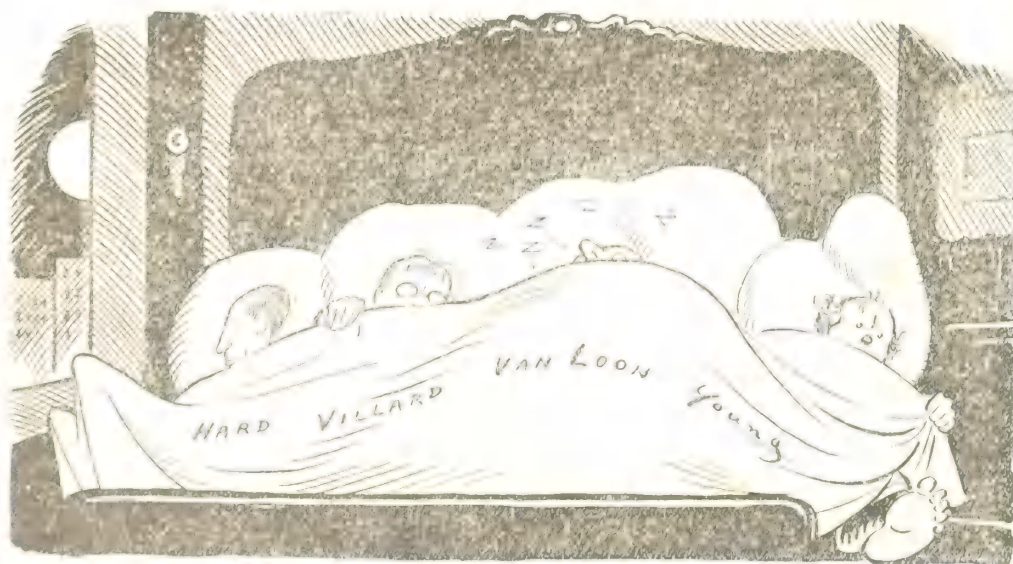


Keynote Burton of Ohio

Convention
Oratory



He Didn't Know It Was Loaded



The Nation Representatives
at the Convention

Art Young: Sinclair Lewis was right: Reporting a convention from the wide open spaces is much better.

Democratic Infantry

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

OUR text this week, while the Republicans are dispersing from Cleveland, and while the Democrats are in preparation to converge upon New York, is to be found, beloved brethren, in a happy remark recently made by a Southern Senator.

"There is cavalry and there is artillery and there is infantry," said he, "in politics. The Republicans have the cavalry and the artillery. They canter way out in front with La Follette and Brookhart and Frazier and Howell and they even send out advance scouts who get separated from the Republican line of march and go forward in some new uniform—scouts like Shipstead and Magnus Johnson, ex-Republicans, Farmer-Laborites. Meanwhile the artillery, way back in the rear, is also Republican. It comes lumbering along with Smoot and Warren and Lodge, complaining about the roads and wanting to settle right down and bombard from where it is. In the middle we march—we Democrats. Sometimes we fall back and dig in with the artillery. Sometimes we hurry forward and collaborate with the cavalry. We keep in touch with both ends. We save the country by being conservative. We save the country by being progressive. We always save the country, of course. We save it by walking on our feet, in the middle. We, my dear young friend, we Democrats, are the country's dull plodding salvation. The Republicans have the biggest reactionary emplaced guns. The Republicans have the loneliest radical reconnoitering horsemen. We Democrats are infantry, infantry, just infantry."

He said it. The Democrats in Washington have indeed a few artillerymen—like Bruce of Maryland, who will have to be abandoned on the field of battle, if the battle is lost, because no power on earth can move him. They have two or three cavalymen: Wheeler of Montana, Dill of Washington, Huddleston of Alabama—gentlemen with the fire of adventure in their eyes. Otherwise, for the most part, and for the overwhelming part, the Democrats are persons with a certain idealism in their veins and a certain considerable constant caution in their feet.

Now Coolidge has given the Democrats a chance to be more than ever addicted to infantricide. Coolidge has made the Republican Party the absolute artillery party. He has decided to get along without cavalry altogether.

That dashing heavy dragoon, Mr. John T. Adams, chairman of the Republican National Committee, is to go. He had already gone too far. He was not content with being against the League of Nations. He was also against all its works. He was against the League Court. Artilleryman in economics, he was a cavalryman—an "extremist"—in foreign policy. He went the limit. He is to be succeeded by Samuel M. Butler of Massachusetts, who obeys the speed laws and who is expected to offer no open opposition to the policy of approaching the League without touching it.

In the Republican National Convention there might have been Charles L. Knight of Ohio for Temporary Chairman. He is a distinguished newspaper publisher, an extraordinarily powerful writer and speaker, an ex-Congressman, a strong Coolidge man, a Coolidge delegate. Yes. But an ex-Rooseveltian.

So there was not Mr. Knight of Ohio for Temporary Chairman. There was Theodore E. Burton of Ohio, one of the ablest and one of the finest characters in Congress, and an artilleryman to the marrow of his firm and fixed backbone.

Then for Permanent Chairman, since the West had to be cultivated, there might have been Howell of Nebraska, who has just been elected to the Senate and who for many years has been Republican National Committeeman from Nebraska—an official and a useful Republican, who took Nebraska senatorially away from the Democrats by defeating his dear friend the former Senator and abiding Democrat, Gilbert M. Hitchcock.

Howell, however, ran some municipally owned public utilities terribly well in Omaha. He has also in the Senate given his name to the Howell bill for readjusting the relations between labor and capital on railroads in a manner and by a method desired by the railroad trade unions.

So there was not Mr. Howell for Permanent Chairman. There was Frank W. Mondell of Wyoming, who lost the last senatorial fight in Wyoming to the Democrat John B. Kendrick, and who is one of the nicest and sweetest and most convinced artillerymen in human existence.

Then it became necessary, in order to get a chairman of the Resolutions Committee, to go all the way to Mexico City in order to get Ambassador Charles B. Warren, who will look at no gun under 83-caliber and 16-inch diameter.

It is all very well to say that Coolidge has no courage. This writer claims that Coolidge has both courage and consistency. Do we want a new logical alignment of parties in America? Coolidge has done his full share on that topic. He has made the Republican Party the artillery party of America, in its control, in its management, supremely beyond all precedent.

This writer narrates that fact with an absolute indifference to the outcome. For now watch the Democrats.

Only the menace of La Follette would make the Democrats think of any cavalry raids issuing from the convention in New York.

Observe the record of the Democrats in Congress. They produced the votes which continued the existence of tax-exempt municipal and State securities through which the large investor can escape all federal income taxes and through which impecunious Southern cities can borrow from the large investor at a low rate of interest.

They were strong for taxing the rich except at moments when the rich would lend money to them.

Overwhelmingly they were willing to take this nation's property at Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee River and hand it over to Henry Ford at a great loss to the nation and at an enormous potential personal profit to Mr. Ford simply because Mr. Ford allowed it to be alleged that by reducing the price of fertilizers he would put private gain into the private pockets of Southern farmers.

Many additional mean things might be said against the Democrats. These mean things would be justified. So would many lofty and yearning and idealistic things.

The Democrats are undoubtedly in touch with the cavalry. They are in touch now with the La Follette railroad

trade union political convention which will meet in Cleveland on July 4. Most Democrats in the House of Representatives willingly and outrightly supported the Howell bill—called in the House of Representatives the Barkley bill—wanted by the railroad trade unions.

The pace of the Democratic Party in New York on June 24 will be in considerable degree proportioned to the prospective pace of La Follette at Cleveland on Independence Day.

Run, La Follette, run. The infantry is after you.

A Heretic on Trial

By CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

Cleveland, June 1

A LONG, narrow chapel, in the English style. Dark, except for the artificial light, and gloomy. Four hundred seats, all filled with sightseers who have crowded in to behold the day's most entertaining anachronism. Outside, the rain is falling steadily, and the curious crowd is uneasy. There is a long delay in the beginning of the afternoon session. Already the show is an hour overdue.

Forward, center, a row of kitchen tables, covered with books and papers. To the left of these, another row of tables, at which sit the reporters, forty or more of them, cracking jokes and lazily deriding the story they are here to write.

A stir in the rear of the audience. The bishops are coming. The audience rises. Down the center aisle file the eight old men, in black-and-white gowns, who constitute the court. After them a group of men carrying books and brief cases, and one white-haired, keen-faced old man in a black cassock. The lawyers and the defendant.

The eight in the black-and-white gowns step upon the rostrum in the forward end of the room and take their chairs, each before his own little table. One takes the center chair and table, the others are ranged about in a half-circle on both sides of him.

The black-and-white ones on the rostrum sit. The lawyers, clerks, advisers, and experts on this and that gather about their tables. The black-and-white ones are a little nervous and quite awkward and self-conscious. The one in the center grasps a little wooden mallet and makes as if to hit the table with it, then changes his mind, forgets to offer the customary prayer, and says, in an effort to be natural: "Gentlemen, you may sit down."

And the court that is trying William Montgomery Brown, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, is in session. In Cleveland, Ohio, a town of nearly a million people, with street cars running to and fro outside, and with electric lights dispelling at least some of the darkness within, these eight old men in the black-and-white dresses that are so unbecoming are trying the other old man, there beside the table, for heresy. They are accusers, judges, and jury.

Each judge scowls at his separate table, or tries visibly to look like a judge. Apparently, none of them knows anything at all about judicial procedure, and the presiding judge is pitiable in his ignorance of even such rules of action as one might learn by watching a police court function for two hours. One of the judges looks like John D. Rockefeller. Another, who rather cringes before the gaze of the audience, has departed so far from the orthodox as to have the black part of his outfit made just a little bit purple. Maybe that is why he shrinks. Possibly he foresees the possibility of being tried for this Romanistic bit of heresy.

You feel that the scene is not satisfyingly medieval. For instance, one of the judges wears a mustache. You feel sure

that none of the members of the court that tried Joan wore a mustache. One of the judges pulls his skirt up to his knees when he sits down, and continues to look ludicrous throughout the session. Two of them cross their legs, thereby losing caste with the crowd. The presiding judge sucks at his spectacles nearly all the time, and not infrequently falls to sucking his thumb thoughtfully. Some of the reverend judges whisper and joke among themselves, and laugh from time to time to relieve their embarrassment. They read the papers, and they are conscious of the sorry figure the court is making of itself in the eyes of the public.

An effort has been made to give the court a setting as well as a sitting. A maroon curtain is the background, and a maroon carpet covers the rostrum. Above the heads of the judges is a stained-glass window presenting a very florid picture of God in pleated skirt, four sizes too large, cape awry and partly fastened with an emerald as big as a saucer. God, in this picture, has red hair and whiskers.

In front of the half circle of judges, and to its left is the witness chair, conventionally raised upon a dais that has been so hastily improvised that it threatens to collapse when a fat bishop mounts the chair, and the whole court engages in issuing directions as to how to avert catastrophe. Finally the dais is shoved to one side, the witness chair is placed on the level of the court, and the trial of Bishop Brown proceeds.

The presiding judge rises and informs the audience that the court is sorry it has kept counsel waiting, but it has been very busy. He then reads a long typewritten statement, denying the defendant the right to put all the bishops of the church upon the witness stand in order to find out what they believe, and thus learn what is the doctrine he is accused of being heretic to. The statement recites that the doctrine may be found in the Book of Common Prayer.

Twentieth-century lawyers, in gray and brown business suits, are pleading and arguing and wrangling before this thirteenth-century court, and the effect is strange. These men who can drive automobiles and cast ballots at elections stand here in this Gothic room and argue hotly about whether the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father or from the Father and the Son, and whether a bishop shall be deemed guilty of heresy because he refuses to recant what he has written about capitalism and superstition. It is all very serious and momentous, but every once in a while the reporters at the long tables have to hide behind their hats and laugh.

The audience is less polite than the reporters. It gives vent to a loud guffaw whenever something particularly amusing occurs. Then the presiding bishop almost bites his glasses in two, and says:

"The court requests absolute order in the room."

The audience is composed largely of heretics who share at least some of the views of the defendant. Social-

ists, Communists, rebels, independents, radicals of every stripe. Non-conformists of all creeds. And there is a sprinkling of orthodox ministers of the gospel, come to see the humbling of a heretic, and secretly hoping that some way may be found to get a permit from the fire department to burn the old man in the public square beside the bronze statue of Tom Johnson, another heretic, who once was mayor of this city of Cleveland.

"So you're going to condemn him as a heretic!" shouts the lawyer for the defense. "And the twentieth century! Heavens! I seem to hear the flames of Smithfield crackling about us!"

The judges on the rostrum wriggle in their chairs. They do not know whether they should permit this impudent lawyer, who has defended Eugene Debs and other economic heretics before the bars of civil courts, to talk thus in the presence of the hierarchy of the church. Surely Rome would not let her dignity be insulted thus—and right before the eyes of the rabble!

But one glance to the right of the court, where the busy reporters are preparing their copy and sending it scurrying for the extra editions by the hands of gum-chewing messenger boys, is sufficient to convince any court that that elder day is gone. There were no reporters at the trials of the good old heretics, nor in the public squares where the sizzling fires were builded by consecrated hands. Ah, friends, a bishop was a bishop once!

The verdict! The verdict! The court-jury-accuser is coming in to deliver the verdict! The heretical audience rises. The court takes its place. The verdict is read by the presiding dignitary from a typewritten sheet.

"Guilty of heresy."

The tremendous moment falls flat. There is no thrill in it. Something is wrong. The verdict has been delivered, and nobody trembles, nobody weeps, nobody begs for mercy. The defendant smiles good-naturedly. His friends surround him, shaking hands, laughing, talking without heat and without excitement. The defendant, who is neither a very learned nor a very important man in the world of men, has become a hero.

The court, on the other hand, cuts rather a sorry figure at the close of its great task. Nobody notices it. Its members, for a brief time elevated to the center of the stage, are straggling anonymously out of the church, trying to keep close to one another, nervously talking about outgoing trains.

There seems to be confusion in the minds of the spectators, as well as in the minds of the readers of the newspapers, concerning this trial that has just closed. Some maintain that Bishop Brown was on trial. Others stoutly declare that this is a garbled version, and that, as a matter of fact, it was an old and tottering institution that was on trial.

Renunciation

By WILLIAM A. DRAKE

It is written in the book of Meng Tzu, that he who cannot fulfil his charge must relinquish it.

I have no choice.

I lift my hand from your soul,
and give you back to the world.

A Communication

Sauce for Mr. Daugherty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now that the Senate committee investigating oil has reported, now that Burns has resigned, and the new Attorney General has been urged to suspend the spy system, it is interesting to consider the defense of ex-Attorney General Daugherty set forth in his letter of March 23 to the President. He asks whether this Government is to retain "its guaranties of individual rights and its safeguards for equal justice to the highest and the humblest, or is it to become a government of slander, by terrorism and by fear?" He says:

In the battle for my rights, as an official and a citizen, the rights of every citizen of this republic are involved, for who of all our millions of people knows but that he may be the next to become the object of unjust accusation maintained by lawless inquisition?

Daugherty's complaint is sound. It is a cry that liberals have been making for years. At last the cry has come from a high official of the Department of Justice. But those who institute a system should not complain.

A. Mitchell Palmer was notorious for making defenseless people the objects of "unjust accusation maintained by lawless inquisition," and the recent administration of the Department has not been free from such endeavor. These men seemed occasionally to forget that the rights of every citizen are involved in the violation of the rights of any citizen.

Daugherty objects that the witnesses against him were disreputable. But we have all heard district attorneys in courts of law tell juries that they cannot choose their witnesses, and that if the defendants choose to associate with disreputable people they must necessarily be the ones to give testimony.

Section 37 of the Revised Statutes, referring to conspiracies against the United States, has been commonly used by the Department of Justice. Senator Wheeler says that there is evidence that Daugherty committed a crime. He was, no doubt, referring to this section. Under this section a number of individuals are joined and tried together as defendants. In the federal courts separate trials are not a matter of right and are seldom, if ever, granted. The purpose of alleging a conspiracy and trying a conspiracy case is that in that way acts and statements of each defendant may under certain circumstances be regarded as affecting the others. Juries are allowed to draw conclusions from circumstantial evidence. It is easy to create an atmosphere.

In the case against Daugherty there is no direct evidence but there are facts from which inferences might be drawn. They have been drawn by the public. They might be drawn by a jury. Gaston Means, employed by the Department of Justice, testified that he received \$100,000 in cash from Mitsui Japanese interests; that he paid this money to Jesse Smith, the intimate associate of Daugherty—this for the purpose of stopping the prosecution of the Standard Aircraft case. Roxie Stinson, divorced wife of Jesse Smith, testified that she saw the \$100,000 in cash in a money belt which Smith wore. Smith had a room at the Department of Justice, lived with Daugherty, and attended conferences at the Little Green House on K Street. The Department of Justice did not proceed with the prosecution of the Standard Aircraft case. If Means, Jesse Smith (were he alive), Daugherty, and various others connected with the matter were indicted in a conspiracy case under this section, the jury might speculate as to the guilt of any of the defendants, and if the judge charged the jury (as was the charge in the case against Edward A. Rumely and others) that knowl-

edge might be "imputed" to a defendant, there might conceivably be a conviction.

A former Attorney General, A. Mitchell Palmer, seems likewise to have been what he might call "the object of unjust accusation maintained by lawless inquisition." There is testimony that Martin E. Kern of Allentown, Pennsylvania, a friend of Mr. Palmer, had something to do with the seizure of the Germantown Bosch Magneto plant. Kern's previous career seems to have been unsavory. An intimate friend of Kern, named A. T. Murray, was made one of the trustees and general managers of the plant. After a few months' operation the plant was sold to a bidder representing Kern without much question as to whether or not Kern was an American citizen (sales were limited to American citizens) for \$4,100,000 and the stock was immediately sold to the public at a much higher figure. Kern and Murray seem to have made almost \$600,000 out of the deal. J. Harry Covington, who was described as campaign manager for Mr. Palmer in 1920, is said to have received \$26,000 in legal fees. It would not seem to be difficult to "impute" knowledge to Palmer and to charge all of these men, including Palmer, under Section 37 of the Revised Statutes.

Palmer is also connected with McLean. He testified that without investigation he believed McLean when the latter told him that he had loaned Fall \$100,000, and Palmer therefore endeavored to avoid a situation where McLean would be compelled to testify under oath.

That charges should lie against men on such facts may seem unfair, unjust, un-American, and contrary to Anglo-Saxon institutions, but it is the kind of law for which the Department of Justice has made itself responsible. One is pleased that Daugherty has seen the danger and protested against it. It would be pleasant if A. Mitchell Palmer would declaim his protest to the world.

New York, May 10

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

The Nordics

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

The blond, gigantic Nordics
Unsheathed their shining swordies
On Viking trips
In dragon-ships
Against the Southern hordies.

The kind, longheaded Nordics
Preserved their conquered wardies,
But ruled their lands
With able hands
And never paid their boardies.

Those supermen, the Nordics,
Remain our hearts' adoredies;
They keep us straight,
They guide our fate,
They dwell in sweet accordies.

Still rule! triumphant Nordics,
Including Henry Fordies,
By right divine,
Resplendent line,
Creation's chosen lordies!

In the Driftway

NATURALLY when the Drifter was in college he committed a good many indiscretions. One of them, as he looks back upon it, was going to college at all; another was joining a fraternity. The latter was the least serious of the two, for fraternities are comparatively harmless. One loses his pin inside of two years after leaving college and within five he has forgotten the password and the grip.

* * * * *

WHILE in college, though, a fraternity is a serious matter. Many students feel that not to "make a frat" will disgrace them more in the eyes of their friends at home than failure to get their diploma. So, with the exception of athletics, the average student takes nothing in his college life more seriously than his fraternity. The "frat" to which the Drifter belonged used to hold a weekly meeting—Friday nights, as the Drifter recalls it—in the cellar of the chapter house, each "brother" wearing a robe and everybody going through a ritual which appealed to youth's love of mystery but now appears as so much solemn nonsense. The great times, though, were the initiations of new members, which occurred once or twice a year. On such occasions the fraternity members could indulge their animal spirits by pounding, kicking, and banging about their about-to-be "brother" without his daring to hit or even to talk back. Once, the Drifter remembers, he was helping to roll a "college man," with his hands tied behind him, down a steep hill when the victim struck a broken bottle and was seriously cut. A local physician, who was also a fraternity alumnus, was summoned. He put the young man to bed, and reported a case of pneumonia to the college authorities.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is reminded of all this by receiving from his chapter what is described as the "Eighth Province Rushing Blank," a "standard form" adopted by a group of colleges last spring. Freshmen were "rushed" in hit-or-miss fashion in the Drifter's day, but times have changed. The competition for good "frat material" has become so keen that the fraternities get busy in regard to new members back in the preparatory schools. The "Eighth Province Rushing Blank" is sent to the Drifter, evidently, in order that he can recommend to his chapter some of his young friends who are getting ready for college. The first item of information which the blank asks for is "Name of Rushee." That is a new word since the Drifter's day. He has forgotten what the prospective victims were called then, but he knows it was nothing so short and snappy as "rushee." Further down on the blank one is asked to describe the student's "social standing" and "physical appearance." Then comes the searching question: "Is he athletic material?" If so, the Drifter imagines that the subsequent inquiry, "What are his financial prospects?" is of less consequence. Finally, the Drifter is asked to give the "exact date" of the "rushee's" arrival, including the railroad and the hour, a. m. or p. m. This so that his own fraternity rather than a rival shall have the first chance at a handshake and such ingratiating propaganda as may seem in order.

* * * * *

ALL good in its way, no doubt, yet the Drifter surmises that he will forget to fill out the "Eighth Province Rushing Blank." As he passes in mind his young friends who are college bound, he is not sure that any would pass

the tests in "social standing" or "physical appearance," and he has a hunch that their "financial prospects" depend almost wholly upon Dad. Indeed, if the Drifter knew any young man who measured right up to fraternity demands he would suggest that he be sent not to college but to work for a couple of years on a farm or at sea. The lads whom the Drifter likes best are rough diamonds, a description of whom would not look at all impressive on the "Eighth Province Rushing Blank."

* * * * *

WHICH suggests the question, How did the Drifter ever get into a college fraternity? Well, for one thing, there were no "rushing blanks" in his day. Besides, although he is undoubtedly rough, no alchemy could ever reveal him as a diamond.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

German-Danish Minorities

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your issue of March 19 contains a letter on the question of the German-Danish minorities. As this problem formed the subject of deliberations at the congress of the Minorities Committee of the Association of the League of Nations Unions, which took place quite recently at the Hague, and as we discussed the question in a friendly manner with the Danish representatives, I beg permission to add a few observations.

In Germany education lies wholly in the hands of the state. German educational laws are based on the idea that only the firm authority of the state can guarantee that education will develop everywhere on the same lines and that the schools will be open to all children alike, whatever the position of the parents may be. Denmark, on the other hand, enjoys full freedom in the question of education and its development is left to private initiative.

The minority problem is also far more complicated in Germany than it is in Denmark. Germany harbors various minorities, differing as regards race, religion, culture, spiritual outlook, and methods of political warfare. For this reason the legal solution on a uniform basis of the minority problem is far more difficult for Germany than it is for Denmark, which has to deal only with the German minority. We, the German League of Nations Union, take the point of view that only the conclusion of a treaty between Germany and Denmark defining the equal treatment of the minorities to the north and the south of the frontier can bring about a satisfactory solution of the problem. The German Government as far as we know is quite ready to conclude such an agreement. As both parties to the treaty would doubtlessly conscientiously observe their obligations, we are of the opinion that such an agreement would at once remove the present friction. However, it must be remembered that the plebiscite in 1920 was not wisely administered. While in the southern zone the votes in every community were collected separately, the plebiscite in the northern zone comprised the entire zone as one voting unit. There can be no doubt that the overwhelming majority of the northern zone voted for Denmark, but owing to the method employed the purely German districts of Tondern, Hoyer, and Tinglev came under Danish sovereignty. This explains why the German frontier population, which quite naturally is much more excitable than the population of inland districts, has the feeling of being treated unfairly. But this being one of the least important injustices which the Treaty of Versailles imposed upon us, we do not especially stress the point.

Berlin, April 15

H. A. HARDER,

General Secretary of the German League of Nations Union

Straightening the Record

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Hard's letter in your issue of June 4 indicates that advancing years are diminishing his adequate supply of limited omniscience. Usually Bill Hard is accurate, but he does an injustice to the hundreds of thousands of progressive farmers who are bitterly opposed to such an economic monstrosity as the McNary-Haugen bill when he asserts that there was practical unanimity among farm organizations in favor of this bill, which all the progressive farm papers also denounced.

Perhaps he was misled by not reading all the hearings of the Committee on Agriculture in favor of the Norris-Sinclair bill. He may have been thrown off his straight and narrow track by the fact that Chairman Haugen of the House Committee on Agriculture, through the connivance of some other stand-patters on his committee, suppressed the two-hour testimony which I gave before his committee against his bill about two and a half months ago.

Some farmers can't think straight, but few who do favor the Haugen bill; but, anyhow, why scrap over a corpse? Just let us keep the record as straight as it is, and elect a Congress which will repeal the special privileges in land, transportation, credit, and marketing systems, to say nothing of taxation, which brought about the Agrarian Revolution.

Washington, June 2

BENJAMIN C. MARSH,

Managing Director, Farmers' National Council

Political Prophecy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Let me try to forecast the results of the impending national conventions. Looking backward, we now perceive the reasons which convinced the little group of party leaders that Mr. Harding was the choice of the people. Every delegate knew that Mr. Harding had lost some of his home State districts to General Wood and that he had run fourth and last in his neighbor State of Indiana. The Republican chiefs at Chicago in 1920 must have foreseen that the Democrats would not grasp the opportunity to become America's liberal party.

This year the G. O. P. will nominate Mr. Coolidge, and with him some not-too-radical progressive, resident in the Middle West, probably Judge Kenyon of Iowa. The platform will demand tax reduction, a well-planned and cautious reduction; a World Court "without compromise of our national independence" will be advocated. The constitutional provision for freedom of religion will be solemnly approved and reference will be made to the virtues of our naturalized citizens. No more direct mention of Ku Klux will be made, though lynching will be denounced, as will dishonesty in public office "when the same is proved before a competent tribunal." The farmer will be praised, and politely advised to try cooperative buying and selling and to get away from the "one-crop" idea. The platform will also point with pride. To what? Well, now, for the small consideration of one good political plum, I will undertake to write this difficult paragraph in a way that will cause the convention to rise and cheer. You say someone already has this assignment on the same terms? Just my luck.

Now for the Democrats. How tame the prize-fights conducted at Madison Square Garden when compared to this battle royal which Tex Rickard has landed! No limit to the number of rounds. No rule against hitting in the clinches. But the Smiths and McAdoos will plunge into battle without considering that they might overlook their differences in regard to churches and beverages, and unite to form a great new party for the common people, North and South, naturalized and native-born. No, the Democratic Party will continue in the old rut. McAdoo will early be ready to trade. He will have about 400 votes, but they will not be enthusiastic for his candidacy. Smith's 200 will seem formidable, seconded, as they will be, by the

shouting thousands on the streets. At last the trading will be accomplished. The party will have nominated two "good Americans," one a New Yorker that nobody west of the Hudson ever heard of; the other a favorite son from somewhere east of Iowa and west of Pennsylvania. Both Protestants. Broad-minded men, too. Speak to their Papist and Jewish acquaintances. Neither one dared to be dubbed a Prohibitionist or a Suffragist back in the days when these things were being urged. In fact, neither ever stood for anything new. But now they are ready to stand siege or give battle for "things as they are." The Democratic papers will at once dig into their respective "home towns" and we will be assured that "our great standard bearers" are very human.

The platform will assail the Republicans because of Teapot Dome; it will hint that many other scandals are yet to be uncovered. The farmer will be wept over and assured that all would be different if we had stayed in Europe. Mr. Wilson will be extolled as one of the world's greatest men. The League will not be mentioned by name, but its ghost will be invoked to prevent more wars.

And Coolidge will carry New York and the election.

Los Angeles, May 15

J. HENRY BRAND

A Suggestion from Germany

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Possibly some of your readers will be interested in co-operating in a scheme for the furtherance of amity and understanding between nations described in this extract from a letter received by me recently. It was written by a banker in Cologne. I will not attempt to correct my friend's English, now grown quaint from disuse. It would merely destroy its genuineness without adding to its appeal.

You in a settled country can't understand what we over here have to go through. War is still going on. People are not shot, but starve away by hunger; and we can't see when all this will end. . . . For me, and for a very few of my friends, the only way to reach a permanent peace in Europe is to hammer into the minds of the people the idea of the United States of Europe, after your scheme in America.

A friend of mine has tried to bring this idea forward in France, Germany, and England, and has spent all his money for it, without result. The diplomatists don't believe in these powerful ideas. . . . As you speak in your letter about the Quakers, I wanted to ask if in your country there are men who would spend some money for an international newspaper to work in this direction. . . . Please let me have a line to tell me if there is much interest in this question, and if it would be possible to get some money together for this friend of mine, that he might be able to work further. Now he is so absolutely short of money that he has to give it up. I also intend to write to friends of mine in France and England to collect a little sum to enable him to go on.

Navesink, N. J., April 18

MARGARET LINTE RAOUL

"When the Bands Begin to Play"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Just the other day, while passing through a town which I will not name, I was rather forcibly jerked back to the days of 1917 when the youth of the land was being called upon to make this world a decent place to live in for all time to come. It was my privilege to be included in that multitude of care-free, sincere young men. To go to war has ever been the privilege of youth.

I was in southern California when the call to arms reached me. On the way North we were given the freedom of the city wherever our trains stopped. Each town tried to outdo the rest in showing its appreciation of the way in which the boys

marched off leaving all their material goods behind, leaving all those near to them—perhaps for all time.

And the city whose name I must suppress outdid all others. Nowhere else were we so feted and so cheered. That great armory fairly shining with cleanliness; those huge tables with heaps of delicious food and dainties which the women had lovingly prepared for us. . . .

How different was my recent entry and reception in that town, six years after the previous triumphant visit. Having finished doing my yearly assessment work in the desert hills, I was returning to San Francisco, traveling part of the way on freight trains. Arriving within the city limits I began to hike through the town with a couple of other young men. For four nights I had had but very little sleep. All of that night had passed in waiting and riding on a freight train.

We encountered an officer of the law in the street. He promptly proceeded to "frisk" us. I inquired for a search warrant. I spoke as man to man, not meekly, nor yet brazenly. Being tired out from honest toil, homeward bound, and with nearly ten dollars in cash left in my jeans, I was anxious to be on my way.

Right there I learned that no man on the road is supposed to question the wisdom of a small-town officer. Grabbing me by both shoulders as he would a sack of coal he headed for a call box a half block away. On the way over he found time to threaten to crack my head with his stick; to point out what a hard-boiled character I was, and to inform me of his intention to have me "vagged." Above all else he wanted me to know that police of his town did not need a warrant to search my kind. Upon reaching his call box he surveyed me again. Being convinced after closer scrutiny that I was utterly exhausted for want of sleep, he warned me not to question the ways of officers when being searched, and promised to allow me to go on my way. He directed me to a Japanese restaurant across the street. That I took to be his parting instructions. I was soon to find out my freedom was only a parole. Upon coming out I found my friend the cop calling me back as I started toward the station. He wanted to point out what an easy job it would be for him to have me convicted for vagrancy. I mentioned my right to a trial by jury. He said my bail would be from three to five hundred dollars; no trial for thirty days or so.

Realizing my weakened condition and knowing the terrible brutalities committed by paid officers of the law upon defenseless men picked up at random, I struggled to control myself. I told him I had been an officer of the law once myself. I failed to inform him, however, how I had resigned after discovering that I would soon become wholly unable to sympathize with my own kind.

Finally I was permitted to resume my trip. Dragging my weary feet, homeward bound, I reflected on the difference of reception accorded me in that charming California town in October, 1917, and six years later.

Berkeley, California, April 30

J. E. S.

Hendrik van Loon will contribute an illustrated article on the Republican Convention at Cleveland to next week's issue of The Nation. There will also be reports by William Hard and Oswald Garrison Villard and drawings by Art Young.

Books

A Great Liberal Leader

The Life of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. By J. A. Spender. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$10.

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD was not the first man to make his way through storms of contumely and abuse to the highest office in the state. Campbell-Bannerman, too, was for many years the best-hated man in England. His denunciation of the farm burnings and concentration camps of the Transvaal War as "methods of barbarism" exposed him to unceasing torrents of vituperation, and even as late as a few months before he became prime minister it was commonly held to have made it impossible for him ever again to hold public office. But it was those three words that in the end brought about peace and union in South Africa. Eight years after they were uttered General Botha told Mr. Spender that when the Boers were fighting a losing battle with an apparently hopeless future before them the fact that the leader of one of the great English parties had had the courage to say this thing and to brave the obloquy which it brought upon him touched their hearts and made them think seriously of the possibility of reconciliation.

Campbell-Bannerman had held the premiership for little more than two years when failing health brought his career to a close. But during that brief period he wrote his name indelibly upon the history of the British Empire. The granting of responsible government to the Transvaal, one of the greatest acts of faith ever performed by a powerful nation, was his work, and it will cause his memory to be honored long after the exploits of many more brilliant men have been forgotten. All the way through the Boer War he insisted that the enemies of today would have to be the fellow-citizens of tomorrow, and his policy was consistently directed to the ultimate "conciliation and harmonious cooperation of the two European races in South Africa."

The statesman who rendered his country this priceless service was one of the most modest and least self-assertive of men, almost devoid of ambition. He strove for none of the prizes of public life. They came to him unsought and undesired. He described himself, quite sincerely, as "scared and saddened" when he realized, from a talk with King Edward at Marienbad, that the time was rapidly approaching when he would be the First Minister of the Crown. "It has not been by my seeking," he told a Montrose audience during his premiership, "that I am where I am, but simply because I have gone straight forward and find myself there without knowing very well how I came there." He never trimmed his sails to catch a popular breeze.

He held the simple view of the party system [says Mr. Spender] that when the country wanted Toryism it would go to Tories for it, and when it wanted Liberalism it would expect the unadulterated article from a Liberal party. For Liberals, therefore, to try to appease popular wrath by assimilating themselves to Tories when the country was against them was an unprincipled folly which would destroy their chance of being accepted as Liberals when the popular mood changed.

Sooner or later there comes a time when a war-intoxicated nation sobers down, and then it gives its confidence to those who have preserved their sanity amid the general delirium.

The tributes so often paid to the "simplicity" of Campbell-Bannerman's character tend, perhaps, to produce the impression that his intellectual endowment was second-rate. That conclusion, however, would do him a grave injustice. Even his speeches, though lacking the sparkle of Rosebery's or Winston Churchill's, abounded in pungent comments and vivid phrases. It is to him that we owe the coining of the neat term "Ulsteria" to express the excited mood of northeastern Ireland. It was no mediocrity who wrote for the Balfour Government the epi-

taph: "They have lived for some years on nothing but tactics, and now they have died of tactics." Nor could the land policy of English Liberalism be better summed up than in the words: "We wish to make the land less of a pleasure-ground for the rich and more of a treasure-house for the nation." There was one utterance of Campbell-Bannerman's that reached the level of inspiration. On the very morning when he was to address the Inter-Parliamentary Union, which included a special delegation from Russia, there came the news that the Duma, after ten weeks of existence, had been abruptly suspended by imperial ukase. This announcement cut right across his carefully prepared speech, and set him a problem as difficult and delicate as ever diplomat had to solve. After disclaiming any qualification for judging the Czar's act, he remarked that new institutions had often a disturbed, if not a stormy, youth. "The Duma," he continued, "will revive in one form or another. We can say with all sincerity, 'La Douma est morte: Vive la Douma.'" The effect was electrical. The gloom which the morning's news had cast over the audience was instantly dispersed by this battle-cry of hope.

In Mr. Spender, who was for many years closely associated with him and who was the ablest exponent of his policies in the London press, Campbell-Bannerman has found an ideal biographer. The book, one must add, has the advantage of a marvellous index.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Two Poets and a Novelist

Sunrise Trumpets. By Joseph Auslander. With an Introduction by Padraic Colum. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

The Crimson Cloak. By Lois Montross. Boni and Liveright. \$1.75.

The Dark Night. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

ONE of the several qualities that seem in modern times to be essential to poetry is the quality of movement—movement not of the story, for stories are seldom told, but movement in the language, in the line. The reader may be taken fast or slow; he may even be held quite still, in a peculiar suspense; yet there must be felt, somewhere beneath or behind the words which the poet uses, a pull. If one is not drawn on a new and powerful current of some sort the chances are that one is not reading verse. Good verse has always possessed this power; poetry must possess it today or go without an excuse for existing. It is fully as important as that quality oftener talked about, the quality of vision. All persons may see, while only a few can talk so felicitously that their words, their phrases, their sentences slip round and after one another like streams of wind or layers of rain.

Mr. Auslander is clearly a poet if the foregoing holds true. He may get much or little said; he may fail to interpret human life in new terms; but he is gifted with an artist's love and skill when it comes to the rhythmic manipulation of English words. Incidentally, it is the movement of wind and rain that he suggests; wind and rain—subtle, slanting, soft—are the elements which he has chosen in the first half of his accomplished volume to create upon the page. Twilight swishes through his diction; gray water seeps up and muffles his cadences without once destroying them. He has a mannerism. He, too, much loves to load his verse with telling phrases—and then it is as if the stream died for a while in dead, soaked leaves. Most of the time, however, he is in control of his method, and the reader gets such passages as these:

Roads are rutted and old wagons
Lumber and lunge on sunken stones;
The rain at a thousand gusty flagons
Gurgles and groans.

* *

The drowsy, friendly, comfortable creak

Of axles arguing and wet spokes gleaming,
When old empty tumbrels blunder dreaming, too sleepy to speak,
Blunder down the road in the rain dreaming. . . .

There is a sudden fuss of draggled feathers and the swing

Of winds in a hissing burst of raindrops; then a cry
Of color at the hill's rim; a strange bright glimmering;
And a lark talking madness in some corner of the sky.

Mr. Auslander is perhaps less successful in the second half of his volume, where he deals with human subjects in strict forms of verse—for instance, the sonnet. Yet in his sonnet on Yseult and in half a dozen other pieces he is brilliantly eloquent because he carries over the finer technique of his poems about nature. Much may be expected of his future volumes.

Mrs. Montross has written some love poems which are better at the first than at the second reading. Their note is an intense one, and their inspiration is doubtless true; but a certain over-neatness about their conclusions, a finality of touch, robs them of their full effect. The greatest love lyrics have been great chiefly in their beginnings—perhaps only in their first lines. Their authors have been content to let them trail off, never hoping to say the last word about an experience which has no end in fact. Much modern poetry about love degenerates into epigram because the writers believe that a point must somehow be made; whereas love poetry lacks a point. Mrs. Montross shows most promise in those long philosophical pieces which allow her remarkable fluency of speech to work its way. In *Runners*, for example, Youth and Night and Death race downhill with the runner man:

Faster, with slack limbs
Faster, with tense limbs
Whichever way—faster.

There is no finish to the race, and so no finish to the poem. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Montross continues thus to look at life in motion, for that, reduced to words, is poetry.

Miss Sinclair, the author of novels in prose, remains a novelist in prose throughout the present tale in spite of the fact that it is printed in uneven lines and is called free verse. She writes as always with beauty and speed, but her language never quite leaves the level ground; it is not verse. The theme of "The Dark Night" will be familiar to readers of Miss Sinclair. Upon the darkness of a solitary woman's mind bursts for a moment the light of love. Her lover—unreal and pretty, like many of Miss Sinclair's heroes—deserts her side; darkness closes in again for a time; and peaceful brightness returns only when she can forgive him and tend him in the blindness which has smitten him. The story as told is pitiful, though it is not tragic. But what is more pertinent here, Miss Sinclair never attains in as many as five pages the rare and essential poetry which Mr. Auslander knows how to attain in a line and a half.

MARK VAN DOREN

Extra Muros

My University Days. By Maxim Gorki. Boni and Liveright. \$3.

THESE Russians are irritating fellows! Not satisfied with the bewilderment that their tragic moods have caused in Occidental minds, they further confuse us when joking. Now this fellow, Gorki, who attended the university only in the capacity of a baker's boy delivering rolls—and occasionally billets-doux or secret revolutionary notes—of a morning entitles a volume "My University Days" to the extreme annoyance of serious-minded reviewers who, like Mr. Blackmar, express their indignation by announcing that "one seldom gets more than the barest of glimpses of the university he attended;

the rest is made up of his endless confabulations with obscure and disreputable friends." There ought to be a law passed, and that's a fact, to make these fellows print the contents and net weight of their books in the title.

Those who seek a discussion of Russian university life, curricula, and academic figures, such as one finds in Herzen's *Memoirs*, will undoubtedly be disappointed. The book is a chronicle of that period in Gorki's youth which is normally the time of *Studentenjahre*. But Gorki had neither the means nor the preliminary education to enter the university. For him, university life consisted in haphazard contacts with the poorer students, in chance borrowings of books, and in the atmosphere of intellectual interests and discussions which penetrated even to his group of waifs. It is the period when the author works his way out of the dark chrysalis of mute manual toil into that brilliant freedom of creative activity.

Gorki writes not of students and teachers but of the cruel, starving peasants and their stupidities, of the baker and his succession of mistresses, of the revolutionary and his disciples. The university town is a center to which he returns occasionally but he spends his time on the Volga River, in the fields, and at the counter of the country store. He traverses hundreds of miles and meets thousands of people. It is all as inchoate as the passing of a crowd but, here and there, is a memorable incident and an unforgettable figure.

Undoubtedly that "weird, gay hole 'Marussovka'" in which Gorki spent his first days at Kazan is the prototype for his scene in "The Lower Depths." ". . . I walked about the passages and corners of 'Marussovka' watching how lived all these people who were new to me. The house was thickly crowded with them and resembled an ant heap. It was impregnated with sour, corrosive smells and in all corners were concealed heavy shadows, hostile to people. From morning till late at night the house droned, the sewing machines of the seamstresses rattled without interruption, the operetta singers tried their songs, the student practiced his scales with his bass voice, a drunken, half-mad actor loudly repeated his part, prostitutes shouted hysterically and tipsily. . . ."

Then Gorki describes the individuals and one will find here many of the characters and situations which he subsequently used in his tales. The volume is a colorful panorama which will fascinate every lover of life.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Shelley in France

Percy Bysshe Shelley. Odes, Poèmes et Fragments Lyriques Choisis. Translated, with an Introduction, by André Fontainas. Paris: Librairie Garnier. 5 francs.

Quelques Poèmes de Shelley. Translated in Prose and Verse by Paul Baillère. Paris: Bosse. 3 francs 50.

Proserpine and Midas. Two Unpublished Mythological Dramas by Mary Shelley. Edited, with an Introduction, by André Koszul. London: Humphrey Milford. 3s. 6d.

Ariel, ou la Vie de Shelley. By André Maurois. Paris: Grasset. 7 francs 50.

M. FONTAINAS has felt the charm of Shelley's verse even if he has not always been able to communicate it to the reader. It is unnecessary to give here passages in which M. Fontainas and M. Baillère have succeeded in their difficult and delicate task. These will be found on every page of their little books. Let us offer rather a few instances from well-known passages in which M. Fontainas, for example, could not have succeeded even if he had been more gifted than he is. These will enhance the value of those where he has been more fortunate.

"O Wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being," the opening words of the Ode to the West Wind, M. Fontainas translates: "O sauvage vent d'ouest," thus losing, to go no further, the alliterative charm of the line. The very title of *The Sensitive Plant* is weakened and made commonplace in its French form by dropping of the equivalent of the word

"plant." It becomes simply *La Sensitive*, which may also mean, as in English, a nervous woman. And in this poem the well-known line: "Till they die of their own dear loveliness," shrinks to "*Jusqu'à mourir de leur propre, cher amour.*" I would venture to suggest to M. Fontainas that he substitute for the last word *beauté*, as *amour* has become a sort of byword in the French-speaking world. "Hail to thee, blithe spirit!" becomes "*A toi salut, esprit joyeux!*" Blithe when compared with *joyeux*—think of the *Bataillons d'Afrique*, *mon cher Fontainas!*—differs as do grub and food. The three opening verses of the fragment, *The Isle*, are:

There was a little lawny islet
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic, paven.

In French this has to read:

Il y avait un petit flot en pelouse
D'anémones et de violettes
Comme en mosaïque couvert.

This very instance of the use of "lawny" has not escaped Murray's readers and will be found as an "illustration" in the Oxford Dictionary, while "paven," the same authority tells us, is "chiefly poetic"; whereas *pelouse* and *couvert* can recall the race course and the restaurant if one wishes.

Professor Koszul's two hitherto unpublished mythological dramas form an interesting little volume, especially as it brings to the fore again the scholarly and pleasing personality of the editor, perhaps the best authority in France on Shelley. While studying at Oxford, he prepared two books on the poet and an edition of his works for Everyman's Library, and at the present moment the Renaissance du Livre has in press another and smaller selection from Shelley which he translated for their "*Collection des Chefs-d'Oeuvre Etrangers.*"

Speaking of his latest Shelley book, "*Proserpine and Midas*," Professor Koszul writes:

These two dramas reveal an unknown, unsuspected side in Mary Shelley's literary ambitions and they are a curious witness to that renewed interest in classical literature which is to be seen in the very heart of the English romantic movement.

Referring, in this same note, to M. André Maurois's "*Ariel*," M. Koszul says:

Of course it is *the* great French book on Shelley. His life, looked upon as matter for a novel, makes wonderful reading; and Maurois's style is enchanting. But I am afraid he has succumbed to the temptation of making Shelley even more eccentric and paradoxical than he really was, and he is apt to put the worst possible construction on every incident in the poet's life. But it is a remarkable piece of work.

And here is what Maurois says of himself and his book in a recent letter:

I started writing during the war and have published three volumes besides this one. For ten years I was revolving in my mind the thought of writing a Life of Shelley, for it seemed to me that this struggle of an idealist with the real facts of our existence is, after all, the great tragedy for most of us—"le roman de tous les intellectuels." And when I finally set to work at my task, I wrote the book as I would have written a novel and found that no life had been better constructed by fate to make a well-built story. At first I had thought of using Byron's life in this way. But it does not lend itself so well to this purpose. There are in it too many incidents followed by long periods where nothing happens, whereas in Shelley's existence there is one continuous chain of circumstances from beginning to end. For this reason my task was an easy one.

This turning of so many cultured Frenchmen toward Shelley calls for explanation, perhaps. Here is what M. Maurois says on this point in the letter already quoted from:

One cannot say that Shelley is widely read in France.

He is greatly admired by the few who can really understand him. But he will never be so popular as Byron, for whom there prevails at present a sort of craze, three books about his life appearing here simultaneously.

THEODORE STANTON

Problems of Society

Creative Experience. By M. P. Follett. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.

READERS of Miss Follett's earlier book, "*The New State*," will recall the alertness of thought with which she probed the forms of association now competing in political theory. Her scrutiny was exhilarating to follow, for her concern was with something truly momentous: a possible technique of human relations by which association could be made to realize a maximum of democratic development. In the present book she has set herself resolutely about this quest.

To some it will be disconcerting that she should seek the initial cue from psychobiology and physiological psychology. Yet there is a presumption that life is continuous in its modes, and that a life-process which is clearly discernible on the infra-personal level will afford at least fruitful analogies on the personal and social levels. Miss Follett's study of Holt, Bok, Kempf, and Köhler yields three working-concepts for grasping the nature of experience itself as unfolding life-process. These are the conceptions of "circular behavior," of "integrative purposing," and of the "total situation." The greater part of the book is devoted to testing them out as categories of the social imagination.

The idea of circular behavior makes a clean break with our habit of imputing the roles of cause and effect separably to "subject" or "object" in experience. If, as Bok shows, the reflex arc is the path of stimuli received in consequence of the organism's own activity, then "response" is at once cause and effect, and the individual and its environment become interdependent agencies within a field of change. Our thought of control, therefore, for the web of self and circumstance should be neither the evangelical notion of a soul rising to mastery nor the scientific notion of "adjustment," but an engineering notion that treats the "activity-between" of self and setting as the creative area of experience.

The idea of integrative purposing delivers us from the intellectualist habit of viewing purposed ends as static value-patterns toward which our present activities are the mechanical means. Our present activities are dynamic with desire; their interadjustings are expressive of cross-purposes; and their outcomes are ends into which the means have wrought an unbidden will of their own. On the social level conflicts of purpose exhibit all the possibilities of fortune that the Freudians have studied on the personal level: dissociation, domination and repression, integration. The striking aspect of social integration is the increment of value that it achieves as compared with majority domination and with compromise. For example, the executive committee of a cooperative marketing association finds itself divided on the question whether or not to prosecute farmers who in alarming numbers have been selling to outside distributors in flat violation of their contracts. A majority of the committee members are for prosecuting—for obvious reasons. But a strong minority are opposed. They point out that there are many extenuating circumstances not apparent at a distance, that local sentiment will side with the farmer as against the headquarters law-office, and that the prosecutions will cost the cooperative more in ill-will than they achieve in discipline. The decision takes the form not of registering the majority will for general prosecutions, nor of scaling it down to a compromise number, but of creating, throughout the territory of the cooperative, local committees that shall in-

investigate each its own local violations, so that the head office shall prosecute only where the offender's local fellow-cooperators so recommend. This decision not only gives each faction what it really wants: it gives rise to something that both acclaim as the release of new resources for their enterprise. The local committees, in fact, do more than merely sift cases for prosecution; their activities serve as an educational campaign, bringing home to their local groups the real meaning of cooperation. Here, then, is the increment of value, an end created by activities which are consciously addressed only to other ends.

This brings us to the problem of the unit of control. If our technique of human relations is to deal not with souls nor with circumstances but with "activities-between," we shall need to know just how much of the interactive field we are to span in "facing a situation." The idea of the "total situation" here signifies the area that is mobilized to achieve the increment of value just spoken of. As the unit of experience it is a functional and evolving whole.

Such, in bald summary, are the formative conceptions which this book brings to bear on the criticism of life. Their import lies in their implications of a method by which the full integrity of individuals shall be at one with social progress. This is brought out in brilliant chapters on the place of the expert in experience, on representation, and on the legal order. The book is indispensable to all who, realizing that the problems of society are problems of power, are concerned to see power cooperatively generated and not coercively imposed.

A. D. SHEFFIELD

A Layman in the Field of Art

None So Blind. By Albert Parker Fitch. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

IT is a unique function of the artist to remove the film with which man instinctively and unconsciously coats his sensibilities as a protection from the multiplicity of sensations constantly impinging on them—his generalization to the effect that the sky is a curtain of blue, that grass is green, that love is a searing, cleansing flame and death a passing on. Some Monet comes with a new way of seeing sunlight, some Proust puts love under a microscope. But after the first shock of surprise men accept the new revelation and turn it also into a convention under which their sensibilities again grow stagnant and unhealthy, so that a new generation of artists must devote itself to destroying the Monet sunlight and Proust's love.

Dr. Fitch is a layman in the field of art. When he tells us that a girl's hand lay in her lover's like a little fluttering bird we remember in extenuation that most men are singularly insensitive outside their own habitual preoccupations, and that in this case a distinguished educator has mastered only a few stops of the instrument of his ideas. He sees and feels many of the current sights and emotions that can be perceived and felt within the current conventions of sight and feeling. He sums up for people the things they already know but may not be able to express, a popular faculty which in this case has sold four editions of his book within a month of its publication.

It is edifying to see a learned dean covering the same field recently exploited by so many undergraduates, and to have him restore for us the venerability of an institution at which they have been thumbing their noses. We rejoice to find solid worth bountifully rewarded, even to the point of marriage with the daughter of the Canadian Prime Minister. Many nice boys struggling to live up to our traditional morality will be grateful for Dr. Fitch's sympathetic tolerance of Dick Blaisdell's hard-fought victory over his natural impulses to break loose and paint the town red. And many Middle Western youths who have been dismally lost at Cambridge will chuckle over

the Showing-up of Beacon Bill. New York may be a trifle surprised to find itself regarded as a modern, get-rich-quick movie settlement. Still, its typically crude and unlettered son is cast for the role of hero.

Within the limitations indicated "None So Blind" is a sincere and frequently an intelligent book. While it doesn't accept the Emersonian theory of compensation, it does quote Emerson, Plato, Molière, and other classical authors frequently. The fact that the convention it celebrates is a trifle old will make it all the more welcome to the large body of solid readers who deprecate license and whose religion has survived psychological research, the latest and subtlest of its foes.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Fascism

Rome or Death, the Story of Fascism. By Carleton Beals. The Century Company. \$2.50.

Fascism. By Odon Por. Alfred Knopf. \$2.75.

Mussolini as Revealed in His Political Speeches. Selected, translated, and edited by Baron Bernardo Quaranta di San Severino. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

NOT enough appreciation has been given to the excellence of Mr. Carleton Beals's book on the story of Fascism. I think his method of approach is the true method; and the picture he gives, if it might be retouched here and there, is the true picture. Italy was left at the end of the war in a state of pure flux, with all the normal canalizations of life disturbed if not wholly broken down. The Italian people was a plastic social mass in which any organized force could go a certain distance; and if it spent itself in the end, its exhaustion was due to its own incoherences rather than to any opposition offered it. The Fascista "drive" to power was only one of several that could be mentioned. The "drive" of the steel men "from the Right" in the direction of a centralized finance and a plutocratic oligarchy had its day of promise. The proletarian "drive" encountered, in the seizure of the factories, only the obstacle of its inner fatuity. If at any one of a number of moments a militaristic dictatorship (on the model of Hungary or Spain) did not emerge in Italy that was due to lack of cohesion and ambition inside the military machine. D'Annunzio happened to be a man of imagination rather than a politician; he led his men in pursuit of the phantom Fiume rather than toward the substantial Rome or Milan. Don Sturzo was an intriguer in committee rather than a field general; otherwise the Catholics might have established a black republic by driving for power instead of for parliament. The event proves that Mussolini was the only man capable of discarding all formulas and far-sighted enough to see realities where other would-be leaders were suffering from one or more illusions. The task of gathering all these lines together and showing the pattern they form as the Fascista "drive" advances through them is a complicated and difficult one. It is this task that Mr. Beals has done so surpassingly well.

However, one may study a political situation by following a given tendency to the end or by looking at it from the viewpoint of the obstacles that impede, condition, or distort that tendency. Mr. Beals is more interested in the whole picture of Italian life than in the intimate essence of Fascism. Here his book can be profitably supplemented by reading the volume of Odon Por, a young Russo-Italian, like Mr. Beals educated "on the Left" and, again like Mr. Beals, struggling hard to conceal a bias toward the Left. Odon Por has, for example, the virtue of stressing important influences in Fascism which Mr. Beals seems never to have detected. Since 1904 the aggressive element in Italian politics of the Right has been nationalism; and Italian nationalism is nothing but a political formulation of the theories of Wilfred Pareto as to the constitution of states by the succession of "élites," or "ruling classes." Mussolini is explained

by Pareto, just as Lenin is explained by Sorel; and the pre-eminence which I believe must eventually be conceded to Mussolini over Lenin is the pre-eminence of Pareto over Sorel. Perhaps Odon Por has overdone the Paretan element in Fascism by actually giving us a Paretan interpretation of Fascism. And this is a rather serious defect in method; for it tends to make Odon Por's book a demonstration of a sociological theory. Odon Por has hit, meantime, on some brilliant and illuminating phrases. His adoption of Paretan terminology for "centrifugal" and "centripetal" forces in social movements is particularly convenient in simplifying the confusion in which Fascism developed. So his phrase of "functional democracy" helps to draw just that distinction which separates Italian democrats who approve of Mussolini and American democrats, for instance, who cannot swallow Mussolini's contempt for ballot boxes.

The fact remains meantime that truly objective analyses of current political events seem to come only from "oppositions." All that people on a band-wagon seem able to say for themselves is that the band-wagon is a very virtuous place to be. This is the only comment, really, that the Baron di San Severino deserves for his edition and translation of Mussolini's speeches. Any speeches of Mussolini are worth reading as "documents" for studying Mussolini's reactions to the various problems, little and big, that have confronted him in his checkered career. So these sixty speeches, more or less, are worth reading. But they have not been selected and annotated with a view to answering any of the serious questions that one may ask in connection with Mussolini. From his socialistic period, for example, we are given only that speech with which he withdrew from the Socialist Party. All the patriotic oratory he spent in connection with the World War arouses a tormenting itch to reread what, as a Socialist, he said about the Tripolitan War. In fact, the one sound principle for "editing" Mussolini, if a chronological "opera omnia" is impracticable, is to follow the trail of his contradictions. Is there a "principle" or a "policy" or a "doctrine" that he ever put forward without sooner or later repudiating it in favor of its opposite? The Socialist leader is the apocalyptic anti-Marx; the blasphemous atheist is also the high priest of counter-reformation; the inventor of "obstructionism" is the Nemesis of an "obstructionistic" parliament; the nationalistic fire-eater is the apostle of peace; the destroyer of organized labor is the creator of the "one big union"; and so on. One will never understand Mussolini without confronting his paradoxes honestly and fearlessly; an honesty and a fearlessness which he has himself but which are conspicuously absent from the maudlin sentimentalities of the philo-Fascisti—the Baron di San Severino among these. The feeling seems to be that an idol to be an idol must also be consistent. As a matter of fact, it is only through Mussolini's contradictions that his fundamental consistencies become apparent: his instinctive but increasingly self-conscious belief in the "nation"; his anti-parliamentarianism and his hostility to everything liberal democracy has stood for; finally the "political form" of his mind, which has enabled him to see on all occasions that the business of a politician is to succeed regardless of the platitudes, formulas, or parties he may use in trying to succeed. In Pareto Mussolini found the theories that satisfied his impulses and clarified his ideas. It is this "dialectical" process that is interesting in Mussolini. It strikes the eye even in the wholly inadequate anthology that the Baron di San Severino has made of his speeches.

Reverting to Mr. Beals's "bias" I must explain that it results in a fallacious stress on certain aspects of the Fascista revolution which has appeared also in Mr. Beals's articles in *The Nation* and in *Current History*. There, as in this book, Mr. Beals documents at great length Fascista violations of democratic principles (free speech, for instance) and Fascist "atrocities." In truth, the argument works both ways; for pro-

Fascista writers document just as fully the democratic heresies of Communism and the "atrocities" of the Socialists. Whether put forward by anti-Fascisti or pro-Fascisti these documentations are irrelevant: they prove simply that war exists, and they invite us to take sides in that war. They are, in other words, "propaganda" and not objective history. They mislead and never illuminate. They are samples of that historical "truth" which is really vital falsehood. Their irrelevance to scientific history is demonstrated by the fact that they need not even be true—as has been seen so clearly in the case of German "atrocities" in Belgium.

Wholly arbitrary, too, are the "judgments" which Mr. Beals decides to make on Fascism in the concluding pages of his book. Political situations are never good or bad—they simply "are"; that is to say, they are good for some people, or even for most people, but bad for others or even for a few people. When Mr. Beals says "Fascism has been blind, ugly, sinister" he says simply: "I am an American liberal"; just as when the Baron di San Severino says that Fascism is beautiful, noble, heroic he says simply: "I am not a critic." For a clarification of method it is essential to understand that the moral judgment figures in history only as "propaganda." For every point of arrival is a point of departure. The only social system that might be "judged" would be a fixed and stabilized Utopia. That is why a Utopia is a Utopia (or, at the best, a Scandinavia) and why Utopias are all so dull.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

Books in Brief

The Sea. By James Oppenheim. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5

A collection by Mr. Oppenheim of all his poetry which he wishes to preserve. Some of the earlier volumes are considerably reduced here, and the autobiographical poem "The Mystic Warrior" is distributed in sections throughout the book, which for the poet perhaps more than for any reader possesses an important unity. Much of this poetry indeed is of little worth; it is Walt Whitman without music, egoism without excuse. But *The Song of Life*, salvaged from "The Book of Self," is passionate and beautiful; and there are occasional passages elsewhere of great verse.

The Lure of Old Paris. By C. H. Crichton. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

Paris must indeed have something solid and enduring for our hearts since we continue to visit and love it in spite of the flood of books on its "lure," its "charm," its "spell," its "soul," and the Lord knows what else. This volume is neither better nor worse than the general run. It is fairly readable, mildly amusing, and occasionally enlightening, but there would seem to be no compelling reason for writing it except that Major Crichton wanted to bring out a book. That may be forgiven him—since there are worse vices than vanity—but why did he, or his publishers, make the lure less alluring by introducing into the volume a series of the most conventional and ordinary photographs?

Good Hunting. By Norman Davey. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

There are half a dozen heroines in this novel—all remarkably alike. Most of them have "trops" of hair, more or less in disarray; one of them even uses a strand of it to dry her tears on. All of them are hunting a husband; they bait the trap for Julian Carr—an author. The procedure is always the same; they hurl themselves at his head in varying stages of physical revealment—and he ducks! The performance soon becomes wearisome, so that the hero's ultimate capture in the final pages of the story leaves one emotionally uninterested and more than a trifle bored.

International Relations Section

The German and French Elections

By ROBERT DELL

Frankfurt-am-Main, May 19

HAD the German general election followed the French instead of preceding it, its result might have been different. As it is, at the moment when France has moved to the Left and thus made real peace in Europe possible, the Nationalist reaction in Germany has won over nearly five million electors, and the parties of the Extreme Right, which were little more than a sixth of the late Reichstag, are just a third of the new one. These parties do not agree on every point, but their principal aims, openly avowed or not, are the same. They are the restoration of the monarchy, the revival of conscription and military discipline, the repudiation of the Treaty of Versailles, and an eventual war of revenge against France. There are 216 avowed monarchists among the 472 members of the new Reichstag, whereas among the 466 members of the Reichstag elected in 1920 there were 158. The right wing of the Catholic Center is also at heart monarchist, so the supporters of the restoration of the Hohenzollerns are quite half the Reichstag.

That the German general election would show a move to the Right was generally anticipated, but the result of the French election seems to have taken most people by surprise. The French election was fought outside Paris, as all French elections are fought, mainly on questions of internal politics. The great majority of the French electors, and in particular the French peasants, know little and care less about foreign policy, which they leave to the government in power. That is the chief reason of the apparent solidarity of the French people in support of M. Poincaré since he became Prime Minister. M. Poincaré has never been personally popular. Unlike M. Clemenceau, he is as destitute of wit as of a sense of humor; he is a dry-as-dust lawyer made of parchment and red tape. Clemenceau's power was due to the fear that he inspired; he was suspected of aiming at personal power in the state—a suspicion always fatal to a politician in France. M. Poincaré has fallen because he is essentially un-French; he is a typical Lorrainer, and the French do not like Lorrainers.

Poincaré was defeated even in Paris. Although the Bloc National has 22 of the 37 deputies for the City of Paris, it owes this majority to the eccentricities of the French electoral system. The Bloc National polled in round figures 185,000 in Paris; the Left Bloc (Radicals and Socialists) 147,000; and the Communists 135,000. The suburbs of Paris, which form a single constituency, returned five members of the Bloc National, five of the Left Bloc, and nine Communists, the respective polls of the three lists being 99,000, 92,000, and 105,000. In Paris and its suburbs M. Poincaré's foreign policy—and in particular the Ruhr policy—was the chief issue, and the electors declared against it by a majority of two to one. The fact that 27 per cent of the Parisian electors voted for the Communist Party indicates a revival of the revolutionary spirit of the Parisian workmen.

In the rest of France the election was to a great extent the old struggle of the spirit of 1789 against the

Guard-room and the Sacristy. The recent increase of 20 per cent in all taxation was another important factor. The small *rentiers* have suffered most from deflation; all fixed incomes are reduced to a third of their original gold value. To the large number of people no longer able to live on what were formerly quite comfortable incomes 20 per cent additional taxation was the last straw.

No doubt there will be a change in French foreign policy—an immediate and radical change in its manner, which will be something, and a more gradual change in its methods and aims. The departure of M. Poincaré lifts a nightmare from Europe. Poland is perhaps the only European country where it is regretted; nowhere has it caused more secret satisfaction than in Belgium. Although on paper the Bloc National is still nearly half the Chamber, French politicians transfer their allegiance with great facility and M. Herriot, with a little ingenuity in forming his Cabinet, can bring into his majority certain groups whose principles are as vague as their titles. The Socialists are wise not to join the Government. That would deprive Herriot of the support of the moderate Republican groups, and it would play into the hands of the Communists.

Real peace in Europe depends, however, on Germany as well as France and the result of the German general election will not help to reestablish it. The "middle parties" have lost to both sides. The Socialist, the Democratic, the Centrum, and the German People's parties, which together formed the "Big Coalition" Government last August, won 368 seats out of a total of 466 in 1920; they now have only 238 seats in a Reichstag of 472 members. The Socialists lost the most heavily; they had 40 per cent of the total votes in 1920 and only 20 per cent this year. On the other hand, the Communists, who in 1920 polled 441,995 votes and won 2 seats, have increased their poll to 3,746,671 and have 62 members in the new Reichstag.

It would be a mistake to conclude from the success of the Communists that there is any immediate danger of "Bolshevism" in Germany. The German workmen are, however, becoming less docile. They revolt against the power which the German electoral system gives to the party machines, and against the bureaucratic methods of the Socialist leaders who for the last four years have persistently ignored the opinion of the rank and file of the party. They ignored it even in the matter of the selection of candidates for the general election. The German elector must vote for one of the party lists drawn up by the respective party caucuses and is obliged to vote for the whole list without striking out a single name. The party caucus thus decides which candidates will have the best chance of election. In most of the German constituencies the best chance was given to the "old gang" who have controlled the Socialist Party in the past. In Berlin, where the party officials overruled the Left list presented by the delegates from the rank and file, the Socialists lost 400,000—two-thirds—of their voters; half of these voted for the Communists and the other half mostly abstained.

In the last five years the Socialist leaders have done nothing but make blunders. The "Big Coalition" of last August was the crowning blunder. The vast majority of German workmen resented the participation of their leaders in a Government including representatives of a party with avowed monarchist principles. The Socialist members

of the Stresemann Cabinet actually agreed to the recall of the Crown Prince to Germany and to the abominable invasions of Saxony and Thuringia which overthrew by force one labor government and crippled another. In his speech at Hanover on March 30 Mr. Stresemann boasted with reason that he had used the Socialists as catspaws.

The history of the German Majority Socialist Party has been a series of such betrayals. The Majority Socialists opposed the revolution up to the last moment, accepted it only when they were obliged to, and then succeeded in preserving most of the essentials of the old regime and keeping the revolution little more than a name. When the Kapp Putsch had been defeated by the spontaneous action of the workmen, Noske compromised with the defeated reactionaries, sabotaged the victory of Labor, and, when the workmen rose against his treachery, shot them down. For four years the Socialists were the predominant factor in the Government. They agreed to a tax policy which put nearly the whole burden of taxation on the workers, and used the employers to collect it by deducting it from the starvation wages. In March, 1923, this 10 per cent deduction from salaries and wages yielded 95 per cent of the whole receipts from the income tax. At the same time the employers were allowed to pay the state at monthly or even longer intervals, thus pocketing the greater part of the tax in consequence of the depreciation of the currency. Like the other parties in power, the Socialists persistently refused to make any effort to balance the budget, to stop inflation, and to stabilize the currency, or to make practical proposals for settling the reparations question.

Unless the leaders of the German Socialist Party profit by the rude lesson that they have received, the party will continue to decline and the Communist Party will become the German party of Labor. German Communism, if it ever got into power, would no doubt be very different from Russian Communism, but the German Communist Party has no leaders and Germany needs less state control rather than more. Germany needs more individualism today, and training in the use of personal liberty.

Probably the gains of the Extreme Right are also due less to Nationalist sentiment than to disgust with the "middle parties" that have been in power. The Fascists have not done so well as they or other people expected. Hitler's and Ludendorff's National Freedom Party has 32 members in the new Reichstag, and the German Social Party, patronized by the notorious Ehrhardt, has 4. But the German Nationalist Party has increased its strength from 66 to 95 and, as the 10 members of the new Agricultural League will sit and vote with it, it will be the largest party in the Reichstag.

The parties of the Extreme Right and the Communists agree in opposing the acceptance by Germany of the plan of the Dawes committee, but the German Nationalists are now finding their election pledges on this point inconvenient. They are determined to be in the Government and they cannot get a majority without the cooperation of the Centrum and the German People's Party, who will not work with them unless they accept the Dawes plan. On the other hand, the plan cannot be carried without the support of the German Nationalists, for certain essential parts of it involve a change in the German constitution and therefore require for their adoption a two-thirds majority of the Reichstag. At present the German National Party is torn in two by this question. Its leader, Dr. Hergt,

would like to accept the plan, and he is supported by the big-business interests in the party who recognize that the Dawes plan lets them off very leniently. The Junkers are uncompromising. The Nationalists will try to insist on an internal policy so reactionary that it will be difficult for the Centrum, which includes a large number of Catholic workmen, to work with them in any case. They are quite capable, if thwarted, of forming a minority government, dismissing the Reichstag, and governing by force. Such a government would be a danger to Europe and would justify the worst fears of the French people.

The political situation in Germany is such as to make a violent clash of forces possible. The parties of the Ex-

treme Right are flushed with their electoral successes and dream of achieving in the near future some at least of their aims. On the other hand, the workmen are still miserably paid and are working long hours—in many trades sixty hours a week and even more. Wages are less than half what they are in England. In the Ruhr a general strike is on, to recover the eight-hour day, and there have been similar movements in other parts of the country—one, the strike of the Hamburg dockers, was successful. A Right government would still further exasperate the workmen, who already feel that they have lost nearly all that they won by the revolution. They have been patient for five years, but there are signs—the heavy Communist vote is one of them—that the limits of their patience have been reached. In that case, with rabid reactionaries in power, there may be trouble ahead.

Europe's Reaction

I. The Attack on the Eight-hour Day

By SYLVIA KOPALD

ONLY four years, at the most, have passed since labor held the center of the post-war stage. The Triple Alliance, the German revolution, the Hungarian and Finnish revolutions, the Russian revolution, the seizure of the factories in Italy, the world-wide strike epidemic, and the new tone of labor demands gave some basis even in 1920 for justifiable speculation on "the outcome of the union offensive." The crisis of 1921 marked the complete ebb of that tide. Today labor is defeated, beaten back by a triumphant capitalist reaction, fighting to hold even that which was not questioned before the war. Enough facts have accumulated to permit an evaluation of this swing away from the left to the extreme right, to strike the debits and credits of reaction's balance sheet for the labor and employing groups.

On labor's side the balance lies heavily in the debit column. Probably the chief item of loss has been the general attack upon and attrition of the eight-hour day. For some years the offensive against this hard-won labor condition has been gathering increasing momentum. During the last few months the battles in at least eleven countries have gone to a decision.

Germany in this, as in all else, marks the low point of labor's losses. The first weeks of the German revolution saw the establishment of a legal eight-hour working day. Two orders issued by the National Office for Economic Demobilization on November 23, 1918, and March

18, 1919, decreed the eight-hour legal working day first for manual and, then, salaried workers. Exceptions were granted only under rigorous supervision. Early in 1922 August Thyssen and Hugo Stinnes announced to both the Government (Wirth Cabinet) and the National Economic Council their conviction that the eight-hour day must go. From that time on agitation toward that end has been conducted unremittingly by the employers' associations and press.

On the eve of its resignation the Stresemann Cabinet limited the effective life of the eight-hour decrees to November 17, 1923. Labor protested strongly against this abrogation of the existing law before a new law had been passed. But for more than a month Germany had no law on working hours, and many industries used this interregnum to institute the ten-hour shift. On December 21, 1923, the Marx Government, armed with the extraordinary powers specially conferred upon it by law, issued a new decree governing hours (effective January 1). This law expressly recognizes "the eight-hour day in principle," but permits so many exceptions to it in practice that the ten-hour day is fast becoming the standard working day in Germany. Technical reasons, general economic reasons, emergency work necessary to prevent deterioration of raw materials or products, maintenance work, loading work, etc.—all may be urged as grounds for an extension of the work-day to ten hours. Employers may cancel eight-hour contracts on thirty days' notice. And blanket permission for extension of the shifts is granted to an employer who obtains the consent of his workers to institute overtime for any 30 days of the year, applicable to seasonal and part-time industries as well as full year. The Government itself launched the practice of a longer day under this decree by instituting a 54-hour week for all federal employees. Private industry, favored by the industrial depression, has written the ten-hour day into the new working contracts.

In Italy, very similar devices are gnawing away the benefits of a law establishing the "eight-hour day in principle." On March 15, 1923, the Mussolini Government issued a decree (No. 692, effective August 10, 1923) which limited the hours of "actual work" of all workers to 8 per day and 6 days per week. This law was hailed in pro-Fascist circles as an indication of the social and humanitarian temper of the Government. However, "actual work" was applied only to that required by continuous or arduous occupations. Two decrees issued on September 10, 1923 (Nos. 1955 and 1956), to present detailed regulations for the enforcement of the law in industry and agriculture showed how wide the field of "exemptions" is. Technical and seasonal industries, repair, maintenance, supervision, etc., preparatory and accessory work, transportation, guards, clerks, and many others, are placed outside the law. Close to a hundred categories of workers are thus expressly exempted. In most cases the maximum work-day is set at 10 hours, although the "interested parties may otherwise agree."

The eight-hour law in France which was passed by the Clemenceau Government during May, 1919, after the May 1 demonstration, has suffered persistent attack from the employers since 1921. Special exemptions from the operation of the law have been granted and violations have been openly winked at. In industries where labor is poorly organized—and they are many—the law is practically a dead letter. Indeed its attrition has become so serious a fact that the General Council of the French Confederation of

Labor gave prominent place in its election program of "minimum demands" to a significant insistence upon "the recognition of the eight-hour day."

The attack upon the eight-hour day in Austria began during February, 1924. The Alpine Montangesellschaft (Stinnes) refused to discuss a demand from its employees for a general wage increase because of the workers' flat refusal to consider an increase in working hours. Since that time the attempt to make new wage agreements conditional upon an acceptance of lengthened working shifts has become the employers' general tactic against the eight-hour day. The employers of Luxembourg, on recommendation of the president of the Federation of Industries and with the aid of the Government, adopted the same tactic during March. The workers, of course, are uniting solidly for opposition. But "temporary suspensions" of the eight-hour day have already been effected.

In Poland the battle is taking still another form. During January the Government embarked upon its policy of balancing the national budget and stabilizing the rates of exchange. This policy has necessitated the withdrawing of state credits for industrial purposes and has precipitated a sharp industrial depression. The employers have been attempting generally to utilize this depression as a justification for lengthening working hours. They are concentrating their attack upon Polish Upper Silesia where the Polish law establishing the 46-hour week has not replaced the German decree of 1918. Now that Germany itself has revoked this latter law, the Polish employers are clamoring for a Silesian copy of the new German model. The Polish Federation of Trade Unions, realizing that such a victory would imperil the Polish law, has decided to concentrate all its forces upon the defense of the eight-hour day. But it is openly aware "that our position is a very difficult one."

In Finland, the Government has acceded to the many recent demands of the employers for an abrogation of the eight-hour law by the issue of supplementary "exempting" decrees. By the end of 1923 the exemptions from the law had become so numerous that the Finnish Confederation of Unions addressed a petition to the Government requesting a limitation of exemptions to those special cases designated in the original law and the refusal of all other exemptions during 1924. The Government replied by issuing a new decree during February still further extending the field of exemptions. Among others, railroad, postal and telegraph, hospital and prison rural building, forestry and roads, and bridge workers have been added to those who may be excluded from the operation of the law.

Against this bleak story, the results of the attack upon the law in Belgium and Switzerland throw some gleams of light. During February the opponents of the law in Belgium brought a proposal for a modification of the existing Eight-hour-day Act before Parliament. The proposal was thrown out by a vote of 136 to 20 (13 members abstaining from voting). The Moyersoen Ministry, thereupon, itself offered a less drastic proposal. This was also defeated although more narrowly (97 to 66, 6 abstentions). The new Belgian Minister of Labor, Tschoffen, who came in with the Cabinet replacing the Moyersoen Ministry, has pledged himself to an observance of the eight-hour-day act. On February 17, the Swiss nation made its first repudiation of the attack upon the eight-hour law in a referendum which gave a majority of some 116,000 against the proposed lengthening of the work shift (433,389 to 317,598).

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Union Congress recently ordered an investigation into the working hours of members of affiliated organizations. The results show that 3,500,000 workers have a 48-hour week and 800,000 a 42-hour week. Of the 15,000,000 British workers, some 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 enjoy the eight-hour day. In the United States we have seen not only the maintenance of the eight-hour day in many industries, but its institution in the steel industry, long the stronghold of the ten- and twelve-hour shifts.

Of these eleven representative countries, therefore, nine have witnessed an energetic offensive against the hard-won eight-hour day. In each of these nine the standard working day had been established by law. In six of them the eight-hour day has been either completely destroyed or seriously encroached upon; in one it is menaced; in two it has been maintained. In this item, the reaction has thus inflicted heavy losses upon labor.

(In two articles to be published in forthcoming issues, similar accountings will be rendered in the matters of wages and cost of living, working conditions and trade-union strength, and the new status of the employing class throughout Europe.)

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT HERRICK, author of "Waste," has just returned from the Caribbean.

GILSON GARDNER is Washington correspondent and special editorial writer for the Newspaper Enterprise Association and the Scripps newspapers.

CHARLES B. DRISCOLL is in charge of the editorial page of the *Cleveland Press*.

AGNES DE LIMA has for several years made a special study of modern methods of education.

HERBERT W. HORWILL, contributor for many years to *The Nation*, is returning to England after two years in the United States.

THEODORE STANTON, librarian at Rutgers College, has been until recently editor of the department of American literature of the *Mercure de France*.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON is on the staff of the Foreign Press Service.

ROBERT DELL is *The Nation's* correspondent in Central Europe.

SYLVIA KOPALD is the author of a recent book, "Rebellion in Labor Unions."

A. D. SHEFFIELD, of the faculty of Wellesley College, is acting as secretary to the committee on industrial relations of the National Conference on the Christian Way of Life.

ARTHUR GUTERMAN, author of "Light Guitar" and other volumes of verse, has for many years contributed Rhymed Reviews to *Life*.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is business manager of the *World Tomorrow*.

WILLIAM A. DRAKE has been until lately managing editor of *Vanity Fair*.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS will contribute an article on Law and Modern Marriage in *The Nation's* series on New Morals for Old.



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THE NOMINATION OF CHARLES G. DAWES for Vice-President on the ticket with Calvin Coolidge is eminently fitting. If there is a rotary club or a chamber of commerce in America whose members are not swooning with joy at this beatification of big business in the person of Mr. Dawes, we should like to know which it is. No other man so well personifies the opposition of big business to union labor. We don't see how anybody could have slapped the face of the American Federation of Labor more deliberately. The organizer of the Minute Men of Chicago, an anti-union organization, and one of the leaders in the so-called "American plan" to break the unions, General Dawes's recorded public utterances bristle with the most damaging statements for the Democrats to blazon from coast to coast. Indubitably he will put "punch" into the campaign, also coarseness and vulgarity. But he is one of those hammer-and-tongs speakers who are likely at any moment in a campaign to let loose a damaging "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" sentence without any idea of the harm that it will do. He is passionate, picturesque, vigorous, and vivid, extremely able, and devoted in his loyalties. But he will appeal only to the narrowest business circles.

QUITE IN KEEPING with the two divergent views as to Calvin Coolidge is the similar difference of opinion as to the outlook for the Coolidge-and-Dawes ticket.

The Eastern business world believes that Mr. Coolidge will win hands down; it thinks the contest will be a walk-over. As to that, much depends upon nominations made by the Democrats in New York. Since we take the third-party movement seriously, we cannot see at this stage how Mr. Coolidge can win. Prophecy at the outset of the campaign is usually idle. We wish, however, to call the attention of our readers to a factor of enormous importance in the coming campaign—to the growing industrial distress. Nothing more significant took place at Cleveland than the publication during the convention of the brief item of news that the unfilled orders of the United States Steel Corporation have touched a lower figure than at any time since 1914. Unless we miss the mark the Republicans will be pointing shortly to a half-filled dinner pail and declaring that there should be no change of policy when times are so bad; that the Republican Party is always the one to restore prosperity. To a brilliant English woman one of the cleverest and most unscrupulous of British politicians remarked when he was asked why the Conservative Party had just taken the extraordinary step of reappointing as its leader Mr. Stanley Baldwin: "Well, we must not swap donkeys while crossing the stream!" The same appeal will be made here, albeit in different language. But with the prospect of a million unemployed, the President will certainly achieve the most notable victory on record if he carries his party to victory in November.

GASTON DOUMERGUE'S ELECTION as President of France is an indication that the liberal bloc is not so wholeheartedly liberal as it might be. Doumergue nominally belongs to the Left; his first cabinet post was in the radical Combes Ministry of 1902. But in the interim he has become a colorless and almost professional office-holder. He was in the Sarrien, Clemenceau, and Briand cabinets before the war; he was Premier for a few months in 1913-14; he was Minister of the Colonies in the Viviani and Briand cabinets of 1914-16. Then he was sent to Russia where, in the closing year of the Czar's regime, he helped to negotiate the infamous secret treaties which parcelled out the German colonies and allotted the Left Bank of the Rhine to France. The conservatives were naturally ready enough to support him for the Presidency despite his Left tag; and enough of the Left Bloc, which had forced Millebrand to resign, deserted the more radical Painlevé to elect Doumergue. As President, however, he is a figurehead.

HERRIOT AS PREMIER will determine the new policy of France. His revocation of the decrees expelling 7,000 Germans from the Ruhr is excellent; we hope the deported Rhinelanders and citizens of the Palatinate will also be allowed to go home. Herriot established himself as a remarkably able and energetic administrator in a long term as Mayor of Lyons; but he has yet to prove himself as a politician. His appointment of General Nollet, former chief of the Interallied Military Mission in Berlin, as Minister of War was doubtless intended as a shrewd political gesture. Herriot is committed to the evacuation of the

Ruhr, but he cannot afford to let Poincaré's adherents assert that he gave away that "guaranty" for nothing. The recent elections showed the strength of the German reactionaries, who would, of course, prefer to pay no reparations at all; and Herriot had to make it plain that his Government would insist upon the utmost possible reparations and hold to the disarmament provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. Nollet's appointment is such a warning. The Reichstag has, fortunately, voted a general indorsement of the Dawes Plan, and Stresemann's recent discussion of the reparation problem showed common sense. Germans, he said, did not admit sole responsibility for the war. But after all, Germany had lost the war, and the loser has to pay.

HAS MUSSOLINI gone too far? The news dispatches indicate that although the Italians are willing to tolerate a self-appointed thug as their ruler, they want him and his followers to be reasonable about the murders they commit. There are right and wrong ways to do these things; certain persons that may be picked as victims and others that would better be left alone. To pick a Socialist leader out of the Chamber of Deputies and deliberately make away with him seems to have annoyed a good many persons who have stomachached the rest of Fascism. By a fine show of words about justice and the sacrifice of a few henchmen Mussolini will doubtless save his face; but the moral seems to be that a dictator should be careful not to be too dictatorial.

WE AGREE WITH Frank D. Pavey, president of the Alliance Française in the United States and Canada, that Gaston Liebert, formerly French consul general in New York City and now director of the French Bureau of Information, should stop his misdirected undertakings in this country. Mr. Pavey, who was formerly a New York State senator, seems to have erred in holding Mr. Liebert responsible for a movement to commit all the French societies of New York City to the support of Governor Smith's presidential ambitions, but if it is true that Mr. Liebert styles himself "minister plenipotentiary"—when in fact he has no such status—then it is time that the new Government of France should call a halt on his activities. Indeed there is no reason why any bureau should exist here devoted to propaganda for French political interests. That sort of effort grew out of the war, and has now been abandoned by most other countries. Its continuance by France is likely to do her more harm than good. There is no place here for a "minister plenipotentiary" who has no recognized diplomatic standing. How so excellent an official as M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador in Washington, can permit this situation to continue is beyond our understanding.

JAMES J. DAVIS, Secretary of Labor, has revived his proposal for a law requiring the annual registration of aliens, and is advocating it now on the ground that it would help in the detection of aliens who smuggle themselves into the country across the Canadian or Mexican borders. To us its benefits in this regard appear to be nebulous. Mr. Davis realizes that it would be impracticable to check up such a registration, and does not propose any police supervision of it. Hence about the only discoveries of failure to register would occur when persons were arrested or other-

wise came into contact with the law. This would catch only a small percentage of the aliens illegally in the country. On the other hand, the scheme would put a needless burden of annoyance and expense—the cost would be paid out of fees—upon our foreign population and supply the basis for a meddlesome and tyrannical espionage. A previous bill for the registration of aliens proposed the dangerous plan of using the public schools for the work. Mr. Davis does not directly suggest this method. He would put the burden primarily on the Naturalization Bureau, but, appreciating the magnitude of the job, he would extend it to what the press dispatches call "interested individuals and organizations"—actually a lot of our bumptious and injudicious "Americanizers." What the alien most needs just now is a generous measure of letting alone.

"WAR—MODERN WAR between civilized peoples—does not just happen," says a circular of the Emergency Foreign Policy Conference of 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, a newly born organization for the purpose of supplanting the present American course of drift and grab with a progressive program beneficial both to other nations and to the United States. War begins a long way back of ultimatums, in conflicting greeds and mutual misunderstanding, the circular goes on to say, and likewise peace must be organized—must be builded by a foreign policy of justice, intelligence, and cooperation.

It is to see to it that our foreign policy is based on humane and statesmanlike principles that the Emergency Foreign Policy Conference has been organized. Not just to insist upon full information concerning the nation's foreign affairs, but to help to formulate the nation's foreign policy. Not just to favor a single forward step in international relations, but to conceive and support a continuous, progressive foreign policy. Not just to study international problems, but to *organize* and to *act* to solve them.

Representative John M. Nelson of Wisconsin is chairman of the new organization on whose executive committee are to be found numerous other of the country's progressive leaders. The movement is deserving of the widest support.

JAPANESE ON THEIR ISLANDS and we on our continent, each expressing our racial prejudices! That is about what it comes down to. The Japanese exclude the Chinese and Koreans in much the same way and for much the same reasons that we exclude the Chinese, Koreans, and Japanese. It is human nature to protest exclusion, and the Japanese have found some peculiarly vivid and dramatic forms of protest, but the nation that delivered the twenty-one demands to China is in no position to shout quite so loudly and so piously now. The United States has been stupidly rude, and has shown that democratic control of foreign affairs (labeled domestic in this case) is no sure guaranty against Curzonesque methods. But the worst of it is that the whole question is left like an unexploded shell. It may become buried harmlessly in the sands of time, and then again somebody may stumble over it with unfortunate results.

SEPTEMBER 12 IS MOBILIZATION DAY. On that day a defense test will be held to drive home to us the problems of mobilization in case of war. It is planned to mobilize for one day the regular army, the National Guard, and the officers enrolled in the reserve units. The

regular army and the National Guard, we are informed by a brigadier general, are as the Greeks who held the enemy at Thermopylae "until the citizens (you and me) can meet the enemy in force." Industry too knows its duties, according to another brigadier general. A careful survey has been made of

the 700,000 items used in war which would be required to equip our army. The country has been divided into fourteen procurement districts, with officers assigned to each. Over 6,000 factories have been allocated, and each one knows exactly what would be required of it in case of a major emergency and at what rate production would be required. Forms of contracts have been prepared, dies and plans furnished, and each manufacturer is equipped to at once begin to turn out the required products when the order reaches him.

On the cost-plus basis or \$30 a month?

WILL THE CHURCHES PROTEST? "There is scarcely a church group in the country but that has set its face against the whole business of making war," writes the *Christian Century* in protesting against Mobilization Day. Or will they piously agree with General Pershing's sophistries—"Religion and patriotism go hand in hand in a righteous war, and our nation will never engage in any other. To wage an aggressive war for greed or gain is un-Christian, but to refuse to serve in defense of our homes and our institutions is equally un-Christian." With Lincoln when he introduced his famous Spot Resolution relative to the origin of the Mexican war, we want to know the spot where homes and institutions are being threatened. Anyway, if religion and war have not been divorced, the United States Chamber of Commerce has declared that business and war have parted company. War is wasteful and opposed to the best business methods and is somewhat like cutting off our nose to spite our face. If the business men really convince themselves of that, the churches may find it easier to hold that all war is un-Christian.

ANOTHER BATCH of college graduates, some eager, some bored, has been launched upon an inattentive world; and the annual libation of baccalaureate advice has been poured over their young heads. The advice is probably more interesting as an indication of currents of thought in the academic backwaters of American civilization than for any effect it may have upon the collegians' lives. President Faunce at Brown unearthed a Bible text to fit the age of radio, and hailed the advent of a day when a hundred millions would "think together, feel together, and act as a single, corporate, irresistible force"—a terrifying thought to those who believe that civilization has been made by minorities and by thinkers in lonely garrets unprovided with aerials. Dr. Reiland at Dartmouth commented upon youth's "spirit of interrogation, imagination, and exaggeration" and feared that "the circumstances of life would prove narrowing and restrictive in their influence upon thought." It may well be; the lists of honorary degrees suggest that something has happened to the university presidents since they were graduated. Kenyon College this year gave Mrs. Harding the degree of Doctor of Laws; Columbia awarded the same degree to Andrew W. Mellon and to Adolph S. Ochs of the *New York Times*. That degree long since ceased to mean much more than a tribute to money or to power. Columbia has granted it to King Albert, General

Pershing, Henry P. Davison, and Count Bernstorff; Harvard to Marshal Joffre, Prince Henry of Prussia, and J. Pierpont Morgan; Colgate to the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*; Chicago to William McKinley and Marshal Foch; and Pennsylvania to the Kaiser, the King of Italy, Edward VII, Bernstorff, and John Wanamaker.

WHAT CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was seeking in 1492—a new and direct route to the East—was realized in 1914 when American engineers completed a narrow cut through the Western Hemisphere and permitted the ships of the world to pass through. The tenth anniversary of the opening of the Panama Canal to commerce will occur on August 15, and, as if to demonstrate the rightness of its existence, the waterway last year surpassed its rival at the Isthmus of Suez in the amount of shipping which it bore from one ocean to another. The World War, the most destructive event of this century, opened a couple of weeks before the Panama Canal—perhaps the most constructive undertaking—and during its course largely prevented the organization of new trade routes to profit by the waterway. Only 4,000,000 tons of shipping passed through the canal in 1915, the first full year of operation. By 1920 this had increased to only 10,000,000 tons, but by 1923 the tonnage had jumped to 24,737,000, surpassing that of the Suez Canal, which was 22,730,000. The net operating profit of the Panama Canal last year was \$13,299,292. This does not mean that the waterway is earning money for Uncle Sam, because it cost nearly half a billion dollars, the interest upon which at 4 per cent would come to twenty millions. At the rate at which traffic is growing, however, this amount may be realized shortly, and meanwhile the canal is realizing the dream of Columbus, with a sweep and a magnitude of which he could not faintly conceive.

A DISHONEST NIGHT'S WORK for a dishonest night's pay." With this motto emblazoned on their pennants—which they keep, however, in a dark corner of the hold—the rum-runners of the southern Jersey coast have gone on strike. If the reports which reach us of working conditions in this hazardous industry are only half true, one should prepare for a prolonged struggle. These brave men, we understand, receive only \$1 per case for the liquor they bring ashore through the dark waves while their brothers further up the coast receive \$5; and in a single night they can transport only a few hundred cases in their sturdy little boats. As they say themselves in their simple, homely way:

We go out . . . and we get the stuff and start back. We're fired on and if we're close pressed very often the cases go overboard. If we come back empty-handed we get no pay at all. The men we're working for never even have their names mentioned. We get it all. It's worth a dollar more a case, and we'll get it or no stuff comes in.

Besides this, there are pirates who own sturdy little boats, too, and who prey on the brave rum-runners and who carry guns. It is a hard life. But, as any leading Republican will tell you, it is the great public that suffers most when a strike comes. Why not a national board to mediate between the rum-runners and the bootleggers and commission merchants and financiers engaged in the business? It should have a permanent impartial chairman, and for this job we nominate Mr. Harry M. Daugherty, whose experiences and inclinations peculiarly fit him for the position, and who at present must have time to serve.

The Case for Mr. McAdoo

MUCH that is romantic colors William G. McAdoo's career; much that is typically American. Brought up in the South in that after-the-Civil-War desolation which molded some strong characters, Mr. McAdoo early joined the hegira of vigorous personalities to the comparative intellectual freedom and the business opportunities of the North. In New York he was undistinguished at the bar and made but a fair living while casting about for wider fields to conquer, in response to the urge of undoubted executive power and ability. That opportunity came when he took up the scheme for a railroad tunnel under the Hudson. The idea was not original with Mr. McAdoo; it would not have been feasible save for the genius of an engineer—Jacobs. But Mr. McAdoo threw himself into it with vision and energy and with the enthusiasm of the born promoter. He convinced the bankers who raised the funds; he headed the new company; he won public opinion to the cause by most skilful handling of the press and the adoption of a new attitude toward the patrons of his line which he expressed in what is still the slogan of the company: "The public be pleased," in contrast to W. H. Vanderbilt's "The public be damned."

That the railroad hovered on the brink of failure for years was not the promoter's fault; other railroad financiers have paid for being too far-sighted. It had, however, the effect of keeping Mr. McAdoo from becoming a very rich man, for he owned, by public repute, large blocks of the common stock, which has never paid dividends. This disappointment was but another spur to his ambition. The Wilson campaign gave him his great opportunity. He was an amateur in politics and so was William F. McCombs; but together they managed the campaign extremely well—not altogether unselfishly, because both were determined to enter the Cabinet if they won. Of course, Mr. Wilson would not have been elected had there been no Republican split, but that does not reflect upon the skill with which his canvass was conducted nor upon the ability of his managers. Mr. McAdoo was unquestionably sincerely sympathetic with the so-called radicalism of Wilson. He grew to espouse liberal causes as the campaign progressed, and when the Wilson Administration took office he fell in most cordially with Mr. Wilson's ban upon Wall Street. Speedily he became one of the worst-hated men in that section; he broke off the connections of the Riggs National Bank with the Treasury Department; he turned out of his offices the representative of the National City Bank of New York, and he appointed as Comptroller of the Currency John Skelton Williams, who proceeded to antagonize the powers that be to the limit of his very considerable ability.

That Mr. McAdoo was an able Secretary of the Treasury will hardly be denied. The longer he stayed there the worse the money power hated him. His administration of the railroads was the finishing touch. As to this there are two directly diverse opinions. Wall Street insists that the devil himself could not have more mismanaged the railroads; Mr. McAdoo's friends feel that he did extraordinarily well with roads that were collapsing through inefficiency when they were turned over to him; many believe that he proved the case for government ownership. There

is no doubt whatever that one of the great incentives Mr. McAdoo now has to win the Presidency for himself is his desire to be in a position to have a settlement with Wall Street on his own terms. On the other hand, no Democratic nomination will so unloosen the purse-strings of the backers of the Republican Party as would Mr. McAdoo's. They know him to be able; they know that he knows their game, and that he has in a sense turned state's evidence.

Why, then, do not liberals everywhere acclaim Mr. McAdoo's candidacy? Because they lack faith in his character. Some, like ourselves, believe him to be ruthless in achieving his ends. From his Department came the vilest preachments of bitterness and hate during the war. Even in 1914 he was, by his own words, willing to sacrifice 50,000 American lives, if need be, to avenge the so-called insult to the flag at Vera Cruz. He saw no wrong in our fleet's going there and killing some four hundred men, women, and boys for the trifling act of a trifling Mexican colonel. He is an imperialist abroad and at home; his race prejudices are deep and insurmountable. As President he might easily plunge us into a war with Japan if he felt that it would profit his party or his administration. We would not deny the qualities attributed to him on another page by Mr. Barnes. He has many of the qualities which Mr. Wilson lacked, and he is superior to Mr. Wilson as an executive. But the spirit of the man is wrong. It does not belong in the White House even if his personal record were clean.

We must state our opinion that Mr. McAdoo's nomination would be a moral disaster for the whole country. It would mean that a great party had overlooked offenses against good taste and decency which ought never to be overlooked. He sold his influence as the son-in-law of the President to Doheny and to others, and he marketed his reputation as one who had just emerged from the Treasury. What more natural than that the French and Italian merchants who came to this country to buy 800,000 tons of coal should yield to the influence and prestige of the man who had just quitted the Cabinet, and through him give to that ex-criminal Charles W. Morse and his United States Transport Company the order to deliver their coal? They did not know, of course, that Mr. McAdoo was to receive one dollar for each ton he sold and that he was also bound by his obligations to Mr. Morse to use his great influence with the Shipping Board to obtain the ships needed for the coal when ships were scarce. It was his right to be Doheny's lawyer if he chose so to act, but no reputable lawyer, we feel, would accept a million-dollar contingent retainer to induce the Government of Mexico to reverse its constitutional policy in regard to oil lands, especially if he were the son-in-law of the then President of the United States and just out of the Cabinet. The fee was not to be for legal services; no legal services could be worth such a fee.

We join with the *New York World* in saying that this man's candidacy will not do. That it is so strong is but another proof of that decay of moral sensibility in America which tolerates the candidacy of Calvin Coolidge, who never lifted a finger to drive the rascals out. Surely the next proper step if such as these prevail would be to auction off the Presidency from the steps of the Capitol at Washington to the highest bidder.

What Do You Read?

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Delos F. Wilcox examined issues of 110 daily newspapers printed in fourteen cities and tabulated the space which they devoted to various subjects. In the *Editor and Publisher* of May 31 Paul W. White sets forth the results of a similar survey in the present year, for which purpose he studied an equal number of newspapers but chose them from sixty-three cities. The increase of our journals in sheer bulk is the most striking change in the quarter of a century—the typical newspaper of today has sixteen pages of eight columns each as against a journal of twelve pages of seven columns each in 1899. When it comes to the distribution of this space Mr. Wilcox found the following percentages in 1899:

I. News	55.3
(a) War News	17.9
(b) General	21.8
Foreign	1.2
Politics	6.4
Crime	3.1
Miscellaneous	11.1
(c) Special	15.6
Business	8.2
Sport	5.1
Society	2.3
II. Illustrations	3.1
III. Literature	2.4
IV. Opinion	7.1
(a) Editorials	3.9
(b) Letters	3.2
V. Advertisements	32.1

Mr. White, in his survey for the current year, found newspaper space thus distributed:

I. News	40.5
(a) General	22.1
Foreign	2.3
Politics	6.5
Crime	4.9
Miscellaneous	8.4
(b) Special	18.4
Business	7.9
Sport	7.5
Theater	1.5
Society	0.8
Radio	0.9
II. Illustrations	5.7
III. Literature	5.3
IV. Opinion	2.7
(a) Editorials	2.2
(b) Letters	0.5
V. Advertisements	45.8
(a) Classified	14.3
(b) Display	31.5

The "war news" of 1899 probably refers to the negotiations at the close of the Spanish-American War, the Philippine troubles, and the early dispatches in regard to the Boer War. One sees at first glance that in spite of the increased bulk of the modern newspaper the proportion of it that is devoted to news has decreased by more than 25 per cent. The percentage devoted to foreign affairs, however, as one would expect owing to the kaleidoscopic changes in Europe since the war and our greater relation to them, has almost doubled. Politics remains about the same, while crime shows a notable increase. The percentage of space devoted

to sport also shows large expansion, while in society news there is a tremendous slump.

More striking than any changes in news policy, however, is the decreased space given to opinion. The percentage devoted to editorial utterance has been reduced by more than two-thirds, while letters to the editors have been cut to about one-sixth of their former quota. The decline in the editorial influence and importance of American newspapers has long been a familiar fact. So far as space goes, Mr. White finds that the decline is not only proportional but actual, the newspapers examined printing an average of fifty-six inches of editorial a day in 1924 as against sixty-five inches in 1899. This curtailment of letters to the editor Mr. White regards as "evidence of the lost intimacy between reader and editor." It is also due to the tendency toward standardization of thought, with an increasing contempt on the part of the wealthy owners of the modern press for the views of readers, and an unwillingness to give dissenting opinion a chance to express itself.

Finally, and perhaps most important of all, one notes that the proportion of space devoted to advertising has increased by about 50 per cent. In actual amount the advance is still more impressive, the daily average of advertising having jumped in twenty-five years from 539 inches to 1,172 inches. It is only another proof, of course, of the increased commercialization of our press. As Mr. White puts it:

It is evident that the business department of a newspaper has become more and more important. When one considers that in the last twenty-five years the circulation of daily newspapers throughout the United States has jumped approximately 15,000,000, and that the financial demands of present-day journalism have grown consistently more complex, there is seen to be ample cause for this development.

Aliens?

ARE native Americans determined to go back to work—go back, that is, to the hard and menial and dangerous jobs that for half a century European immigrants have been doing for them? No doubt it would do the native Americans good; but are they ready to accept it, and is that what, consciously, they are driving at? One asks these questions as he notes the gathering opinion in favor of a rigid exclusion policy toward immigration. One wonders whether the native Americans who so complacently look forward to drying up our stream of immigration, especially the peasantry of Southern Europe, have considered what is to become then of the top-heavy civilization which we have reared upon the alien's back.

Would that all self-satisfied Americans, "native white of native parentage," might read the moving epitaph written in the *Corriere d'America* of the men who were killed in New York City recently in the collapse of the scaffolding for a new building. As Luigi Barzini writes the story:

A body is recovered: that of Boccarossi. Then another dead is dragged away: Purcelli; a third whose name was Brigliano, and a fourth—Colarossi. Then there were the wounded: Disomilli, Marzoni, Costello, Dimmello, Socci, Maselli—all Italian names. But why? Nobody asked for what reason there were no English, Scandinavian, or German workers among those crushed under death's heel.

We wish that all those who applaud today the presidential sanction given to the law which amounts to almost

an exclusion of the Italian immigrants, and all the writers of complacent editorials on the subject, would meditate on this simple list of Italian names, some of which are going to be engraved on humble tombstones.

There was nothing unusual about this accident. It received only passing notice in the daily press, and has already been forgotten by the average reader. It was one of a long series of accidents—avoidable or otherwise—that represent the human cost of modern construction. Every mile of subway in New York City, every tunnel under the East or the North River was blasted and burrowed and thrust forward with the blood of human sacrifice. The vast excavation which made possible the terminal of the Pennsylvania Railroad in the heart of the metropolis is the tomb of scores of humble laborers from the blue coast of the Mediterranean.

It was not mere chance [says the *Corriere d'America*] that put in those murderous foundations those Italian workmen. They are to be found wherever there is risk and danger. Some of their blood is at the bottom of all this rising greatness. They are there because today no other civilized race has men to offer for pioneer's work. The Nordic "white-collar men" for whose benefit a discriminatory law has been enacted, those men so dear to Johnson, to Davis, and to Reed because they do not look like laborers, will lay siege to offices, not to works, to mines, or fields. It is the collarless and bare-armed man who goes into the hardest fight in creation. And it is Italy alone that can today give athletes to the world of labor, as she gives artists and mechanics. Forty per cent of the statues which are erected all over the world are sculptured by Italians. No other country abounds as Italy does with the power which lays foundations and the genius that adorns, the energy that builds, and the talent that invents.

We are deeply moved in bowing to these victims who give their lives to this country. And we think that on their tombstones the words "American Citizens" could be engraved even if they could not speak English. They have paid for their right to citizenship.

That is a sentiment to which every American "native white of native parentage" ought humbly and reverently to say, Amen!

The Critical Scene

THE rise of American criticism in recent years has been astonishing. Was it not but the other day that it was held to be undignified to discuss any artist except the long dead or hopelessly remote? Was it not but yesterday that our criticism was hopelessly alienated from experience and dealt wholly with the supposed proprieties of decorum and rhetoric? We have changed. There is scarcely a season now that does not see the publication of one or more volumes of American criticism distinguished by vitality of thought and manner, by both insight and vigor. If these volumes are likely to be by the same hands, it means only that no period in the literature of a country can be expected to produce excellence of unlimited quantity in a given kind.

When from these more or less acknowledged chiefs of the critic's craft we descend to a somewhat lower level, the impression received is not quite so agreeable. Current criticism and reviewing are, upon the whole, more liberal in temper and perhaps more graceful in form than they were some years ago. More people are reading reviews, and more

are writing reviews, but we doubt whether the reviews are essentially better thought out or more instructed; whether a talent of very high order would find itself really more patiently and intelligently understood.

The reasons for this state of affairs are not strictly literary. They are very human, often appallingly so. The influential reviewer today is usually on the staff of a newspaper or periodical. He has a job and he wants to keep it. In order to keep it he must entertain his public; he must entertain it every day or every week. He must not flag. Against the possibility of his flagging he must build ramparts of good-will, friendship, the praise of others. His public is more intelligent and responsive than it used to be, but it expects him to be smart and to be "in the swim"; it wants to know what it is good form to know; it wants a little boldness, but not too much; a little erudition but not enough to frighten; it wants civilized entertainment—but entertainment.

No wonder that, under the circumstances, the reviewer feels his position to be a precarious one. And since, through the amalgamation of newspapers and the rise in salaries, jobs are getting both fewer and more precious every day, it follows almost inevitably that the reviewing in our leading papers and periodicals is less than ever concerned with the object of the reviewer's craft. A book, in order to be praised, must preferably be one by an author who has shown himself pleasantly disposed to the reviewer; it is well, in addition, if it bears the imprint of a publisher who is "due" for reviews and is also hail-fellow-well-met with the reviewer; it must, of course, be a meritorious performance. Trash is almost never touted. But a book's merits must be such as the reviewer can imagine himself as achieving if he were to take the trouble or if his natural bent had been in that direction. A really beautiful, profound, or austere work is often slighted, misunderstood, or, what is most convenient, forgotten.

The most unhappy influence upon our critical scene, however, is not exercised by any critic or group of critics. It is exercised by the fashionable columnists of the great metropolitan dailies. These writers are not critics at all. They are, in the broader sense of the word, wits. They are often gifted and often have amazingly good sense. They must write daily. And what can they write of but people, plays, and books? Their columns are very popular; their personalities very conspicuous. They can make the fortune of a book by saying they have liked it, and damn one by saying, politely enough, that they can find nothing in it. Here, in brief, the fortunes of literature are at the mercy of a species of advertising that can be bought only at the price of intellectual mediocrity or smartness coupled, if possible, with presence at parties and a character that does not abash the kindly and clever gentlemen who conduct the columns. For they are both clever and kindly; and why should they not praise the novels of their woman friends, especially if these novels have some merit? They will swear quite sincerely that they would not mention the books if they were not good. True. Only in this process excellence is forgotten. It is not understood; also, it seems churlish. Santayana has never swapped quips on Forty-fourth Street. It cannot be told of him that he was squiffy last week at So-and-so's party. He and his like must wait. Gregariousness breeds warmth and pleasantness. And the public is pleased. Against such influences our serious critics avail but little. They are still voices crying—across a baseball field.

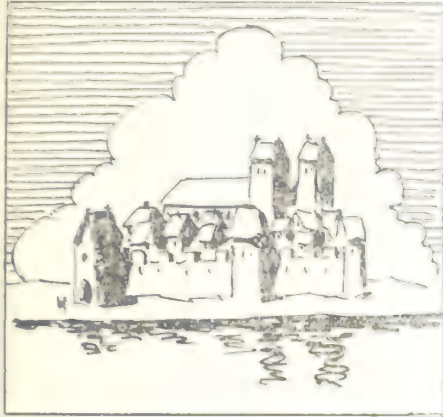
The Nordic Jubilee

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Cleveland, June 8

YOU will find the story in the old chronicles of Speyer-on-the-Rhine.

Nowadays it is a dusty neighborhood of coal and iron and French soldiers in sloppy pantaloons. But six centuries ago it was the convention city par excellence of the old Holy Roman Empire, which was just about as holy and as Roman as the present National Republican Convention is national and republican. But we will let that go. I shall



have enough to say about conventions later on. What interests me just now is the case of one Abraham ibn-Hillel Averroës Maroof, who late in the fifteenth century was rabbi of Speyer. How and why and in what manner he fell under the spell of the only true faith, no one seems to know. But one

fine day he shocked his flock by the abrupt announcement that he intended to offer himself for Christian baptism and would undergo the blessed ordeal as soon as he had paid a visit to Rome and had there studied the organization which he expected to join.

Now, this, as I have just said, happened during the latter half of the fifteenth century when the reputation of the Papacy (with all due respect to the Al Smith sentiment among *Nation* readers) was not exactly as good as it might have been. Instead of one Pope, there were three or four. Instead of merely ruling the Realm of the Spirit, the Holy See had become an active participant in very worldly brawls. And as for the morals of the officials connected with the Lateran Palace, the least said the better. All this the good burghers of Speyer's Ghetto knew. Wherefore the decision of their shepherd failed to fill them with that dismay which overtakes a congregation when the minister is convicted of backsliding or bootlegging.

"Let the old man go," they said. "The trip will do him good. Perhaps he has been here too long and needs a change. Him get baptized? Never! after he has seen the sort of things he will see in Rome." And so they presented him with a true and faithful donkey to carry him across the mountains, and waited.

They waited eight months.

Then one day a gray-bearded pilgrim returned to Speyer wearing the garb of a Dominican monk. It was Abraham ibn-Hillel Averroës Maroof, Rabbi a. D. of the good town of Speyer.

Of course the relations between the former minister and his former flock became very strained. No one would speak to the poor old man, who seemed to have betrayed the cause which he had once sworn to uphold and who was now doomed to eternal loneliness. But one fine day the

learned doctor Ludovicus Bruno, the author of the aforementioned chronicle, could stand it no longer. Driven by curiosity he called upon Dom Abrahamo and found him copying the Song of Songs into the Latin vernacular.

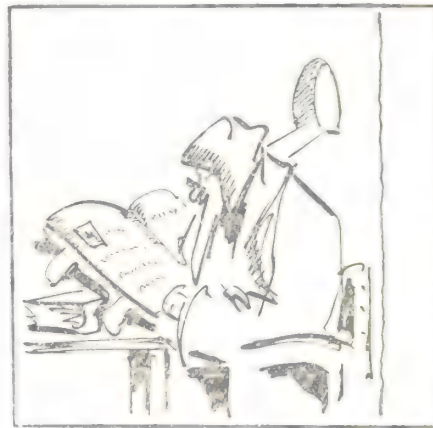
"Most Holy Brother," he asked, "explain one thing to me. Thou wentest to Rome. Thou sawest that glorious city fallen into an abyss of wickedness. Thou witnessedest the degradation of what was once pure and good. Yet thou returnest a member of that church which now is a stench in the nostrils of the most faithful of her children."

Dom Abraham looked up from his manuscript.

"Well hast thou spoken, oh excellent Ludovice," he answered. "Ere I had crossed the terrible ravines of the mighty Gotthard my heart almost had repented of the step I was about to take. Then I reached Rome. For six months I dwelled in the heart of the Eternal City. What I saw was an endless repetition of bribery and foulness and untruth, a mire of corruption and debased contamination. Never had I imagined such things could be. . . ."

"And yet," the good doctor interrupted him, "thou joinedest the church of which thou speakest these terrible things. . . .?"

"Of course I did. For I felt convinced that any organization which could be so unspeakably evil and still persist and rule the world must verily have the strength of a rock of granite."



I don't know how I happened to think of this yarn after three solid days in Cleveland. But I hasten to add that my faith in the Union is greater than ever before.

By nature I am not a joiner. Twelve years ago I went to Rome upon the same errand as Rabbi Maroof. But I found the City on the Seven Hills no better and no worse than other cities of that sort and so I continued to patronize the Baptist Church around the corner. Now, however, I have seen the representatives of a sovereign people assembled in solemn conclave to decide upon a new ruler. Surely a democracy exposed once in every four years to this sort of an affliction and still going strong with armies and navies and bank accounts—such a democracy has my whole-



hearted support. This time I am here as a reporter. Four years from now I hope to be present with a large brass disk in my buttonhole. It will bear the proud title of "Delegate."

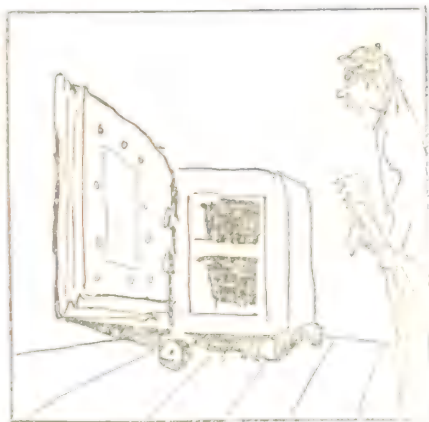
Let us be merciful and mention the one thing that can be said in favor of this noble gathering. It is composed of Nordics. The foreigner and the Negro and the Jew are almost totally missing and cannot be held responsible for whatever happens. Years from now when their children look them in the face and ask: "Daddy, what did you do in 1924?" they at least can answer: "Never mind, you nasty little brat. I was not at the Republican convention."

The thing is sad.

It is really so sad that the participants themselves feel slightly ashamed of what they are doing. This convention is suffering from a mysterious case of conscience.

Once, years ago when I lived in the Village, I knew an honest crook. One day I found him in tears. I asked what had happened. "It is terrible," he howled. "It will break my heart. Here I went out to rob a bank. I had made ready for that job more than six weeks. I had bought a whole bagful of new hammers and chisels and a fine new patented acetylene torch. I had ordered some of that lovely soup which they invented in Germany last year. I was all set and it was going to be the greatest thing in my young life. Well, I went to the bank. It was do or die with me. I was ready for everything and then" (and here the tears poured down his honest cheeks) "I found that

they had forgotten to lock the safe. All I had to do was to walk in and grab the stuff and walk out again. It was easy. It was dead easy. It was too easy. And it has broken my heart. For if a thing is as easy as all that it is sure that there is something wrong with it."



Maybe it is the rain which has been pouring down upon the Coolidge home clubs these last sixty hours. Maybe it is the fog which never lifts from the lake. Maybe it is the recollection of a peaceful little house next to the Westport cemetery. But I seem to have a terrible tendency toward oracular pronouncements this morning.

The trouble is that one can't swear in *The Nation*. And the situation in Cleveland can only be expressed in monosyllabic chunks of profanity.

Try and imagine the setting of the stage for this gigantic piece of hokum.

On the one hand we have a candidate who has as much personality as last year's time-table.

On the other hand we have the most powerful and the

richest and the most glorious and the grandest country in the world. And a small piece of this nation in freedom conceived is going to name a man for whom not one-third of one per cent of the sum total of the delegates feel one-third of one per cent of personal liking or admiration or even respect. And five months from now their henchmen just as deliberately are going to try to vote this same candidate back into the White House for four years more of mush and maple-sugar.

The delegates themselves know it. The delegates-at-large know it. The alternates know it. The three hundred hard-boiled newspaper brethren here present know it. We all know it.

For this is not a conspiracy of silence. On the contrary, it is a conspiracy of publicity.

Brother Lodge last night was relegated to the backwoods of the Back Bay. The Old Guard is dead and gone. But the new guard which has stepped into the place of these esteemed fossils carries on the ancient and dishonorable tradition

with undiminished loyalty and persistence.

Nothing has changed.

Everything has remained as it has always been before. But with one slight difference. I refer the reader back to my fable about the heart-broken crook.

There is a feeling of uneasiness in the air. The victory has been almost too easy. In the olden days the managers of this curious performance showed at least an outward respect to the decencies of the occasion. There were receptions and badges and cigars and bands and impromptu speeches and prepared statements. There were all the other paraphernalia of the Kingdom of Make-Belief.

This time they have dispensed with these unnecessary trifles. The boobs would obey them if they were asked to swim out into Lake Erie and deposit their vote three miles from shore. So, why waste money? The newspaper readers would devour the printed pronouncements of office boys. Why hire an expert in grammar and syntax to explain the lofty ideals of the G. O. P.?

It sounded like good common sense. But there is such a thing as overdoing a slick act. The rulers of our broad acres, come together to keep the world safe for the assembled chambers of commerce, have made one bad slip.

The battle of the Marne was lost by the Germans because they were overconfident and despised their enemies. I suggest that some one present Messieurs Butler and Burton with a marked copy of Von Kluck's Memoirs.

BULLETIN OF GRAVE IMPORTANCE

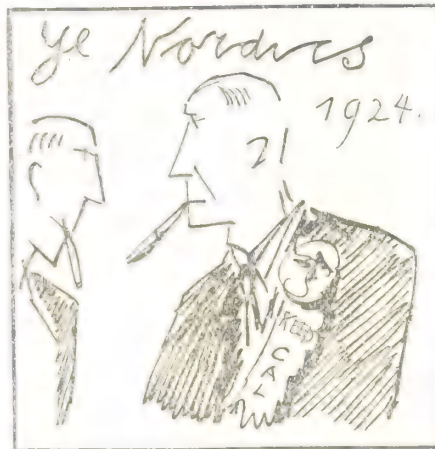
Cleveland, June 10

After Hon. Theodore Burton had read the first 197 pages of his keynote speech and I had made forty-eight pictures of his wardrobe, I sent one sketch to William Allen White.

"Tell me, dear Mr. White," I asked, "who is Burton's tailor?"

I had my answer by return mail, via Ring Lardner.

"The American Tent and Awning Company," our Kansas comrade reported.



THE Keyholder

Coo with Coolidge

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE spirit of the management of the Republican convention at Cleveland was that all good doves in the dove-cote will coo with Coolidge and with Coolidge's Mr. Butler.

Old pouter pigeons like Lodge of Massachusetts and Watson of Indiana and Wadsworth of New York, having been deprived of their customary or expected perches in the convention councils of the party, were supposed to coo just the same and, if they would not coo, were free to go off and pout by themselves.

In fact, the truly professional politicians in the convention pouted a great deal in numerous cases. They said:

"Observe; we at any rate deal in votes. We hold office because of votes. We are elected persons. But observe the managers of this convention.

"At the top there is Butler, Mr. Coolidge's personal manager. He apparently, besides being Mr. Coolidge's personal manager, is further instructed or permitted by Mr. Coolidge to manage everything else. He announces the names of chairmen of committees before the committees have even been formed. He gives out interviews on the policies which the convention will follow. Very well. Who is he and who are the men to whom he is giving prominence and power?

"He himself is a textile manufacturer and not in any office at all.

"Frank W. Mondell, the permanent chairman, ceased to be an elected person last year and is now a presidential appointee in the War Finance Corporation in Washington.

"Marion LeRoy Burton, who will place Mr. Coolidge in nomination, is a university president.

"Charles B. Warren, the chairman of the resolutions committee, used to be national committeeman from Michigan, but was let out of the job four years ago and has since been spending his time in foreign countries.

"People have called us the Old Guard. The Old Guard consisted of the most influential of the elected persons whom the people themselves have put into office. Or it consisted additionally of persons who consulted those elected persons and who operated through them.

"Now look at the new guard. Look at progress. The bosses are persons whom the people have not elected to office, but who become bosses and who control a Republican National Convention through personal appointment by the President or by the President's Massachusetts mill-owner."

Thus pouted the Old Guard during the first two and a half days of the convention. The mass of the convention, however, continued happily and loyally to coo.

The mass of the convention perceived that Mr. Butler was making the Republican Party less and less in the image of a political party and more and more in the image of a patriotic, efficient, businesslike rotary club. The mass of the convention approved and it cooed accordingly.

A new Republican Party was being created. Gone were the emotionality of Lincoln, the dare-deviltry of Blaine, the humanity of Hanna, the impetuosity of Roosevelt; instead there were a rising calculation, preciseness, scientific management, and autocratic orders from the planning-room.

A mill-owner says: "Lay off three hundred hands."

A boss talks to eight thousand persons and finds out which three hundred of them are the least popular with the rest and then says: "Lay off those three hundred."

For two and a half days Mr. Butler ran a mill at Cleveland.

Some people knew that with such methods he was bound at least to stub his toe. Among them was an old Negro barber in one of the hotels.

He had been a friend of Mark Hanna's. He never, however, called him Mark Hanna or Mr. Hanna. He always called him "the old man." Toward the end of the second day of the convention he suddenly leaned back from shaving a customer and ejaculated:

"I know what is happening. The Old Man is watching this Mr. Butler of Massachusetts trying to run a convention and he's giggling in his grave."

He giggled more the next night. Mr. Butler, in between ballot one and ballot two on the Vice-Presidency, said: "Now we'll put Burton over," meaning Burton of Ohio.

With the Illinois delegation sat Mark Hanna's daughter, Mrs. Medill McCormick. The Illinois delegation was observed conferring. Then it was observed conferring across the aisle with the New York delegation. The regulars were getting tired of being bossed by the amateurs. The balloting began; and the regulars snowed Burton under by such a margin that they unwittingly nominated Lowden.

Lowden having withdrawn, Mr. Burton then, without any adequate consultation with the leaders of delegations, sent the word out casually for Hoover. The regulars went to Dawes. Dawes had been definitely rejected at a conference strongly attended by regulars the night before. He had been rejected because of his record on one subject of labor. Nevertheless, now, with Mr. Butler going to Hoover, the regulars went to Dawes and Dawes was nominated.

The Old Guard felt better. It had pouted. It had pecked. It had seen Mr. Butler flounder on the subject of Kenyon for Vice-President and flounder on the subject of Borah for Vice-President, and it had thereupon taken the convention away from him and given him a Lowden for his Burton and a Dawes for his Hoover. The Old Guard preened itself and prepared to remount its perches.

The next morning at the meeting of the National Committee Mr. Butler, as the new chairman, announced that the chairman must naturally name all the committee's officers—which he thereupon proceeded to do. He also named a subcommittee, which in turn named an executive committee, to which the National Committee thereupon confided and transferred all its powers.

A national committeeman from a Western State rose in the meeting of the National Committee and demanded that the executive committee during the campaign be at least obliged to tell the National Committee what it is doing.

He was very red and very excited. He illustrated the Republican Party's greatest present technical political difficulty. It is very hard for these regulars to keep cooing and yet also keep cool.

The Convention of the Fit-to-Rule

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Cleveland, June 13

I REACHED Cleveland's magnificent convention hall just as the amplifiers were braying to the crowd around the doors the solemn invocation of Bishop William F. Anderson with which the proceedings were opened. This was what I heard: "Lord make straight in the desert a highway for our God . . . and the crooked shall be made straight." "For once," said I, "a divine has prayed directly to the point." Right under him sat Harry Daugherty. Right under him were grouped all the leaders to whom a return to normalcy had meant nothing else than the right of the Republican Party to plunder the people of what was theirs for the benefit of the favored few. They had made a highway for their God through the desert left by the Democratic Administration and that God was, as before, the God of business success, the God of special privilege, the God of the exploitation of the masses on behalf of the big-business masters of the Republican Party.

But as the convention progressed I speedily saw in common with every other journalist that that prayer was not as useful a one as the bishop could have uttered. What he should have voiced was an appeal to the Almighty to protect the beloved party from the novices who have undertaken to run it and from its President, who is supposed to be the guiding spirit behind the new machinists, Messrs. William M. Butler and Frank W. Stearns, both of Massachusetts. If the efforts to make the crooked straight do not bulk as large in the press tomorrow as they might be expected to in view of the vigorous efforts of the speakers who followed the bishop to make black white, why, lay it down to the fact that the convention instead of being sublime was ridiculous, instead of being dignified was a joke. The oldest correspondents rubbed their eyes and agreed that the party which through the voices of Elihu Root and Henry Cabot Lodge used to assure the world that it alone in America was fit to rule ran its convention as if it were a high-school affair.

It started off running so smoothly that you almost began to feel that the managers were going to get away with a most difficult and dangerous situation. Theodore Burton made the only kind of speech he could have made. By way of encouraging them to work for Coolidge he lambasted the congressional leaders of his party as they sat before him and blamed Congress for all that has happened so far as the legislative program is concerned. The platform was as platforms go a pretty fair specimen. It concealed the party's crimes and glossed over its failures with great skill. Then ex-Congressman Mondell of Wyoming, whose selection as permanent chairman was one of the egregious mistakes of the tyros in politics, made the real swashbuckling speech of the meeting. His is the philosophy of the thief caught with the goods on him—bluff it through. So he solemnly assured the convention that the Republican Party had never made a mistake in its life and never undertaken a policy which was not wise, noble, and true, and that the Democrats were nothing but a set of cut-throat scoundrels. Abuse some one else and you may make the

hearer forget that you yourself have just committed murder and rape.

But, after all, the procedure was a bit too smooth, a bit too hypocritical. The real nature of the beast here assembled now and then flashed out none the less. This convention cheered everything which made for property rights, which fortified privilege. It reached its greatest height of spontaneous enthusiasm when Ambassador Warren announced that, as heretofore, the Republican Party was unalterably opposed to the government's going into private business. The rank and file understands exactly what this phrase means—that the party will interfere with nobody's private preserves, but that it will go on, as heretofore, using all the power of the government to make money for those who line its coffers and back it at the polls. It will not go into private business except to guarantee through protective tariffs and in other ways the size of the profits that the insiders shall make. All of its specious promises that the conservation policies of Theodore Roosevelt shall be maintained and the oil and timber and unoccupied coal lands shall

be reserved for the people the delegates swallowed with their tongues in their cheeks—all that the Sinclairs and Dohenys and the timber and coal barons have not yet got!

Yet a consciousness of shame was there, a guilty consciousness. Why else was there not a single handclap in this Republican gathering when the keynoter, Congressman Burton, first mentioned in this Ohio city the name of that great and wise and pure and sterling son of Ohio, Warren G. Harding? He, Mr. Burton assured us, died as much for his country as if he had been a soldier full panoplied in armor at the battlefield. Why was it that every time a speaker promised that the Washington guilty will be punished there was but the faintest applause from this assembly of this party of moral ideals and moral progress? Why was it that every time a speaker denounced those who would besmirch the innocent, who would pour the slime of slander over all the officials of the government, or would seek to destroy confidence in our perfect government, the delegates woke up and cheered and applauded with genuine enthusiasm? It is the apotheosis of the lax business morals of the day, this convention. It is impossible to have seen it and not feel that the bulk of its members have no burning sense of shame that its official representatives have dragged the good name of the republic in the dust, and throughout the world made the American name a synonym for corruption in the highest places.

So it is hypocrisy who was king here. Congressman Burton's speech reeked with it. He was lost in admiration of Mr. Coolidge's rectitude in the face of temptation—we have sunk to that point that we have to praise the President of the United States for not being a crook! The angels, he said, fell, but this superangel in the White House did not. And when it came to the World Court, Mr. Burton unblushingly assured his blind supporters that they need not fear that our adhesion to the court would put us into the League—Mr. Hughes and Mr. Coolidge were there to see



Mr. Warren and his Cutaway

that we did not get in—Mr. Hughes, who was one of the thirty Republicans who signed an appeal to their fellow-countrymen to vote for Mr. Harding as the surest way to get the country into the League! Indeed, it seemed as if the World Court were destined to be the touchstone of the hypocrisy of the whole show, for it is a fact that a majority of the committee to which it was referred was opposed to the convention's indorsing the court! When Senator "Jim" Watson ruled that it would none the less have to report a resolution favoring the court to oblige the President, he was begged for permission to submit a dissenting minority report. No, that would destroy the harmony of things. So the committee reported a resolution to which a majority of its members were opposed! Could subservient puppetry go further? As for law and order, the delegates did applaud with real fervor the demand for the anti-lynching bill, which was killed more than once by the dishonesty of some of the party's own congressional representatives, but it did not dare to mention the enforcement of the prohibition laws by name nor did its denunciation of the Ku Klux Klan go beyond such glittering generalities that the here assembled klans and kleagles may return to their home towns with absolute satisfaction. Who would not applaud the demand for the enforcement of *all* the laws—even if he had a bottle of rum on his hip?

So it was that the Wisconsin representatives blew the breath of life into the proceedings, redeemed the convention from the subserviency of a herd of soulless delegates, and quickened our faith in the survival in America of truth and honesty, reason and courage. That was a glorious spectacle, that brave delegation sitting there calm and cool in the face of abuse and denunciation, while their fellow-delegates were crowding menacingly around them, shaking fists and State emblems in their faces, and demanding that they be thrown out. That was a test of moral courage nobly met and nobly answered, and it had its effect upon those who tried to mob them for daring to maintain that they had the right to think for themselves and to vote as they thought. Talk about the effects of non-resistance! Gradually the attacks wore themselves out; gradually it dawned upon the assailants that these men were sustained by something which, if the majority could not understand it, the majority finally had to respect. And that showed

itself when the Wisconsin spokesman, Congressman Henry Cooper, took the platform in the one thrilling moment of the convention to offer the minority report from the resolutions committee. He had years and white hairs in his favor—even an audience like this one has respect for age. But the attitude of the audience had changed. The fierce demands to throw them out were no longer there. Moral courage had aroused among the majority of the delegates a sense of fair play.

Four years ago the Wisconsin men were handicapped somewhat by the personality of their spokesman. This time



"Young Bob," Director of His Father's Campaign

they had chosen well. This veteran Congressman and lifelong Republican knew just how to handle that audience. He was bothered not at all by the hostile part of his reception. He had skill in speaking, good taste, and good humor, and he won that audience to an extraordinary degree.

Moreover, he was eternally right. Even the most hard-boiled delegates could not answer back when he declared that of the thirty-one planks which the Wisconsin men have advanced in Republican conventions since 1908 no less than twenty-six are now the law of the land. In the face of that truth no one could doubt the correctness of the Congressman's statement that what is wrong with Republican Wisconsin is that it is always in advance of its party. Of course, many of the planks he brought forward were hissed and booed, especially the one calling for government ownership of railroads—yet it is safe to say that if another party does not get ahead of them, it will be only a few years before the Republican Party will be discussing this issue as a matter of course and quite forgetting to call the advocates of the policy radical and un-American. Did not this convention finally grant, with a great show of virtue, equal representation to women in the party's councils, forgetting the decades that its Henry Cabot Lodges and its McKinleys would not hear a word of woman suffrage?

No, if the Republicans were wise they would commission an artist to paint that brave, stalwart Congressman from Wisconsin facing that hostile audience in this amazingly beautiful convention hall and they would place that picture among their most precious archives as the only scene of the Convention of 1924 worth preserving—one brave conscience put in pawn to win a party and to serve a country!

And then we went down fast to bathos and buncombe. True, President Burton's nominating speech was adroit and lively, neither an unrestrained eulogy nor a preachment—he was the entertainer and not the orator. But even his light touch could not really arouse the audience to great enthusiasm. Indubitably there were many there who believe that Cal is a great man, but the applause would have died away in less than three minutes if it had not been artificially stimulated. The organ did good work, and when the crowd began to sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and "John Brown's Body," you could not but feel moved and stirred and realize anew the superiority of song to the spoken word, particularly when spoken by politicians.

Presto. It was a circus that then performed before us. Nominating Cal exhausted the convention morally and physically and spiritually. It showed no mercy to the seconders and hooted or unduly applauded a Southern Baptist, a New Jersey Negro, and a New York Jew. Only the ladies escaped. One of them, Minnie Grinstead from Kansas, stirred the convention as did none of the endless tributes to Cal's homely virtues. The minute she faced the audience she let out a scream that all but smashed the amplifier in front of her. It was like the combined roar of a world facing extinction on Judgment Day, and its startling suddenness automatically lifted 12,500 bored and inattentive people out of their seats. They rose to their feet as if unleashed lions were after them and then broke into waves and waves and more waves of joyous laughter. And when Minnie from Kansas concluded her praise of Cal in about 123 seconds of oratory, the audience stood again and cheered her to the echo as long as they could see her scarlet dress descending among the delegates.



Henry Allen Cooper

Aside from her flaming attire Minnie Grinstead, of Liberty, Kansas, will long remain the bright, outstanding figure of that convention in the minds of that multitude of her grateful fellow-citizens—grateful for anybody or anything that added the touch of the unexpected to so cut-and-dried and formulated a gathering.

When it came to the Vice-Presidency the new machine broke down and the utter ineptitude of Messrs. Butler and Stearns was revealed. They hawked the office around from one to another. Borah, Kenyon, Burton, Hoover were successively put forward. Mr. Butler solemnly assured the mid-night conference of Wednesday in John Weeks's room that Senator Borah would accept the nomination. It was three o'clock before Senator Borah was able to reach friends on the long-distance telephone and assure them that he was still sound of mind and in possession of all his senses, and that he had no intention whatever of committing moral and political suicide. Also, he added, if report is correct, that if the Butlers persisted in nominating him he would decline in a letter in which he would state his reasons for refusing to go on a ticket with Cal in language which would not be very helpful to the candidate. Only high-school boys running a mock convention might have been expected to make that ridiculous blunder of nominating Lowden despite his word. The inwardness of that happening is, however, that Messrs. Butler and Stearns having decided to nominate seventy-three-year-old Theodore Burton and having expressed their wishes to that effect, the Old Guard promptly, in the language of the street, "handed them one" by nominating Lowden. A last-hour attempt of the amateur convention-steerers to put over Hoover was met by the stampede to Dawes as another rebuke to them. That was the greatest political blunder of all from the point of view of vote-getting, but by that time everybody was so sick and tired and disgusted that nobody cared; if General Dawes had declined the proffered post the next

nominee might well have been the colorful Minnie from Kansas.

Thus ended, completely botched, the convention of the party of the fit-to-rule. Every generation thinks its own leaders are pigmies and sighs for the giants of yesterday; but allowing for that ocular obliquity all honest observers here are united in their belief that this was the most degraded and degrading and vulgar of conventions. Years of experience with these excrescences of our political life have familiarized me somewhat with their manners, habits, and customs, and I must unhesitatingly add my belief that we touched bottom in this gathering, for intellectual bankruptcy, for stupidity, for blind subservience to an accidental leader whom so many dislike or detest personally, but—if they are Republicans—praise loudly in public. All the old Republican leaders were as disgusted as the newspaper men and many of them went home intending to sulk for the remainder of the campaign. Of course, after a while they will bury the hatchet, but they cannot possibly put the enthusiasm into the fight which they normally would be able to. Such frank hypocrisy I have never before witnessed in my political experience. One Senator from a far Western State tells even casual acquaintances that Cal "will not carry a State west of the Mississippi," but when talking for publication says: "We shall keep our peerless leader in the White House." Ask any Senator as he sits at dinner or lunch what the chances for Cal are in his State if the third ticket is put in the field, and he says: "We might as well give up the ghost now. But if you are asking me for publication, why, I am going to talk the usual stuff of a landslide in our noble State for our great President."

After three days here one is inevitably forced to the conclusion that there is no longer any republic in America, or any democracy. We are ruled by a king and his name is Bunk.

A Pacifist General

By MOLLIE BEST

The key to the age may be this or that or the other, as the young orators describe; the key to all ages is imbecility, imbecility in the vast majority at all times, and even in heroes in all but certain eminent moments; victims of gravity, custom, and fear. This gives force to the strong, that the multitude have no habit of self-reliance or original action.—EMERSON.

NEARLY three centuries ago a determined band of believers resisted the authority of the established church, then a recognized branch of the English government. George Fox, general-in-chief of the Quaker revolt against the union of church and state, was preeminently a man of self-reliance and original action, and he lined up a little army against the forces of gravity, custom, and fear. So marked was his fearlessness that, while a prisoner in the vilest of dungeons, his soldier guard clamored to have him made their officer. As recruiting was dragging, army officials offered him liberty and the command; he chose imprisonment instead. "I told them I was come into a covenant of peace which was before wars and strifes were. That I lived in the virtue of that life and power which took away the occasion of all wars. I told them I

knew whence all wars arose, even from the lusts according to James's doctrine." "Clense your hands, ye sinners, and purify your hearts, ye double-minded," he advised. George Fox's centenary will be celebrated in England and America this July.

The unsympathetic historian, Macaulay, hurls various epithets at the Quaker leader. "He was a youth of pure morals, grave deportment, and a perverse temper, with the education of a laboring man, and an intellect in that most unhappy of all states, too disordered for liberty and not sufficiently disordered for Bedlam." Making no allowance for youth, Macaulay also ignores the fact that Cromwell's "glance of genius" approvingly scanned the Quaker, without detecting any mental malady. A leader who can offer to his followers only torture, imprisonment, and death, and yet rally thousands of shock troops, can hardly be swept into Bedlam by the paragraph of a temperamental historian. Judging by Macaulay's own story of the times, Fox's "unhappy state" was no distinction among his contemporaries; the aggressive and boisterous religionists of all denominations were more nearly allied with Bedlam than with Christianity. Seizing power, the Puritans regarded capital pun-

ishment as a mild sentence for traitors who dared to use the Book of Common Prayer. Driven out in turn by the grave and reverend Lords Spiritual, their Solemn League and Covenant was sentenced to be ceremoniously hanged by the public hangman. If the Quakers were fanatics for peace with freedom their opponents were equally fanatical for compulsion with violence, and only the courage of fanaticism could successfully cope with the violence of arrogant power.

Whatever Fox's mental and educational limitations, he succeeded in hurling thousands of the canniest of his hard-headed countrymen against the prevailing violence, inspiring them with a faith impervious to every form of fear—"most Enfeeblers of the Passions"—fear of public opinion, of personal disaster, or of man's last invincible enemy, death. "I showed them that God was come to teach His people by His spirit, to bring them off from all their old ways, religions, churches, and worships; for all their religions, worships, and ways *were but talking with other men's words*, but they were out of the life and spirit which they were in who gave them forth." His intrepid band of outlaws heckled the spiritually impotent clergy who reviled them, declaring that God did not dwell in their "steeple houses," but in the hearts of men who loved and served Him. A few such thunderclaps, and it was not necessary to be especially weatherwise to predict that signals would soon be hung out for storms and high gales.

In the days of the Great Rebellion men everywhere were forced to do a little thinking, much as they disliked mental exertion. The futile grumbling groups were welded into power by forceful leaders who offered them direction. Cromwell, leading the revolt against civil authority, believed in physical force to the uttermost, and wielded it to such purpose that all Europe shook with the impact. Fox, with unquestioning faith in the omnipotence of spiritual force and the inevitable triumph of right, led the revolt against the clerical autocracy. When the old lion Cromwell and the Quaker met, the two most forceful personalities in England faced each other, and there is room for the suspicion that, wearying of the tyranny of the populace, of which he was both master and slave, the dictator regarded the Quaker with a pathetic envy, as having chosen the better part. If the powerful Cardinal Mazarin feared Oliver with his Ironsides more than he feared the devil, Fox and his militantly pacifist army, firing with the flame of faith and personality the smoldering discontent against the clerical power, were no less terrifying to the English clergy. "The Lord said unto me, that if but one man or woman were raised up by His power to stand and live in the same spirit that the prophets and apostles were in who gave forth the Scriptures, that man or woman should shake all the country in their profession (Christianity) for ten miles round." Fox stood and lived, and the country shook far outside the ten-mile limit.

William Penn describes his leader as "of an innocent life, no busybody nor self-seeker. So meek, contented, modest, tender, it was a pleasure to be in his company. A most merciful man, as ready to forgive, as unapt to take or give offense. . . . The most excellent spirits loved him with an unfeigned and unfading love. . . . He was no more to be moved to fear than to wrath."

Fox's autobiography is the most racy of all the Quaker journals, flavored with his personality and a dry astringent humor. He makes his genealogy snappy but significant.

My father's name was Christopher Fox, and he was by profession a weaver, an honest man, and there was the seed of God in him. My mother was an upright woman and of the stock of the martyrs. . . . My relations thought to have made me a priest (clergyman) but others persuaded to the contrary; whereupon I was put to a man who was a shoemaker by trade, and dealt in wool . . . and a great deal went through my hands. I never wronged man or woman in all that time. . . . It was a common saying among those who knew me, "If George says Verily, there is no altering him."

"At the command of God" George abandoned business when twenty years old. A religious youth, oppressed by the orgy of violence and dishonesty, the result of futile fratricidal wars, he began his quest for a remedy for the spiritual disease.

As I traveled through the country professors (Christians) took notice of me, and sought to be acquainted with me, but I was afraid of them, for I was sensible they did not possess what they professed. . . . I went to many a priest for comfort, but found none from them. . . . Some tender people would have had me stay, but I was fearful and returned homeward, having regard upon my mind to my parents and relations, lest I should grieve them, for I understood they were troubled at my absence.

He scoured the country for miles, appealing to clergymen of great reputation. Some advised physic, others blood-letting, and "one jolly old clergyman of the Anglican communion" (Macaulay) suggested psalm singing and tobacco. "Tobacco was a thing I did not love, and psalms I was not in a state to sing. I could not sing."

For the boy's spiritual distress the church could offer only physical remedies, and his despair continued until he received the revelation, which moved Macaulay to derision, that an education at Oxford or Cambridge could not qualify men to be ministers of Christ. "When my hopes in them (the clergy) and all men were gone . . . I heard a voice which said: Christ Jesus can speak to thy condition . . . who enlightens and gives grace and faith and *power*. And this I knew experimentally."

Fox had come to the crossing of the roads, and it was the senility of the intrenched order that decided him on the first turn to the left in the path of revolt. The enthusiasm of his new freedom he communicated to other waiting souls with such success that his followers glutted the English jails—black holes of incredible vileness, in which many of our liberties were born. When not in jail Fox was beaten up by mobs, at times temporarily crippled, often at the instigation of the clergy whose monopoly he challenged. Dragged through the streets covered with mire and blood, he escaped as if by miracle the death with which he was constantly threatened.

Then came the secret offer of Charles II, from his security in France: £500 on the word of a Christian king, to the brave man who should remove the Protector from his tight-rope eminence by any means, poison specifically mentioned. Thereupon Cromwell's revolutionists began a ruthless suppression of all public meetings outside the orthodox church. Ignoring the civil tumult and the prohibition, the Quakers continued their usual worship, and Fox was arrested. It was this situation which introduced him to the Dictator.

Pepys frequently has a sly good word for Oliver's stern soldiers, and Colonel Hacker's military tribunal before which Fox was brought exercised extraordinary pa-

tience and restraint toward the Quaker, discussing religion, and finally advising him to go home, keep quiet, and avoid trouble. "I told Colonel Hacker if I should promise him this, it would manifest I was guilty of something, to make my home a prison. Therefore I should go to meetings as the Lord should order me, and could not submit to their requirings; but I said, we were a peaceable people."

"Well, then," said Colonel Hacker, "I will send you tomorrow morning by six o'clock to my Lord Protector."

Captain Drury, his guard, allowed Fox to break the journey, visiting prisons along the road, to encourage to steadfastness the Quakers always to be found there. Then, lodging his charge in the famous "Mermaid" in London, he proceeded to get the Protector's orders.

"When he came back he told me the Protector required that I should promise not to take up a carnal sword against him or the government as it then was. I said little in reply to Captain Drury." Fox was waiting for bigger game, waiting to match the power of God against the commander of the English army.

I was moved of God to write a paper to the Protector . . . wherein I did in the presence of the Lord God declare . . . that I denied the drawing of any carnal weapon against him or any man, that I was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence to bring people from the causes of war and fighting to the peaceable gospel. I set my name to it and gave it to Captain Drury to hand to Oliver Cromwell, which he did.

Cromwell sent for Fox to discover what manner of man this was, who above the tumult of violence boldly proclaimed the gospel of peace. Into Cromwell's room before he was dressed, came the Quaker. "I was moved to say 'Peace be in this house.'" (Peace was the one thing lacking to the great Cromwell, even in the grave. His body, laid to rest with regal pomp, was to be pried from the quiet of Westminster Abbey, ignominiously hanged on the gallows, and scrapped in the potter's field.)

"I spoke to him much of truth," continues Fox, "and much discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately. But he said we quarreled with his priests, whom he called ministers. I told him I did not quarrel with them, but that they quarreled with me and my Friends."

Cromwell, who in moments of irritation had characterized the clergy as wolves, probably suppressed a twinkle. It had been easier to put the fear of God into the rulers of Europe than toleration into the hearts of his coreligionists.

I showed him that the prophets, Christ, and the apostles declared freely [without money] . . . and against such as preached for filthy lucre and divined for money . . . and were covetous and greedy and could never have enough. . . . As I spoke he several times said it was very good, and it was the truth. . . . But people coming in I drew a little back. As I was turning, he caught me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes said, "Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to another," adding that he wished me no more harm than he did his own soul. I told him if he did he wronged his own soul; and admonished him to hearken to God's voice, that would keep him from hardness of heart, but if he did not hear God's voice, his heart would be hardened. He said it was true. Then I went out; and when Captain Drury came out after me he told me the Lord Protector said I was at liberty, and might go where I would.

George Fox was not the sort to be caught in a trap.

I was brought into a great hall, where the Protector's gentlemen were to dine. I asked them what they brought me thither for. They said it was by the Lord Protector's order, that I might dine with them. I bid them let the Protector know that I would not eat of his bread or drink of his drink. When he heard this he said, "Now I see there is a people risen that I cannot win with gifts or honors, offices or places; all other sects and peoples I can."

The old rebel, quitting the fray, was less concerned with his outraged personal dignity when he received Fox's curt message than with the pleasing conviction that a breed of courageous rebels would survive his passing.

Fox was cantering through Hyde Park when he spied Cromwell riding in state surrounded by his Life Guard, and was moved of the spirit to give chase. He must have presented a spectacle not unlike an Indian chief in an Easter Day parade on the avenue. There is no hint that he attempted singularity in his attire, nor any doubt that he attained it. Wandering in poverty from John o' Groat's to Land's End in all weathers, riding sixty miles to hold a meeting, gathering bracken to make a pillow for his bed on the ground, sheltering himself from snow and rain in haymows, he needed serviceable raiment. In leather breeches, umbrella hat, and cowboy hair-cut, this extraordinary figure charged into Cromwell's Life Guard, which naturally hastened to intercept him.

But he forbade them. So I rode by his coach declaring what the Lord gave me to say to him, of his condition, and of the suffering of Friends in the nation, showing him how contrary persecution was to the words of Christ. . . . When we came to James's Park Gate I left him, and at parting he desired me to come to his house. Next day one of his wife's maids came to see me, and told me her master came to her, and said he would tell her some good news, "George Fox is come to town." She replied, "That is good news indeed," but she said she could hardly believe it till he told her how I had met him, and rode from Hyde Park to James's Park Gate with him.

Rumor had it that Cromwell was to be crowned king, and Fox promptly protested. "I was moved to go to him and warn him against accepting it; and of divers dangers which, if he did not avoid them, would bring shame and ruin on himself and his posterity. He seemed to take well what I said."

One last encounter between these soldiers in the war for the liberation of humanity.

I met him riding in Hampton Court Park, and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his Life Guard, I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him, and when I came to him he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of Friends before him, and warned him, he bade me come to his house. But when I came he was sick. . . . So I passed away and never saw him more.

So met and parted the two great revolutionists of their time, who fought, each according to his light, with personal sacrifice and dauntless courage, that liberty might have wider space. One, resisting force with force, taught kings to be a little more careful; the other, opposing injustice with unyielding moral force, taught ecclesiastics to be a little more tolerant. The strength of the union of church and state was weakened, and forever after both institutions walked more circumspectly all their days.

New Morals for Old

Modern Love and Modern Fiction

By J. W. KRUTCH

SEEING upon the jacket of a recent book the legend "Solves the Sex Problem," my first reaction was a fervent hope that it did nothing of the sort, for I had no desire that fiction should be rendered supererogatory or, what is the same thing, that life should be made a less difficult art. Problems of housing, wages, taxation, militarism, and the like may be solved, temporarily at least, but what a contemporary writer has called "the irony of being two" is a sufficient guaranty of one never-to-be-resolved complexity. Until each individual of the human species becomes a complete biological entity, until, that is to say, hermaphroditism is universal, there can be no fear lest we should cease to live dangerously.

After all, the things we do are both more significant and less changing than our attitude toward our acts. We burn men at the stake to light a Roman garden, to save the world from the horror of heresy, or to protect the sanctity of female virtue and assure the supremacy of the white race, but we burn them always; we fight because arms are glorious, because the service of God demands the rescue of His holy sepulcher from the infidel, or because we must make the world safe for peace, but always we fight; and the most important thing is the insistent lust of cruelty or the impulse to fight rather than the rationalization of these motives. So, too, with love. Paphnutius is harried out of apathy into a state in which he sees visions because of the temptations of the devil, Milton because God gave Eve to Adam as a comforter, Shelley because woman is the symbol of the unutterable, and Shaw (presumably) because only by the process of reproduction can the Life Force perform its perfectionist experiments; but the resultant impulses are not so very different. Mr. F. W. Myers once referred to the procreation of children in these lines:

Lo! When a man magnanimous and tender,
Lo! When a woman desperate and true,
Make the inevitable sweet surrender,
Show one another what the Lord can do, . . .

but I doubt if the states of mind which called forth these lines and, say, Swinburne's *Dolores* were as different as the verses would suggest or as the authors imagined. Without going so far as to say that the two poems are of equal literary merit, one can at least say that they are almost equally interesting and delightful to the observer of life or art and that as long as the mystical, the ascetic, the sentimental, and the biological attitudes toward love continue to exist side by side or to follow one another in succeeding epochs, the critic will not find literature either dull or monotonous.

If at the end of a period of twenty-five years during which fiction has frankly concerned itself to an unusual degree with sex the problem seems more complicated than ever before, there is no cause for surprise. Even the specious pretense that a solution has been found can only be maintained when, as during the Victorian era, the mass of men agree to assume that no difficulties exist which are not solvable by that rule of thumb known as the social and moral code, and insist that sexual battles shall be fought out behind closed doors in life and between the chapters in

books. By dragging them out into public view we have been able, no doubt, to palliate some of the commoner tragedies of stupidity. But chiefly we have been upon a voyage of discovery, and it ought to be evident now, if it has never been evident before, that we cannot possibly solve the problem because its most important aspects are not social but human. They have their roots in man's ironic predicament between gorilla and angel, a predicament perfectly typified by the fact that as he grows critical he realizes that love is at once sublime and obscene and that only by walking a spiritual tight-rope above the abysses can he be said to live at all in any true sense. The very fact that the social aspects can to a certain extent be worked out makes them less interesting and explains the fact that those novels intended to prove, for example, that the mother of an illegitimate child may still be within the human pale have come to seem so unutterably dull. No doubt they "did good," but like all forms of useful literature their life was short. By far the most interesting contemporary writers who deal chiefly with sex are largely concerned with the individual problem.

Thanks partially to modern fiction we have attained a certain measure of freedom. But freedom, as everybody who understands either the meaning of the word or the value of the thing knows, raises problems instead of settling them. It is true that our attitude has changed. There is hardly a serious contemporary novel which does not take for granted things which would have outraged even liberal thinkers of the past century, and the changes have been mostly in the direction of clarification. It would be impossible for anyone today to fail to see, as George Eliot failed to see, that the natural working of the "inevitable moral law" which punished Hetty Sorrel was neither inevitable nor natural. The things which happened to her came entirely from society and not at all from nature, so that the story which the author meant to be a tragedy of the ineluctable becomes merely a description of human stupidity. So, too, we are clearer on other things; we are not quite so hopelessly at sea as we once were when it comes to distinguishing between frigidity and chastity or purity and prudishness. But these things mean only that more choices are open to us, that we have come to see that sexual conduct cannot be guided or judged by a few outwardly applied standards, and that, accordingly, the conduct of life has been made more thrillingly difficult.

Most sex novels of the past have been concerned chiefly with what might be called the right to love. They have combated an extremely old idea which Christianity found congenial and embodied in the conception of love as a part of the curse pronounced upon man at the Fall, and hence at best a necessary evil. They have been compelled solemnly to assure us that the early Christian Fathers were wrong in assuming that the human race would have been better off if it had been able to propagate itself by means of some harmless system of vegetation, and they have had to fly in the face of all laws and social customs which are seen, if examined closely, to rest upon the assumption that

desire is merely a dangerous nuisance, fatal to efficiency and order, and hence to be regimented at any cost. It is now pretty generally admitted among the educated class that love is legitimate, even that it has an aesthetic as well as a utilitarian function. We have got back to the point which Ovid had reached some two thousand years ago of realizing that there is an art of love. During the next quarter of a century fiction will be concerned, I think, more with the failure or success of individuals to attain this art than with the exposition of theses which most accept.

No doubt some of the more naively enthusiastic crusaders really believed that as soon as man was freed from the more grossly stupid restrictions from without and from the artificially cultivated inhibitions within, love would become simple and idyllic, but one needs look only at the books of D. H. Lawrence or Aldous Huxley to be relieved of this stupid delusion. The characters of both of these authors have long ago ceased to care what law or society thinks and they are surely untroubled by traditional asceticism, but their problems are not less acute. Indeed it is just because these novelists are so completely concerned with love as a personal matter that they are the freshest of those contemporary writers with whom sex is the dominant interest. Each is concerned with something fundamental—the one with the problem of the adjustment of personalities and the other with the evaluation of sexual love.

If by "immoral" is meant "tending to excite lubricity," then nothing could be more absurd than the opinion, apparently held by some, that the books of these men are immoral. They are so completely unable to lose themselves carelessly in passion and so insistent upon the need of adjusting it somehow to the other interests of life that they strike one as more like saints than like gallants, and their books are far more chilling than inflammatory. Huxley and Joyce try to laugh sex away, but their scorn of the flesh suggests Erasmus more than Rabelais, and, as for Lawrence, his novels constitute so solemn a warning that one imagines him as thoroughly bored with the exigencies of passion and more likely to make his disciples celibates than debauchés.

In Lawrence's morbidly sensitive and exaggeratedly individualistic characters one sees as through a magnifying-glass the thousand impingements of personality upon personality which make love more and more difficult as it becomes more intimate and personal. His people, like Schopenhauer's porcupines, are continually coming together for warmth only to find themselves pricked by one another's quills and to part snarling, so that his perpetual prayer is a "Lord deliver us from this need which can be neither stilled nor satisfied." And abnormal though he is, his abnormality is one of degree only, for when sexual love is developed beyond the impulse of the animal and desires the contact of spirit as well as body that contact is bound to be both incomplete and painful.

Nor is the even more fundamental problem with which Aldous Huxley is concerned likely ever to receive a permanent or a general solution. He is in search of love, but he can find only ridiculous and obscene biological facts, for love, like God and the other most important human possessions, does not exist. It is an illusion created by the effort of the imagination to transform the unsatisfactory materials which life has furnished it into something acceptable to the soul; but being an illusion, it is unstable and perpetually tending, if not created anew, to dissolve into its

elements. The racial need for the continuation of the species and the individual need for the satisfaction of a physiological impulse exist, but they are hard, unsatisfying realities, and the struggle of mankind is to create some fiction which will as far as possible include and at the same time transcend them.

And nothing derogatory is, of course, meant by the word "fiction." All that distinguishes man from nature is such a fiction, and it is by his insistent belief in these imaginary things that civilization has been created. All of Mr. Huxley's books are confessions, first cynically triumphant and then despairing, of his inability to be poet or mystic or ironist enough to achieve this transcendence and find in his animal heritage a satisfaction for his spiritual needs. Like everyone else, he is compelled to love, and love implies a certain amount of idealization. How, he asks in effect, is he to poetize this ridiculous function, which he shares with the beasts, and concerning which science is constantly presenting us with an increasing amount of disillusioning knowledge? Exercising the most perverse ingenuity in confronting romance with biology and in establishing the identity (in the realm of fact) of love and lust, he has continually tracked the trail of the beast into the holy of holies—but only because it hurt him so much to find it there. The obscenities in which he seems to revel are defiances of the inner idealist who has dared to assimilate the loathsome trivialities of sex into something capable of satisfying spiritual desires. When he sings one of his philosopher's songs or when, in "Antic Hay," he describes some particularly revolting orgy there is nothing new in the psychological state which provokes his obscenity. His attitude is a result of failure to reconcile physical fact with spiritual feeling. He is not far from Huysmans, who ended the preface of "A Rebours" with a quotation: "For the man who has written such a book there are only two alternatives—a pistol or the foot of the cross." But Huysmans was wrong. Anatole France and James Branch Cabell are not less sophisticated, but through the perfection of sophistication they have achieved a peaceful irony in which they can worship a non-existent God and believe again in the illusions they create. Huxley, too sophisticated for simple faith and too downright for ironic worship, is lost.

When the conception of love is, as it has tended to be in modern times, legalistic, these problems are submerged. As long as marriage is a matter of contract, the importance of the inward harmony of personalities is of the slightest, for children may be begotten and reared whether the parents love or hate. As long as passion is generally conceded to be but a shameful concession to unregenerate humanity, the average man is not likely to be concerned if he finds that the ideal of the poets is not realized in his own nuptial couch. But when love is free and unashamed then it is made ten times more difficult, for lives are recognized as frank failures which once would have seemed useful and satisfactory. Fiction, too, becomes, not more interesting, but more important. It ceases completely to be what it always tends to be when opinion is fixed, namely, a mere illustration of the working out of social or moral "laws"; it becomes frankly the record of individual souls in search of a successful way of life. It records, no doubt, more failures than successes, but it furnishes the best and perhaps only really important material for the study of that art of life which grows ever more complicated as we demand that it be more complete and beautiful.

Art Young At the Front



In the Spotlight

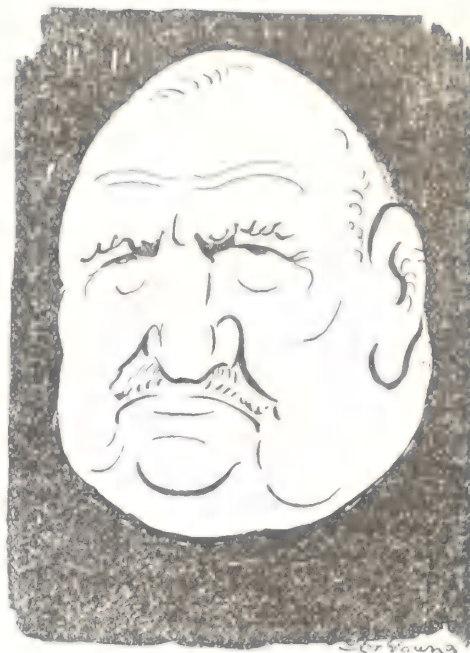
Mr. Scott, the only Wisconsin delegate who voted for Coolidge.



Dignity's Finest Flower

Cause and Effect

MONDELL: We are met as representatives of a great political party that . . . has never proposed nor advocated an unwise or unsound national policy . . . (At this point a member of the band fell out of the stand.)



Hard Boiled

A composite portrait of the Republican Convention after surveying the faces of three hundred delegates.



Smiling California

She brought the blessings of California's women to "Cal."



The Storm Center

"Throw 'em out! We don't want no radicals."



No Place to Go

Mr. Lodge appeared to be looking for a political house of refuge.

Another War Victim

By IDA TREAT

FRENCH enthusiasm for sport dates from the war. It may be that the war itself was directly responsible for the renaissance of sport, or it may be that it was merely another manifestation of the obscure law that fosters the continuity of a race and is popularly supposed to increase the stock of boy babies after periods of slaughter. Sport today in France looks very like a semi-conscious effort toward new vigor on the part of a nation whose physical deterioration was prepared by the Napoleonic wars and all but achieved in the last great conflict. Official encouragement—the War Department is the patron of physical education—and the propaganda of the Be-Healthy-in-Order-to-Breed societies had nothing to do with the origin of the movement.

Anyone who knew France before the war is well aware that the average young Frenchman was far from being a *sportif*. The characteristic build of the middle-class school-boy—slender, stooped, narrow chested, pale—was sufficient evidence of sedentary habits and lack of exercise. Athletics were pretty generally considered to be a pastime for barbarians, entailing an unpleasant degree of heat and sweat and an expenditure of energy disproportionate to any conceivable gain.

The Frenchman has always preferred forms of recreation that give definite results for a definite amount of effort. In a word, he has always insisted on getting his money's worth; like the lover in the old soldier song, he hates to have

Dépensé mes ors et mes argents
Sans en avoir eu . . . aucun agrément!

Of the only sports tolerated by the wealthy, horseback-riding was a convenient means of locomotion, fencing was essential for affairs of honor, and hunting and fishing—where exertion could be reduced to the minimum with game-beaters, gun-carriers, and the like—guaranteed the most concrete of premiums to skill. Hunting and fishing were popular with all classes: the latter being in particular a "poor man's sport." In the North nearly every commune has its *chasse banale* stretching conveniently along the border of the wealthy proprietor's *chasse gardée*. In the South, every man is a *pescophile*. The less pragmatic sports met with less enthusiasm, though *pelote basque* had its devotees in the Spanish Pyrenees, and certain provincial cities—notably Toulouse—counted Rugby as a local specialty, along with sausages and paté and violets.

Since the war that has all been changed. All over the country *sociétés sportives* have sprung up as if by magic. Groups of university students, young business men, and factory workers—girls, too, markedly self-conscious in their abbreviated costumes—have organized athletic fields in the city suburbs which they people daily with *sportifs* in striped blazers and running pants. Every Sunday they streak the landscape with cross countrys. They play basketball and Rugby. Tennis is no longer the prerogative of Anglophiles and snobs. Bicycling and boating have had a resurrection.

The sporting craze has found a literary echo. This month two Rugby novels appear simultaneously: Marcel

Berger's "Histoire de Quinze Hommes" and Jean Bernier's "Tête de Mêlée."

Today the Gaul has gone in for "pure" sport; but that fact does not imply that he has altered his philosophy. He still demands a definite recompense for his effort; in short, he plays to win. Victory, applause, and glory are today substitutes for trout and partridges. For him sport is a serious business, not a mere outlet for joyous energy and youthful vigor. To his classical sense the rules of the game are sacred: he allows no deviation. With this in mind one can partly explain the incidents that marked the Franco-American Rugby game at the Colombes stadium on May 18—incidents that have stirred up a frenzy of controversy all over Paris and have been so discreetly glossed over by a cautioned press. However, the responsibility for these incidents does not rest solely with French philosophy.

One might have thought that the French sporting craze would find its apotheosis in the Olympic Games. At any rate they received a tremendous amount of advertising in the press and were particularly welcomed by hotel-keepers and hordes of Parisians who schemed to increase their income by renting rooms at twenty to fifty francs daily—official rates—to the expected sportsman. As it has turned out, the swarms of visitors have failed to appear—a bitter disappointment to the householder who had set up beds in every corner of his apartment, at no small profit to the furniture dealer. It could scarcely be expected that this same aggrieved householder would make a sympathetic spectator at Colombes. But again, his attitude is only partly responsible for the events of that Sunday.

As for the Olympic Games, popular opinion has it that they have turned out to be a *four* (read, "fizzle"). Is it merely a question of faulty organization, or does not the real truth lie deeper? Has not the world lost interest in Olympic games?

For four long years the nations played a game of their own, bloodier and more savage than Franco-American Rugby, and infinitely more absorbing. Today, the nations have not lost their war psychology: they have carried it over into their sports. France, always the frankest of nations, shows this with greater clearness than other, more reticent, countries. Besides, the eighth Olympiad is being held in Paris.

For, in spite of the pleasant things that have been said so often of late about international sport "cementing international friendship," sport today is not international. That, it seems to me, was the chief lesson of the Colombes Rugby game. Sport today is national as war is; it is even chauvinistic. It contributes to national glory. The athletes of our particular country are superior to yours because our stock, our training, and our ideals are superior to yours. Because of this superiority, our athletes (or our army) must always be victorious. Only foul means can defeat them (submarines, poison gas, and slugging). The game is an attack on the honor, traditions, and ideals of our particular nation. The opponent is an enemy.

That was the frame of mind of the crowd at Colombes that lynched in spirit, if not in fact, every member of the victorious American team.

Perhaps the American team *did* slug, or, rather, undoubtedly it did; and as the anger of the spectators grew noisier, it probably slugged harder. The Frenchmen for their part retorted by kicking and biting. As for the crowd, when their heroes, one by one, were carried bleeding or unconscious to the side-lines, it rocked and roared under the low May sky. Women in the bleachers shrieked instructions as to what anatomical portions of their visitors they wished destroyed. Somewhat bewildered by so vocal a display of hostility, the Americans played doggedly on; they too had a "national honor" at stake. And they continued to roll up a considerable score in their favor. Then the crowd lost its wits completely. High up on the stand a man in white, presumably an American, was clubbed to insensibility. Dead, the first rumor had it, a rumor greeted with howls of joy. A limp white figure was carried off on a stretcher in the wake of two unconscious French players. At last the game was over. Then came the American anthem. New pandemonium. Ten yards from the trombone not a note could be heard. One policeman was seen shrieking threats to America and Americans; another squatted on his heels—a gesture greatly appreciated by the crowd—until the brass band had ceased its dumb show.

Was this an anti-American demonstration—a manifestation of savagery peculiarly French? Or was it merely an indication that the war has laid its bloody fingers on another of our dear illusions, crushing it to atoms? "For it isn't only the French," a Parisian friend assures me. "The British are just as bad. They too have lost the old sporting spirit; all they want is to win."

Which reminds me of a war story. In the first months of the war, when there was little animosity between combatants, there was a good deal of fraternization between the lines. At Christmas there was even a Rugby game. The young Englishman who told the story showed photographs.

"Who won?" someone inquired.
"The Germans," came the answer. "And it was a damned good thing for our morale. We found *that* out when we began fighting again, next day!"
Not a bright future for international sport!

In the Driftway

WITH a humble heart and a mind that ought to be convinced if it isn't, the Drifter offers his readers the thoughts of a man who seems to have earned the right to call the Drifter a few rather harsh names. "Dear Drifter," are the deceptively mild words with which his letter begins:

* * * * *

THIS is black treason against the eyes of youth. This is old age with a vengeance. I speak of your proposed legislation in the issue of June 4 against the travel of children.

I must have been one of those pampered children you speak of. I was taken to Europe at the age of six, and again at the age of twelve, and yet again at the age of eighteen. I traveled on a sleeping-car fairly early; and I saw Paris before I was allowed to eat pastry at supper time. Well I remember how at Number 4, Ford Road, London, my brother and I finished the day at tea time—bread and jam and those things—and had to go to bed by day while my sister and the old folks still had another meal to look forward to.

And now you, you old codger, are trying to tell me that I had my thrills before I could enjoy them and have been spoiled

from ever a thrill again. As for the former I warrant you my first trip down New York harbor—it was on the Columbia, and I was bursting with the pride of her *three* stacks as against the two of the ship my grandparents were sailing on—will never be excelled in all my life, and what thrill I get out of later trips will borrow something from the surpassing wonder of that day. The ship, inside, was in a turmoil because the old folks were scrambling to see this steward and that steward for chairs and table seats—you know how it is—while I was allowed to have only a fleeting glimpse of the harbor that smelled so strange and so good. But I remember it was misty, that the water was gray and oily, and that we passed a bell buoy. Good heavens, man, do you think a person of twenty-five can get a real kick out of a bell buoy! And I saw icebergs on that trip, six of them one after another; and I saw Lough Foyle on a sunny Irish morning in June; and I saw enough wild roses on my sister's birthday in Antrim to make every subsequent sight of blossoms only a thing to be compared to that one. And I smelled the soft coal smoke all through England, until the smell of it today always brings a little grip at the heart—like the wattles round Lichtenberg, I suppose. And I heard the donkeys on a Sunday morning tethered on the Avenue de Neuilly outside of Paris; and I drove home many evenings past the Arc de Triomphe with carriages and people all busily going somewhere; and I got lost one day in the Hotel Cluny—and I guess you couldn't duplicate that thrill at twenty-five!

* * * * *

WELL, I wish I could make you do penance for your treason by reciting every one of all the thrills that come back to me in endless procession as I sit here and allow them to come. Pampered? Well, perhaps; but I can swap school stories with any stay-at-home boy I've ever met, out of the year my brother and I spent at Taplow Grammar School, Taplow, Bucks. The rod was often and the food was scant, and the bath water soiled through not having been drawn for me alone! There was Headmaster Rogers, who was in liquor too often and sang in a bass voice at the exercises, and Breen, who used a piece of kindling on me one day out in the drill yard, and Peter, the head boy, and—oh, well, why tell *you*, who would have had me at home in a Philadelphia suburb "preparing for romance"!

And well I can afford to flout your sympathy, old dear. For today is my little girl's first birthday, and on Tuesday my boy will be three years old. Just last Saturday I was in Englewood Station at Chicago, seeing them off with their mother and grandmother to Philadelphia. It was the Pennsylvania Limited. I used to watch the Pennsylvania Limited go west through Narberth, Pennsylvania, way back in 1905. The thrill is still with me, in spite of you. Number 2 was some ten cars long last Saturday, riding behind the Pennsylvania's finest looking brute, a K-4. Do you know the K-4, you expert in thrills? I'll be in New York this summer and will gladly make a trip to Newark with you, if your early travels have really deprived you of the joy of knowing what kind of engine you ride behind.

As I said, Donny is three and Margaret is one, and in just five years, or even four, they'll take their first sea trip, and it will be out of New York harbor, because that's the finest thing in America, and you can come to see us off, if you will, and I will show you, through the eyes of youth, what you may once have known but have since forgotten—the mystery, the fear, and the beloved solemnity, to a little boy, of the world that moves.

Sympathetically yours, for early traveling,
D. E. MONTGOMERY

* * * * *

ALL of which leads the Drifter to muse rather mournfully on the possibility, in some long future, of turning over his robes of office to a new Drifter whose name will be Donny—or perhaps even Margaret.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Casualty in France

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I quote from *The Nation*, April 30, page 495: "What they call 'economic soundness' may mean a new kind of industrial slavery, but it is at least better than an era of new wars."

That sentence—from you—has slain my infant and milk-fed liberal faith. It was born on the heights of the Gerardmer Training Sector in September, 1918—strangely enough assisted by the same hand that now does murder: a stray copy of *The Nation*. And now the *sage femme* of that delivery, who since has served faithfully as wet-nurse, drops a poison drug in the milk!

A rather intelligent Catholic of Czechy put it to me in this way:

The organized Catholic church may have meant a system of ecclesiastical slavery for Europe, but has it not proved better for the masses than the confusion and strife resulting from the doctrines of free interpretation and direct responsibility to God? After all, it is true that Jesus was a revolutionist, but one cannot exist forever in a state of revolution: order must succeed confusion, and order means—authority.

"Leave us in peace, torment us not!" . . . Evil's plea throughout the ages.

"Business (not Youth) must be served!" and Asia, India, Africa, yea, and the islands of the sea, are converts to this "economic soundness" which is another spelling of industrial slavery—converts at the point of the bayonet.

"Give us a king!" the tribes cried. Well, why not? This freedom is perhaps too solid a diet for such as we milk-fed. Economic security, at a price. Who knows the terms made by the Commission and Poincaré and Morgan? A bank r's peace—the patent medicine that makes us sleep again. But then, perhaps, *The Nation* is tired out by these six long years' struggle to keep the child alive—it cried so in the night! Well, it's better dead than a slave to drugs like that.

Bordeaux, May 7

ELIA, Junior

The Doctors' Union

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* for April 30 together with the Detroit Academy of Surgery gave a sharp dig to the Ford hospital of Detroit. I take it that your attitude is due to the fact that you feel under obligations to stand by the doctors' trade union, and the doctors certainly do not want anyone to interfere with their methods of polite banditry.

I am no publicity agent for Mr. Ford, but it seems to me the working people who are so unlucky as to fall sick should have a word. Anyone who has been stung by modern hospitals and doctors must greet the Ford plan with a shout of joy. His idea is simply to protect sick and injured employees from being exploited by doctors, nurses, and hospitals. The modern cost of sickness is appalling and unnecessary. If you can find an honest doctor he may possibly admit that none but the very rich and the very poor can afford to be sick and have adequate care. The rich can meet their bills, the very poor are charity patients, but what about the rest of us? I know case after case of those of moderate incomes who must go shabby and pinched after serious illness because of exorbitant medical charges. They are decent people who pay their debts, but they certainly know the medical profession has them "on the hip." If there is any plan—even a Ford plan—to lessen the middle-class terror of illness and its consequent exploitation I believe there are millions of people who will cry "Bring it on."

Berkeley, California, May 25

R. WHEELER

A Vote for Coolidge

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot agree with your editorial entitled Mr. Coolidge Rampant in your issue of May 7. That is, I agree with everything but your demand for the defeat of Mr. Coolidge.

Mr. Coolidge is the true representative of the average mind in our land since the war for democracy. His ideals, his mental state, everything, prove him to be "the average." So why shouldn't he win? If he is the true pattern of the great majority, why should he be defeated, unless, perhaps, we have ceased being a government of the majority?

Over 36,000 people paid to see the opening game in Cincinnati on April 15 and thousands were turned away. Over 27,000 paid to see the game on May 4 at Cincinnati. "Abie's Irish Rose," a play reaching the very lowest depths of mediocrity, was sold out for twelve weeks here, breaking all records. Boxing contests are packed all the time. On the other hand we cannot support even a weekly labor paper. Schildkraut played to an empty house and "The Fool" was nearly a failure.

People let out their thinking. They are static mentally and politically. They want to be let alone. This is why our President should be elected; he wonderfully represents the vast majority of our people.

Cincinnati, May 5

NICHOLAS KLEIN

More Midsummer Madness

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A gentleman of substance and standing, born in Russia but long since naturalized an American, wishes to adopt his cousin, at present an orphan in one of the state orphan homes in Odessa, and has applied to the Russian Red Cross to assist him to bring the twelve-year-old boy to the United States.

The Russian Government, before issuing the boy a passport to go knocking about the world, desires to know whether there is any assurance that he will not be detained at Ellis Island and then sent back to Russia. Inquiry reveals that if the boy is permitted to come to Constantinople he will there be supplied, for a consideration, with a passport issued by the representative of the Provisional Government of Russia headed by Alexander Kerensky, and that such a passport will be duly honored by the United States authorities. A passport issued him by the only Government that has functioned in Russia, anywhere, for the past four years will not be honored.

To the matter-of-fact Russian Soviet Government this seems somewhat too complicated a proceeding, and so the boy remains in an overcrowded institution in the Ukrainian Republic.

A young Russian in the American army during the war died carrying \$10,000 war-risk insurance. His next of kin is his father, seventy years old, living in Saratov, Russia. For three years the combined efforts of the American and Russian Red Cross societies have tried to cut their way through the red tape of the Veterans' Bureau and get the old man his money. But the ruling is that the necessary papers must be executed before an American consular officer—and of course there is none in darkest Russia. A British consular officer whose signature and seal would be duly authenticated by the British Prime Minister and his in turn by the American Ambassador to Great Britain would not do. So the seventy-year-old father whose son died for "the absolute principle of self-sacrifice" that his loyalty to his adopted land imposed must travel five days and four nights, bringing with him two neighbors to prove his identity, in order to receive the evidence of that care with which America protected those dependent upon her defenders.

But if you will consult the World Almanac you will find three Russian consuls general and four consuls in various cities of the United States. Who are these gentlemen?

New York, June 1

PAXTON HIBBEN

Books

McAdoo, Plunger

McAdoo: The Man and His Times, A Panorama in Democracy.
By Mary Synon. Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.

THE unforeseen ramifications of the oleaginous archaeology initiated by Senator La Follette and executed by Senators Walsh, Wheeler, and others seem likely to have converted this book, intended as a prompt and opportune campaign biography, into a political obituary.

Miss Synon confines herself almost entirely to an account of McAdoo's activities as secretary of the treasury. There is a brief review of his early life, and more detail upon his triumph in building the Hudson tubes and linking them up with the traction system of the metropolis; but the emphasis is upon the establishment of the federal reserve system, the creation of the merchant marine, the beginnings of rural credits, the floating of the Liberty Loans, the loans to the Allied countries, and government administration of railroads. There is a complete and, perhaps, significant silence concerning McAdoo's achievements since 1919. The book concludes with the following paragraph:

In January, 1919, McAdoo left Washington. The President had gone abroad, evangelizing his crusade for a lasting peace. Under the softness of an early Southern spring-time forsythia was blossoming on the Hill. Over the land brooded the peace which he had done his part to win. To a country triumphant, vindicated, dedicated, he faced forward, one of its private citizens. Through the years of its trial he had been steward of such wealth as Midas never dreamed, had held such power as Caesar never knew. . . . He could look back across the Plaza to the white mass of the Capitol, luminous in the golden light of noon, and lift his head in pride that he had kept the faith of the fathers of the Republic.

How tragic and incongruous for the odor of petroleum to intrude upon this idyl! Nor are we informed at all concerning certain elements of unsoundness in McAdoo's financial policies and methods, the tremendous mistake of the merchant marine, or the colossal graft subtly saddled on the country by railroad owners under government administration.

It is rare that a man can survive a campaign biography, but Mr. McAdoo emerges fairly creditably even from this rather gushy eulogy. There can be no doubt of his possession of originality, courage even to the margin of rashness, great energy, somewhat striking qualities of leadership, no little personal charm, real administrative ability, genuine political, social, and economic liberalism, and a truly sympathetic understanding of modern problems, coupled with a fine sense of justice and fair dealing. That he possesses some weaknesses must be conceded, among them the fact that the trend toward audacity and adventure and the element of the "plunger" in him might at times disturb the soundness of his judgment, and a suspicion that 100 per cent sincerity is not to be detected in all of his public utterances. Witness the associate of Palmer, one who not only was aware of the enormous frauds and profiteering during the war but one who had given publicity to their revelation, telling the treasury officials upon his retirement: "I go out of public life with a most intense admiration for our institutions, their value and their power. Their inspiration and their idealism have been revindicated and set forward as a result of this Great War." Hear the would-be recipient of the million-dollar Doheny fee declaring in 1924: "For the last three years we have witnessed a complete degradation of idealism in America. That noble idealism which marked the leadership of Woodrow Wilson, all the ideals he represented were jeered at during the last election—an exaltation of materialism. We are now reaping the inevitable fruits of political and moral debauchery." But, after all, what sincere man has ever succeeded as a public leader in a democracy, unless his sincerity

has been inextricably intertwined with impressive stupidity?

On the whole, however, it appears that Mr. McAdoo, aside from inferiority in academic training in political science and in rhetorical talent and resourcefulness, can lay more genuine claim to the position of logical leader of the liberal and constructive forces in the Democratic Party than Woodrow Wilson could substantiate. He possesses fully as great capacity as a leader and organizer of men and party groups, much more human and social geniality and attractiveness, far greater power to arouse and retain a warm personal following, an infinitely greater acquaintance with, and grasp upon, the fundamental realities in modern American life and problems, and vast superiority as regards physical energy and administrative capacity. And his progressivism is more genuine and long-standing and far less opportunist than that of Mr. Wilson. The essence of the whole matter seems to be that in 1919 Mr. McAdoo was confronted with the alternative of the assurance of accumulating a large personal pecuniary fortune or a reasonable probability of becoming President of the United States on March 4, 1925. With the characteristic optimism of the plunger and promoter he took a gambling chance upon the possibility of gobbling both of these enviable objectives.

The fact that his retention as counsel for Doheny should be regarded as more of a political disqualification than Coolidge's sitting without protest through the cabinet meetings at which the oil lands were abstracted from the government, consorting with "Ned" McLean et al., and reluctance to dismiss Denby and Daugherty, is not to be explained on grounds of relative guilt or innocence, personal implication or responsibility, but on the basis of the psychology of the American people. The Demos can understand and extenuate the facts of graft, jobbery, log-rolling, and back-scratching, and appreciate why a man will protect his guilty friends and party associates, but they cannot comprehend how an honest man could ever earn a million-dollar legal fee. They find it easier and more palatable to weep affectionately at the bier of the late ex-editor of the *Marion Star*, who appointed and sponsored Daugherty and protected that scoundrel, "Charley" Forbes, while he made away with a quarter of a billion dollars intended for war cripples and their widows and orphans.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Creative Criticism

Many Minds. By Carl Van Doren. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

CARL VAN DOREN has written a fascinating guide-book to the American mind.

He begins, appropriately, with Mary Austin, the outstanding representative in our literature today of the intense and visionary and prophetic. The "folk-wisdom" of George Ade pleases him by its hardness and shrewdness; but he is well aware that it is directed by instinctive purpose against all that eccentrically departs from the traditional folk-norm. E. W. Howe, the corner-grocery philosopher *par excellence*, delights Mr. Van Doren by the rougher cynicism and the deeper malice with which he expresses this same folk-wisdom; and the limitations of this cynicism are so obvious that Mr. Van Doren takes them for granted, without troubling himself to state them.

If these represent the prose of the American folk-spirit, Robert Frost may be said to have discovered the poetry of it among the dwindling farm-population of New England, where its chief merits are those that spring from the homely honesty with which a traditional destiny is accepted.

These merits, which Mr. Van Doren evaluates with such tact and tolerance for a generation of readers who have learned to be impatient of them, hark back decidedly to New England history; George Ade in Indiana and E. W. Howe in Kansas have not lost the Yankee twang to their wit. And of this Yankee spirit of order, which was at its best a sturdy utopian courage and only at its worst the puritan fanaticism of which we have heard so much, Professor Stuart P. Sherman is the contempo-

rary propagandist. Following into the past, says Mr. Van Doren, "the trail of the written word," Professor Sherman has found that "the widest, most beaten, and least-interrupted trail led to Plymouth Rock."

To these exponents of order and common sense may be added George Santayana, that ironic castigator of the follies of romantic impulse; though his vision of order far transcends the narrow and harsh concepts of Yankee philosophy, he stands in this group merely as the representative of a more ancient and urbane conservatism.

But changes have come—not yesterday, nor wholly as an aftermath of the war: George Ade had already begun satirizing them in their more superficial aspects a quarter of a century ago. Yet fifteen years ago, if Mr. Van Doren had written such a book as this, he would have found this stubborn folk-conservatism in the saddle in our literature. Fifteen years ago the changed world in which we actually lived was viewed humorously, or with alarm, but scarcely with sympathy, by our writers. And if we have been thus slow to welcome and celebrate these changes, it does argue a temperamental conservatism in our folk. But that conservatism is not the last word, as the newest American literature shows.

Under the heading *New Growths*, the second half of Mr. Van Doren's book is given to examples of this sudden flowering of romance out of our hard Yankee soil. Romance means here the opposite of caution—a full-blooded acceptance of the whole of life, an acceptance of its dangers, too, and a refusal to let "success" and "failure" be the ultimate tests of living.

My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—
It gives a lovely light!

It is in this spirit that the possibilities of modern life are being explored; these new writers speak for their multitudes, too. Yet the roots of this romantic flowering are firmly set in the hard Puritan soil, and the sap which invigorates it came from those acrid juices of the ground. It has its own principles, and its own sternnesses, different from the old ones, but not alien to the spirit of them. It may in time come to be recognized as a new kind of puritanism; but at any rate, it is a *new* kind. It marks an effort toward a sort of order of which the boundaries are not yet known, because not yet reached. Meanwhile, this romantic spirit is reckless on theory as well as on impulse, and is finely tempered to endure the consequences of recklessness.

Of this new spirit the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay is the perfect and lucid lyrical expression; but it struggles to utterance in the tempestuous rhetoric of Vachel Lindsay and in the dithyrambs of Carl Sandburg. It has its prose moods, of which Heywood Brown is a whimsical and charming exponent, in his novels as well as in his journalism. And if one compares the humor of Ring Lardner with the humor of George Ade, one can hardly fail to perceive that the laugh is now on the other side of the mouth: it is folk-wisdom that is being satirized—exhibited very tenderly as a sublime stupidity.

To these and some few other emergent writers Mr. Van Doren devotes a hundred pages of swift and luminous description and analysis, and traces meanings which reach out far beyond the immediate area of discourse. Within the last few years, literary criticism in America has taken part in this romantic revival, and has been liberated from the narrow round of strictly literary and moral interests. Literature has been taken as a part of life; and it is, accordingly, with life, in its most salient aspects, that literary criticism now undertakes to deal. In doing so, however, it has often tended to become partisan and acrimonious. Because the issues with which it deals are live issues, of importance to us all, it has not always been possible to preserve the amenities. To this tendency Mr. Van Doren is the notable exception. Not less interested in controversial issues than H. L. Mencken, he nevertheless does not

raise his voice above the conversational pitch, much less wave a tomahawk. Indeed, he presents the singular appearance, in this book, of a civilized man discussing literature with an equally civilized group of friends. His serenity of temper enables his thought to follow many an elusive truth into those crevices of nuance where it so often stays hidden from us more impatient ones.

FLOYD DELL

The Revolt in the Unions

Rebellion in Labor Unions. By Sylvia Kopald. Boni and Live-right. \$2.

EVERY social movement is chronically engaged in a dual campaign. Its inner factions struggle, with varying moods of vindictiveness, for the control of its outer strategies. This is true even of such spiritually bankrupt movements as the two old parties or the doctrinal church. And it is, of course, especially true of such a significant and militant movement as labor. Until the war it was quite possible for the labor specialist to keep track of both fronts with most of their interlacing sectors. Since then, however, even in America, the labor movement has grown too complex. Accordingly we are rapidly developing a group of intra-labor students of European sophistication. And among them one of the more promising is Dr. Sylvia Kopald.

The story of labor's civil guerrilla warfare since the armistice still needs to be written. Miss Kopald's book is not, as the title may lead one to believe, a study of the New Radicalism in American labor and its defeat and changes by the sundry inquisitions and counter-reformations on the part of its official Sanhedrins. Her book merely deals with four typical case records of rank-and-file revolts against the cumulative neglect and reaction by their district or national leaders. Whatever local leaders sprang up spontaneously in these bread-and-butter outbursts were innocent of any radical philosophy. They knew nothing of Sorel or the war of the pamphlets between Kautsky and Lenin. But they did know that their work rules and hours and wages were growing relatively worse partly because the work rules and hours and wages of their leaders had created an economic disparity between them which it seemed impossible to bridge psychologically.

Miss Kopald chose her four illustrations very skilfully to cover the great organizational and psychological types of indigenous American labor. Her first sample is the revolt of the Illinois miners, an advanced industrial union, against the district machine of President Frank Farrington, in 1919; then the Outlaw Rail Strike of the same year, not a philosophical but a temperamental radical outburst, which registered the lightning rise and fall of a dual union in our most strategic industry; then the "vacation movement" among the New York City printers, an old-fashioned craft union as conservative as the Union League Club; and finally the newspaper web pressmen's strike in New York City last fall, in which the largest local in the trade was broken by an absentee labor oligarchy kept in power through an archaic senatorial system of elections. In these four epitomes Miss Kopald presents an excellent cinema of the growing restlessness even in some of the old and entirely English-speaking unions.

What is important and illuminating about these four rebellions is their common denominators. They were all "bread-and-butter" strikes, outbursts of cumulative grievances about hours and wages and especially about work rules. All four were directed not against the employers but against the big-union officials, whose oligarchy was growing ever less benevolent and vigilant and ever more bureaucratic. In all four cases these union leaders fought the insurgents with a catch-as-catch-can fury compared to which their conduct of strikes seems a squeamish Queensberry bout. In every case the leaders pretended to see in these rebellions not the explosions of exhausted patience, which they were, but red revolutions, which they were not. And each time they won by a knock-out. Major Berry—in

whose trinitarian person is incorporated a leading American legionary, a Democratic vice-presidential candidate, and the president of the newspaper web pressmen—not only broke the New York strike by liquidating its local but actually signed away in the new agreement labor's central plank in its bill of rights, the right to strike. Yet Mr. Gompers, whose whole life has been spent in keeping our labor movement out of political expansion in the economic guerrilla warfare of the strike weapon, hailed the major as a hero, "who has engaged in a tremendous contest in the interest of the honor and integrity of the American labor movement"; which goes to show that while the masses of American labor are far from being class-conscious, their leaders are very definitely so.

Miss Kopald's book is a doctoral dissertation, but she never commits the main idolatry of the social-science dissertation: she shows no hesitancy of courage camouflaged as impartiality. She takes the stand that even in economics some things have been settled. Reactionary ideas on labor may need objective but they need no "impartial" analysis, any more than Elder Voliva's ideas on astronomy or Mr. Bryan's views on biology require the impartial analysis of physical or natural scientists. And for this iconoclasm Dr. Kopald deserves our gratitude.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

A Middle-Georgia Pioneer

Augustus Baldwin Longstreet: A Study of the Development of Culture in the South. By John Donald Wade. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

THE name of Augustus Baldwin Longstreet is little known outside the South, but I believe there are few native Georgians over forty years of age who have not read his racy stories of old days in middle Georgia, collected under the title of "Georgia Scenes."

"Gus" Longstreet was born in Augusta in 1771, when that city had a population of 1,100 people. His father had a plantation fourteen miles from town over the South Carolina line, and here Gus and his brothers and sisters spent most of their childhood. "There one could go hunting, could fish, could go occasionally to a corn-shucking or to some other 'sociable'; and other things failing, could always watch the wagons that went passing and passing toward Augusta and sometimes toward far-away Baltimore."

In 1805 the family moved into Augusta, where Mrs. Longstreet opened a boarding-house, "private at first, but soon tolerably public." Adjoining the house was a store which partook of the nature of a "social center," as did most stores in pioneer days. Mr. Wade suggests that in this gathering-place it is likely that young Longstreet came to learn a good deal about what is known as "human nature." A contemporary writer describes such a store:

The liquor was dealt out in quantities to suit the purchaser. Much of it was sold by the half-pint and drunk at the counter. The custom was for the neighboring planters to meet at the store, wander in the beautiful groves, run quarter races, practice target-shooting, pitch quoits or silver dollars, talk until some one felt thirsty, and order a quart or a half-pint, which was socially imbibed at the counter.

It was this rough, informal life of a frontier community that Longstreet depicted in his stories, many of which are enlivened with racy character studies and a pungent humor that may sometimes give offense to finicky readers, but which was thoroughly characteristic of those unsqueamish days.

Longstreet was studying law at Yale when his father died. This brought his Northern residence to a close and in 1814 he started home to Augusta. During the years that followed he lived a varied and crowded life. He presided over his plantation; was exceptionally successful as a lawyer; took an active part in politics; entered the race for Congress and doubtless

would have been elected, so popular was he, had he not withdrawn from the race on account of the loss of a favorite child.

From being at first a skeptic, he became an ardent believer and whole-heartedly religious in the full Methodist sense, even to the point of giving up his law practice and entering the ministry. His oratorical gifts and his cultural attainments made him a noted preacher and it was not long before he was invited to become the head of Emory College, a Methodist institution in the charming little town of Oxford, Georgia.

He later served as president of two other State colleges, in Mississippi and South Carolina. "Georgia Scenes" dates back to his Yale days, when he was in the habit of entertaining his companions with anecdotes of rustic characters in his almost mythical Southern home town. These stories were relished for their flavor and vivid characterizations and he was urged to put them in writing.

This he began doing when he moved to Augusta, about 1830, and the first one appeared in the Milledgeville *Southern Recorder*. Most of the choicest ones followed in rapid succession and later when the author established a paper of his own, the *Sentinel*, they were transferred to its columns.

The stories appeared first in book form in 1835 and met with great success. They were signed "A Native Georgian" and for sometime remained anonymous. Not only were the tales immensely liked by general readers; they drew praise from Poe and John C. Calhoun, and in recognition of their worth the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Longstreet by Yale in 1841.

Mr. Wade's account of this full, attractive life is written in a style in keeping with its subject—picturesque, humorous, and suggestive of the homely, kindly spirit which is middle Georgia's best heritage from early days. The human quality of its scenes and incidents reflects the glow of those mammoth hickory fires around which were jovially discussed the antics of Ned Brace and Ransy Sniffles.

It would be refreshing if Southern orators on patriotic occasions would consult such sources as that offered by Mr. Wade in his life of Longstreet and store their memories with this and kindred data rather than resort to the usual flowery, sentimental "days of Southern chivalry" style.

JULIA COLLIER HARRIS

Patterns

All God's Chillun Got Wings and Welded. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

Boccaccio's Untold Tale and Other Plays. By Harry Kemp. Brentano's. \$2.

OF all the many signs of health in Mr. O'Neill's plays none is more striking than his refusal to concern himself with the question of "what is suitable for representation on the stage," whether by that phrase he meant some question of propriety or of the supposed exigencies of dramatic technique. There is something almost Elizabethan in his determination to put upon the stage whatever seems to him most interesting and compelling in contemporary life without bothering much about the limitations of conventional dramaturgy. Whatever he has wanted to represent he has managed somehow to get upon the boards, hiding it away at the Provincetown if it seemed likely to shock uptown sensibilities and conveying it in some strange form if it was rebellious to ordinary theatrical method. Thus his plays are not only good in themselves but they promise well for others because their bold robustness, their reckless confidence in tackling the largest themes, and the complete absence which they display of any fear of failing through attempting too much are the signs of the lusty youth of a new literature, once more enlarging the horizon of the stage until it includes the whole world. Because, like most innovators, he has not been too much afraid of writing badly he has written very well indeed.

If his influence is ever for anything except good it will

be because the externals of his manner are more easily imitated than his matter. "All God's Chillun Got Wings," for instance, presents without any argument and with what appears to be the most fragmentary realism a series of scenes in the life of a white woman married to a Negro. It would be very easy to write a play which would resemble it superficially and yet be very bad, to copy the crude actuality of his dialogue, the simple violence of his action, and the obvious narrative sequence of his short scenes and produce only the most naive of melodramas. But simplicity and directness are only half of his secret; the rest is a psychological subtlety usually hidden by the simplicity of the action but always present, so that his plays, though they deal with primitive people, are never primitive. His characters, it is true, are inarticulate. Their store of words is too small to explain their feelings and they are not always capable of even comprehending their predicament, but while they flounder helplessly the spectator comprehends them. Like the Emperor Jones, like the heroine of "Diff'rent," and like the Hairy Ape, the black man and the white woman mated in the present play are in the grip of forces larger and subtler than their intellects. The essence of the tragedy, however simple and brutal the external events may be, lies not in these events but in the struggle which goes on within the minds of the protagonists between their own characters and forces stronger than they.

The accidents of civilization brought these two representatives of alien races into contact, misfortunes which made them equally outcast joined them together, but their problem could not be solved by them as individuals. They could fly from all outward manifestations of the passions which their breach of the taboo had raised, but they could not fly from the presence in themselves of the same feelings which lead the group to condemn them. Both the man's pathetic effort to justify himself through learning and the woman's hatred of that effort are mute confessions that neither could escape the sense of mysterious inferiority in the one. Intellectually they might convince themselves that no inferiority could exist which was not manifest in character, emotionally they might feel that their love was proof of their equality, but deeper than reason or love was the conviction born of habit and tradition which as individuals they were not strong enough to conquer. They might deny but they could never forget it and from the conflict could come only misery and madness. When near the end the delirious wife enters the room to comfort her husband bending over his books and then, as she leaves, pokes her head through the portieres to shout "Nigger," madness is merely making overt a duality of feeling which could never have been removed. Thus the real protagonist of the piece is not any character but the sense of inferiority, and the play is not melodrama but psychological tragedy.

"Welded" must be put down as one of Mr. O'Neill's failures, for it is conventional both in treatment and material.

While Mr. O'Neill succeeds in the difficult task of expressing important and permanent truths by means of symbols chosen from contemporary reality, Mr. Kemp takes the easier method of emphasizing the permanence of his ideas by setting his action in the timeless realm of fancy. His little plays are full of intelligence and of poetic truth but they can never have the same importance for the stage as those of his fellow-insurgent because the material of most of our art must come from contemporary life. Mr. Kemp shows again the vitality which remains in old themes, but Mr. O'Neill does something more important when he seizes upon material which no previous writer has subdued to literary form. He shows how meaning can be extracted from the clash of contemporary events which are too close to our eyes and ears to seem other than chaotic, and he discovers patterns where none were seen before. He runs a risk which Mr. Kemp escapes, for superficial people see in him only sound and fury, but he is performing a greater service by discovering what every age must discover for itself, namely, that the materials of art and the materials of life are the same.

J. W. KRUTCH

Turkey Through the Eyes of a Turk

Speaking of the Turks. By Mufti-Zade K. Zia Bey. Duffield and Company. \$1.75.

HUNDREDS of books have been written about the Turks and their country by persons of many nationalities after longer or shorter sojourn in the country. Many of these have attempted to reveal to the Western world the inside of the minds of the Turkish people. Most such books have been but indifferently successful. Foreigners from Western European countries have been unable to grasp all elements of the situation fully. Non-Turkish natives of the Near East have regularly had different points of view from the Turks, and have sometimes deliberately striven to falsify Turkish ideas. The present book is unique in being written by a Turk who is in full sympathy with the ambitions of his people in their new day, and who, at the same time, is able from long residence in America to grasp the American point of view and to write clearly and idiomatically. He has been assisted in his observations by an American wife.

Zia Bey's descent from a Turkish family which has held high position during four or five centuries gave him entrance to the houses of numerous relatives and family friends, with whom he was soon on such terms of intimacy as to receive their frank opinions in regard to current affairs. The chapters of his book reveal Turkish groups of several sorts under a variety of conditions. Zia Bey and his wife lived at different times in the European quarter of Pera, the Turkish district of Stambul, and on the island of Prinkipo. He visited in houses along the Bosphorus, and conversed with publicists, religious men, Nationalists, American teachers at Robert College, and Turkish teachers and artists. Accordingly, a reader who has followed carefully the smooth flow of his prose has been given from the Turkish point of view information of many sorts.

The time was that of the occupation of Constantinople by Allied troops, while the Nationalist Government was gathering strength at Angora. Turkey is shown in a state of distinct transition, when her people were in many ways endeavoring to expel foreign influences and reconstitute their political and economic life on a new and thoroughly independent basis. The Turks in Constantinople were maintaining a reserved attitude toward the occupying foreigners, endeavoring to contrast their own dignified behavior with what they considered to be the noisy and unworthy conduct of Levantine Greeks and Armenians. Every Turkish man and many a Turkish woman was engaged in some form of business, under the necessity of earning a living in other ways than through military and governmental office. Educated Turks were thinking carefully over the problems of political and religious organization. Departing from the old Moslem attitude of inherent superiority, but abandoning nothing essential in their own view of life, they were inclined to seek for a reconciliation between their ideas and the ideas of the West.

Zia Bey seldom allows himself to be sarcastic or bitter. But Americans who are acquainted with the work and the motives of American missionaries, educators, and relief workers in Turkey cannot but raise objection to occasional misinterpretations of their activities. The chapter entitled A Glimpse of Islam is interesting both for its truth and its error. Zia Bey took some American friends to talk with the theologian Hassan Effendi, who lived in Stambul in a simple house beside a fire-swept area. The old gentleman told them truly how education is the principal foundation of Islam, and affirmed in partial error that the Crusades deprived the East of its wealth and learning. He upheld the scientific accuracy of the Koran, and the equality according to its teachings of all believers in one God; he affirmed that in the early days of Islam, Christian and Jewish soldiers fought side by side with Moslems against idolaters; he believed that a little later "all the Moslem states, although keeping their entire independence, became a federation under the administration of a single Caliph"; and he accused the Western

nations of breaking up this unity; he said that the West has taken the riches and lands of the East and does not know that its God is the same as the God of the East. The Western interpretation of history does not square with all of this.

There are few serious errors in the book, and it may be well recommended to Westerners who desire to understand the Turkish point of view as regards recent momentous events in that interesting part of the world.

ALBERT HOWE LYBYER

Books in Brief

Everyday Biology. By J. Arthur Thomson. George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

The editors of Doran's Modern Readers' Bookshelf profess to offer "fresh appraisals of many things that interest modern men and women"; to rediscover matters of intense fascination that are buried in meticulous and forbidding scholarship. Quoting James Harvey Robinson, they set out "to remold convictions in the light of added knowledge." Yet "Everyday Biology" differs from a high-school text on elementary biology in little but its unconventional style, which ranges from flippant and jocular to sentimental. The name of Sir J. Arthur Thomson will probably sell the book, and the quotation from Mr. Robinson will give it a purposeful exterior, but the "fresh appraisals" of biological problems have yet to be made, and the fascinating treasure still lies buried in technical journals.

A Short History of International Intercourse. By C. Delisle Burns. London: Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d.

This book, its author tells us, was written because "there is no history which shows how far civilized life has arisen out of the peaceful cooperation between different peoples." It is essentially a history of peace. Making no pretension to cover the whole field of history or to reveal new facts, it sets forth in vivid style the international origin of modern civilization. The book is written for the general reader and the undergraduate rather than for scholars, but even scholars may find in it a reminder of forgotten facts as well as a valuable statement of a point of view which ought to correct some of the follies of present-day nationalism.

The American Labor Year Book, 1923-4. Edited by Solon De Leon and Nathan Fine. Rand School of Social Science. \$3.

It is an encouraging thing that so scientific and impartial a work as the 1923-24 edition of the "American Labor Year Book" can grow out of the bitter and divided condition of the American labor movement. The Rand School, a Socialist institution, has produced a book which discusses the Socialist Party, the Workers (Communist) Party, and Mr. Samuel Gompers with almost equal objectivity. Through its five successive editions the Year Book has been growing into an invaluable encyclopedia of labor, comparing favorably with the "International Labor Year Book" issued in England and with anything published by the International Labor Office in Geneva. Here are tabloid data on industrial conditions, taxes, immigration; labor laws, banks, schools, disputes; and summaries of the trade-union, labor-party, and cooperative movements at home and abroad. The section on the international relations of labor is a particularly careful and comprehensive summary—almost too detailed—from which the professional Red-hunters might derive a great deal of valuable information more accurate than that at their disposal. An epitome of labor history in 1922 and 1923 and a directory of labor organizations, with addresses, the world over, help make this new edition a handbook which must take its place beside the "Statesman's Year-Book" and the "World Almanac" on the desks of editors and students of politics and economics.

Drama Emanuel Reicher

A POEM, a painting, or a symphony must have rare power to survive a generation; how much greater, to be remembered, must be the work of an actor whose creation perishes the moment it is born. Emanuel Reicher, who died in Berlin on May 15, is one of the few actors whose art outlives his life.

When, in 1863, as a 14-year-old boy, Emanuel Reicher sought a passport in his Galician home in order to accompany his father to Russia, he discovered that officially he did not exist. There was no record of his birth. His parents claimed he had been born on June 7, 1849; his godparents, called as witnesses, said June 24. The official recorded the latter date, and thereafter Emanuel Reicher celebrated two birthdays, one private, one official.

His father intended him to become a merchant, but he ran away from home and from the Cracow gymnasium and for a year lived almost penniless with groups of wandering Hungarian actors. Finally, worn out, he returned home, but he still refused a business career. A few months later he was a super and understudy in a Budapest theater, and an actor's illness gave him his first role and his first success. In Vienna he found that his bad German accent stood in his way. He set to work, and a few years later—after engagements in Leipzig and Munich—he met the supreme test, again in Vienna. Laube, director of the Vienna Hofburg Theater, prided himself on his ability to place any actor after a few words, by his accent. Reicher had just been tried out for the second time; "Where do you come from?" Laube asked. It was his highest compliment.

Reicher's first Berlin director was Lautenberg, with whom he had once shared an attic lodging in Budapest. In collaboration with this able man Reicher became a leader in the naturalist movement. He may fairly claim to have discovered a whole series of authors who owed their first great successes to his genius. "Nature is the broom with which we sweep the false and untrue out of the temple of art, clearing ground for the new and creative"—so Reicher wrote to Hermann Bahr. That letter was his program. Its inspiration dated from his Munich days—one scene which he there played throughout in an excited whisper was greeted with astonishment. He was the first to recognize Ibsen's importance, and incited Lautenberg to give "The Wild Duck" its premiere. Ibsen's mystic art was very close to him, always sympathetic to the occult and supernatural.

The high point of his art lies in the years of his work at the Deutsche and the Lessing theaters, under Otto Brahm, with whom he had the profoundest sympathy. There he discovered Gerhart Hauptmann; and later he introduced and advocated Strindberg and Wedekind, Hermann Bahr and Schnitzler. His Rosmer, his John Gabriel Borkmann, his Father (Strindberg), his Florian Geyer were unforgettable. Maximilian Harden once wrote—"We should build altars to him." When the young Max Reinhardt founded his Kleines Theater, Reicher was his friend, adviser, and leading actor. Reinhardt never quite forgave him for returning to Brahm.

In 1899 he toured in Russia and America. His success across the Atlantic was so great that when Brahm died he settled in the United States. He believed that America was on the threshold of a great artistic development. America, he thought, was ready to abandon the star-system, the introduction of which in Germany he so deplored. Last winter he returned to Germany full of ideas and plans for further work in America, and none who saw him in his last parts—although he was 74 years old—would have thought that the end was so near.

The German- and the Jewish-language stage loses in him one of its most selfless leaders. He leaves not only the memory of his art but his gifted children to carry on his artistic inheritance.

ALICE VON HEIDENHEIM

International Relations Section

Superpower in Switzerland

By PAUL LEWINSON

IT does not pay small or powerless nations to be rich. All the records of colonization point this moral, and not a little contemporary history of dealings with "sovereign" states like those, say, of Central and South America. The turn of the wheel now reveals an unexpected opportunity for this sort of imperialism in Europe itself, where one of the freest of democracies and one of the most nationalistic of states is beginning to wonder whether its separate history is not drawing to a close.

That state is Switzerland. Switzerland leads the nations of the European mainland in potential hydro-electric power: 4,000,000 horse-power for a fifteen-hour day, 2,500,000 horse-power for a twenty-four-hour day. Switzerland has available 20,000,000,000 kilowatt-hours per annum, and uses 2,750,000,000. She started to develop these resources some thirty years ago when her first large hydro-electric plant at La Goule on the Doubs was put into operation.

In 1896 the Chèvres plant on the Rhône was opened; in 1898 the great Rheinfelden works on the Rhine, whose capacity is now 45,200 h.-p. Up to the beginning of 1914 the total installation was officially rated at 900,000 h.-p. maximum; from 1914 to the beginning of 1924, 596,000 h.-p. was added, reckoning here the larger plants only; so that the present total rating is well over 1,500,000 a.-p. maximum. The federal Water-Power Bureau estimates the exploitation as 25 per cent of the potentialities, to make due allowance for difference between high- and low-water generation, full- and part-time use of plants, etc.

This would seem to be an achievement, something to be proud of. For a large and militaristic state, yes; but Switzerland views her achievement with a pride not untouched by apprehension. Did not Silesia's coal fields lead to her partition, and the deposits in the Saar valley bring a whole homogeneous population under foreign dominion? What moral does the Ruhr invasion point for helpless but richly endowed territories?

Certain curious developments in the hydro-electric industry since 1915 or 1916 give point to warnings culminating in September, 1923, in a request from the floor of the Bundesrat that the Government investigate the export of energy from Swiss power-plants. In 1921 she sent, via high-tension transmission lines, 462,500,000 kw.-h. to France, Italy, and Germany. In 1922 the estimate rose slightly. Roughly, France takes half of the exported power, Italy a third, and Germany a sixth.

Approximately one-sixth of the total power produced per annum, then, goes into the export trade; in amount of power available for export at any given moment, however, the proportion is much greater—about one-half. The difference is due to the fact that the production of electric power goes on much more continuously for domestic than for foreign consumption.

Again, on the surface, this would seem to be wholly advantageous to Switzerland. Switzerland has water-power to spare; France, Italy, and Germany need it and are willing to pay for it. Why not sell it, like Swiss

cheese, Swiss watches, or Swiss milk chocolate? Unfortunately a little consideration must make it obvious that electricity as a commodity for export is not in a class with cheese and chocolate. Electric power is primarily a service. Ordinary goods can be stored against a shortage. Electricity can not. Ordinary goods can be bought in the open market when the usual source of supply is cut off. Electricity, supplied over expensive and fixed transmission lines, can not. Ordinary goods have common substitutes quickly available. But it would take from eighteen months to two years to build sufficient steam-generating plants in the French provinces on the Swiss border to cover the withdrawal of electric-power supply on the part of Switzerland.

The city of Milan already depends on Swiss electricity for a large measure of its street lighting and tramway service. So do many towns in northern France. In Italy and France and Germany as well great industrial undertakings depend on the uninterrupted transmission of power from the great Brusio, Wäggital, and Olten-Gösigen plants. Were the export of power suddenly to cease, whole provinces in these countries would be plunged into darkness, their transit facilities cut off, their chief industries ruined.

As might have been anticipated, industrials in the countries dependent on Switzerland for electrical power have already taken steps to secure control of the Swiss hydro-electric industry. In the latest list of power companies issued by the federal Water-Power Bureau, three important plants are noted as under Swiss-German control, one is under Swiss-Italian direction, and one Swiss-French. It is no secret, however, that this does not nearly exhaust the list of foreign, and especially French, interests involved in Swiss power plants.

Even though energy export shows a day-by-day favorable balance on the books of the power companies, it does not work out profitably, in terms of cold cash, for the general economic life of the nation. In many cases electricity is exported to heavy industries competing directly with Swiss firms; German and French industrials have even found it profitable to put up new plants in border provinces for the sake of winning away from Switzerland some trade advantage with the help of the exported energy. In Germany, for example, the power drawn from the Lonza works is largely employed in the manufacture of carbide. Thus a Swiss industry already greatly depressed by the chaos of the European economic situation has been brought to the verge of bankruptcy.

More directly irritating to the Swiss citizen, however, is the undoubted fact that he is obliged to pay a far higher rate for electric current than the foreign consumer. The exploitation of Swiss water-power for electric current is carried on by private enterprise to the extent of some 59 per cent, by cooperative bodies and local authorities 21 per cent, by corporations controlled jointly by public and private shareholders 13 per cent, and by the federal government 7 per cent. All four types are involved in export contracts, and—the privately owned concerns fixing the conditions of the trade by reason of their numerical strength—all export power at rates that must necessarily mean a net loss on the quantities exported. Rate schedules are not available for the highly competitive export business, but Dr. F. Frey-

Fürst, an engineer of high standing, has calculated that they cannot average more than 1.20 to 1.35 centimes (Swiss) per kw.-h. A few enterprises have contracted at from 3 to 4 centimes; on the other hand, some (like the Lonza works which have crippled the carbide industry) get less than one centime. Other authorities bear out these figures. The cost of production, reckoned from the figures of the most recently installed plants, runs from 6 to 2.1 centimes per kw.-h.—on the basis of maximum exploitation. Since, however, most power plants slacken production during the night, and many are wholly idle during the winter months, these figures probably require appreciable weighting to give a true picture of the discrepancy between cost and export prices. The difference comes out of the pockets of the domestic consumer.

Two examples will suffice to show what results from such conditions in Swiss industry. The Fischer Steel Company in Schaffhausen, faced with the prospect of having to pay 8 centimes per kw.-h. for power, discontinued the use of its electric smelting furnaces. The same power-plant from which it drew its energy, however, was at the time under contract for the delivery of energy to France and Germany at from 1.1 to 2.7 centimes per kw.-h., some of which went into smelting furnaces across the border. Near Zürich the lines of a transmission company subsidiary to one of the largest hydro-electric plants in Switzerland carry export current at 1 and 2 centimes per kw.-h. under the very noses of Swiss manufacturers who cannot get power at such advantageous rates.

Financial overexpansion explains this situation. The power companies must export cheaply to meet overhead and fixed charges, since their plants have to be kept running in any case. Thoughtless competitive building of hydro-electric stations dates back to about the middle of the war. Even before 1914 construction had slackened from fear of overproduction. The uncertainties of the war increased such hesitation. But by 1916 the Swiss coal shortage was so great, and the certainty of profits from munitions-making by electro-chemical and electro-metallurgical processes so well established that a great revival set in. After 1918 there was another large increment, due to the promulgation of a law making investment in power-plant projects much more favorable. Under it the state conceded the right to concessionnaires to sue a public authority as well as private persons in regard to their holdings, gave the right to buy and sell concessions, and forbade the withdrawal of concessions by public authority save for reasons of urgent public necessity and upon indemnification.

During this period it was that the Nordostschweizerische Kraftübertragungs A. G. ("NOK") increased its capitalization first from 18,000,000 Swiss francs to 36,000,000 (1918), and then to 70,000,000 francs (1920). In 1918 too the NOK established its subsidiary the Schweizerische Kraftübertragungs A. G. ("SK"), to expand high-tension delivery services for internal and external transmission. And again, in 1920 the SK company absorbed four other organizations (including one municipal power-plant) and raised its capitalization from 6,000,000 to 9,000,000 francs.

The momentum of favorable conditions due to the war carried investors over into the post-bellum period. Then, with the buying power of her neighbors greatly depreciated and her own currency at a premium in Italy, Germany, and France, Switzerland found her inflated hydro-electric industry in a critical position.

The situation called for two remedies, according to the great private power companies: first, of course, to raise domestic rates; second, to increase the export trade, even at less than cost, in order to cover as much as possible of the expense of running the newly expanded industry. A third method of dealing with the situation was found, but it was hardly proclaimed in public by the power interests: to transfer home industries into the border provinces of France and Germany and operate them there on a low wage scale and at low costs for raw materials, with cheap power exported from Switzerland.

The defense put forward by the hydro-electric companies is vulnerable in many spots. "Laissez-faire"—free play for competitive forces in the power industry—figures largely. But the chief grievance of local consumers has never been met: that Swiss industry would be glad to take advantage of the exploited water-power if it were offered internally at the same low rates that the foreign user enjoys. It is not so offered partly because the foreign element in the directorates of the great power plants sees to it that the "surplus" is exported; partly also because it is cheaper to transmit at high voltage over a main transmission line than to deliver more or less at retail. All the export of power which deprives a potential bidder in Switzerland of energy is in evasion of the federal statute which requires the hydro-electric companies to offer in domestic trade *at the foreign rate* any quantity of power for which they seek an *Ausfuhrbewilligung*. But in Switzerland as elsewhere the constitution is a small matter between friends.

It is denied that there would be any real surplus of electricity for export if the potential internal consumption were properly developed. Certainly it is hard to see how the existence of a surplus can be proved under the differential rate schedules which exist. One engineer has made a statistical analysis from which he calculates that only 35 per cent of the Swiss population could be supplied with heat alone on an average January day, were all the 20,000,000,000 kilowatt-hours of annual potential water-power harnessed to generators. The power companies insist that only surplus energy is exported, although it appears from the journal of the Schweizer-Wasserwirtschaft Verband (to cite but one more statistical discrepancy) that in 1922, 242,000,000 kw.-h. of summer power was exported, and only 10 per cent less of the much scarcer winter power. Whatever price differences exist, it is maintained, are due to the advantages of wholesale production, and to the cheapness of laying a few high-tension mains to the frontier as compared with the installation of a network of local transmission lines.

To the charge that they are endangering Switzerland's independence by committing themselves to foreign deliveries and by thus inviting foreign investment if not control in their own organizations, the spokesmen of the power companies return varying answers. Far from endangering Swiss independence, they have claimed, they lay foreign industrials under an obligation to Switzerland. "As though," remarks Dr. Frey-Fürst, "a small peasant farmer could insure his own welfare by mortgaging his holdings to a powerful neighboring landlord in order to threaten him with a refusal to pay interest."

The needs of the situation are quite clear. Either federal ownership or a rigidly enforced official scheme for the further internal development of Switzerland's water-power must supplant the present helter-skelter competitive arrangements.

The Press in the Soviet Republics

THE Fifth of May is observed throughout the Soviet Union as the Annual Press Day. The significance of this day is discussed in the Moscow monthly *Journalist*, the organ of the Section of Press Workers of the Union of Educational Workers:

Press Day is the holiday not only of the workers of the press but of all the workers of the Soviet Union who . . . have taken into their possession the greatest tool for the organization of the proletarian state and the spreading of knowledge—the newspaper, the magazine, the book. . . . For us who are directly engaged in the work of the press the Fifth of May is the beginning of a new year. On this day we take stock of our successes and achievements. From this day we look back over the road which we have traveled. From the experiences of the past year, from Press Day to Press Day, we gain our perspective for the future. . . .

On the occasion of this last Press Day the *Journalist*, in its May issue, carried a detailed review of the development and achievements of the year. The review covers the period from April 1, 1923, to March 1, 1924. During this period the daily circulation of all newspapers in the Soviet Union increased from 1,950,000 copies on April 1, 1923, to 2,520,000 copies on March 1, 1924. The number of newspapers during the same period decreased from 560 to 498. Thus by March 1 the circulation of the Soviet press nearly touched the pre-war level of the whole Russian press. The total circulation of the latter in 1914 amounted to a little over 2,700,000 copies daily. By the end of May, according to later reports in the Soviet press, this figure had already been passed, and the Soviet press is well on its way to reach the goal set for the current year: a daily circulation of 5,000,000 copies by the end of 1924.

A vivid illustration of the processes of the strengthening of the Soviet press is furnished by the Moscow *Pravda*, which publishes daily the figures of its circulation. These figures show a remarkable and steady gain. On January 1, 1924, its circulation was a little over 100,000. On May 26 it reached a circulation of 286,933. The growth of this newspaper may be seen from its circulation figures for a few days during last May taken at random:

May 17.....	267,948 copies
May 24.....	280,194 copies
May 26.....	286,933 copies

Its increase from the beginning of January, 1924, to the end of April was over 112,000.

Other leading newspapers which have shown great gains during the past year are:

The Moscow *Gudok* (*Whistle*), organ of the transport workers, which increased its daily circulation from 85,000 in April, 1923, to 230,000 in March, 1924;

The Moscow *Peasant Gazette*, which had 60,000 circulation in January, 1924, and reached a daily circulation of 125,000 in March, 1924;

The Moscow *Workers' Gazette*—from 135,000 in April, 1923, to 185,000 in March, 1924;

The Ekaterinburg *Ural Worker*—from 16,000 in April, 1923, to 60,000 in May, 1924;

The Kharkov *Proletarian*—from 18,000 in April, 1923, to 55,000 in March, 1924; etc.

The following table shows the development of the Soviet newspapers according to their several groups:

Newspaper Group	Number of Publications		Daily Circulation	
	Apr. 1, 1923	Apr. 1, 1924	Apr. 1, 1923	Apr. 1, 1924
Peasant press	51	117	149,000	376,000
Press of the national minorities (Non-Russian)	83	108	149,000	238,000
Workers'	43	43	462,000	655,000
Red Army	16	15	43,000	71,000
Workers' Youth	34	39	15,000	34,000
Trade Unions	24	15	138,000	310,000
Cooperative	8	14	5,000	10,000
General	298	147	989,000	826,000

Thus the greatest growth was shown by the peasant newspapers which increased their circulation by 153 per cent, and by the press of the national minorities which increased its circulation by 59 per cent. The greatest significance is attached to the growth of the peasant press which is gaining readers in strata which had previously remained practically untouched. Special effort is made to intensify the process of the growth of the number of peasant readers and to bring newspapers in greater numbers into the villages. The immediate goal is to reach a circulation of 2,000,000 copies for the peasant press.

The past year has also been the first in which the Soviet press has netted considerable profits. While the price of newspapers went down from 20 to 30 per cent most of the newspapers finished their year with fair profits. The Moscow *Izvestia* alone had a profit of over 800,000 gold rubles (\$400,000) during the year. During the last quarter of 1923 and the first quarter of 1924 only 150,000 gold rubles (\$75,000) were spent in subsidies for newspapers in the whole union which carried on with a loss. Of these 68 were non-Russian newspapers of the national minorities which received subsidies to the amount of 105,600 gold rubles, 41 peasant papers received 35,400 rubles, and 9 others received 9,000 rubles.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, author of "The Story of Mankind," "The Story of the Bible," and other books, will contribute to *The Nation* stories and sketches of the other conventions and the campaign.

MOLLIE BEST, formerly of the staff of *McClure's Magazine*, is well known as a monologist and story-teller.

J. W. KRUTCH, assistant professor of English at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, is *The Nation's* regular critic of fiction.

IDA TREAT contributed an article on the French elections to *The Nation* of June 11.

HARRY ELMER BARNES, formerly of Clark University, is now professor of history at Smith College.

FLOYD DELL's latest book, "Looking at Life," is a collection of his critical work.

JULIA COLLIER HARRIS, whose life of her father-in-law, Joel Chandler Harris, appeared in 1919, is editor of the book page in the Columbus *Enquirer-Sun*.

ALBERT HOWE LYBYER, professor of history at the University of Illinois, was technical adviser to the American commission on mandates in Turkey during the peace conference.

ALICE VON HEIDENHEIM, *The Nation's* representative in Berlin, is an intimate friend of the Reichert family.

